



MONTH OF THE SEVEN DOLORS.

THE SCHOOL OF SORROW.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there ;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing His face Divine
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burdens,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry
That it darkened the light of day.

So, I could not learn my lesson,
And say, *Thy will be done ;*
And the Master came not near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my weary sorrow,
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a glance of tender love.

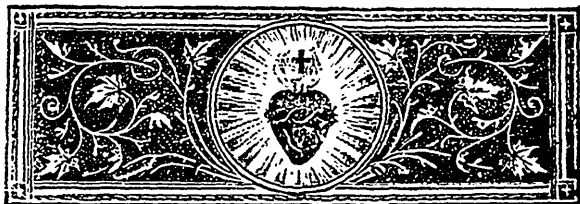
He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard Him say :
“ My child, thou must bear thy burden
And learn thy task to-day.

I may not tell the reason,
‘Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe.”

So I stooped to that weary sorrow ;
One look at that face Divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
And say, “ Thy will, not mine.”

And thus I learnt my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone ;
He only knows the tears I shed,
But He has wept His own.

And from them comes a brightness
Straight from the Home above,
Where the School Life will be ended,
And the cross will show the love.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1891.

Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all the Associates.

PEACE AMONG CHRISTIAN PEOPLES.

ALL minds are occupied at present with the Papal Encyclical and the state of things it strives to remedy; yet it deals with but one aspect of the social problem. Besides the question between man and man, there is a higher and broader one pressing for solution,—that between people and people. The peace of the world is threatened not only by the strike of labor against capital, but also by the clash of nation with nation in the throes of war.

War will ever be in the future what it has always been in the past, the most terrible of God's chastisements on nations. Peoples as well as individuals have at certain periods to be bled, else their accumulating sins like corrupting humors would gather in festering sores and attack the vitals of society. God, indeed, for whom a "thousand years are as a day," as far as His justice is concerned, can afford to await His great Judgment day to right every

wrong; yet, as St. Augustine observes, the order of the world sometimes demands a prompt and terrible visitation of His wrath. So appalling are the ravages spread in hearts and homes by war, with its twin sisters—famine and pestilence, that whatever good may be derived, we ought none the less to pray incessantly that Christian nations may be preserved from the scourge.

And who can form any conception of the extent of carnage and desolation that apparently must mark the course of the war which now menaces Europe? With all the terrible weapons and engines of destruction which the ingenuity of man, applied to the discoveries of modern science, has devised,—needle guns, repeating rifles and gatlings; smokeless powder, dynamite and electricity; who can tell, when the war-cloud bursts, the terror of the explosion and the deluge of fire, lead and blood that must overwhelm the nations of continental Europe? At the present moment the armies stand watching one another, almost breathless with suspense and expectancy. The spark may fly at any moment. It is only the appalling forecast of the consequences which seems to hold back the hand that is to give the signal, forced though it be by the secret societies and all the elements of discontent in Europe.

The truth is that war would prove almost a relief and deliverance from another scourge pressing like a galling weight on those afflicted peoples. This scourge is what is called an *armed peace*, which by its standing armies is a menace of impending war, and a drain on the very sources of a nation's vitality. Europe's actual *armed peace* keeps three million men continually under arms, with a reserve of sixteen millions to be ready at the first signal. Seven hundred million dollars is the annual budget for supplies, taking no account of the eight hundred million dollars deficiency from loss of useful labor.

And there is another drain more deplorable still, that of the moral life and energies of the people. Three million men under arms means three million families deprived of the actual help of their ablest members. It means three million flowering lives snatched from the influences of religion and the restraining affections of home and kindred, to be thrust into a blasting atmosphere of unbelief and impiety and the withering immorality of continental barrack-life. Furthermore, it means three millions going forth every term from those moral pest-houses to carry contamination into every town, village and hamlet in the land. Is not war itself, however atrocious, a blessing and relief compared with the armed peace which is at present crushing the life out of Europe? And how can war, when it comes, be aught else than a war of extermination? How thankful to an all-ruling Providence ought to be the land freed from such a yoke and menace, enjoying the blessing of liberty and true peace, its fruit! How jealously ought we to preserve the morals, laws and institutions which are its only sure safeguard!

Every people, says Joseph DeMaistre, has the government which it deserves. After all, the nations of Europe would have it so. The most civilized and cultured in the world, they sold their freedom and forged their own chains, by national apostacy from the truth, which alone can make us free. They rejected the sweet yoke of Christ and His church for the thralldom of secret societies and revolution, led on by him who is "a manslayer from the commencement," the murderer of bodies as well as of souls, because he is the implacable enemy of our human nature made to the divine image and likeness. God had provided for the peace of Christian peoples by grouping them together in a family under the headship of the Vicar of Christ, to whom he providentially gave a tempo-

ral Princedom as well as spiritual power. The Popes, on account of their sublime spiritual dignity, and the benefits which they conferred on kings and nations—, the true faith, good laws, wise institutions and firm discipline, came to be acknowledged by them, both as independent princes endowed with territories which all were sacredly pledged to respect and defend, and as supreme umpires between christian rulers and peoples whose decisions the latter were solemnly bound to enforce. Thus differences were settled, many wars were prevented ; and when peace was broken by the ambitious and turbulent, it was promptly restored by powerful coalitions. Even after the revolt of the Reformation against the spiritual power of Rome, the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes continued to be upheld by the European powers as the keystone of Europe's arch of peace. At length errors began to invade governments, and revolutionary ideas to find shelter under crowns. Right was confounded with might, and the selfish policy of non-intervention usurped the place of the balance of power. The peace of Europe was doomed from the day when the King of Italy, abetted by the Emperor of the French, invaded the States of the Church, and consummated his sacrilege by taking forcible possession of Rome, all the powers of Europe looking on within difference or silent approval. Then the keystone was plucked from the arch. There was no longer an umpire or recognized court of arbitration. Treaties since have no sooner been signed than torn up. The sovereignty of the cannon and musket has taken the place of the sovereignty of the Pope ; and instead of coalitions of the powers to redress wrongs, restore peace and maintain it, there are Alliances and Dreibunds founded on the selfish interests of the hour, and fastening on Europe the yoke of an *armed peace*.

There can be a return to peace only by a return to

truth. "Christian principles," says Leo XIII, "have a marvellous power to heal the ills of the present times." But there can be no return to truth except by the conversion of *souls* to God through his grace, which is obtained by prayer. The apostleship of prayer holds the key of the situation. If Christians unite in fervent prayer, they shall obtain from God the grace that will enlighten minds and move wills to return to true peace.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for peace between christian nations, that they may be relieved from the awful calamity which is threatening, as well as that which is afflicting them—Amen.

O BRAVE YOUNG MEN.




Brave young men, my love, my pride, my
promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindness, in justice,
To make life worth living yet.
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In faith, truth, reverence, free and strong ;
But, O my poor young men, remember
To God your Maker and your Saviour you
belong.

SIR S. FERGUSON.

THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

THIRD DEGREE.

“OWEVER excellent the Morning Offering and Rosary Decade, I fear, Father, they will not awaken interest and enthusiasm among the men of our day as we find them. We adopt practical standards and look for tangible results. An association now-a-days must hold out some palpable good that will force itself upon the attention as a fit aim for endeavor and a reward for painstaking.”

Your difficulty, dear friend, is not an unforeseen one. I agree with you in admitting that if our Holy League had nothing more to offer than the two first degrees, no other practice addressing itself to the heart and feelings more than a mental offering and vocal prayer, it could hardly prosper as a Men's Association. But have you reflected on the Third Degree, the Communion of Atonement at fixed times? There is a practice external and solemn, productive of the greatest blessings, temporal as well as spiritual, commending itself to every man of faith and in any degree solicitous for his eternal welfare. It is the crowning exercise of piety and religion, putting man in possession of his God under sensible form and in a palpable manner, renewing this possession, strengthening it, perpetuating and multiplying it a hundred-fold in this life, and giving him as often as he repeats it a visible and infallible pledge of life everlasting.

In holy communion the Incarnate Son of God gives himself to the soul as “the bread that came from heaven for the life of the world,” of which, if any man eat, “he shall live forever,” and if he will not eat, “he shall not

have life in him." Could earthly being strive after a higher good and greater blessing than this heavenly bread which worketh within us the life that perisheth not? We see men every day all aglow with enthusiasm in the cause of temperance when their eyes are opened to the advantages it offers and the evils it wards off from heart and home. They form associations, hold meetings, and walk in parade with band and banner, in order to promote it. We see them, when smarting from the sting of their country's wrongs and sufferings, give money, time and pains to liberation committees and relief associations. To provide for wife and children they become members, at great cost and trouble, of benefit societies. But when did ever association or society bestow greater advantages and blessings, preserve from greater evils, than a Communion Association? Does it not secure to a man the bread of Incarnate Wisdom of which the prophet sang "All good things came to me together with it." It holds out "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Whichever way we turn there is no getting over the fact that a virtuous life is the only happy life. This the pagan philosophers and poets laid down as the first of moral maxims, and there is nobody whose daily experience will not confirm it. The happiness which is sought aside from duty and virtue like dead sea fruits, turns to bitterness in the very tasting. Now, for the Catholic enlightened by faith, no virtuous life is possible except by the help of supernatural grace. It supposes prayer and the regular reception of the sacraments, which are the appointed channels of grace. David's virtuous man he compared to the tree planted near the running waters whose leaf shall not fall off, and all whatsoever he shall do shall prosper. The sacraments of the church are the running waters flowing from the Saviour's fountains, that

will afford to the man who frequents them an unfailling supply of the pure rich sap of a supernatural life. This life no drought of adversity can wither. Like the leaf that is always green, no storm of temptation can blast it or separate it from the stem. "I am the vine," says Christ; "you are the branches." "He that abideth in me hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ, shall tribulations or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword?"

All that he will undertake shall prosper. A rich blessing will descend on him and his enterprises on account of the special Providence of God which hangs like a refreshing dew over the lives of the just, and inclines to their desires. If he should afflict them with adversity, it will be like the pruning knife in the hand of the vinedresser that will save the vine, shape its growth, and render the yield of fruit more rich and abundant. It will conform their lives to the image of his suffering Son here, that afterwards they may be conformed to the image of His glory. This is the Providence which we see exercised in behalf of the just of the old dispensation, Noah, Lot, Abraham, his chosen people, Job, Tobias, David, and it was but typical of his Providence over the just of the new dispensation. To his disciples he says, "Seek first the kingdom" of God and his justice and all those things will be added. All temporal blessings are pledged to the man who looks first and before all to God, and who seeks to possess Him.

Now, by holy communion he not only seeks God but possesses Him. The Kingdom of God is planted in his heart. There Christ reigns as from His throne over thoughts, affections, actions and intentions. He is there the bread of the strong, giving man empire over himself and his passions and strength to overcome every weakness. From that heavenly banquet, says St. Chrysostom,

we rise like lions breathing fire, terrible to the demons. Again it is not so much pledges and resolutions that we need as strength to keep them. There is no enduring reform or virtue that will resist temptation, apart from the Sacraments of the Church. Without them, as Our Holy Father tells the men of our day, Catholic societies will not avail much. On the contrary, as we have proved, an association for the more frequent reception of the Sacraments is the short cut to the end of all other associations, Holy Communion with its preparatory confession will put the soul in possession of God, of victory over its enemies, of the promise of the future life with the prosperity of the present.

I am aware you have some difficulty concerning a distinct association for the reception of Sacraments, but I have spoken long, and we are in the heat of midsummer, so we shall defer it for another conversation.

TIME AND TIDE.

O wailing tide that foams and frets
With endless craving round the shore !
The morning wanes, the day-light sets,
The loved one dies, the heart forgets ;
But *thou* art weary—nevermore.



MRS. HOPE'S CHILDREN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

I.

“**Y**OUR father wishes me to start to-morrow,” said Mrs. Hope to her daughter just entering on her fourteenth year, “and I must not disappoint him, for he will be at the railway station to meet me. I have nothing fit to travel in except that brown dress, which is only just cut out. I don’t know how I am to get it finished, unless I go over right away to your aunt Jennie and run it on the machine. It will take me hard work to get it finished and be home by 10 o’clock to-night. So, dearie, you will have to mind the house and get dinner ready; and when the boys return in the afternoon to school, you must put on your things and take the street-car down to Sarder Place, with this bill to Mr. Jones. Say you were told to await an answer; and make yourself as neat as you can.”

So saying, and with a momentary uplifting of the heart to Him who feeds the sparrows, and to the Help of Christians, placing the bill in Clara’s hand, she tenderly kissed her daughter, and began to tie up her parcel and otherwise make ready for a day at aunt Jennie’s.

Mrs. Hope was one of those quiet little women who meddled with nobody, but busied themselves with their duties. Her children, one girl and two boys, were the delight of

her heart, and she strove to bring them up for God. Her maxim was that, only children who were brought up by *love* turned out well. By *loving* she did not mean *spoiling*. She held that caresses and loving words did not spoil children, provided they were not whimmed and over-indulged, or encouraged in fretfulness, in selfishness or in fault-finding. She never punished for little accidents or other mistakes. If a window-pane were broken, or if clothes got soiled or torn, a quiet reproof was all she ever found necessary, because the little culprit, seeing the beloved mother vexed, bewailed the occurrence with a deeper sorrow than hers. She secured perfect truthfulness, first, by setting an example of that virtue, and next, by acting in such a way that her children were never *afraid* to confess a fault, as they would have been had her system been one of severity. The only fault she ever punished for was sauciness, or any inclination to rebellion; and she met that delinquency promptly and on the spot, no matter who was by. A *promised* "licking" was her abhorrence; and when compelled by circumstances to promise one, she on principle reversed the ordinary maxim, and *never* gave it, substituting instead a small homily, and availing herself of the gratitude of the reprieved guilty one to excite contrition and firm purpose of amendment, and to re-establish friendly relations generally.

Having set out on these lines with each member of her small family while it was yet in its cradle, it is not surprising that Mrs. Hope should find her children little trouble and much comfort when they came to the age of reason. Unobtrusive vigilance and unfailing constancy in the practice of the beautiful and unburdensome devotions to which she had accustomed them—and in which she always joined—were all that was required to complete their moral education. A tender love of the Sacred Heart,

a filial confidence in Mary, and an instant and instinctive recourse to Divine assistance in all troubles and temptations, grew up along with the children's developing faculties. Their holy religion was their supreme delight ; and mother came next.

The Hopes lived in a neat but unpretending little house, in a street of one of our larger cities. Besides "upstairs," which consisted of three small sleeping-rooms, it contained a parlor, a dining-room, and a miniature kitchen, all opening into each other. The last named opened on the yard, the descent to which was by three or four rather broad steps. It was clear to the fences on either side, save, at the time of our tale, for the persistent accumulation of dead leaves which the November winds kept sweeping off the trees of the neighborhood.

In the earlier part of the fall, Mrs. Hope's husband had gone to look for work in a town at some distance, which he thought offered better chances for his business. The move proved satisfactory ; and prospects were so encouraging that he resolved to remove the family with as little delay as possible. To this end, he wrote to his wife, desiring her to leave the small establishment in charge of Clara, and come on to him at—— in order that together they might select a suitable dwelling, and make other necessary arrangements. Not being overburdened with the good things of this world, Mr. Hope, to assist his wife's expenses, inclosed, along with what money he could spare, the duplicate of an account already rendered, but not yet paid. It was for a small sum, but very necessary under the circumstances.

Having given, as we said, this bill to her daughter, accompanying it with a tender kiss, as she was leaving the house she said :—

"The bill comes to four dollars. Take the basket and bring home some sugar, and remember to buy a dollar's

worth of tickets from the baker when he calls. 'The two dollars will just make up the sum I need, and you will have a little small change in case of accidents when I am gone. I think you will only require to take the cars going ; you can easily walk back.'

II.

As soon as her mother was gone, Clara set about tidying up the house and making preparations for dinner. Then she sat down with some needlework until Phil and Archie returned home, bright and hungry, for the noon-day meal. The morning's experiences at school, questions propounded and answered regarding mother's present whereabouts and prospective movements, together with the anticipations connected with the proposed change of residence, supplied the frugal meal with an enlivening accompaniment of small talk. At length, the two urchins, having finished their dinner, departed to enjoy a game of baseball or something in the school yard, so as to get their spirits up for the sums and spelling of the afternoon ; and Clara, losing no time in order that she might be back before the baker called, set out on her travels with the important bill. The wind had sprung up at noon, the warm dry wind of the Indian summer ; and it whirled in great gusts, sending clouds of dust over everything, and banking up the withered leaves in every corner. In the car Clara met her next-door neighbor, a girl about three or four years older than herself, who was going into the busy part of the town on the delectable errand of buying herself a new hat. She pressingly invited our young friend to accompany her, which, on the impulse of the moment, Clara joyfully agreed to do ; then recollecting that her own errand would be better attended to if she did not allow herself to be distracted by other things, and above all, adverting to the probability of her

missing the baker, she retracted her consent, Miss Nettie Fanshawe graciously accepting her apologies.

Arrived at Mr. Jones' house, it was with a flutter of the heart that Clara rang the bell and handed in her missive. Her trepidation arose from the fear that she might be sent away with promises instead of money, for she was old enough to appreciate the importance of the situation. While waiting in the hall, she instinctively uplifted her heart, as her mother had done, with a swift glance of supplication to Him who sympathizes with our difficulties however small they may appear to others. Then—*Deo Gratias!*—the room door opened, and Mrs. Jones, money in hand, invited Clara to enter and receipt the bill, which she did.

With a light heart she turned homeward, not forgetting the sugar; she entered and closed the front door just as the baker drove up; then passing through the rooms, she received him at the kitchen door, deposited her bread on the table, and taking out her purse while he counted out its tickets, paid him his dollar, a heavy gust of wind sweeping, meanwhile, over the fence, and whirling the heaps of dead leaves into a mad dance. The girl stuffed the purse and tickets into her pocket, and hastily closed the door.

III.

"When will mother be home?" asked Archie, as they sat at their quiet tea.

"Not till ten o'clock," answered Clara.

"And shall we not see her?" exclaimed the two boys in a breath, and very dolefully.

"Not to-night," replied their sister. "You know mother does not like you to be up after eight o'clock. But if you rise bright and early in the morning you will see her, and bid her good-bye, and send lots of kisses and kind love to father."

The little boys brightened for a moment, but presently looked doleful again.

"Who will hear us say our prayers?" asked Phil.

"And tuck in the counterpane?" supplemented Archie.

"And say the Litany and the 'Hail, Holy Queen' after we are in bed?" suggested Phil.

"And sing 'I am the Shepherd True'?" inquired Archie.

"Don't you think I can hear you say your prayers and tuck in the counterpane?" remonstrated Clara, a little reproachfully.

"Well, but you can't say the Litany."

"Yes, I can. I'm sure I've heard it often enough. And if I forget a bit, there's the book." That was a clencher, and satisfied the two young ones for a minute. Then they began again.

"And can you say 'Hail, Holy Queen'?"

"And sing the 'Shepherd True'?"

"Of course I can." So the little boys, being somewhat consoled, set themselves to study up next day's lessons.

At eight o'clock Phil and Archie went off to bed, and, to their great satisfaction, Clara proved equal to the occasion, and conducted, with all the success which could reasonably be expected, the little devotions to which their mother had accustomed them. We may observe that Mrs. Hope had found the half-hour spent with her children after their regular prayers were said, and when their young heads were already pressing their pillows, the very greatest assistance in their bringing-up. The children loved it, looked forward to it, would not have missed it for the world. The maternal caresses and the beautiful devotions went hand in hand; the time and circumstances were peculiarly favorable to softened hearts and good dispositions; and many an Act of Contrition

for little faults was developed, many a solid resolution secured, many a seed of future sanctity quietly sown during that happy half-hour. It achieved in peace and in love all that is attempted—mostly in vain—by means of whippings and supperless dismissals to bed.

IV.

Clara's duties for the day being over, she descended to the little dining room, and sat down to read. A book was her earthly paradise ; but as that taste becomes no less a snare than other things do, if not carefully regulated both as to quality and quantity, she was forbidden to indulge in it till the day's work was over. She had sat about ten minutes, undisturbed save by the gusts of wind shaking the window-frames, and was just entering into the full flavor of her story, when a rap came to the front door. At first she felt a little nervous, wondering who it could be ; then it occurred to her that perhaps her mother had got through with her dressmaking sooner than she expected, and had returned accordingly. So she laid down her book, and taking up the lamp, she passed through the parlor to the front-door, which she opened. It was her next-door neighbor, Miss Nettie Fanshawe, evidently in a state of pleasurable excitement, and holding in her hand a fifty cent piece.

"Oh ! Clara," she exclaimed, "*could* you let me have small silver for this fifty cent bit ? They have sent home my new hat—I left it to be trimmed, you know—and it's just a perfect beauty, and I want to give the boy the price, for they've sent a receipted bill—and they haven't given him one cent of change, the stupids—and I can't make the even money."

"Yes, I think I can," answered Clara. "'But come into the parlor and let me shut the door, for I am afraid the wind will blow out the light.'"

Saying which, she closed the door, and setting the lamp on the table, took out her purse.

"Here it is," she said, counting out; "*twenty-five, two tens and a five.*" Suddenly she stopped short, and her face grew ashy pale. "Nettie!" she almost shrieked, "the two-dollar bill! It's not here! It's not here! Nettie! What is become of it? I must have lost it!"

"Perhaps it's in your pocket," suggested Nettie. Clara dived her hand despairingly into her pocket, and brought out the contents, viz., the baker's tickets, a scrap of poetry cut from a newspaper, a small bit of pencil, and her handkerchief. Then she turned the pocket inside out, and shook it. There was no bill there. She knelt down and felt over the carpet where she had been standing, Miss Fanshawe holding the light, but all in vain.

"Where did you open your purse last?" asked the visitor concernedly.

"I opened it in the grocery store—but I'm sure I had the bill then. Yes—and I opened it again to pay the baker—but oh! if I dropped it then, Nettie, it's gone, it's gone for good! The wind has been blowing a hurricane all afternoon, and it's more than four hours ago. Yes, and if it dropped then, it must have fallen on the landing at the kitchen door, where there is not one scrap of shelter. It's miles away by this time. Oh! poor mother! poor father! What shall I do!"

"It may have blown in among the leaves," said the sympathizing Nettie. "Wait just one minute till I pay the milliner's boy, and I'll come and help you to look for it."

"Oh dear!" murmured poor Clara to herself, dropping on her knees as her visitor withdrew, "who is to find it among all those heaps of leaves! And they've been blowing over the fences and into the lane for I can't tell how long. Oh! Sacred and Loving Heart," she cried,

clasping her hands, "help me ! Help me as Thou only canst," and added a Hail Mary in honor of St. Antony of Padua.

She arose from kneeling, and taking the lamp into the kitchen, she set it where the light would command a portion of the yard, yet be exposed as little as possible to the draught. She then opened the door, and there on the landing, on the very spot where it fell, lay the two dollar bill.

"I've found it," she said, as Nettie re-entered, a faint smile on her still pallid face, but more than passing thankfulness in her eyes. "Thanks be to God ! I've found it ! Mother often told us that God helps them who help themselves and who pray to Him and his saints when their *own help fails.*"

M. G.

NUNZIO SULPIZIO OR THE MODEL APPRENTICE.



ON the very day of the solemn festivities in honor of the 3rd centenary of St. Aloysius, his Holiness Leo XIII pronounced heroic the virtues of the young workman, Nunzio Sulpizio. He added these memorable words, which we are sure will rejoice the associates of the Holy League throughout the world : "It is with reason, that on this solemn day consecrated to the young and angelic St. Aloysius of Gonzaga, we have decided to promulgate the decree which recognizes the heroic virtues of the venerable servant of God, Nunzio Sulpizio."

We shall certainly find the decision both reasonable and opportune, if we consider the dangers of the present times. As youth, on account of its inexperience, is

peculiarly threatened by these dangers, it is not surprising that the church, ever solicitous for her little ones, should omit nothing to protect them from evil. Knowing that example is more powerful than words, she endeavors to place before them youthful models, who, in spite of the dangers and temptations that surrounded them, have continued to walk in the paths of innocence.

First among these stands the beloved name of Aloysius, who, for three centuries, has been regarded as the true model and guardian angel of christian youth.

While engaged in honoring their heavenly patron, let us hasten to place before our youth one who has been his most faithful imitator.

Such was the young workman, Nunzio Sulpizio. His father, an honest, industrious man, had settled in Pescoscansonesco—the name may sound a little barbarous to Western ears—a small village in central Italy, where he carried on the laborious and by-no-means lucrative business of rope-making. He found in Rose Lusianii a worthy companion of his life and labors.

In this village was born on the 13th April, 1817, the subject of this sketch.

According to the pious custom of Catholic countries, the child, a few hours after birth, was presented at the baptismal font. As his parents professed a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who is invoked in this part of Italy under the title of Mary of the Annunciation, they decided to give their son the name of Nunzio, and to place him under the special protection of the virginal Mother, in order that she might make him an Announcer of the glad tidings of redemption. No name could have better suited the predestined child.

His first years were spent under the care of his pious parents, who unceasingly instilled into his young mind those lessons of piety and virtue which were destined to

take deep root and to bring forth precious fruits in after years.

At the tender age of six he lost both his parents, and although not able to fully realize his bereavement, still he did not forget to put in practice the lessons of confidence and resignation which were often taught him at his mother's knee. He looked towards Heaven, and asked the Father of orphans, the Father who alone can console the afflicted, not to abandon him in his hour of trial.

Nunzio's prayer was heard. He was taken in charge by his maternal grandmother, a woman remarkable for her practical piety and special devotion to the Mother of God. From the moment she received him in her house, she consecrated her time entirely to his bringing up. Virtue she regarded as the first and greatest prize, and this, by word and example, she constantly helped him to acquire.

Nunzio had ever been a model pupil at home. We are not surprised, therefore, to read the sworn testimony of his first professor. "Nunzio," says the Venerable Father Nicolas Fantucci, "studied with untiring zeal, and, by nature a gifted child, made rapid progress in his studies. He could not understand why his young classmates did not seem to find the same pleasure in study as himself, nor why they showed so little ardor compared with his own. The carelessness of some, the limited talents of others greatly annoyed him, but he took advantage of this to cultivate brotherly love and to put it in practice under—what seemed to him then—such trying circumstances. He rebuked their negligence, corrected their faults, and never ceased to encourage them to do better.

If he was untiring in his zeal to acquire worldly science, he was not less so in his endeavors to learn that of the saints. At no time was he more attentive than during his class of catechism. With his large, brilliant eyes

fixed on the priest, he sat motionless, drinking in every word that fell from his master's lips. The explanations over, he sat some time meditating the truths he had heard. He could not understand how his companions could be so indifferent as to hasten from the sacred things to which they had just been listening into the midst of the distractions of play.

Among the virtues which were particularly remarkable in Nunzio at this tender age, and which formed, as it were, the groundwork of his character, were humility and patience, two virtues so difficult to acquire that they are usually found to be the fruit of years of struggle with self and of patient suffering in the service of God.

Although naturally quick and impulsive, he never yielded to his inclinations. Never did he seek revenge on those who injured him, nor was he ever known to show deliberately an exterior sign of resentment.

"The virtues proper to his age," says Nicolas Fantucci, "were practised in a remarkable degree. His obedience was so perfect that the mere sign of his guardian's will sufficed. The love for his parents and for those placed over him was only excelled by his efforts to please them.

His exterior charmed all who met him. The purity and innocence of his guileless soul shed a lustre on his youthful countenance, to which even the most hardened were obliged to render the tribute of respect.

At home, he was always occupied; and when his work was over, his greatest happiness was to be found in the church. He had a passionate love for sacred songs, and more than once was he known to deprive himself of innocent amusements in order to save his money to buy a favorite hymn.

This favored child had early learned the most excellent means of proving his love for God. From a tender age he practised mortifications, and before he reached his eighth year, he had made a rule of fasting on the eves of

the principal feasts, and of performing other acts of penance in order to celebrate more worthily those festivals of love.

At the age of nine he received what he ever after considered the severest blow of his life. The grandmother whom he so affectionately loved was called by God to her merited reward. In after years, says Michael Antore, who knew him at the time, the mere mention of her name was often enough to bring tears to his eyes; and whenever he was able, his dearest delight was to spend some time in prayer at the tomb of her who had been so true a friend and from whom he had early learned so tender a love for God. T. G.

(To be Continued.)

ORDINATION DAY.

SACERDOS alter Christus. Thought sublime
That leads to heights no human mind may
climb !
A thought to cherish in thy inmost heart :
Another Christ, anointed priest, thou art—

In rank, above all men, so near divine
Archangels claim a lower throne than thine.
In power greater than the king who sways
Earth's mightiest realm, for thee e'en God obeys :
He quits high heaven's court at thy command,
Descending swift into thy outstretched hand.
A Christ in rank and power, oh ! 'tis meet
That thou the fair resemblance shouldst complete.
Be thine His patient pity, love and zeal ;
Be thine the wounds of aching hearts to heal ;
Be thine to follow whither lost sheep roam
And bring them kindly on thy shoulders home.
Be thine thy Master's cross with love to bear,
And thine in endless life His crown to wear !

—*Irish Monthly.*



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Europe.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Germany, Austria and Italy have renewed for six years longer the *Dreibund* or treaty for the preservation of European peace. England, without becoming a party, has given her adhesion, and by the word of her Prime Minister promised the assistance of her fleet in case of war. The event has caused great pain to the Holy Father and with him to the Catholic world.

The Triple Alliance, pretending to be an alliance for peace, is in reality an alliance for war, and for the continued persecution of the Holy See. It was projected by Bismarck to secure his new possessions and to gain time for future conquests. It has no effect whatever in diminishing the mighty armies and armaments which are grinding Europe. On the contrary it maintains peace by ever increasing preparations for war. It must precipitate either a war or a famine. If prolonged, it will leave Europe prostrate and exhausted at the feet of Russia and the northern barbarian hordes. This will be the natural result of Masonic rule to which the governments of Europe have sold themselves.

Its second immediate consequence will be the prolonged imprisonment of the Pope and the deferred restoration of the Temporal Power. To obtain this end, the usurping Kingdom of Italy, instigated by the secret societies, has thrown itself into the iron grasp of Germany, with whom:

it has no interests in common, incurred the hostility of Russia and France, and saddled upon its people the crushing yoke of an armed peace. Undermined by revolution, reduced to bankruptcy, exhausted by taxation, its children flying by the million from its starving shores, United Italy is paying for its usurped capital and dethroned Pontiff, the price of a mighty army and a navy second only to England's, to be used in the interest of Germany.

France.

The expressed dissatisfaction of the Pope at the renewal of the Triple Alliance has won for him the sympathy of the French people, and through them the forced sympathy of the atheistic French Republican government. It has given signs of a willingness to desist from its hostile attacks against the church, if the latter would show itself more friendly towards the Republic.

There can be no doubt that the Republic is at present the pet government of the French people; and the ecclesiastical hierarchy, led by the Archbishop of Paris, and encouraged by the Sovereign Pontiff, has set on foot a Catholic Union into which all French Catholics, irrespective of parties, are pressed to enter, in order to shake off, by united effort and a good use of the ballot, the atheistic yoke, and to secure for religion its proper place in the public life of the nation. That ought not to seem a difficult achievement when we consider that the vast majority of the French call themselves Catholics, are born in the church by baptism, make their first communion, and die with the last sacraments. But alas, for the greater portion of the nation, their profession does not go far beyond the triple rite, and is completely stamped out and stifled in all the avenues of public life. The average Frenchman is at first ashamed of his faith, then he becomes a scoffer at it, and generally ends by persecuting it, and, strange

to say, it is in him all the while. At present in France, to be outwardly at least an atheist, a free-thinker and a scoffer is a necessary qualification for any public office, even that of a policeman.

A system of education has been imposed, which will entail an enormous expenditure for teachers' salaries and public school-buildings, in order that the rising generation of Frenchmen may not so much as hear the name of God. The body of the people, still believers in religious education, will hear of no other for their children, and have to pay twice over, first, for the palatial atheistic lycées that are being constructed and opened throughout the country, and secondly for the maintenance of religious free schools and teachers. Meanwhile war preparations are advancing on a gigantic scale, and exhausting, by repeated drafts of men and overwhelming taxes, the resources even of exuberant France.

The Holy League is working its way in France, where a vast field is opened to its promoters. It appears to be the centre and soul of the religious movement which promises at no distant day to christianize France once more. Its latest fruits have been a more frequent reception of the sacraments among all classes of the people, a national celebration, with festivities and pilgrimages, of the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius, and a more solid one still, the organization of councils of the Juvenile League throughout the Catholic colleges and schools of the land.

Finally, the solemn opening and dedication of the Basilica of the National Vow on the hill of Montmartre overlooking Paris, at which the French hierarchy assisted, and a letter of congratulation was read from the Pope, has given a fresh impulse to religion and especially to devotion to the Sacred Heart. In this magnificent monument, second only to St. Peter's, and dedicated by the Church of France to the Sacred Heart, the National Vow of Reparation

formulated by Father Ramière, and propagated by the French *Messenger*, has at last nobly materialized.

Spain.

Spain, shaken for a period by revolution and secret societies, took a timely lesson from France, and under the present pious Queen Regent especially, the government and people have been growing more and more Catholic. The outbursts and attempts at revolution we so frequently read of in the press are but the hopeless protests of the secret societies, which cannot restrain their rage at the prosperity which Spain is beginning to reap from government according to Catholic principles.

"Of all the countries of Europe," reports the Director General, "Spain this year holds the foremost rank for the Holy League in nearly all the dioceses. Page after page of the *Mensajero* of Bilbao attest these consoling fruits."

What they say of us.

"Our *Messenger anglais du Canada*," says the Director General in the French *Messenger* of Toulouse, "publishes the marked approval and warm encouragement of the Canadian Prelates;" and after mentioning their names goes on to say that "the pages of the new *Messenger* make frequent mention of the thousands of brave Catholics (*vaillants chrétiens*) more than thirty thousand in English-speaking Canada alone, who, not ashamed of their faith, with the badge on their breast, assist at the most imposing ceremonies to the edification of their parishes."

Then he cites Hamilton Cathedral parish, in which "2,130 associates are enrolled under a hundred Promoters. Every first Sunday of the month all the members, with the badge of the Sacred Heart on their breast, go to holy communion in a body."

On another occasion he speaks in terms of praise of the ardor of Galt, Hespeler and Dundas in the work of the League.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.**Brantford, Ont.****MEN'S LEAGUE.**

According to the announcement made by Father Feehey, our Local Director, the first Communion of Atonement for the Men's League of Brantford took place on Sunday, the 5th of July. Nothing for a long time occurred with such great edification to the parish. About seventy-five men, with the badge of the Sacred Heart pinned on, approached the Holy Table in a body. Confessions were heard through Saturday afternoon and evening, and were continued on the morning itself. It was, indeed, most consoling to see so many men, old and young, respond nobly to the call.

Our first regular meeting was held in the church on Sunday evening, Aug. 2nd. After the names were called, new members received, and certificates and badges distributed, the Rev. Local Director expressed the very great pleasure it gave him to see so many present, and congratulated the members on the interest they manifested in so holy a work. He continued to speak of the many advantages to be gained, especially that of praying always, since the Morning Offering of intentions, works and sufferings to the Divine Heart can change them into so many prayers. When God said:—"Son, give me thy heart," he spoke not only to saints and religious people, but even to the most hardened sinners, that they might return to Him by repentance.

We then arranged a programme to be followed at our meetings—a discourse upon some subject of interest or on one of the public questions of the day, a reading or recitation by the members. It was announced that the next meeting would be held in the school-building which should be finished in three weeks.

SEC. OF MEN'S LEAGUE.

St. Patrick's, Hamilton.

The League of the Sacred Heart was established here by the Central Director, who, in Easter week, gave a triduum for that purpose. Under the care and direction of Father Haley, assisted by many zealous promoters, its membership has since then greatly increased, so that the *Messenger* is now welcomed by nearly a thousand readers of this centre. There are sixty-five lady promoters, and the membership of men has doubled since its establishment.

The blessings which the Sacred Heart has brought upon the parish were apparent from the beginning. A greater fidelity to the duties of religion and increased devotion in prayer were marked by the large number of monthly communicants, and by the eagerness for the rosary tickets.

On the first Sunday of the month three hundred people received the Blessed Sacrament. The monthly meeting of the members was well attended, and the Fathers and well-wishers of the Parish have every reason to thank Our Divine Lord, and to pray for a continuance of His favors.

MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE.

Oakville, Ont.

The Holy League was established in our quiet, picturesque little town in the Spring of 1890, at the close of a retreat, through the pious zeal of the Pastor in charge. For some time it had been the custom to hold devotions on the first Friday in honor of the Heart of our Divine Saviour, which proved an excellent preparation for the crowning event,—the establishment of the League.

Never in the memory of the writer was there such a display of enthusiasm as the evening when one hundred and fifty assembled before the altar to be received as members. It was a pleasing sight on the following Sunday to

see fifty children kneeling before the altar of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, forbid them not."

The League here is yet young, but what may we not expect if all those innocent hearts grow up faithful to its practices. We have now, not counting the children, one hundred and sixty associates under eleven Promoters. A number of visitors of our town, learning the advantages, have left their names for enrolment and receive from here their tickets and *Messengers*.

On the Sunday after the feast of the Sacred Heart there was a solemn reception of Promoters, conducted by our Rev. Local Director, Father Kelly, who exhorted the recipients of the cross and diploma never to forget that they were consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, and ever to be faithful to the practices of the League. All our Associates have not as yet taken up the Third Degree, but we hope that in the near future, as they become acquainted with its advantages, they will not fail to do so.

SECRETARY.

St. Raphael's, Glengarry.

There was not probably in the wide world on the 16th of July last a scene like that which was presented in old St. Raphael's parish. It was for the descendants of the sturdy Highland settlers the feast of their special devotion, the Holy Scapular. It has been the time-honored custom for the whole parish to approach the Sacraments on that day and to prepare for them by a triduum. This year, besides the usual celebration, there was to be a renewal of the fruits of the late mission and a solemn reception of the Promoters of the Holy League, who had worked so zealously and with such success since March last. At six o'clock each morning, as the beauti-

ful chimes poured their music in waves of rich melody over the beautiful fields and groves dotted with the homesteads of the farmers, the horses, teams and wagons with crowded seats were to be seen coming in all directions from a radius of twenty miles, to go to their confession, assist at mass, hear the sermon, take part at the meetings, to return home for dinner and be back again for the evening devotions. These were people who knew how to give full days to their spiritual interests, convinced that their crops and herds, thanks to the blessing of God, would be all the better for it.

On the morning of the feast the spacious stone church, once a cathedral unsurpassed on the continent, was filled till noon. Eight hundred old and young, as many men as women, approached the holy table. Four confessors had been kept constantly busy. Forty Promoters, who had visited monthly almost every hamlet and dwelling of the immense parochial area, presented themselves for the cross and diploma. New lists were taken out and associates enrolled. To the Men's League alone some forty new members were added after they had publicly taken the usual pledges. The 16th of July, under Mary's special invocation, was in truth a day of renewal for the faithful people of Glengarry and of consolation to Father Fitzpatrick, their active and energetic pastor.

Hastings, Ont.

On Sunday, July 19th, the morning sun shed a flood of glory over waving fields of richest grain as the faithful of H. stings, old and young, with joy beaming on every countenance, wended their way to the stone edifice on the summit of the hill that crowns the town. A month before the outlook was dark, grim famine staring many in the face through the threatened failure of the crops ; but God, no

doubt, hearkened to the prayers of his people and their venerable pastor, and turned away His wrath. Genial showers came to refresh the verdure of the fields and revive the drooping hopes of the inhabitants, and now all was changed into rich promise. Besides, Father Quirk had announced a ceremony such as never before had taken place in Hastings, and would interest every family, for was there one to be found in the broad extent of the parish without a promoter or assistant? Never was there such a concourse in the handsome, tastefully kept church. The Rev. Pastor officiated, the choir accompanying. The Central Director, who had come from Montreal for the occasion, after encouraging the people to perseverance, preached on devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Three Degrees. After mass, the lady Promoters, to the number of thirty, the *élite* of Hastings, advanced and formed a row reaching from wall to wall in front of the altar rail. After the ceremony of the blessing of the crosses, the diplomas were distributed, and, advancing two by two, led by the officers, the Promoters received on bended knee the cross from the hands of the venerable Local Director.

Nor were the school children of the Juvenile League forgotten by their kind pastor. Twenty-five of the boys and as many of the girls who had given most edification by keeping their promises to the Sacred Heart, especially the monthly communion of atonement, were decorated, the boys with the beautiful cross of the Juvenile League set in red, and the girls with the medal.

The congregation showed the greatest interest in the ceremony, which we have every reason to hope will give a fresh impulse to the Holy League in Hastings. The men were promised the chief part in the next celebration.

Campbellford, Ont.

A full and quite a representative audience of this thriving town assembled in the parish church on Sunday evening,

July 19th, to hear the sermon and assist at the League celebration that had been announced by Father Casey on the previous Sunday. The Central Director, who was preacher for the occasion, spoke on the spirit and chief advantages of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart as practised in the Holy League. After the sermon, the Rev. Local Director called the names of the Promoters who had been distinguished for their zeal and constancy in the fulfilment of their special duties. They advanced and formed a line in front of the altar-rail to the number of thirty. After the ceremony of the blessing, they came two by two to receive the diploma and to be decorated with the indulgenced cross of their Order, which was conferred by the Rev. Local Director.

The ceremony, on which the congregation gazed with breathless attention, was followed by solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. The music executed by the choir was excellent, and the illuminated altar covered with exquisite drapery and adorned with a profusion of natural flowers, presented a magnificent spectacle.

The Holy League in the short period from its establishment has accomplished wonders in Campbellford. On the first Sunday of every month the altar-rails are crowded with all classes of the people. Many who used to be seen but very rarely at the altar-rail are now regular communicants. The enthusiasm of the Local Director seems to have enkindled the whole parish, and both Campbellford and Warkworth are aglow with devotion to the Divine Heart.

St. Patrick's, Quebec.

Our new inter-tion box is well patronized by our people, who have great confidence in the Sacred Heart. Already one great favor has been obtained by a lady, who, in

thanksgiving, has taken out a Promoter's list, which is fast filling. At our last meeting ten new Promoters took out lists, so that notwithstanding vacation time, our numbers are steadily increasing. I expect, in September, when our people are home again from seaside and country, that we shall have a large harvest to reap, though our general communion on last Sunday was so well attended that it seemed as if the whole congregation were present. The general communion for the men's branch on next Sunday promises to be a grand affair. Officers and Promoters are working with great earnestness. The Director presides at all our meetings, and all our Redemptorist Fathers are active Promoters. There is not one of them but deserves the gold cross.

SECRETARY.

BRANDON, N. W. T.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

To fulfil a promise made to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in June, we return our most grateful thanks to the loving Heart of Our Lord, for the perfect recovery of one of our community, whose life had been despaired of by two skillful physicians, and who, contrary to all human expectations, on the last day of our triduum experienced a change for the better, and, thanks and glory to the Sacred Heart, is now able to resume her former occupations.

THE SISTERS OF THE FAITHFUL

COMPANIONS OF JESUS.

OBITUARY.

We ask the prayers of all our associates for the eternal repose of Father Byrne, parish priest of Eganville, and a most zealous Director of the Holy League.

R.I.P.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

After conferring so many diplomas and crosses, the Holy League has a right to expect a great increase of zeal and activity. Nothing contributes to the prosperity of a centre like the Promoters' meetings, and the best sign of life is a full attendance at them. The test of a good Promoter is regularity at the meetings. Faithfulness in this respect edifies the body of Promoters, and through it the whole centre. Absence has the opposite effect. It is a bid for a break up. We trust all our Promoters, and especially the officers and councillors, realize their responsibility in this regard. An officer who does not regularly attend the Promoters' meeting cannot show a greater proof of devotion to the Sacred Heart than by resigning. We have heard of a lady president of a flourishing centre, who, leaving her friends behind, came home three hundred miles from her country seat in order to preside at the first autumn meeting. Another has not once failed to call on the pastor the week before meeting, to have it announced the following Sunday, marking the day, hour and place. You may depend the meeting was announced, and when the day came the Director was on time, the Secretary had Messengers, Rosary sets and tickets laid on the table. The Holy League is first, and before all, a league of zeal and activity.

It is not necessary that the meeting be a long one. A half hour (in country parishes, where it is held after mass, —a quarter) ought to be enough for the *work*, the *talking* afterward may be prolonged indefinitely, especially since there are too hundred days' indulgence for it. What is to be done in the half hour? The Director, or President in his absence, opens punctually by Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed, Sweet Heart, etc. Follows an exhortation, not longer than ten minutes, or the reading of an article out of the hand-book with the Promoter's page. Rosary sets, Messengers, tickets are distributed, the Secretary marking names; subscriptions are received and marked by the Treasurer.