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Sacred Heart of Jesus.*

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all Associates.*

The Thirteenth Centenary of England's Conversion

In a Pastoral addressed to the faithful of the diocese of Leeds, England, His Lordship writes thus on the subject of our General Intention for the month of May: "The greatest event in the history of our country—the one most replete with blessings — was the introduction of the faith of Jesus-Christ within its borders. Whether we look at its effects on the material well-being of the nation, the spread of its civilizing influence, or at its moral and religious aspect, the conversion of England to Christianity was the most momentous and the most blessed of all the changes that ever passed over it. And of all the heroes who have added glory to our annals, the greatest is he who brought to our ancestors the tidings of Christ's redeeming love. Hence, we feel it a duty of gratitude and affection to invite you, dear children in Jesus Christ, to join with us, and with the Cardinal Archbishop, and the Bishops and faithful of England, in celebrating, on the Sunday within the Octave

of the Ascension, with every manifestation of joy, the Thirteenthundredth anniversary of the coming of St. Augustine, by whose prayers and labours the people of this country were "delivered from the servitude of moral and intellectual darkness, and brought 'into the liberty of the glory of the children of God' (Rom. viii., 21)." A somewhat similar invitation is now extended to the whole Catholic world by the Holy Father, through the world-wide medium of the Apostleship of Prayer. We are encouraged by the Sovereign Pontiff to observe this centenary, not so much as a season of rejoicing, as one of prayer for the conversion of a nation, once so Catholic, but which lapsed from the Faith. The month of May has been chosen as most appropriate for, England bore, when in communion with the Holy See, the glorious title of "Mary's Dowry." It must be observed, however, that it was on the feast of Pentecost, in the year 597, that King Ethelbert professed himself a Christian, and received the sacrament of Baptism; and that on the following Christmas ten thousand of his subjects followed the example of their sovereign. The feast of Pentecost in 597 fell on June 2nd, so that, in this year 1897, the real anniversary should be held on the first Wednesday of that month. But as our co-religionists in England, out of devotion to the Mother of God, expressed the desire that the general intention for the conversion of the Fatherland be assigned to the month of May, the better to prepare for the anniversary in the month of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Father graciously acceded to their wish.

At the period of the coming of St. Augustine,* though the Scotio-Briton missionaries had already spread over all the corners of Caledonia, and though Columba and his disciples had carried the light of the Gospel into the northern districts of Britain where it had never penetrated, the Christian faith and the Catholic Church had languished and

* In what follows the historical portion is taken mainly from De Montalembert's *Monks of the West*.

died out in the southern part of the Island under the ruins heaped up everywhere by the Saxon conquest. Paganism and barbarism, vanquished by the Gospel in the Highlands of the north, again arose and triumphed in the south, in the most populous, accessible and flourishing districts, through out all that country which was destined in succeeding centuries to play so great a part in the world, and which already began to call itself England. From 569 to 586, ten years before the death of Columba, and at the period when his authority was best established and most powerful in the north, the last champions of Christian Britain were finally cast out beyond the Severn, while at the same time new bands of Anglo-Saxons in the north, driving back the Picts to the other side of the Tweed, and crossing the Humber to the south, founded the future kingdoms of Mercia and Northumbria. It is true that at a later period the sons of Columba carried the Gospel to those Northumbrians and Mercians. But at the end of the sixth century, after a hundred and fifty years of triumphant invasions and struggles, the Saxons had not yet encountered in any of the then Christian, or at least converted nations, Britons, Scots and Picts, which they had assailed, fought and vanquished, either missionaries disposed to announce the glad tidings to them, nor priests capable of maintaining the precious nucleus of faith among the conquered races.

Eleven years before the momentous event we commemorate this month, the two last Catholic bishops of Britain, those of London and York, abandoned their churches and took refuge in the mountains of Wales, carrying with them the sacred vessels and holy relics which they had been able to save from the rapacity of the idolaters. Other husbands were then necessary. From whence were they to come? From the same inextinguishable centre, whence light had been brought to the Irish by Patrick, and to the Britons and Scots by Palladius, Ninian and Germain. At the moment when Columba approached the term of his long career in his

northern isle, a year before his death, the envoys of Gregory the Great left Rome, and landed where Cæsar had landed, upon the English shores.

The British population, which had survived the fury of the Saxon Conquest, and which had not been able or willing to seek for refuge in the mountains and peninsulas of Wales and Cornwall, seems to have accommodated itself to the new order of things. When the conquest was fully achieved, in those districts where the indigenous race had not been completely exterminated, no traces of insurrection or of general discontent are to be found among the British; and the opinion of those who maintain that the condition of the mass of the British population remaining in the conquered regions was not worse under the Saxon invaders than it had been under the yoke of the Romans, or even under that of their native princes, so reviled by their compatriot, the historian Gildas, may be admitted as probable. It may even be supposed that this fusion of the conquerors and the conquered was productive of great benefit to the former. It would be hard to say whether the heroic tenacity which has become the distinctive characteristic of the English may not have been derived mainly from that vigorous race which, after having coped with Cæsar, proved itself the only one among all nations subjected to the Roman yoke capable of struggling for two centuries against the invasion of the barbarians.

But this assimilation of the races could not but operate to the prejudice of the Christian faith. Unlike the barbarian invaders of the Continent, the Saxons did not adopt the religion of the people they had subdued. In Gaul, Spain and Italy, Christianity flourished anew, and gained fresh strength under the dominion of the Franks and Goths; it had conquered the conquerors. In Britain it disappeared under the pressure of the alien conquest. No traces of Christianity remained in the districts under Saxon sway when Rome sent thither her missionaries. Here and there a ruined church might be found, but not one living Christian

amongst the natives*; conquerors and conquered alike were lost in the darkness of paganism.

In speaking of the Anglo-Saxons, before they were converted to Christianity, Taine** ventures to assert that "there existed under their native barbarism noble dispositions unknown to the Roman world. Under the brute the free man, and also the man of heart, might always be discovered." Even more, intermingled with daily outbursts of daring and of violence there might also be found miracles of heroic and simple devotedness, of sincere and lofty enthusiasm, which emulated or forestalled Christianity. But alongside of these wonders of primitive virtue, what miracles of vice and crime, of avarice, lust and ferocity.

Thus, that frightful slave-traffic which has disgraced successively all pagan and all Christian nations was among them carried on with a kind of inveterate passion. It needed whole centuries of incessant efforts to extirpate it. Not was it only captives and vanquished foes that they condemned to this extremity of misfortune and shame: it was their kindred, their fellow countrymen, those of their own blood, their sons and daughters, that they set up to auction and sold to merchants who came from the Continent to supply themselves in the Anglo-Saxon market with these human chattels.

It was by this infamous commerce that Great Britain, having become almost as great a stranger to the rest of Europe as she was before the days of Cæsar, re-entered the circle of the nations, making herself known once more, as in the time of Cæsar, when Cicero anticipated no other profit to Rome from the expedition of the proconsul than the produce of the sale of British slaves.

Nevertheless, it was from the depth of this shameful abyss that God was about to evolve the opportunity of delivering England from the fetters of paganism, of introducing her by

* Burke, Works, vol. vi., p. 251.

** *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise.*

the hand of the greatest of the Popes into the bosom of the Church, and, at the same time, of bringing her within the pale of Christian civilization.

It seems inexplicable that these traffickers in men should find a market for their merchandise at Rome, governed since Constantine by Christian emperors. It was so, however, in the year of grace 586 or 587, under Pope Pelagius II. Slaves of both sexes and of all countries, and among them some children, young Saxons, were exposed for sale in the Roman forum like any other commodity. Priests and monks passed by, mingled with the crowd, and among them the gentle, the generous, the immortal Gregory. He thus learned to detest this leprosy of slavery which it was afterwards given to him to restrict and to contend against, though not to extirpate.

This scene, which the Venerable Bede, father of English history, found among the traditions of his Northumbrian ancestors, and the dialogue in which are portrayed with such touching and quaint originality the pious and compassionate spirit of Gregory, and at the same time his strange love of punning, has been a hundred times rehearsed.

Every one knows how, at the sight of these young slaves, struck with the beauty of their countenances, the dazzling purity of their complexions, the length of their fair looks, he inquired what was their country and their religion. The slave-dealer informed him that they came from the island of Britain, where every one had the same beauty of complexion, and that they were heathens. Heaving a deep sigh, "What evil luck," cried Gregory, "that the Prince of Darkness should possess beings with an aspect so radiant, and that the grace of these countenances should reflect a soul void of the inward grace." But of what nation are they?" "They are Angles." "They are well named, for these Angles have the faces of angels; and they must become the brethren of the angels in heaven. From what province have they been brought?" "From Deira" (one of the two kingdoms of

Northumbria). "Still good," answered he, "*De ira eruti*—they shall be snatched from the ire of God, and called to the mercy of Christ. And how name they the king of their country?" "Alle or Ælla." "So be it; he is right well named, for they shall soon sing the Alleluia in his kingdom."

It is natural to believe that the rich and charitable abbot bought these captive children, and that he conveyed them at once to his own home, that is to say, to the palace of his father, where he was born, which he had changed into a monastery, and which was not far from the forum where the young Britons were exposed for sale. The purchase of these three or four slaves was thus the origin of the redemption of all England.

An Anglo-Saxon chronicler, a Christian but a layman, says expressly that Gregory lodged his guests in the *tridinium*, where he loved to serve with his own hand the table of the poor, and that after he had instructed and baptized them, it was his desire to take them with him as his companions, and to return to their native land in order to convert it to Christ. All authors unanimously admit that from that moment he conceived the grand design of bringing over the Anglo-Saxons to the Catholic Church. He had once already, after the scene in the slave-market, sought and obtained from the Pope permission to go as a missionary to the Anglo-Saxons, but at the tidings of his departure, the Romans, after overwhelming the Pope with reproaches, ran after their future pontiff, and, overtaking him three days' journey from Rome, brought him back by force to the Eternal City. Scarcely, however, had he been elected Pope, when his great and cherished design became the object of his constant thought. At last, in the sixth year of his pontificate, he decided to select as the apostles of the distant island the monks of the monastery of St. Andrew, on Mount Coelius, and to appoint as their leader Augustine, the prior of that beloved house.

Where is the Englishman worthy of the name who, in

looking from the Palatine to the Coliseum, could contemplate without emotion and without remorse this spot from whence have come to him the faith and name of Christian, the Bible of which he is so proud, the Church herself of which he has preserved but the shadow? Here were the enslaved children of his ancestors gathered together and saved. On these stones they knelt who made his country Christian. Under these roofs was the grand design conceived by a saintly mind, intrusted to God, blessed by Him, accepted and carried out by humble and generous Christians. By these steps descended the forty monks who bore to England the word of God and the Light of the Gospel along with Catholic unity, the apostolic succession, and the rule of St. Benedict. No country ever received the gift of salvation more directly from popes and monks, and none, alas! so soon and so cruelly betrayed them. These are the words of a great admirer of England, the Count De Montalembert, and they embody sentiments which are evoked too naturally by the events recorded to be thrust aside as unmeaning pathos.

After having traversed the whole of Frankish Gaul, Augustine and his companions brought their journey to a close on the southern shore of Great Britain, at the point where it approaches nearest to the Continent, and where the previous conquerors of England had already landed: Julius Cæsar, who revealed it to the Roman world; and Hengist with his Saxons, who brought to it with its new name an ineffaceable impress of the Germanic race.

On the south side of the River Thames, and at the north-east corner of the country of Kent, lies a district which is still called the Isle of Thanet, although the name of *isle* no longer befits it, as the arm of the sea which at one time separated it, from the mainland is now little better than a brackish and marshy brook. There, where the steep white cliffs of the coast suddenly divided to make way for a sandy creek, near the ancient port of the Romans at Richborough, and between the modern towns of Sandwich and Ramsgate,

the Roman monks set foot for the first time on British soil. The place now goes by the name of Ebbsfleet Farm.

Immediately on his arrival the envoy of Pope Gregory despatched interpreters to King Ethelbert, who had just gained over all the other Saxon kings and princes, even to the confines of Northumbria, that kind of military supremacy which was attached to the title of Bretwalda, or temporary chief of the Saxon Confederation. Ethelbert's wife was Bertha, the daughter of Caribert, king of the Franks, a grandson of Clovis, and whose mother was that Ingoberga, whose gentle virtues and domestic troubles have been recorded by Gregory of Tours.

At the appointed time Augustine was introduced to the king. Before him were borne a silver cross, and a banner representing the Redeemer: behind him his companions walked in procession; and the air resounded with the anthems which they sang in alternate choirs. As soon as the interpreter had explained the object and motives of their mission, Ethelbert replied that he had no inclination to abandon the gods of his fathers for a new and uncertain worship; but that as the intention of the strangers was benevolent, and their promises were inviting, they might preach without molestation, and should be supported at his expense.

Curiosity led the Saxons to visit the strangers. They admired the ceremonies of their worship, compared their lives with those of the pagan priests, and learned to approve a religion which could inspire so much piety, austerity and disinterestedness. With secret pleasure Ethelbert viewed the alteration in the sentiments of his subjects, and, no doubt owing in a great measure to the pious prayers of his Christian Queen, Bertha, yielded to grace, confessed himself a Christian and was regenerated by the waters of Baptism. on the feast of Pentecost in the year 597. As we have said already, ten thousand of his subjects were also baptized on the following Christmas. *

* Jüngard, vol. 1, p. 76.

Such were the first steps in the conversion of England. " Abundant harvests were produced during succeeding centuries in the furrows ploughed by the disciples of Augustine and Bede. Before it settled into the great nation which the world admires and envies, furnished with the noblest and wisest institutions that men have ever known, with a literature rich in unrivalled genius, and power greater than that of ancient Rome, England had to become the great base of operation for the spiritual conquests of the Papacy, the great centre of Christian missions. By her the Roman Church moved, enlightened and subdued the centre and north of Europe ; and it was by her means that the German and Scandinavian peoples, still plunged in the darkness of heathenism, were brought into the Christian faith. " *

It would be impracticable to dwell here on the past glories of Catholic England. The long roll of her children renowned for holiness—kings, nobles, monks and laymen, have left it still uncertain whether she or the sister Isle could put in the strongest claim to the disputed title of " The Isle of Saints. "

And now we, Members of the Apostleship, are called upon to centre the intention of our prayers on the conversion of England : that God in His mercy, and the adorable Heart of Jesus in His love for men, may lead back into the pale of the true Church His wayward children. We shall be encouraged in our efforts by the consideration of what has already been effected towards this end. Surely, there is a deep significance in the revival of interest for dogmatic teaching throughout England and among her leading minds during the last fifty years ; and the intensity of this interest is very much on the increase. The mere fact that no insignificant portion of the Establishment is striving to reconcile the irreconcilable—Catholic truth with Anglican *views*, though a vain attempt, is yet a hopeful sign. It is

* *Monks of the West*, vol. II, p. 614.

the sick men who instinctively feels that something must be done, strains after palliatives, but looks askance at the only real remedy. Worn out by disease, may he not bring himself to accept the life-restoring potion before it is too late?

Another consideration will impart more fervour to our supplications. The designs of God's economy are not one with the aims of human wisdom. Slowly but irresistibly Providence works out its hidden ends; it may take years, centuries, perhaps, but its object will surely be accomplished. It was not without an infinitely wise plan, that from on high God favoured the growth of the colossal empire of ancient Rome. Her legions, bent on expanding the limits of her dominions, were doing His bidding; unwittingly they were to be the vehicle of a merciful dispensation, and when the vast fabric had reached its term, there arose amidst its crumbling ruins the glorious empire of God's own anointed.

Under our very eyes, with the search-light of history bringing the events of the past into equal prominence with the foreground of the present, another mighty empire is being reared, beset which the fabled grandeurs of ages gone by dwindle into insignificance. "In modern Europe," writes De Montalembert, "at a distance of seven leagues from France, within sight of our northern shores, there exists a nation whose empire is more vast than that of Alexander or the Cæsars, and which is at once the freest and most powerful, the richest and most manful, the boldest and best regulated in the world . . . busied more than any other in all the arts of peace, yet nevertheless invincible in war, and sometimes rushing into it with frantic passion, too often destitute of enthusiasm, but incapable of failure, it ignores the very idea of discouragement or effeminacy . . . Greedy of conquests and discoveries, it rushes to the extremities of the earth, yet returns more enamoured than ever of the domestic hearth, more jealous of securing its dignity and everlasting duration . . . Happier than Rome, after a

thousand years and more, it is still young and fruitful. A slow, obscure, but uninterrupted progress has created for England an inexhaustible reservoir of strength and life. In her veins the sap swells high to-day, and will swell high to-morrow. Happier than Rome, in spite of a thousand false conclusions, a thousand excesses, a thousand stains, she is of all the modern races, and of all Christian nations, the one which has best preserved the three fundamental bases of every society which is worthy of man, the spirit of freedom, the domestic character and the religious mind." *

As an outcome of that "religious mind," millions are being squandered in well-meant but barren attempts to convert the heathen to an illogical belief—a hollow semblance of Christianity. And yet, with her inexhaustible resources, what a vantage ground is hers for propagating the Gospel! The long smoky trail of her ocean steamers stretches across every horizon and darkens every sky; her language is spoken in every clime, nor is there a country in the known world, from the frozen north to the jungles of India or Central Africa, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, where her adventurous sons have not left a footprint. It is this "religious mind" that God is now stirring to its very depths.

"All who have eyes to perceive spiritual gifts," said Cardinal Vaughan the other day, while addressing a London congregation, "must be sensible of the religious movement which is at present stirring men's minds and consciences in this country. God's grace is being poured out upon England, and men are becoming unsettled in their old prejudices and errors as a preliminary to a recognition of the truth." It is not given to every simple soul among the faithful to clear up the doubts or to solve the objections of our separated brethren. "But what all may do," continued the Cardinal—and we may take the exhortation as addressed to ourselves—"is to pray. Faith is a gift of God, made up of a light

* *Monks of the West*, vol. 1, pp. 643, 645.

penetrating the intellect and of grace and strength imparted to the will. It is a gift which no mere industry, study or human effort can secure for the soul. It is in the hand of God. When we come to be judged we shall see that He has truly been both the Author and the Perfecter of our faith, so that no flesh shall glory in His sight. Pray, then, and obtain fervent prayers for an abundant effusion upon England of the Gift of Divine faith. A great number of souls seem to be very near to the faith. Perhaps, God is waiting for our prayers in order to bring them into the one fold." *

PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular for the conversion of England, which glories in the fond title of "Mary's Dowry". Amen.

TREASURY, APRIL, 1897.

RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	86,478	Pious reading.....	73,439
Acts of mortification....	177,763	Masses celebrated.....	4,579
Beads	252,120	Masses heard.....	93,716
Stations of the Cross.....	33,072	Works of zeal.....	67,808
Holy Communion.....	634,317	Various good works.....	341,082
Spiritual Communion..	395,903	Prayers.....	904,093
Exams of conscience	96,457	Sufferings or afflictions..	82,624
Hours of silence	143,798	Self conquests.....	80,634
Charitable conversations.	117,317	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	138,285
Hours of labor.....	515,215		
Holy Hours	17,775	Total.....	4,256,475

* *London Tablet*, March 20, 1897, pp. 462, 463.

CONSECRATION TO MARY

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

Mo - ther Ma - ry! at thine al - tar We thy
 lit - tle chil - dren kneel; With a faith that can - not
 fal - ter, To thy good - ness we ap - peal. We are
 seek - ing for a mo - ther O'er the earth so waste and wide, And from
 off His Cross our Bro - ther Points to Ma - ry by His side.

2.—We have seen thy picture often
 With the Child-God in thy arms,
 And it ever seemed to soften
 All our sorrows with its charms ;
 So we want thee for our Mother,
 In thy gentle arms to rest,
 And to share with Him our Brother
 That sweet pillow on thy breast

3.—We have none but thee to love us
 With a Mother's fondling care ;
 And our Father, God above us,
 Bids us fly for refuge there.

All the world is dark before us,
 We must out into its strife :
 If thy fondness watch not o'er us,
 O, how sad will be our life !

4.—So we take thee for our Mother,
 And we claim our right to be,
 By the gift of our dear Brother,
 Loving children unto thee ;
 And our humble consecration
 Thou wilt surely not despise,
 From thy bright and lofty station
 Close to Jesus in the skies.

5.—Mother Mary ! to thy keeping
 Soul and body we confide.
 Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
 To be ever at thy side ;
 Cares that vex us, joys that please us,
 Life and death we trust to thee ;
 Thou must make them all for Jesus,
 And for all eternity !

THE LEAGUE AT HOME

SARNIA, ONT.—Under the direction of Rev. Father Kennedy, our new Pastor, the Holy League of the Sacred Heart has been reorganized in this parish, and our Membership is increasing steadily. The solemn renewal of the Promoters' Act of Consecration took place on Sunday evening, March 7th.

After Vespers, Rev. Father Hogan gave a short instruction on this beautiful devotion, exhorting all present to join in the act of consecration, thereby showing their love and gratitude to the most sweet Heart of Jesus,—the Heart that has loved men so much.

The Promoters, bearing lighted candles, then advanced to the railing, and eighteen received new crosses, after which was solemnly repeated the Act of Consecration.

This imposing ceremony closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament

THE SECRETARY.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., March 4.—In every issue of the MESSANGER we see reports from city and village, town and country proclaiming the good, which the League has done and is still doing throughout the Catholic world ; and, though we have hitherto been

silent it was not that our branch was in a less flourishing condition nor that a lack of faith was perceptible in our community.

No, on the contrary, we have every reason to be thankful that the devotion to the Sacred Heart is so fervent and universal. The League is flourishing and doing more good than the world will ever hear of. Favors have been asked for and received, and the hundreds of souls who flock to the Altar rail attest more strongly than words the good that is being done.

God grant that it may ever continue so !

ST. MARKS, P. E. I.—Our League continues to flourish and many are the blessings, spiritual and temporal, coming to us through it. Our good pastor reads the intention every month from the altar and says the "Public Prayers" before the whole Congregation. He has always an encouraging word to speak for the League also, and all delight to share in its benefits.

THE SECRETARY.

Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

SALVE REGINA.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY

Salve Regina ! Deign, oh Queen to hear us !
Behold ! Thy children grieve ;
In our sad exile may Thy presence cheer us,
Poor banished sons of Eve.

Salve Regina ! Life, and Hope, and Sweetness,
Hear, we entreat our prayer ;
Reveal to us, in all its blest completeness
The joy we hope to share.

Salve Regina ! In this vale of sadness
To Thee Thy children turn ;
Teach us to look, through sorrow, to that gladness
For which we sigh and yearn.

Salve Regina ! Turn Thine eyes, in pity,
On us, who cry to Thee ;
Grant us, when we have reached the Holy City,
Thy Blessed Face to see :

Show us, we pray,—our weary exile ended
In life beyond the tomb,—
JESUS, to whom our pilgrimage hath tended,
The Fruit of Thy Blest womb.



Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

A DESPERATE REMEDY

BY EMMA C. STREET.



It was the night of the 20th of May, 188... and the sergeants of the 118th Infantry were lounging about their mess-room in every stage of mental and physical collapse. The day had been a blazing hot one, and the night was very little better. The punkabs flapped to and fro limply in the sultry air, and even the native servants showed signs of somnolence every time their duties permitted of their standing still.

"What beastly weather," gasped Charlie Howard, moving restlessly in the big cane easy-chair he had appropriated an hour previously. "I say O!" let's have a game of billiards, anything is better than this.

School-master O'Callaghan — more familiarly and tersely known to his associates as O'. — cast a withering glance at the speaker. "I think I see myself chasing balls around a table with the mercury at one-twenty in the shade," he answered ironically. "Not any, thank you."

There was another interval of silence, disturbed only by the half suppressed groans and murmurings of the heat stricken dozen of men in the room, and then a plaintive voice floated in from the obscurity of the verandah outside: "Why did I leave home and ma?" and at the same moment the owner of the voice followed it into the mess and O'Callaghan called out: "Hello Mac, where have you been all night?"

"Sitting on the well in the middle of the barrack square," answered the new arrival with gravity; "it's the coolest place in the cantonments, give you my word."

"And what were you doing there?" inquired the school-master lazily.

"Wishing that a paternal government would provide me with a dissolving view of India's coral strand. Did you ever see the heat in your life?"

"Never mind Mac," remarked O'Callaghan grimly; "if this keeps

up you'll be treated to a dissolving view of the 118th, and that will be entertainment enough for you, eh?"

A man who had been seated at a table near by, apparently absorbed in the columns of the "Pioneer," but in reality listening with no little amusement to the grumbling that was going on around him, now looked up and spoke. He was a small, wizened bit of humanity, anywhere between fifty and sixty, with a tanned and wrinkled visage whose most striking feature was a pair of twinkling blue eyes; and a general appearance of having been hung up under the rays of the "Bengal Blanket" until all natural moisture had been dried out of him. "You won't find next hot weather so bad," he said addressing the mess at large; "the first year is always the worst on Europeans."

"Glad to hear it, Mr. Hicks," answered McDonell, with a comical grimace; "if I thought every summer was going to be as bad as this one I'd tattoo myself at once and take to native fashions. They are not elegant, but they *are* comfortable."

This sally raised a feeble laugh, in the midst of which Mr. Hick stood up and began to make preparations for leaving.

"Why, what is your hurry?" asked the Sergeant Major, a big burly man upon whom the heat was making visible inroads. "Got a *lool-wallah* or two to lay by the heels?"

"Exactly," answered Hicks, with a dry chuckle; "the Q. M. of the Bengal Blues—old Whytely, you know—was cleaned out last night. Hadn't a blessed rag to put on this morning when he woke—had to send to the nearest neighbour to borrow a suit of clothes. Clearest sweep I've heard of for six months."

"And do you think you'll be able to catch the thieves?" asked O'Callahan lazily and a little incredulously. He was a little sceptical about the stories he had heard of the Superintendent of Police's marvellous talent for running criminals to earth.

"I don't know," was the modest reply, but I'm going to have a shy at it, anyway."

There was really no reason for O'Callaghan's disbelief in Mr. Hicks' promise. An Irishman by birth and parentage, he was an Anglo-Indian in the widest sense of the term by right of forty-five years' residence in the Orient—forty-five years of acquaintanceship with every grade of the native population, from the highest to the lowest, during which he had learned every twist and turn in the native character with such accuracy that five minutes' conversation with a "suspect" was all he needed to decide whether the accused was guilty or not of the crime laid to his charge. His very name was a word of terror to the evil-doers of the Peshawur district, for he had been known to dive into the most hidden recesses of the bazaars, disguised

as a native, and drag therefrom sundry *lot-wallahs* and criminals of even greater pretensions, more than once in his history.

"Hope you'll catch them, I'm sure," struck in McDonell before O'Callaghan could again speak; "but I say, must you go now? We've all got an invitation over to the "Blues" to night, they're having a ball and I'd like you to come. Any of you other chaps going?"

"A ball — this weather, and all the women at the hills!" exclaimed O'Callaghan. "Have they taken leave of their senses?"

"No, they've taken leave of their adjutant — to keep the mess open till twelve to night," grinned McDonell. "It's the anniversary of Plassey or Chillianwallah, or the Redan, or something else — blest if I remember now, and they're going to have a jollification. Who is coming?"

"I think I'll drop over for a little while," said Hicks, "there is no particular hurry about my little bit of business; in fact I rather think I have already located the gentry I'm after, so they'll keep a few hours longer. Are any of you coming?"

A few of the wiser ones, mindful of early morning parade, shook their heads; but the greater number were too glad of any break in the monotony to miss so good a chance, and in a few moments they were trooping across the square in the direction of the Blues' cantonment.

A scene of festivity met them on their arrival. The long mess-room had been gaily decorated with bunting and paper flowers and stars of shining bayonets; while the far-stretching table down the centre of the floor literally groaned with good things.

In a few moments the new arrivals had been squeezed into vacant places and the fun began again, everyone talking at once and no one in particular listening, except when the mess-president rapped for order to propose a toast; or when some individual, gifted with more stentorian lungs than his companions, insisted upon everyone paying attention to the latest regimental joke as related by himself.

Now among the number that crowded around the festive board there were a few who, either from choice or necessity, were teetotallers; and who indulged in nothing stronger than soda-water or seltzer. Dermott O'Callaghan was one of these few, and his case was one of necessity. In early youth he had learned by a couple of humiliating experiences that he belonged to the unlucky class who must be either total abstainers or drunkards. For him there was no middle course, and he had very wisely chosen the safe path. But he was of a convivial nature, apt, under the pressure of agreeable circumstances, to develop an extraordinary forgetfulness; and the present was one of those dangerous occasions.

For an hour or more he resisted the well-meant but thoughtless

efforts of a neighbouring toper to fill his glass with something stronger than plain soda-water ; at the same time endeavouring to recall a little scene that had taken place five years previously when he had been leaving his native town of Halifax, and in which his parish priest, his mother, and his parish church had figured. But Father Brady, Mrs. O'Callaghan and St. Anselm's were many thousands of miles away; and Bandsmaster Lake and his decanter were invitingly close at hand, so in the end he just sipped the wine, then took a taste, then a mouthful, then a glassful—after that, the descent was easy.

In the midst of the hilarity that reigned, O'Callaghan did not perceive that the other members of his own corps were dropping away one by one, until, when twelve o'clock struck and it was time to close the mess, he was the only one of the 118th left. Rising unsteadily to his feet he secured his lantern and was engaged in a futile effort to light it with the tip of his cigar when Mr. Hicks approached and asked confidentially ; " like me to drive you home, O' ? "

The Superintendent meant well, but O'Callaghan was just in the obstinate stage of drunkenness and prepared to take offence at every trifle.

" Thank you, Mr. Hicks, " he said thickly, and with an assumption of dignity that was rendered rather ridiculous by the fact that he had to support himself against the table while speaking ; " thank you, but I'm quite able to walk home, much obliged, just the same."

All right, old boy," answered Hicks, dexterously lighting the factory lantern and then holding out his hand to say good night ; " see you to-morrow or next day, I suppose ? "

" S'pose so," was the sulky answer. " Good night."

" Hicks smiled indulgently and was turning away when some imp of mischief prompted him to look back and say banteringly ; " Look out that the Khyberes don't nab you, my boy ; they're giving us some trouble just now," and then he went off whistling, to jump into his buggy and drive away in the midst of a chorus of " good nights " from his entertainers, who were pouring out of the mess at the same moment.

A few minutes sufficed to see the last of the " Blues " in his own quarters, and then O'Callaghan, having refused two or three offers of a bed for the night, was left alone to find his way home. Under ordinary circumstances the walk would not have taken him longer than ten minutes to accomplish ; but Mr. Hicks' last words had fastened themselves in his memory, and he determined to let him see that *he* was not afraid of the hillmen.

It did not occur to his befuddled intellect that the Superintendent could not possibly know anything about what he was doing. He was just conscious that he had been warned against a certain danger and

that therefore it behooved him to vindicate his courage by walking straight into it.

"I'll go home by the "Circular," and show old mahogany-face that I don't scare worth a cent," he said to himself; falling back, in the ardour of his feelings, into the half-forgotten slang of his native land. "Khyberees, indeed!"

Now the Circular Road, at that period, was the boundary line between danger and safety, so far as Europeans were concerned. It ran around the cantonments, separating them from the wild stretch of broken country that lay between them, and the chain of hills which contains the far-famed Khyber Pass; and was considered so dangerous that all soldiers were forbidden to venture upon it after nine o'clock at night. At intervals a mounted picket of native lancers patrolled the road and kept a sharp lookout for depredators from the hills; but in spite of these precautions daring robberies were sometimes perpetrated, and even murder done. It will, therefore, be seen that O'Callaghan, in making up his mind to walk home by the Circular Road was doing a very rash thing. How rash, he soon had ample reason for knowing,

Swinging his lantern carelessly beside him, and keeping as near to the centre of the highway as his misty condition permitted, he plunged along until he reached the Circular Road and then struck out upon it in the direction of his home.

By this time his brain had grown a little clearer and remorseful thoughts of his broken pledge began to intrude upon him. "What a miserable ass I am," he said to himself savagely. "Could'nt say no to that old sponge, Lake, though I knew I'd lose my head if I ounce began. Heigho! it's a good job my poor old mother can't see me staggering along like this. Hello Dermott, my lad! hold up, you were nearly into the ditch that time."

Conscious that if he once subsided into the watercourse that ran alongside the road he would probably stay there till morning, he moved along more cautiously after his narrow escape, his mind still filled with a medley of self accusations and heroic purposes of amendment, the latter to be put into operation the first thing on the following morning — after he had had a pick-me-up.

Once the mounted patrol passed him by with ginglyng accoutrements, lances at rest, and lanterns suspended from their stirrup-irons. As they pranced by, the gaily clad leader bestowed an inquisitive glance upon the solitary figure making its unsteady way along; but, mistaking O'Callaghan for a civilian with whom he had no right to interfere, the lancer rode on, though not without several backward glances, and soon the trampling of the horses' hoofs died away on the hot night air.

"After some of Hick's Khyberees, I suppose," soliloquized the schoolmaster, with a derisive chuckle. "Lucky for me they took me for a civilian or I'd be kicking my heels in the Quarter-guard inside of fifteen minutes."

So assured was O'Callaghan that the danger of the locality had been exaggerated that he executed a sort of defiant war-dance, swinging his lantern and whistling a few bars of a negro melody; yet, strange to say, in the midst of his hilarity a sudden sense of coming evil fell chillingly upon him and checked the music on his lips. He paused, flashing the lantern around him on every side; but the feeble light revealed nothing but the dusty highway with its watercourse on one side and row of tamarind and mulberry trees on the other, and he walked on again feeling suddenly sobered, and though he would not have admitted it, just the least bit nervous. The portion of the road he was just then traversing lay about midway between the barracks he had left and those he was going to, and was very lonely. The night was dark as well as sultry, for a bank of low-lying clouds had shut out the stars, and there was nothing to break the silence save his own footsteps, muffled by the thick white dust, and the longdrawn howl of a jackal or two out on the black invisible plain that stretched away on his right to the foot of the hills whence the red gleam of half a dozen charcoal-burners' fires shone through the miles of lonely darkness that lay between.

"I believe I am going to develope nerves," said O'Callaghan to himself contemptuously as he vainly endeavoured to cast off the depression that had seized upon his spirits. "Bah! that infernal jackal is enough to give anyone the creeps—it's howling like a banshee."

Almost in spite of himself he had quickened his pace and was striding along at a swinging gait, each moment feeling the effects of the wine diminishing, when all at once the creeping sensation of peril near at hand chilled him again. He halted abruptly, swung half round, caught one confused glimpse of a burly, half-clad form, and then something crashed down upon him out of the darkness, a stream of fire shot through his eyeballs, and he dropped to the earth.

* * *

When O'Callaghan regained his senses, his first impression was that he was lying on his cot in his own quarters with a splitting headache for company. A sensation of deathly sickness pervaded him from head to foot, and he lay quite still for a few moments until an odd sense of something wrong in his surroundings caused him to open his eyes and look about him. Instantly, the events of the previous night flashed across his memory and a stifled exclamation burst from his

lips. He was lying, pinioned hand and foot, upon a rude bedstead in the middle of a filthy little hut, through the low doorway of which the grey morning light was commencing to stream. His own clothes had been taken from him and replaced by a coarse burnouse of striped stuff redolent of disagreeable odours and he was shivering with cold—a fact that informed him, had he cherished any doubts about the matter, but he did not, that he had been carried off to the hills.

“Great heaven! what is going to become of me now?” he asked himself, making an effort to free his hands and succeeding only in cutting the skin against the harsh cords that bound them. “What a dyed-in-the-wool idiot I was to take that walk on the Circular Road. I wonder what they are going to do with me now they’ve got me!”

Finding his struggles to free himself quite ineffectual, he wisely ceased from efforts that resulted only in abrasions of wrists and ankles, and set himself to learn what he could of his surroundings. By twisting his neck rather painfully he could see out through the doorless opening that served as an entrance to the hut, and he was rewarded by catching a sidelong view of two brawny hillmen in dirty burnouses crouching over a charcoal fire and conversing together in guttural tones. “Waiting for me to come back to life or—die,” he thought grimly; his eyes travelling beyond his gaolers to the bleak rocks that formed the only background he could see. “I wonder where I am.”

It was characteristic of O’Callaghan that his spirits began to rise as the first shock of finding himself in his perilous position had passed away. He argued to himself that the hillmen could have killed him as easily on the plains as amongst the hills had murder been their object, and since they had not done so it was permissible to hope that they had no such object in view.

“They must take me for some nabob who can pay a big ransom,” he thought not without a certain humorous satisfaction in the knowledge that he was only an army schoolmaster and so a very insignificant personage indeed.

“They’ve collared my watch and chain though, and my studs—poor mother’s gift. I would’nt have lost them for any amount of money. Heavens! how my head does ache; I suppose it’s blood that makes my face feel so sticky. If that bit of rag hanging down is a sample of the bandage they’ve tied on my cuts it must be a beauty. I think I’ll let them know I’m alive.” He coughed out loud and the sound at once brought the two Khyberees to their feet and they entered the hut, bending their tall forms to do so. Both of them were over six feet high, bony and muscular, and possessing the Jewish cast of countenance so common amongst the hill tribes of Northern India.

After they had entered they stood for some time looking down at O'Callaghan, who in turn looked up at them. Apparently satisfied with their inspection they exchanged a nod, and then one of them went out and came back again with an earthen jar of water and a couple of coarse cakes, which he proceeded to set before the prisoner, after untying his hands. O'Callaghan sat up and stretched his arms, which were aching sorely, and then took a drink of the water, but his soul sickened at the sight of the cakes and he motioned them away. Seeing this, the native who had brought them took them away again and brought instead a platter of cold boiled rice; but even this was more than O'Callaghan was able for and he shook his head, at the same time touching the bandage that bound it. The Khyberes exchanged a few words, and one of them went to a corner of the hut and brought back a handful of leaves which he proceeded to dampen and place upon the cut that traversed the prisoner's head almost from ear to ear. The application eased the pain at once, and O'Callaghan, judging by their attentions that his life was not in immediate danger, made an attempt to interrogate them by gathering together all the scraps of Hindustanee he knew and giving utterance to them one after the other; the only apparent result being the utter mystification of his hearers.

"Pshaw! they don't know their own language," he said, after half a dozen failures to make himself understood, and he gave up the attempt.

Much to his disappointment, for he had hoped they would leave his hands free, the Khyberes bound him securely to the cot again, touching their long knives significantly when he made as if he would resist, and then went away and left him to his reflections.

How the rest of the day passed O'Callaghan hardly knew. He was sick and feverish from the effects of the terrible blow on the head he had received, and he felt once or twice as if he were going to die. His limbs ached with the pressure of the cords upon them, and even the slight alleviation that a change of posture would have been was denied him; he was as if in a vice. As he lay there enduring all the agonies of an enforced immobility, odd scraps of sermons he had heard at various times passed across his mind in grotesque confusion. Some of them related to hell and eternal punishment; others to the evils that clog the sinner in this life; some related to the uncertainty of life and a few to the joys of heaven. But beneath them all, and never ceasing to torment him for a moment, was the thought that he had had his day of grace and had wasted it. Wearily over and over again his tired brain kept repeating, "the way of the transgressor is hard, the way of the transgressor is hard" until he felt as if the repetition were driving him insane.

Toward evening the worst of the symptoms left him, but there remained behind an intense feeling of depression. All his bouyancy of spirit had deserted him, and he gave himself up to the gloomiest fancies, persuaded that Heaven had forgotten him and not daring to utter the prayer that he felt would have been such a consolation.

While he was plunged in this state of despair, his two gaolers reaped with another meal of rice and water, and more to enjoy the relief of having his hands free than because he felt hungry, he made an attempt to swallow some of the tasteless food. The effort did him good, for he felt stronger and better after it, and when the natives were securing him to the cot again, he made a discovery that sent a glow of hope through his whole frame. In taking his clothes from him they had not removed his scapular—probably regarding it as a sort of charm with which it might be dangerous to meddle—and the sight of the little piece of brown cloth lying on his breast brought back half forgotten stories he had heard of the help extended to her faithful children in hours of need by the blessed Mother.

"I have'nt been as good a boy as I might have been," he told himself penitently, "but at least I always wore the scapular in spite of the jokes the fellows made about it. Yes, and I fired Plug Watson through the window one day when he made an insulting remark about the Blessed Virgin—the dirty heathen."

From the depth of despair to the height of hope was but a step for O'Callaghan, and before he fell asleep, he had mentally registered a vow that he would make a dash for liberty the next day no matter how hopeless it seemed. "And if I succeed," he added, glancing down at the scapular which was peeping from amongst the folds of the burnouse, "I swear to the Mother of God that I will never taste another drop of intoxicating liquor as long as I live—no, not if it was to save my life."

Soothed by the pledge, and consoled by the recollection that his poor old mother in far away Canada was probably making the month of Mary for his spiritual and temporal welfare, he fell asleep and did not wake again until the sun streaming across his face aroused him.

His first glance was toward the door and revealed to him the fact that the number of his gaolers had been increased by one; at least there were three figures now squatting around the fire where the previous day there had been only two. The third personage in the group was a singular looking object. Filthy to a degree, with his half-clad person smeared with earth and manure, his long matted hair hanging in snaky locks about his bony neck and shoulders, and wrapped around his middle with a soiled and ragged remnant of cloth, he was the personification of all that is abject and repulsive; and yet the two

hillmen seemed to be treating him with marked respect and listening attentively to his utterances. O'Callaghan was puzzled to account for this at first, but the meaning of it suddenly dawned upon him, and he said to himself: "A fakir, eh? faith he's the worst looking specimen I've seen yet, and I've met a good many samples. I wonder if they're telling him about the prize they have got!"

Apparently they were, for the three rose at that moment and entered the hut, the fakir advancing and surveying the prisoner with critical eye, while the others stood back looking modestly expectant of compliment.

Apparently satisfied with a very brief scrutiny, the holy man turned away again, and, motioning the hillmen to precede him, seemed on the point of quitting the hut, when O'Callaghan was electrified to behold him, glance back over his shoulder and go through a rapid but intelligible pantomime, accompanied by an expressive flutter of one eyelid which indicated unmistakably that he was a friend. "Well, if that does'nt beat Banagher I wonder what does," soliloquized the schoolmaster, drawing a long breath of astonishment. "What the dickens did he mean, and who the dickens is he?"

If O'Callaghan could have seen the fakir five or six hours afterwards he would have been more astonished. That worthy individual, after bidding adieu to his hosts, took his contemplative way in the direction of the fortress known as Jumrood, which guards the entrance to the Khyber Pass, and after spending about an hour within its fortified precincts, emerged in the dapper person of Mr. Hicks mounted upon a fast travelling but perfectly safe hill pony and bound at the top of his speed for Peshawur and the colonel of the 118th.

The remarks of the latter individual, when he heard where his missing schoolmaster was, need not be repeated here; but they presaged a warm quarter of an hour for O'Callaghan when released from the predicament into which he had stumbled; and Mr. Hicks left his presence with all despatch, being not quite free from an apprehension that the irate officer might choose to make uncomplimentary reference to the Police and its superintendent in connection with so daring an instance of kidnapping.

"You will take as many men as you require," were the colonel's last instructions, as Hicks stood with his hand on the door knob; "and get the young fool safe out of their clutches; but if there is the least danger of his being murdered before you can do so, remember you are empowered to negotiate a ransom. Cheaper than having a guerilla war going on amongst the hills for the next six months," he finished beneath his breath as the door closed behind the superintendent's vanishing form.

Much to Hicks' chagrin, he learned as he emerged from the colonel's bungalow that a hillman had come in with a demand for a ransom for O'Callaghan and was awaiting the colonel's pleasure to receive him. Turning back at once he explained to that potentate the situation, then introduced the ambassador and interpreted his demands.

As O'Callaghan had suspected, his captors had mistaken him for a person of some consequence and the sum requested for his release was proportionately high. The Khyber was considerably crestfallen when he found that the prisoner was not a *burra sahib* (great man), but after reflecting a few moments he evidently came to the conclusion that a European of any condition was a good enough prize, for he quietly reiterated his demands, at the same time signifying that the sooner they were complied with the better it would be for the prisoner.

"I'm afraid the money will have to be paid, sir," said Hicks to the colonel. "Our only chance of effecting a rescue would have been in taking them by surprise, but now that they've sent in a messenger they'll be on the lookout day and night, and the first sign of a red coat among the hills will be the signal for his murder."

"I suppose so, confound them!" was the answer, "but I can't take it upon myself to promise such a sum without consulting the Major-general. Hi, bearer! tell the syce to bring my horse around. While I'm away you will keep an eye on that fellow, Mr. Hicks, and see that he doesn't get away." Much perturbed in spirit, the colonel cantered away, and the superintendent of police addressed himself to the task assigned him.

It is needless to go into the history of the negotiations which followed, or to measure the amount of red tape which had to be wound and unwound before the said negotiations were concluded. Suffice it to say that three days after his capture O'Callaghan was carried home in triumph; but wofully shrunken in flesh, and shorn of the jewellery and trinkets that had been his special delight—even his own clothing had not been restored to him, so that the appearance he presented wrapped in the old burnouse, was long a standing joke with his comrades.

What the colonel said to him was a secret he could never be coaxed to disclose; but the expression of mingled horror and amusement that the question always called to his face was sufficient answer to the inquisitive.

Of course, the first impulse of the regiment was to console the school-master for his late misfortune by getting up a supper in his honour, and equally, of course, he was expected to celebrate the occasion by

copious libations in honour of Bacchus ; but the lesson he had had was a painful and lasting one.

"No, boys thank you," he said, when his comrades stood up to drink his health and wanted to insist upon his taking something stronger than water. "No more passing of the rosy for me. It got me into the worst scrape I have ever been in in my life, and I vowed if I got out of it, I would never let a drop of liquor pass my lips again, and with the help of God I'll keep my word. From this day forward you may mark down Dermott O'Callaghan as a total abstainer. I have spoken."

"Like an oracle, my boy," cried Mr. Hicks, for whom the school-master had conceived a profound, if sudden, respect ; "stick to that and you'll be all right. It's the advice I give to every young chap starting in life—when he'll take it."

O'Callaghan did not answer. For a brief moment the mess-room and his comrades had faded from his sight, and he was again lying helpless beneath the knives of the Khyberees, with only a little square of brown cloth on his breast to save him from despair and death.

R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the following members lately deceased :

Alexandria, Ont. : Charles R. Macdonald, d. Dec. 25 ; Catherine Macdonell, d. Jan. 2 ; Donald R. Macdonald, d. Jan. 20 ; Hugh Macdonald, d. Jan. 20 ; Mrs. Catherine Macdougald, d. Jan. 23 ; Flora Catherine Macdonald, d. Jan. 26 ; Mrs. Duncan N. McKinnon, d. Feb. 3 ; Sarah Macdonell, d. Feb. 6 ; John Angus Macdonald, d. Feb. 12 ; John Archibald Macdonald, d. Mar. 2 ; Mrs. Duncan McDonald, d. Mar. 3 ; Duncan McKinnon, d. Mar. 4 ; Angus Neil Macdonald, d. Feb. 24. *Amherstburg* : Capt. Thomas Hayes, d. in March. *Antigonish* : Mrs. E. Brissett, d. Mar. 7. *Arnprior* : Mrs. Mary McCormack, d. in March ; Miss Jennie Cornett, d. Mar. 17 ; Mary Brennan, d. in March. *Barrie* : Mr. Charles McBride, d. Mar. 17. *Beaurivage* : John McGee, d. Jan. 8. *Brantford* : Mrs. William Harrington. Miss S. Ryan. *Brockville* : Winnefred Bradley, d. Feb. 11. *Charlottetown* : Stephen Whitty, d. in Feb. ; Thomas Moorside, d. Jan. 15 ; James Handrahan, d. Feb. 28 ; Miss Denis Murphy, d. Mar. 3. *Cornwall* : Mrs. Sarah Keller ; Miss Elizabeth E. Macdonald, d. Mar. 13 ; Mrs. Catherine Cummings, d. Mar. 18. *Debec, N. B.* : James McGarrigle, d. Feb. 23. *Dover, N. S.* : Dominique Richard, d. Mar. 23. *Fort Edward, N. Y.* : Mrs. Brislen. *Galt* : Mrs. P. Radigan, sr., d. Mar. 6. *Glen Norman* : Ellen Ann McDonald, d. Jan. 12. *Grafton* : Mrs. Laughlin, d. Jan. 9. ; Miss Rosa Calnan, d. Jan. 14 ; James Leonard, d. Mar. 2. *Gravenhurst* : Edward Mossington, d. Jan. 30.

Hamilton: Thomas Freel, d. Feb. 9. *Harrison's Corners*: Mrs. Donald D. McIntosh, d. Feb. 24; Duncan A. McDonald, d. Feb. 25. *Ingersoll*: Mr. Stephenson, d. Jan. 26; Mary O'Neil, d. Feb. 23; Mary McMillan, d. Feb. 26. *Kingston*: Mary Ann Doyle, d. Feb. 26; Mrs. Alice McBride, d. Mar. 17; Owen McGinnis, d. Mar. 4. *London*: John P. Sullivan, d. Nov. 6. *Lonsdale*: Mrs. Alexander McCullough, d. Mar. 2. *McMillan's Corners*: Mr. John A. McRea, d. Mar. 6. *Merrilton*: Mrs. Ellen Duher, d. Mar. 1. *Moncton*: Mr. John Carroll, d. Mrs. 18. *Montreal*: Mrs. Flynn, d. Mar. 5; Mrs. William Morgan, d. Feb. 16; Christopher Egan, d. June 12; Hugh Kerrin, d. Aug. 5; Hugh Waldron, d. Oct. 24; Mrs. Margaret Cahill, d. Mar. 20; Mrs. James Kelly, d. Feb. 26; Miss Rose McAfee, d. Mar. 7; Mrs. Simon Cogan, d. Mar. 17; Miss Eliza MacDonald, d. April 7. *Mount Forest*: Mrs. Donnelly. *Mount St. Patrick*: Cornelius Hunt, d. Feb. 22. *Newcastle, N. B.*: Mr. Simon De Wolfe, d. Jan. 8. *Niagara Falls*: Mrs. Douin, d. Mar. 14. *Okanagan Vernon, B. C.*: Rev. James Walsh, O. M. I., d. Jan. 2. *Orillia*: Miss Lizzie Moore, d. Mar. 5; Mrs. Peter Duffy, d. Mar. 30. *Osceola*: Mr. Andrew Devine, sr., d. Mar. 1. *Ottawa*: Miss Mary Brennan, d. Aug. 20; Miss M. A. O'Keefe, d. Feb. 15; Terrance Fagan, d. Jan. 24. *Pulmer Road, P. E. I.*: Mrs. Mary McCallum, d. Mar. 3. *Port Lambton*: Mrs. John McCarron, d. Mar. 2. *Quebec*: Mr. A. Holwell, d. Mar. 16; Mrs. Bernard Leonard, sr., d. Mar. 20; Mr. Lawrence Lynch, d. Mar. 25; Mrs. Patrick Conners, d. Nov. 25; Mrs. Denis Roche, d. Dec. 10; Mrs. Patrick Frawley, d. Mar. 22. *St. Catharines*: Francis J. McLaughlin, d. Nov. 18. *St. John, N. B.*: Miss Katie Burke, d. Mar. 2; Mrs. J. Fitzpatrick, d. Mar. 3. *St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I.*: Mrs. Philip Walsh, d. Nov. 10; Mrs. Thomas Burge, d. Jan. 29; Mrs. John Steele, d. Jan. 7; Mrs. Ronald McLean, d. in Jan.; Mrs. O. Henley, d. in Jan.; Mary McKinnon, d. in Jan. *St. Raphael's*: William McRae, d. Mar. 7; Mrs. Angus J. McRea, d. Mar. 13. *St. Thomas*: Mrs. Walsh, d. Feb. 12; Mr. John Powers, d. in Jan. *Sombra, Ont.*: Miss Teresa Mullins, d. Feb. 15. *South Berwick, Me.*: Miss Mary Donovan. *Streetsville*: Patrick Mahoney, d. Mar. 6. *Swanston, Vl.*: Mrs. George Loiselle, d. in Jan. *Toronto*: Ellen Parker, d. Feb. 22; Mrs. Kelly, d. Mar. 22; Mrs. Kennedy, d. Mar. 21; Mrs. Cassidy, d. Mar. 30; Charles Anderson, d. Mar. 15; Rev. Mother Mary Patricia, of Loretto Abbey; Francis Rohleder, d. Mar. 28; James Britton, d. Mar. 28; Mrs. Margaret Aylward, d. Feb. 24; Gertrude Kavanagh, d. Mar. 1; Mr. J. Stock, d. Feb. 23. *Warkworth*: Miss Julia O'Brien, d. Mar. 28. *Williamstown*: Mr. John E. McLellan, d. Mar. 22. *Winnipeg*: Mr. Theophile Tessier, d. Dec. 16. *Woodstee*: Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, d. Feb. 28.



THANKSGIVINGS

For favours received from the Sacred Heart, published in fulfilment of promises made.

ALEXANDRIA.—An Associate, for employment. For the conversion of a father and brother to a temperate life. For success at an examination. For a temporal favour. For a mother's recovery from a severe illness. A Promoter, for a favour obtained.

AMHERSTBURG.—A Member, for two favours. A Member, for the recovery of a medal, through the intercession of St. Anthony and St. Joseph. A Member, for many favours. A Member, for a favour, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For a cure. For a conversion, through the intercession of St. Ignatius, after making a novena. For the cure of severe toothache. For many spiritual and temporal graces.

ANTIGONISH.—A Promoter, for three favours obtained during the month of February.

ARNPRIOR.—A Member, for a situation, also for two great favours received, after having two masses offered for the Souls in Purgatory. A Member, for the cure of sore knee, after prayers to the B. V. A Promoter, for a very dear friend taking the pledge. A Member, for two favours. For the health of a family.

BARRIE.—A Member, for a great many favours, after having a mass offered for the Souls in Purgatory. For a great favour, through the intercession of St. J. For many favours, through the intercession of St. Anthony.

BATHURST, N. B.—A Member, for three favours. A Member, for the saving of two friends from a terrible accident, through invocations to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. A Member, for the cure of a child, after prayers to the S. H., the B. V. and St. J.

BATHURST VILLAGE.—For two great favours, after making a novena to St. J. A Member, for three favours. For a favour, after praying to the S. H. and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. An Associate, for relief from pain in the shoulder, after applying the relics of the Canadian Martyrs. For recovery from suffocation.

BELLEVILLE.—Three Members, for favours received. For a temporal favour. For obtaining a situation. A Promoter, for a special favour. An Associate, for a favour, through the S. H. For a great favour, through prayers to the B. V. and St. Anthony.

BRANTFORD.—A Member, for several favours. A Member, for a spiritual favour, granted after prayers for the Souls in Purgatory. A Member, for the cure of a brother.

CANSO.—An Associate, for many favours. An associate, for a favour, after a novena to St. J.

CALEDONIA.—A Promoter, for two favours.

CHATHAM, ONT.—A Promoter, for the cure of a sore finger, after using the oil of St. Ann, and praying to St. Anthony.

CORNWALL.—An Associate, for a cure of toothache. For the recovery of a brother's health. For having passed an examination. For success in studies. A Promoter, for the restoration to health, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. A Member, for heaving from a brother, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. An Associate, for obtaining a position for a young man, after making a novena. An Associate, for the cure of a sore throat, by applying the Badge. For blessings obtained during the past month.

DEBEC, N. B.—A young woman, for a great spiritual favour, through the prayers of the League.

DOUGLASTOWN, GASPE.—A mother, for two of her sons escaping shipwreck. A Member, for two special favours.

DUNDAS.—A Member, for a temporal favour through the intercession of St. Anthony. Two Members, for temporal favours through the intercession of St. Expeditus.

FLOS.—A Member, for a reconciliation effected, after a novena to the S.-H. and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. A Member, for a spiritual favour.

FORREST MILLS.—A Member, for restoration to health, after joining the League. A Member, for a great temporal favour. A Member, for a safe journey, after praying to the B. V. and St. J. A Member, for good health. A Member, for a temporal favour, after praying to St. Bernard.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—A Promoter, for favours. A Member, for relief from toothache. A Member, for employment for a mother. A Member, for two temporal favours. Two, for conversions to the Faith. Two, for favours granted.

GALT.—For the conversion of a parent. Two Promoters, for temporal favours. Three Associates, for temporal favours. An Associate, for passing an examination.

GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.—A Member, for having received a favour, after praying to the S. H. For the cure of a sore throat, after praying to the B. V.

GLEN ROBERTSON, ONT.—A member, for health and a very great temporal favour, after making a novena in honour of St. Anthony.

GRAFTON.—A Member, for a special favour. A Promoter, for relief from pain in the side by applying the Badge. A Member, for a very great favour through the intercession of the B. V. An Associate, for the cure of a sore throat after applying the Badge.

GUELPH.—A Promoter, for a temporal favour through the intercession of St. J. and St. Anthony. A Member, for being cured of a swelling in the face. For a child cured of an earache, after applying the Badge and prayer. A Member, for recovery from influenza, and for other favours, after praying to the B. V. A Promoter, for restoration to health, after having mass said for the Souls in Purgatory and saying the Thirty Days' Prayer.

A Promoter, for a situation for a brother, after communicating on Nine Fridays and asking the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For health for a mother.

HALIFAX.—A Promoter, for several favours both spiritual and temporal, through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and St. Anthony.

HAMILTON, ONT.—For the settlement of a family difficulty, through the S. H. and the B. V. A Promoter, for a great spiritual favour conferred during the month of February, after fervent prayers to the S. H., St. Anthony and the Holy Souls. A Promoter, for the cure of a severe headache, by applying the Badge.

HASTINGS, ONT.—A promoter, for two temporal favours. For the recovery of a sick brother. For the cure of toothache. A Promoter, for a temporal favour. For a cure, after applying the Badge. A member, for a great spiritual favour, after prayers to the B. V. and St. J. A Member, for means to pay debts.

INGERSOLL.—An Associate, for the cure of a toothache, after applying the Badge. For a temporal favour. An Associate, for a cure. An Associate, for a spiritual favour.

KEARNEY, ONT.—A Member, for several spiritual and temporal favours through the intercession of St. J. A Member, for the recovery of a child, through the intercession of the B. V. A Member, for several temporal favours, through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and St. Patrick.

KINGSTON.—For relief from pain in the lungs, by applying the Badge. For restoration to health, through the intercession of St. J. St. Ann. For spiritual and temporal favours, through the intercession of St. J. For a temporal favour, after prayers to St. J. For a spiritual favour. A Promoter, for a Member having made the mission and receiving the Sacraments after neglecting them for several years. For three other favours. For a great favour obtained during sickness. For a favour through the intercession of St. Jude, and the Souls in Purgatory.

LA SALETTE, ONT.—A Student, for success in an examination. A Member, for a great favour, after prayers for the Souls in Purgatory.

LINDSAY, ONT.—For six favours, after making three novenas.

LONDON, ONT.—For the return home of a sister, after a novena and a promise of masses for the Souls in Purgatory. For the recovery of a mother from illness, after a promise to go to Holy Communion for nine Sundays. For a situation. For the finding of two lost articles, after prayers to the S. H. and B. V. For five temporal favours. For a special favour.

MAIDSTONE.—A Promoter, for three favours, through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and Blessed Margaret Mary. For saving a house from being burned. A Promoter, for employment for a brother, after making a novena to St. J. For several temporal favours, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. A Promoter, for a great favour, through the intercession of the B. V.

MARYSVILLE.—For two temporal favours obtained, through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and St. Anthony. For one temporal favour. For the cure of toothache, after applying the Badge. For employment, through the intercession of St. J. and St. Anthony, and reciting the Rosary three times. Two temporal favours for a brother, through the intercession of the B. V., St. Ann and St. Joachim. For the passing of an examination.

MERRITTON.—A Member, for two great favours. For obtaining

a situation. A Promoter, for a special favour. For employment for a brother, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory and praying to the S. H. A Member, for a special favour, after prayers to the B. V. For the cure of a sore foot, after applying the Badge. A Promoter, for better health for a dear mother, after making a novena to the B. V.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.—A Promoter, for several favours. Two Associates, for favours.

NEW HAMBURG.—A Member, for a great favour in January; relief from a painful feeling in the limbs a long standing, after a novena, and having a mass said in honour of the S. H. and one for the Souls in Purgatory. For hearing from a dear friend, after a long silence, after a novena to St. Anthony.

NIPPSISING, ONT.—For three going to their duty. For improvement in a mother's health. For four safe journeys. For a special favour. For relief for one threatened with cancer.

NORTH WILLISTON, VT.—A Promoter, for several temporal favours, through prayers and penance.

OAKVILLE.—A Member, for a favour, through the intercession of Blessed Gerard: for the curing of a child on two occasions by wearing his picture and making a novena in his honour for the Souls in Purgatory. A Member, for two favours. For relief from choking.

OSCEOLA.—A Promoter, for the grace of a happy death for a member. For a great temporal favour, after praying to St. Anthony.

OTTAWA.—A Promoter, for the finding of her cross, through the intercession of St. J and St. Anthony. A Promoter, for having successfully passed an examination, after promising to have a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. An Associate, for several temporal favours. A Promoter, for the recovery of a father from influenza. A Member, for a favour, through the intercession of St. Gertrude in October. For three favours, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For the finding of the body of a son who was drowned, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For the recovery of a mother, through three novenas to the Holy Family and one mass for the Souls in Purgatory. A Promoter, for the cure of a mother. A Promoter, for a great favour, after making a novena, saying the Thirty Days' Prayer, and having three novenas of masses said. For reconciliation to two sisters-in-law, after praying a year for this favour. A Promoter, for a tenant's remaining longer than was expected. A Promoter, for reconciliation between two persons. A Promoter, for employment for her three brothers. A Promoter, for the cure of a child when dangerously ill, after making two novenas and praying for the suffering Souls.

PARIS.—A Member, for a great favour, after saying the Thirty Days' Prayer. For good health, after wearing the Badge and saying the Litany of the Holy Name.

PICTON, ONT.—A Member, for one spiritual and two temporal favours. A Member, for a spiritual and temporal favour, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. Anthony.

PORT ARTHUR, ONT. A member, for unexpectedly receiving a sum of money in time of need, after making a fervent novena to St. J. A Member, for deliverance from fire.

PORT CREDIT.—A Member, for a spiritual favour. A Member, for the cure of a sore, after applying oil from St. Ann's. A Member, for the relief of sore throat, by applying the Badge. A Promoter, for money obtained, after prayers to St. Anthony. A Member, for a favour, through prayers to St. Anthony. A Promoter, for the finding of a lost article, after praying to the B. V. and St. J.

QUEBEC.—A Promoter, for several favours. For the cure of a sick person. For the cure of toothache, after applying the Badge. For the cure of severe pain by applying the Badge. For the cure of neuralgia in the head, by applying the Badge. A Member, for the cure of a sick child, through the intercession of St. Ann. A Promoter, for many favours. A Mother, for a good, steady position for her son. A Promoter, for constant work. A Promoter, for many spiritual and temporal favours. For the preservation of a member's eyesight. For recovery from serious illness, after saying the Thirty Days' Prayers. A Promoter, for the means of paying debts.

RENFREW.—A Promoter, for finding a lost article, through the intercession of the B. V. M.

ROMAN'S VALLEY, N. S.—A Promoter, for a temporal favour.

ST. ANDREW'S WEST.—A Promoter, for the cure of an Associate, by having a novena made in honour of the Immaculate Conception, and praying to St. Aloysius, and St. Philomena. A Member, for the cure of a very severe pain, after praying to the S. H. and St. J. For the cure of a sore tooth, by praying to St. Benedict. A Promoter, for employment and perseverance for a son, after saying the Thirty Days' Prayer. For a temporal favour, by making a novena to the S. H. and having a mass said. A Promoter, for a member of a family making his Easter duty, after neglecting it for some time. A Member, for four favours. A Member, for the cure of a sore knee. For the restoration to health of a member of a family, after praying to the B. V. A Member, for employment. For a great temporal favour, after praying for the Souls in Purgatory.

ST. CATHARINES.—A Member, for obtaining the means to pay a debt, after prayers to the S. H. For a cure obtained, through the intercession of St. J. A Member, for the cure of headache, after applying the Badge.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—For employment and means received, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J.

ST. MARY'S, ONT.—A Member, for a great temporal favour, after prayers in honour of St. Ann, for the Souls in Purgatory. A Member, for a temporal favour. A Promoter, for two favours, after prayers to the S. H. and receiving Holy Communion. A Promoter, for having heard from an absent brother, after prayers to the B. V. and St. Anthony.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.—Members, for two special favours received, after prayers to the S. H.

SANDWICH, ONT.—A Member, for sore throat cured by the intercession of St. Blaise.

SARNIA.—A Member, for recovery of health. A Member, for a favour. An Associate, for recovery from illness, through the intercession of St. Ann, and the promise of a mass for the Souls in Purgatory.

tory. A Member, for a temporal favour, through the intercession of St. Expeditus. A Promoter, for the relief of earache, by applying the Badge and St. Ignavius' water. A Promoter, for a spiritual favour, through the intercession of St. Expeditus.

SEAFORTH, ONT.—For the recovery of two children, after applying the Badge. For a temporal favour. For a great favour received, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory.

SOUTH BERWICK, ME.—For a cure, through St. Anthony.

STURGEON-FALLS, ONT.—For one very great favour, after having promised a mass in honour of the S. H. for the Souls in Purgatory.*

STOCO.—For four temporal favours for a Member, after prayers to the S. H.

TORONTO.—A Member, for a great favour, through the intercession of St. J. A Member, for the cure of a cough, after making a novena to the S. H. For a son taking the pledge. A Promoter, for the conversion and happy death of an uncle. For employment obtained for a family. For the recovery of a brother from serious illness. For a friend giving up drink. For the success of two persons in an examination. For help obtained by a family. For the cure of a sister taken ill suddenly. For employment obtained for a young man, and for a temporal grace. A Promoter, for a special temporal favour, through the intercession of O. Lady and St. Anthony. An Associate, for a spiritual favour received through the Souls in Purgatory. A Promoter, for the conversion of a mother, after prayers to the B. V. and a novena in honour of St. Francis Xavier. A Promoter, for a favour obtained through prayers to St. Anthony. For a person's recovery. A Member, for a very great favour. For one who recovered from illness. For two brothers giving up drink.

TOTTENHAM, ONT.—A Promoter, for two special temporal favours. For a spiritual favour, after saying the Rosary.

TRENTON.—A Member, for recovery from sickness, after promising St. Anthony to give alms to the poor. A Member, for a temporal favour.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—A Promoter, for a temporal favour, after a novena to the S. H.

WINDSOR, N. S.—A Member, for the finding of a lost article, through the intercession of St. Anthony.

WINDSOR MILLS.—A Promoter, for two very special temporal favours, through O. L. of Perpetual Help.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—For protection from an ill-disposed person. For the recovery of a husband and wife. For three favours received.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—An Associate, for three favours received.

URGENT REQUESTS, for favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Amherstburg, Antigonish, Calgary, Coburg, Debec, Edge Hill, Fredericton, Galt, Glen Robertson, Glen Falls, Hamilton, Harrison's Corners, Henryville, Huntingdon, Kearney, Keene, Kingston, Lindsay, London, Manotic Station, Maple Grove, Marysville, Melbourne, Midland, Montreal, Murillo, Ottawa, Penetanguishene, Port Lambton, Prescott, Quebec, Renfrew, S. Thomas, Toronto.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

EXHIBIT OF JAN. 1896.

FRENCH-SPEAKING CENTRES IN THE UNITED STATES.—Continued.

PLACE	LOCAL CENTRES.	Date of Aggregation.	Registered.	Present Membership.			Promoters.
				1st dex.	2d dex.	3d dex.	
Mittineague, Mass.	S. Guillaume	Nov. 3, 1894	17	17	17	1	
Montpelier, Vt.	Ecole S. Michel	•	435	435	•	•	
Muskegon, Mich.	S. Jean-Baptiste	April 19, 1887	204	•	•	12	
"	Ligue des hommes	April 19, 1887	113	•	80	•	
Nashua, N.H.	S. Louis de Gonzague	Jan. 19, 1892	672	150	•	•	
"	Ligue des hommes	Jan. 19, 1892	107	105	35	8	
"	Ligue des cadets	Jan. 19, 1892	156	156	80	7	
"	Ecole des Frères	•	120	120	•	•	
"	Sœurs de Ste Croix	Jan. 19, 1892	127	127	127	7	
"	S. François-Xavier	May 16, 1893	140	247	30	5	
New Bedford, Mass.	S. Hyacinthe	May 5, 1893	210	210	36	11	
"	Sœurs de Ste Croix	Feb. 27, 1895	225	225	•	•	
"	Convent du Sacré-Cœur	*	45	45	45	1	
Newberry, Mich.	•	•	30	30	30	1	
New Hartford, Con.	Convent S. Joseph	May 19, 1892	585	466	300	29	
Newmarket, N. H.	•	May 8 1891	473	250	90	20	

			1,200	1,200	1,200	1,200	75
New Orleans, La.	Immaculée Conception	*	150	150	1,200	..	75
"	S. Maurice	*	60	60
"	S. Vincent de Paul	*	390	390
"	S. Boniface	..	335	300
"	Couvent Ste Famille
New York, N.Y.	S. Jean-Baptiste	June 11, 1895	500	300	26
"	S. Jean-Baptiste	June 11, 1891	21
"	Socurs Marianites	Apr. 27, 1891 (a)
"	Socurs de la Miséricorde	Aug. 26, 1894	15	15
"	Notre Dame	Apr. 19, 1891	850	825	15
North Adams, Mass	Ste Famille	Apr. 17, 1893	198	198	50
"	S. Joseph	May 23, 1894	75	75	13
Oconto, Wis.	Socurs de la Merci	*	375	375
Oldtown, Me.	S. Louis	*	400	400
Oswego, N.Y.	S. Joseph	*	60	60	15
Palmer, Kan	S. Joseph	*	105	105	25
Philadelphia, Pa.	Ecole S. Obs. Borromée	Sept. 27, 1890	90	90	1
Providence, R. I.	Couvent de la Merci	Dec. 7, 1888	298	368
Putnam, Conn.	Ecole S Obs. Borromée	Dec. 7, 1893	950	260
Red River, Mich.	N. D. de Lourdes	*	166	150	3
"	Ligue des hommes	..	60	40	41
Rochester, N.Y.	Socurs de Ste Croix	Sept. 15, 1894	75	75
Rutland, Vt.	S.-C. de Marie	Sept. 15, 1894	338	350
"	Ligue des hommes	Sept. 20, 1894	170	100	23
"	Ligue des hommes	Sept. 20, 1894	..	75	3

(*) No aggregation or affiliation entered on our Registers.

(a) The reports of these Centres have not reached us.

(f) Approximate.

FRENCH-SPEAKING CENTRES IN UNITED STATES.—Continued.

PLACE.	LOCAL CENTRES.	Date of Aggregation.	Registered.	Present Membership.			Promoters.
				1st deg.	2d deg.	3d deg.	
Rutland West, Vt.	S.-C. de Jésus	Sept. 20, 1894	300	300	300	40	20
" "	Ligue des hommes	Sept. 20, 1894	106	96	..	80	12
S. Albans, Vt.	Convent S. Louis	Sept. 29, 1891	351	185	55	55	2
" "	SS. Auges Gardieus	Sept. 27, 1891	450 (a)
St. Ann, Ill.	Convent de Ste Anne	Oct. 1896	230	150	50	50	3
St. Geneviève, Mo.	..	*	..	30	30	30	1
St. Johnsbury, Vt.	N.-D. des Victoires	May 12, 1891	220	220	100	100	21
" "	F.F. de S. Gabriel	Jan. 2, 1892	..	15	15	15	1
St. Louis, Mo.	30	30	30	1
St. Martinville, La.	S. Martin	June 1889	144	94	32	32	6
Salmon Falls, N.H.	S. Joseph	Dec. 5, 1894 (a)
Sault Ste Marie, M.	Ste Marie	May 13, 1891	450	420	420	..	25
South Berwick Me	S. Michel	May 7, 1892	90	90	90
Spencer, Mass	Ste Marie	June 25, 1891 (a)	500	500	500	..	40
Springfield, Mass	S. Joseph	Dec. 8, 1888	586	510	450	350	22
" "	Ligue des hommes	Dec. 8, 1888	88	49	..	40	1
" "	Ligue des cadets	Dec. 8, 1888	33	30	..	30	7
Stephenson, Mich	Précieus Saug	*	100	100	100

Stillwater, Minn.	S. Jean-Baptiste	Apr. 23, 1896	90	90	90	110	9
Suncook, N. H.	Soeurs Ste Croix	*	180	180	180	180	8
"	Ecole Ste Anne	Dec. 18, 1889	180	180	180	180	18
"	Ligue des hommes	*	684	560	150	150	18
Taunton, Mass.	Immaculée Conception	*	150	43	45	45	45
Three Rivers, Mass	S. Louis	Nov. 10, 1894	525	525	525	525	525
Toledo, Ohio	S. Louis	Nov. 10, 1894	90	90	90	90	90
Tupper Lake, N. Y.	S. Louis	Nov. 10, 1894	547	544	500	100	18
Turner' s'ls, M'as Ste Anne (Ligue des hommes et des Cadets.			100	100	100	100	100
Washburn, Wis.	S. Louis	Mar. 25, 1891	261	147	..	105	11
Wauregan, Wis.	S. C. de Jésus	Feb. 13, 1891	500	400	200	200	15
Wausau, Wis.	Congrégation Ste Marie	Nov. 5, 1893	350	250	250	150	..
Westbrook, Me.	Présentation de Marie.	*	..	45	45	45	..
West Chazy, N. Y.	S. Joseph.	Dec. 22, 1894	..	15	15	15	1
Westerley, R. I.	Immaculée Conception	*	86	86	..	8	5
W'et Hoboken, N. Y.		*	..	30	30	30	1
Whitefield, N. H.	S. Mathieu	*	..	15	15	15	1
Winoski, Vt.	S. François-Xavier	Oct. 11, 1889	300	287	287	115	22
Williamst'wn, Mass	S. Raphaël	May 23, 1894	210	209	180	60	14
Woonsocket, R. I.	Ecole paroissiale Ste Anne	*	210	210	210	210	..
"	Convent J. M.	*	310	310	310	310	..
"	(Scattered).	*	..	60	60	60	1
Total	With diplom. of aggreg.	101	44,083	36,884	29,188	10,119	1,268
	Without "	105

(*) No aggregation or affiliation entered on our Registers.
 (a) The reports of these Centres have not reached us.
 (f) Approximate.

INTENTIONS FOR MAY

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE BY
CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

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| <p>1.—S.—SS. Philip and James. Ap. bt.mt. Honour Mary. 15,830 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2.—S.—St. Athanasius. Bp. D. at. gt.rf. All for Jesus. 12,483 In affliction.</p> <p>3.—M.—Finding of the Holy Cross. Patience. 17,538 Deceased.</p> <p>4.—Tu.—St. Monica. W. pt. Pray for wayward sons. 7,611 Special.</p> <p>5.—W.—St. Pius V, P. C. gt. rt. Daily Rosary. 1,367 Communities.</p> <p>6.—Th.—St. John before the Latine Gate. Suffer for God. 8,729 First Communions.</p> <p>7.—F.—St. Stanislaus, Bp. M. Zeal for the Eucharist. The Associates.</p> <p>8.—S.—Appar. of St. Michael. Trust in the Angels. 6,536 Employment and Means.</p> <p>9.—S.—PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH. bt.mt. Honour St. Joseph. 2,812 Clergy.</p> <p>10.—M.—St. Antoninus, Bp. Love for the poor. 34,720 Children.</p> <p>11.—Tu.—St. Francis Geronimo. C. Pray for Missions. 8,867 Families.</p> <p>12.—W.—SS. Nereus and Comp., MM. Constancy in trials. 7,153 Perseverance.</p> <p>13.—Th.—Bl. John Baptist de la Salle. ht. Spirit of devotedness. 4,897 Reconciliations.</p> <p>14.—F.—St. Mark. Evang. gt. Live for Heaven. 14,820 Spiritual Favours.</p> <p>15.—S.—St. Isidore, Ploughman. Holy Simplicity. 7,174 Temporal Favours.</p> | <p>16.—S.—St. Ubaldus, Bp. Devotion to the Secular. 6,377 Conversions to Faith.</p> <p>17.—M.—St. Paschal Baylon, C. Honour the Eucharist. 11,612 Youths.</p> <p>18.—Tu.—St. Winand. M. Pray for boys. 1,026 Schools.</p> <p>19.—W.—St. Peter Celestine, P. Spirit of generosity. 7,146 Sick.</p> <p>20.—Th.—St. Bernardine of Sienna. C. ht. Devotion to the Holy Name. 2,690 Missions, Retreats.</p> <p>21.—F.—St. John Nepomucene, M. gt. Spirit of silence. 351 Guilds, Societies.</p> <p>22.—S.—St. Leo the Great, P. D. Pray for girls. 1,470 Parishes.</p> <p>23.—S.—Bl. Andrew Bobola, M. steadfastness. 18,067 Sinners.</p> <p>24.—M.—Our Lady. Help of Christians. Ask Mary's help. 9,635 Parents.</p> <p>25.—Tu.—St. Gregory VII, P. pt. Zeal for the Church. 5,260 Religious.</p> <p>26.—W.—St. Philip Neri, C. Spiritual conversations. 1,609 Novices.</p> <p>27.—Th.—ASCENSION (Oblig.) bt. gt. ht. mt. rt. st. Cheerfulness. 1,700 Superiors.</p> <p>28.—F.—St. Augustino of Canterb., Bp. gt. Pray for England. 8,173 Vocations.</p> <p>29.—S.—St. Anselm, Bp. D. Pray for heretics. Promoters.</p> <p>30.—S.—St. Felix I, P. M. Pray for pagans. 23,890 Various.</p> <p>31.—M.—St. Angela de Merici. V. Pray for nuns. Directors.</p> |
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When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.

†=Plenary Indulgence; a=1st Degree; 1=2nd Degree; g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bonus Mora; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.