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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH.

Blessed by the Pope for all Associates.

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE IN SUFFERING.

FVER since fallen man was driven from the Garden of delights he has struggled against the infliction of the just penalty meted out to him by the Almighty. He has striven to lighten his burden of labour and has done his utmost if not to annihilate, at least to escape, suffering. Individuals as well as nations have invariably aimed at "bettering themselves in the world," which is always taken to mean less suffering and an increase of comforts.

The waning century forms no exception to those gone before. It may be because we have been identified with it that our verdict as to its character is so unanimous, but we have no hesitation in declaring that among its compeers it is emphatically the century of progress. And we dwell on this with a certain pride, as if it reflected credit upon us all. And why not? — for if the age is more enlightened and wonderfully progressive,

some stray beams of the halo we have adjudged it must necessarily fall upon our brows, while it is always a proud thing to be in the vanguard of civilization even though we be merged with the rank and file.

But when we are questioned as to this progress, the illustrations we give, as a makeshift for a definition, all point to the fact that labour-saving devices, creature comforts and anaesthetics are uppermost in our minds. Bodily fatigue, at least for the favoured few, has been reduced to a minimum. Without turning from our desk we can whisper across a continent. We can dictate our thoughts to the listening wax to be spun off on the morrow to a scribe. We can, if needs be, speed over expanses in one day which would have taken our fathers weeks, nay, months to cover, diving under the beds of rivers, dashing through mountain barriers, leaping ravines and flashing past towns and cities, surrounded, the while, with every luxury, faring sumptuously and sheltered from all climatic changes. Square miles or ripened grain fall in a few hours before our reapers, are concurrently threshed, and winnowed, and garnered, and are ready for transportation to the seaboard before the sun has dipped beneath the horizon. Titans might well gaze speechless and spell-bound at the prodigious outputs of our mills, factories and arsenals. And whether there be question of the delicate mechanism of a chronometer or the ponderous engines of an "Oceanic," the work is done with seemingly as little effort and with the same mathematical precision by our incomparable machinery.

As for bodily suffering, we have learned also to master it, at all events, in its most excruciating forms. The all-sensitive organism of the human eye may be operated upon, limbs amputated, or foreign bodies bedded in the flesh removed without consciousness of pain. Nor has the modern surgeon to probe blindfold, or grope in the dark among the quivering muscles, for he peers through our very frame and locates the trouble at a glance.

These are but a random few of the wonderful creations of man's ingenuity in the vain endeavour to shirk the penalty of sin. He flatters himself that they are vast

strides towards the longed-for goal — human comfort and well-being if not human happiness. Unfortunately those who benefit by such inventions and devices are not the many, but the wealthy and the comparatively well-to-do, while the bulk of humanity, even in our bustling centres, toil and slave, suffer and starve, just as the poor and the disinherited by fortune have ever done from the beginning. Job still crouches on his dunghill, Lazarus at the door-step, and the nameless pilgrim still lies bleeding by the wayside between Jericho and Jerusalem. And were it not for the God-inspired but all-insufficient endeavours of the few emulators of a Vincent of Paul, a Claver or a Damien, one might be tempted to think that the Angel of Mercy had taken his flight to other and distant worlds.

So that, after all, the world is not nearer that utopian age when the weary shall have rest and when suffering shall be unknown. For the believer, his faith teaches him that this consummation is reserved for the "New Jerusalem and the new earth" where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things (shall have) passed away" (Apoc. xxi, 4). But as long as "the former things" last, just so long will the denizens of earth be subject to pain under one or other form. "If thou fling away one cross," says the Imitation, "without doubt thou wilt find another, and perhaps a heavier. Dost thou think to escape that which no mortal ever could avoid. . . . Thou errest, thou errest, if thou seekest aught else than to suffer tribulation; for this whole mortal life is full of miseries, and everywhere marked with crosses" (B. ii, C. xii).

Were we in any doubt about this we would have but to recall the awful event, fraught with redemption for the human race, whose anniversary the Church commemorates on the last day of the present month of March.

Stark on the rock of Calvary, in rugged outline against the lowering darkness beyond, stood three crosses,

and, fastened to them, three men were dying in agony. One was innocent, spotless, justice itself; the second a repentant sinner; the third an impenitent criminal. A Saviour, the saved and the reprobate; in the words of St. Augustine: *Tres erant in cruce, unus salvator, alius salvandus, alius damnandus.* Turn our eyes withersoever upon earth, cast about among the millions of human beings peopling our sphere, we shall find no mortal man who does not come under one of these three heads: the just, especially if he be intent on the salvation of others, the whilom sinner, and the hardened wretch who rejects until the end God's proffered graces; there is no exception, and the inexorable rule will hold good as long as man is a wayfarer here below. The title of children of God is not a passport to the joys of Heaven unless it bears the sign-manual of suffering. The same great Doctor of the Church insists upon this truth with regard to those who look to God as their Father. God, he says, "chastises every one whom He accepts as a son. — What, every one? — And were you thinking to find a hiding place to escape? He chastises every one; none is excepted, none shall be without his afflictions. — Who is this "every one?" — You ask who this "every one" is? I answer, even He who alone was without sin was not without His punishment" (In Ps. 32).

That the sinner who deliberately chooses earth as his paradise, and centres his happiness in the gratification of his every vicious instinct, should suffer, is but strict justice. And yet God often grants him a certain measure of satisfaction as a natural reward here below for, perchance, he was not sinful from the beginning; or He grants it in recompense for the practice of certain virtues in the same order, or for whatever good he may have done before he became inseparably wedded to his sin. And thus it is that the faithful sometimes wonder at the apparent good fortune of the wicked in this life. But God is a just God, and the time of his chastisement shall come. "The wicked," says the Royal Psalmist, "shall perish. And the enemies of the Lord, presently after they be honoured and exalted, shall come to nothing and

vanish like smoke." (Ps. xxxvi, 20). Nevertheless, while there is yet a chance of conversion, these heaven-sent sufferings will be meted out in a merciful design, that the sinner may enter into himself and seek pardon for his iniquities. But should he prove obdurate, then, indeed, the remedy is turned to poison, and the infliction sent is but a foretaste of eternal punishment. Such was the case with the tribulations mentioned in the Apocalypse. The wicked "blasphemed the name of God who hath power over these plagues, neither did they penance to give him glory . . . they blasphemed the God of heaven, because of their pains and wounds, and did not penance for their works" (xvi, 9, 11). For such obduracy there is but one possible ending, which CHRIST predicted to the unbelieving and blaspheming Pharisees: "You shall die in your sins." (John, viii, 24).

But if there are many sinners who refuse to see in sufferings and tribulations a blessing in disguise, or, in other words, a grace coming from the hands of an all-loving Father, chastising that He may convert the sinner: on the other hand, how many saints now in heaven owe their eternal happiness to trials sent them, when dazzled by prosperity and wholly engrossed in the blind enjoyment of perishable things, they had forgotten their Creator and were living in open violation of His commands. A host of such are known to us by name, as is also the manner of their conversion. When at last their eyes were opened to the awful calamity they had escaped, they turned, like an Augustine, with loving gratitude towards God, and kissing the hand that had chastised them they exclaimed: "Yes, Lord, Thou wert ever by my side, mercifully rigorous, seasoning my illicit pleasures with the bitterest disappointments" (L. Conf. 2). By the lesson he had learnt he was only too willing that we also should profit: "Know, mortal," he tells us, "that God is the true Physician of the soul, and that tribulation is meant as a remedy unto salvation and not as a penalty unto damnation. You cry out under the knife, but the Physician, deaf to your entreaty, is intent only on saving you" (In Ps. xxi).

And when the illusion is depelled, and the soul, seeing things in their true light, turns unreservedly to God, is it to be wondered at that in sufferings sent and willingly accepted, or in self-inflicted chastisement, offered in union with Christ's Passion, it seeks to make satisfaction for the sinful past? Moved with compunction, its contrite wail goes up to heaven as it bends under the scourge: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my iniquity. Wash me yet more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know my iniquity, and my sin is always before me. . . . Create a clean heart in me, O God: and renew a right spirit in my bowels. . . . Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and strengthen me with a perfect spirit" (Ps. L.).

This, however, is but the first step in the way towards perfection through suffering. Nor does it mean that nature will not sometimes chafe at the infliction, shrink from the scourge, or through utter weakness faint from the intensity of the physical or mental strain. Our Lord willingly accepted suffering for us, He longed for the day of its coming, and yet He pleaded in the Garden for a respite. He went foremost in the Royal Way, setting us in all things an example, yet out of consideration for our weakness, He, a God, sank thrice beneath the weight of the Cross. And shall we despair if in our anguish, in the stress of pain, we also plead piteously "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me?" (Matth. xxvi, 39). Should we despond if the burden be too heavy and we stumble on the steep and rugged path?

We should accept suffering, welcome it, not only as an atonement for, but as a preservative from sin, and even like St. Paul have recourse to it spontaneously. "I chastise my body," said the great Apostle, "and bring it into subjection: lest perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a cast-away" (I. Cor. ix. 27). If one confirmed in grace trembled lest he might fall, and afflicted his body, how much more are we not in need of correction who are weakness itself."

We should accept afflictions that we may suffer with, compassionate, and be like Jesus-Christ: and this is the-

motive most acceptable to our divine Lord. We are His followers, and has He not told us "He that taketh not up his cross, and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me" (Matth. x, 38). It was by suffering with Him and for Him, that His chosen ones reached so high a degree of sanctity. The martyrs were imbued with this spirit. Men and women of every rank, age and condition, in every century and in every clime, have rejoiced to mingle their blood with the Blood of the Lamb. And those who were not privileged to die for Him by the sword, or the rack, or by fire, have accepted and endured the trials of the soul and the infirmities of the body, the pangs of hunger, the scorn of their fellow men, or the poisoned shafts of calumny, in the true spirit of the martyr. Some have so prized the "folly of the Cross" as to deem life purposeless save when sweetened by tears and tribulations. A Teresa with yearning prayer exclaimed: "To suffer or to die"; a Magdalen of Pazzi: "To suffer not to die."

Poor weaklings in the Faith, following faintheartedly and from afar in the train of our scourged, thorn-crowned and crucified Lord, we may well hang our heads in shame when we wince at a harsh word, a pointed remark; when we quail before the ridicule or censure of a frivolous world; when the petty vexations of every-day life rob us of our peace of mind and keep us in a constant ferment. Like the unreasoning child we pine, and fret, and complainingly rebel when we cannot reach the bawble on which our heart is set. A slight rouses our ire, and to be ignored becomes unbearable. Then, should Providence send us real afflictions, the coin current of God's realm on earth, which we might exchange here for eternal joys in God's realm above, we will have none of them. Our sickness and our bodily pains may be assuaged by every earthly comfort, and our worldly losses, irreparable if you will, tempered by the loving sympathy of friends, and yet we look upon ourselves as the most miserable of God's creatures. And when, to recompense a life-long fidelity in His service, God translates from among sinners

to His own glorious heaven the one whom we loved, but who was pleasing to Him also : or when His angel bears back to His bosom the little one, a mother's pride and joy, "lest wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul" (Wisd. iv, 11), the spirit is bowed down in abject grief and desolation. We seem jealous of God's love of those we love ; we selfishly re-pine even when we are sure that the one departed is in the full enjoyment of never-ending happiness. Pay "nature's tribute," Christian mother, but be not inconsolable at the bereavement ; the best has happened for the one God has called to Himself, and a generous yielding to His will and a whole-hearted sacrifice will ensure a speedy and happy meeting hereafter.

There is yet another consideration which will serve greatly to reconcile us to the sufferings of this life, and it will be sure to find a ready acceptance in the minds of all our Associates of the Holy League : we refer to the close relationship between the Apostleship of Prayer and the apostleship of suffering.

In pleading for clemency from an offended God, David, in his *Miserere*, pledges himself to an apostleship in return for God's merciful pardon. "Restore to me," we have heard him say, "the joy of Thy salvation, and strengthen me with a perfect spirit" (Ps. L, 14). What, in his mind, was to be the effect produced by that perfect spirit, we may glean from the words that follow : "I will teach the unjust Thy ways : and the wicked shall be converted to Thee" (Ib. 15). No pleading for pardon is more effective with God than the promise of assuming our share of Christ's mission to mankind, the hastening of His Kingdom, by zeal for the conversion of sinners ; and when this apostleship is to be carried on, not only through prayer, but also through suffering either accepted or self-imposed, it becomes an irresistible pleading with the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Moreover, suffering with Jesus Christ, in Jesus Christ and for Jesus Christ, says Father Ramière, "is of all apostleships the most conducive to holiness, the most profitable for the soul and the most meritorious. It wins

most glory for God and secures the greatest advantages to Holy Church." For this reason, when our Associates make the Morning Offering of their prayers, work and sufferings to the Sacred Heart, they would do well to lay especial stress on the offering of their sufferings.

Between the apostleship of suffering and that of prayer there is, as we have said, a close relationship, so close that one might be tempted to ask how they could possibly be looked upon as distinct if the ultimate aim, earnestly and perseveringly intended, be the salvation of souls and the regeneration of society. We find them thoroughly blended throughout every phase of the earthly life of the Man-God.

Jesus suffered and prayed unceasingly and always directed these acts towards the one great object of the mission He came down upon earth to accomplish — the salvation of mankind. It is, therefore, in Christ Jesus, praying and suffering for the salvation of souls that every Christian intent on co-operating, according to the measure vouchsafed to him, in this great work, should seek both his exemplar and his strength. Hence it is that those men most imbued with the apostolic spirit and whose labours in the Master's vineyard were most successful were all remarkable for their spirit of prayer and self-sacrifice. Witness a St. Paul, a St. Bernard, a St. Francis Xavier.

As for the relative importance of these two apostleships, that of suffering has been given the most prominence by Our Lord in the work of Redemption. And though it be quite true that the least prayer — according to our manner of appreciating — breathed by Christ would have amply sufficed to ransom the whole human race, it is equally true that it was by His Passion and death that Christ formally and officially paid that ransom. While explaining the teaching of St. Paul, Theologians are wont to say that it is to the Blood of Jesus Christ shed upon the Cross, as to its immediate cause, man's redemption is to be ascribed. "Without shedding of blood," says the Apostle, "there is no remission" (Heb. ix, 22), and still more explicitly "In Whom (the

Son of the Father's love) we have redemption through His blood, the remission of sins." (Col. i, 14).

Let us then render our apostleship of prayer more efficacious by at least enduring our sufferings, such as they are, with Christian forbearance, 'hat they may be less unworthy of being offered to God in union with those of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Innocent Victim, from Whom alone they derive their efficacy and merit. Let us look upon the words of à Kempis as addressed to ourself "Would to God that thou wert worthy to suffer something for the name of Jesus." (Im. B. ii, c. 12). Perhaps some day we may be further privileged to carry, if for a few faltering steps only, the Cross of Christ. To bask in the effulgence of Christ transfigured on Thabor would have little merit; and who is there who would be unwilling to set up his tabernacle on its heights. "But," says the Prince of the Apostles "if you partake of the sufferings of Christ, rejoice, that when His glory shall be revealed you may also be glad with exceeding joy" (I. Pet. iv, 13).

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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, that we may bear all our sufferings with Christian fortitude, and by uniting them with Our Lord's, make them meritorious for ourselves and profitable to others unto salvation. Amen.

THE WOUNDS



THE CRUCIFIXION.

JESUS' WOUNDS.

MODERATO (♩ = 81).

Je - su, as though Thy - self were



mf

here, I draw in trem - ling sor - row



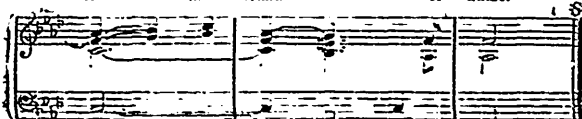
near And hang - ing o'er Thy arm div -



ine. Kneel down to kiss, kneel down to



kiss these wounds of Thine.



2. — Hail, awful brow ! hail thorny wreath !
Hail, countenance now pale in death !
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That Angels trembled (*bis*) as they gazed.
3. — And hail to thee, my Saviour's side ;
And hail to thee, thou wound so wide ;
Thou wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote (*bis*) of all our woes !
4. — Oh, by those sacred hands and feet
For me so mangled ! I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here (*bis*) forever stay.

CATHOLICS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.*

BY THE REV. JOHN NORRIS (Oratory School).

WHEN I sat down to write this paper, there at once came into my mind the famous chapter in the Natural History of Ireland on "Snakes," which consisted, as you know, of the one brief but pithy sentence: "There are no snakes in Ireland." I should like to be able to say: "There are no Catholics in the Public Schools." Unhappily there is a considerable number of Catholics in the Public Schools, and apparently that number is increasing. Personally I have not come across many cases. Of the few cases I have known, or now know, a mixed marriage is generally the explanation — sometimes the boys are the sons of foreign parents. But there is, unfortunately, no reason to doubt the fact that, outside these cases, there are too many Catholic boys in the Public Schools and I can, from my own experience, testify to the increasing amount of talk amongst Catholics — and they are not always slack Catholics — about the injury and loss they have to bear because they cannot send their sons to the Public Schools.

* Paper read at the Catholic Headmasters' Conference, England.

To be candid, gentlemen, one cannot help sympathizing with their feelings. Eton and Harrow, Winchester and Rugby, Charterhouse and Westminster, are stirring sounds in English ears ; they are part of the national heritage ; they are inseparable from the nation's history, and are very near the nation's heart. They have come down to us from a far-off past ; their traditions are hoary with age as their buildings are grey with years ; in spite of all that has happened there still hangs around some of them the fragrance of the Catholic piety that set them up in the land ; they are the training ground of England's great men ; within their walls are to be found learning, culture, refinement, and many other beautiful things that appeal strongly to us all and are of real value in social life ; in short, all those things that impress on a man the indelible mark, indelible but real, which distinguishes a public school man from the rest of his fellows. I am ready and willing to allow all this and much more, if you will, and yet I am compelled to say, with full deliberation, that no Catholic boy should ever be allowed to enter a Public School ; that to send a Catholic boy to a Public School is to expose him to dangers such as no loyal Catholic can even contemplate with equanimity ; is to deprive him of a training in spiritual things to which he has a right as a child of the Church, and without which he will never imbibe the true spirit of a Catholic ; is, in a word, to run the risk of making him a cold and indifferent Catholic, without fellow-feeling with his brethren, probably critical in spirit and disloyal, who will not edify by his practice and whose sympathies will be less with the Church than with others.

THE DANGER TO FAITH.

There is the first danger to the boy's faith, and this danger is both positive and negative. He will, of course, be excused attendance at chapel and prayers and all direct religious instruction, but, in the nature of things, he cannot be excused very positive indirect instruction. All day long, all through the school year, he will be under the influence of a powerful solvent, as sure and effective as the action of the weather

on certain kinds of stone. In the class-room he will be under men of various views—one high, another low, a third broad; one will be rationalistic, another materialistic, and all will have little respect for the faith of the one or two little Catholic boys they may come across. They will not of set purpose interfere with a boy's faith—I trust not and believe not—but even if that is secure, they are but men after all, and you cannot expect that they will guard their words and avoid expressing their opinions for fear of the one boy in their class; it is too much to expect that they should even think of it at all, and if a man is an earnest teacher, he must, in a thousand different ways, impress his own mind on to the mind of his youthful pupil—out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks; and if the teacher is sincere in his religious views, he must bring out what is in him, indirectly, perhaps, but none the less positively. The greater his success as a teacher the greater his influence, so much the more danger for his pupil. We all know how great the influence of a good master is, how boys first admire and then begin to imitate, how eagerly they imbibe all that such a master says, how they make his views their own and how loyally they cling to those views. To say the very least, to put a Catholic boy of fourteen into such a position is to put him into imminent danger, out of which he is not likely to emerge without serious damage to his faith, even if it is not completely killed, and this without any fault on the part of his teacher, without any breach of faith or any want of consideration.

A boy must mix with his schoolfellows; if he is to be a public school man in any real sense, he must share in the life of the particular school in which he is placed; if he is to acquire the special ethos of the place, he must mingle with and live intimately with his schoolfellows who make that ethos and are the life of the place. Those schoolfellows will have all kinds of views about religion; some of their views will, to say the least of it, be very strange; many of them will have only one effective view, and that will be contempt for and hostility to the Catholic Church and her teachings. Boys, we know, are proverbially blunt and outspoken with

each other, and it is not likely that they will curb their tongues or hide their views in order to spare the feelings of one or two Catholic boys who may be amongst them — nay, I venture to say, the very presence of those Catholic boys amongst them will tend to stir up in them thoughts which would otherwise have remained dormant, and lead them to say things about the Catholic Church which would never have been said but for the opportunity thus thrown in their way. Their views of the Church and her doctrines will for the most part be the views prevailing in ordinary everyday literature, and we know what those are. It is not difficult to imagine how average English schoolboys will speak of the practice of Confession, of devotion to Our Lady, of Holy Mass, and, unfortunately, it is only too easy to imagine the painful position of a young Catholic boy thrown into the society of those, who, from no fault of their own, would naturally ridicule what we hold so dear and speak lightly of what is to us of supreme importance. We cannot expect our boys to be all heroes, at any rate they are not, and to expect a boy of fourteen or fifteen not to be seriously affected by such expressions of opinion on these sacred subjects, as he would be all too likely to hear from a crowd of boys in a Public School, is to expect him to be courageous beyond his years and to put on his back a burthen which he has not the strength to carry. I can conceive nothing so likely to make utterly sterile all the seeds of religion and piety that have been sown in a boy's heart, nothing so likely to chill him to his very centre, and to kill in him every spark of love for his faith and its practices. There are those who will say I am speaking too strongly, and using the language of exaggeration ; they little know the delicate sensitiveness of a young boy's feelings, how quick he is to realise the trend of public opinion that prevails amongst those with whom he lives, how powerless he is, with his principles not yet mature, to fight against that public opinion, and how easily, for fear of the public opinion he will give up, not perhaps at once or without a fight, but gradually and surely, even those things which have always been to him sacred and dear.

THE DANGER TO MORALS.

The second danger which the Catholic boy will have to face at a Public School is *the danger to morals*, and this is a very positive danger. This is a very delicate subject, and I wish to treat it with all deliberation and care. We have all heard much about the state of Public Schools in this matter and we occasionally get glimpses of what goes on in them in books like Farrar's tales of school life and the like, but I prefer to go for my facts to a first authority, the greatest schoolmaster of this century, Arnold, of Rugby. We may fairly take him as our authority on the state of Public Schools, even in the present day, because during the past year there was published a book on *Arnold, of Rugby: His School Life and Contributions to Education*. This book was edited by Mr. Findlay, Principal of the College of Preceptors' Training College, was printed and published by the Cambridge University Press, with a preface by the Bishop of Hereford, himself a great schoolmaster, and was received by the press generally with approbation and praise, and no exception, as far as I know, has been taken to its contents as misrepresenting in any important matter Public School life. In one of Arnold's sermons preached in Rugby School chapel and quoted in this book, he says :

"What the aspect of Public Schools is, when viewed with a Christian's eye, and what are the feelings with which men who do really turn to God in after life look upon their years passed at school, I cannot express better than in the words of one who had himself been at a Public School. . . .

'Public Schools,' he says, 'are the very seats and nurseries of vice. It may be unavoidable or it may not, but the fact is indisputable.' " And then Arnold goes on, "I am afraid the fact is indeed indisputable—Public Schools *are* the very seats and nurseries of vice." He then proceeds to show how they are so. . . . That is properly a nursery of vice where a boy unlearns the pure and honest principles which he may have received at home, and gets in their stead others which are utterly low and base and mischievous, and where he loses

his modesty, his respect for truth and his affectionateness, and becomes coarse and false and unfeeling. That too is a nursery of vice, and most fearfully so, where vice is bold and forward and presuming, and goodness is timid and shy and existing as if by sufferance—where the good, instead of setting the tone of society and branding with disgrace those who disregard it, are themselves exposed to reproach for their goodness, and shrink before the open avowal of evil principles which the bad are striving to make the law of the community. That is a nursery where the restraints laid upon evil are considered as so much taken from liberty, and where, generally speaking, evil is more willingly screened and concealed than detected and punished. What would society be if men regarded the laws of God and man as a grievance, and thought liberty consisted in following to the full their proud and selfish and low inclinations—that schools to a great extent are, and therefore they may well be called “the seats and nurseries of vice.” So far Arnold ; correct his by the words of Dr. Percival in the preface of the same book : “The interval — since Arnold’s death — has undoubtedly been one of unexampled progress and expansion in school life as in other fields. There is far less of roughness and coarseness in our schools, less of the spirit of bullying and annoyance, less of the spirit of idleness, less of the feeling that boys and masters belong to different camps. Generations of young masters, imbued with Arnold’s spirit, touched by the power of his prophetic earnestness, have sown and sown afresh the seeds of his influence, and yet the battle is not won. School life, amidst present tendencies, greatly needs the influence of Arnold’s Christian idealism. The growth of wealth and luxury, to say nothing of other causes, has infected schools, as it has infected society at large, with a sort of Epicurean materialism. Moreover, the extreme publicity of modern life produces, especially in the young, a kind of sensationalism, which is by no means favourable to the highest moral and spiritual life.” So that things are not much better after all, and you will observe that Dr. Percival, amongst the improvements he mentions,

says nothing about the improvement in morals ; on that point he is significantly silent. That impurity is prevalent, and that in the worst forms, in Public Schools, is only too well known. There is little to check it—no one knows how to deal with it ; it is seldom talked of ; there is a sort of conspiracy of silence about it, and—here I quote Dr. Duker—as one well-known writer says : “ It is an indubitable fact that the vice is one which meets with too little discouragement on all hands, and it is therefore practised with little shame.” It would be easy to give still more direct and damning evidence on this matter ; but I have said enough, and I am sure no Catholic who realized the true state of affairs in these schools would ever dream of exposing his child to such dangers.

NEGATIVE DANGERS.

I must turn to what I call the *negative* dangers which a Catholic boy at a Public School must meet.

(a) *The absence of religious instruction.*—At least a boy would go once or twice a week to the neighbouring priest ; technically no doubt he would be instructed, but he would have to go in recreation time ; he would have to make a special effort ; it would be something out of the usual routine, something in which he would be singular. It does not require much perception to see how little effect such instruction would have and how poor the result would be, how little it would enter into the boy's life and help to form and shape his principles and character.

(b) *The absence of a Catholic atmosphere.*—Atmosphere is almost everything in training the young, especially in those most important years which a boy spends in a Public School, in many ways the most important in life, from fourteen to eighteen, the years that mark the transition from childhood to manhood, when the formation of character takes definite root and shape, when a boy realizes himself more and more every day, and his eyes and mind are opening more and more widely to the world around him and especially to the world of sense, the world of pleasure and

excitement, and there is taking place in him that struggle, on which so much depends, the struggle between good and evil, which is so keen, so severe, so trying ; when a boy is sensitive to his surroundings, and when so much depends on the influence under which he lives. If a boy is to be a true and loyal Catholic, if he is to be a Catholic not merely in name but in principle and practice, he must surely spend those important years amidst Catholic surroundings, where he will see Catholic principles put into practice, and where he will have the sunshine of Catholic devotion to warm his heart and fertilize the seed already planted there in his Catholic home. If we transplant a tree we take care to transplant with it a quantity of the earth into which its roots have up to this grown, and we are careful that its new surroundings shall be as much as possible like its old ones. But you cannot transplant Catholic practice and devotion, Catholic thought and feeling into a Public School, and the surroundings of a Catholic boy's life in a Public School will be, and must be, quite different from the Catholic surroundings of his Catholic home. Imagine a Catholic in those trying years, without his daily Mass, without public prayers, without the Blessed Sacrament ; where Confession and Communion are of difficult access, where there is nothing whatever to remind him of his Catholic faith and practice, with no one at hand to encourage him, to help him, to lift him up when he falls, to sympathise with him in his difficulties, to be a support to him in his weakness, no one to whom he can open out his mind and heart, simply because there can be no one who can understand him or enter into his feelings—poor boy ! To expect him to grow up into a good and fervent Catholic is to look for a miracle as great as the preservation of the three Hebrew children from the fire of Nabuchodonosor's furnace. And this is the case of a boy who has been well brought up and is well disposed ; but what of those who have not been well brought up and are not well disposed ? I need not answer the question.

(c) *The absence of any idea of the supernatural.* — “ England

is the home of natural virtues," says Father Rickaby in his *Oxford Conferences*. "The deepest spiritual loss perhaps that the Reformation has finally entailed upon England is the loss of the sense of the supernatural." Some idea of the supernatural doctrine of the Atonement, of Baptism, of Grace was left, "but even this remnant of gold has grown dim and a vast body of our countrymen may now be described as brave and enterprising, fair-minded, public-spirited, truthful, courteous, faithful to family and friends, but indifferent to creeds and therefore to faith, *having no hope of the promise*, thoughtless about forgiveness of sin, in short, *without Christ* and almost *without God in this world* (Ephes. iii., 12). And here, I believe, we light upon the great danger that threatens a young Catholic at Oxford."

. . . That danger "consists not in anything you hear from lecturers and tutors, not in attacks made by your equals upon your religion, but in that urbanity and courtesy, and gaiety, and good humour, and truth, and friendship, and vigour of mind and body, in that host of natural virtues which you admire in the society around you, all independent, it appears, of the grace of Christ, and the faith and sacraments of His Church. Then the question arises in the heart: What is the need of faith and sacraments and the restraints of Catholic belief and practice, when such fair gifts are to be had without them? Who wants more than he can find here, where the Church is not? . . . The natural goodness that you see flourishing without the Catholic faith is a snare and a temptation. Some power behind it seems to cry: All these things I will give thee if thou wilt resign thy part in Christ and thine inheritance in the Son of Mary!"

With great propriety and fitness, Father Rickaby thus addresses and warns young Catholics at Oxford of what is perhaps the greatest danger they will meet there. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same danger will meet the Catholic boy at a Public School, and he will be less able to grapple with it with his still unformed character and unfixed principles. Among his schoolfellows there will be many conspicuous for

their natural virtues, they will be plucky and brave, truthful and straight ; they will hate all that is coarse and mean and low and vulgar ; they will be fine young English boys strong of limb, gay, good-humoured, good at games, full of energy and health ; their conversation will for the most part be refined, and will be full of patriotism and loyalty ; in short, there will be much in them that will attract admiration and friendship and even affection. But they will have no idea of the supernatural, no sense of sin, no thought of the presence of God. Our Catholic boy will mix with them, will know them intimately, will contract friendships with them, will look up to and admire them, will talk with them and hear their views ; and surely it is not unnatural to suppose that he will be strongly influenced by them, by what he sees in them and hears from them ; he will not reason about it — but he will imbibe it and take it in : he will imitate where he admires, he will follow his affections and will adopt the thoughts and ideas of those who are his friends. He may become courteous and refined, a good athlete, an able scholar ; he may or may not acquire many natural and winning virtues —but he will lose his Catholic birthright — his sense of the supernatural ; he will be a gentleman perhaps, but he will not be a loyal and true Catholic : at least the shell will remain, but there will be little or nothing inside.

TREASURY, FEBRUARY, 1899.

RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	116,487	Pious reading.....	84,993
Acts of mortification.....	187,530	Masses celebrated.....	156
Beads.....	217,372	Masses heard.....	92,206
Stations of the Cross.....	43,411	Works of zeal.....	42,183
Holy Communions.....	46,298	Various good works.....	712,689
Spiritual Communions..	276,335	Prayers.....	1,122,495
Examinations of conscience	86,340	Sufferings or afflictions..	57,896
Hours of silence.....	232,720	Self conquests.....	83,506
Charitable conversations	173,931	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	106,393
Hours of labour.....	294,395		
Holy Hours.....	3,811	Total.....	3,980,047



SUSAN BROWN, AUTOCRAT, and Jo's Pet Saint.

HOW often one little corner of a canvas, one circumstance in a life's era, clings to the memory and colours or characterizes the whole. I never hear the name Sheridan that my mind does not at once revert to a dear, roomy old house in the city of Baltimore, a house with many delightful nooks and corners, with inimitable lawns, a park of majestic old trees, one glorious magnolia and several linden trees; but notably—and here is my corner—a nursery!—such a nursery as I never saw before, have never seen since. It reached quite across one side of the house, and a fireplace of generous expanse glorified one end of it. Linden trees peeped in at the windows and tapped upon them on windy nights. But they did not disturb the little sleepers within, hushed into slumber by the low, melodious hum that issued from the rocking-chair directly in front of the fender. Old Susan, the helmsman of the rocker and autocrat of this domain, was a slim, delicately built mulatto, with lines of every kind chasing across her face—lines of care, lines of humour and lines of firmness; the latter somewhat predominating, one of those frail-looking but wiry, strong-willed people whose influence is far-reaching and whose energy untiring. Four years ago her mistress, who had been for many long months a bed-ridden patient, took a sudden turn about four o'clock in the afternoon, and before doctor, priest, or husband could be summoned, folded her waxen hands and closed her tired eyes, to open them no more. "Susan," she had whispered, as her fingers clasped the shaking hand of the nurse, "take care of my two darlings, and keep them with you as long as you can. Help them to be good, strong Catholics. Tell Frank this is my dying wish; he will see

to it." A few fervently laboured aspirations and all was over. This was four years ago, when Josephine was but twelve years old, her brother Harry barely four. The two elder sisters, Helen and Isabel, and a brother, who had joined his father's law firm a few months before, were almost strangers to Josephine, who had clung with persevering affection to her home in the nursery, and to Susan, who had proved herself a loving and efficient guardian.

Frank Sheridan's sister Dorothy, who promptly and generously installed herself as hostess at Sheridan Place, upon the death of her brother's wife, was not exactly old, nor was she nervous, or cross, or unduly fond of the feline race. Her cap with its pretty strings and bows fluttered quite becomingly upon her rich brown hair, and she wore a placid, comfortable look seldom accredited to old maids. She had a certain wordly presence, too, that made her quite acceptable to her elder nieces. But our old friend, Susan, judged her with merciless severity.

"Honeys," she said, addressing her two charges, "that woman doan touch one hair o' yo' heads."

Susan always meant what she said. She had not only confidence in her own powers, but the priceless faculty of inspiring others with the same, which is the gift of gifts. Susan was something of a surprise, and not a little fun or annoyance to Aunt Dorothy, who had not reckoned upon so formidable a rival of her authority. Fortunately, she had the good sense, and the better grace, to conceal her feeling. She was quite secure with the other members of the family, was a capital entertainer, knew exactly what was most becoming to the style of beauty of which each fair niece was a type, more or less perfect; and she swallowed down most religiously the rising yawn when her brother brought out the chessmen, although they meant for her an hour of total self-immolation.

What did it matter if that stiff little coloured woman and her charges held her at bay? It spared her many a care when she came to think of it, though she pitied the victims of this despotism.

One cold November day, when a good poking and resetting of the logs that rested on the nursery andirons sent a volume of bright sparks flying up the chimney, Susan sat alone in the growing darkness, turning the heel of a stocking "by heart," as she would say, if asked how she followed her stitches without seeking them. Josephine had not returned from school, and the low hum of voices from the rooms below was all that broke the stillness. Susan seldom dozed, as old women often do, and to-night she was far from it.

"Gettin' mighty dark," she said. "High time Miss Jo was home. Her par'll be ringing fo' her 'fore I knows whar I am. Here, whar's my shawl? I ain't g'vine t' answer fer dat chile bein' away at dinner-time. Bless me! sho' nuff, here she come," as a bright face showed itself at the door. "Yes, Miss Honey, Susan's here all right. My! but you's good an' late. I'll jess light de gas and get you right ready, or dinner'll be on 'fore you knows it. Ne' mine, Miss Honey," she said, as Josephine began to explain, "dat's all right. I s'pose it was calcsifanick day. My! but yo' han's is cold. There goes dat bell! I jess tho't so. Now, yo' par done tol' me say, miss, you must put on some colour to-day. He won't stan' it no longer; it's 'notions,' an' 'my doin's,' an' all dat, so it kain't be help. I guess Miss Dorothy's back o' all dat, but she kain't go much fu'ther. Here, Miss Jo, jess dis blue sash, an' dis blue ribbon on yo' hair. My! but yo', cheeks is rosy t'-night, miss. The young mistresses' beaux 'll be all lookin' yo' way sho."

"Do you think father will let me up early to-night, Aunt Sue? I've brought a book from the convent library and I want so much to read it up here"

"Well, mebbe he will, an' mebbe he won't; time'll tell," was the non-committal form of reply which Susan loved to employ. But she leaned over the banister and loudly whispered down between her hands. "Miss Jo, I dun clean fo'-got to tell you. Marse Har'd comed home with yo' brother t'-night. I guess you won't be thinkin' much o' that book."

Susan was right. It was well-nigh nine o'clock before

Josephine joined her nurse again. Then she gave the old woman a start, for every one of her long prayers being said, and all other matters disposed of, she had given herself over to a spell of forgetfulness.

"Well, I d'clar', Honey, you dun skeered the heart right out o' me. I was right about that book, wasn't I, Miss Jo?"

"Oh, yes, of course you were, Aunt Su; you are always right. Don't you know," she said gaily, "when you say a thing is so it is so even if it isn't so?" Then stretching herself at full length upon the rug at her feet, and looking full into the old woman's face, she said: "Aunt Su, have you seen Howard yet?"

"Well, yes, Honey; I saw him through the windy comin' along with yo' brother. Myl but ain't he growed a comely gemmen?"

"Yes, but didn't he come up to see you?"

"Well, no, Miss Honey; it seems lak he gettin' p'tickler 'bout comin' roun' here since you's growed up. I s'pose it's jess proper manners, an' then he knowed, o' co'se, that Marse Harry was away."

"How thoughtless of him, when he's been away a whole year. He didn't forget to ask about you any how, Aunt Sue."

"Ne' mine, Miss Honey, it's jess some notion or yuther. He'll be here pretty nearly every night, and I'll see him sho' some time."

"Did my mother know Howard, Aunt Sue?"

"To be sho' she did then. She love him like her own son. Your pa an' his was great frens in de ole days, an' your par wanted Marse Har'd to jine his law business some day; but young Marse he had a kind o' leanin' to'rds doctor wuk, an' so he came to Baltimore an' sot right to wuk at it. Isn't that why he run off to Yurup las' year, Honey? Dey sad folks gets los o' sperience in them hospitals over thar, any Marse Har'd he mighty cl'ar brain. I spec he monstrous knowledgable by dis time. Why dis day las' week he jess turned his twenty-fo'th year Youth, an' looks, an' brains makes fine full sails, Miss Honey; but po' young Marse. he

one o' them real stiff Protestan's. I'm feared there's no movin' him in the right way whutever."

Josephine suddenly raised herself into a sitting position, and her face wore a startled expression as she exclaimed: "What! isn't Howard a Catholic?"

"Bless yo' soul, no Honey. He her'tic to de backbone. His mar an' par bofe died 'piscopalian's, an' an' he got a big likin' fo' his own 'ligion. Not bein' tight-laced nor nothin', but he mighty stuck in Protestan' ways, I tell you."

Josephine looked long and earnestly into the fire, and then, rising with a weary air, said half to herself: "Poor Howard! he must be a Catholic or he won't be saved."

"Oh, no, Miss Honey, don' say dat. Father Hendricks say he in good faith, an' der ain't an uprighter young gemman in all Baltimore than Marse Har'd. I ain't knowed him these three years fur nuthin' an' I echoes them wuds an' strong."

Josephine little knew, as she got herself ready for bed and knelt to pray, with her head buried in the cushion of the rocker, that she was forming the subject of much conversation below stairs. She was a girl whose thoughts seldom dwelt upon self. A dear, bright child, with genuine affections and no guile, she was upright and straightforward almost to bluntness. Her judgment was far beyond her years, and people were wrong in thinking that she acted generally under the influence of her old nurse. True, she imbibed many of her principles, yet not before they were weighed in her own scales and found worthy.

These were hardly, however, the points under discussion below. It had been remarked by Howard Radcliffe, upon his rejoining the family group, of which Aunt Dorothy was the central figure, that Josephine had not only grown in stature but in beauty since his trip in Europe. A very unfortunate and unwise remark, had he reflected upon it, and upon which followed a lively discussion of her exterior merits. Little did he dream that Aunt Dorothy had portioned him off, without so much as considering his own voice in the matter, to the fair Isabel.

Here was Helen, thought she, about to make a brilliant match. With an atheist, it is true; but what did that matter? He was a man of great prestige and greater bank credit. Isabel did not seem to take well in society, and although Aunt Dorothy could have desired something better, Howard Radcliffe would have to do. His youth was a small obstacle and easily surmounted, she thought. No one need know that Isabel was ten years his senior. She certainly did not look it. As for her father, he was too much engrossed in his law-cases and money-making to give heed to these details, and what was Aunt Dorothy good for, if not to arrange and promote affairs of this interesting nature. A few hours ago she would have given a laugh of genuine mirth at the very idea of that old-fashioned Josephine offering anything in the light of an obstacle. She laughed now, but a laugh with a queer discordant ring in it, which happily produced no jar upon Howard Radcliffe's ear.

Howard's powers were by no means unlimited. He could diagnose a complicated medical case, or he thought he could, which is the greater half of diagnosis; but he pronounced upon Aunt Dorothy's smile at its first symptom, and that favorably.

Mr. Lowell says:

" Daily with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not."

Worldly wisdom, but not a very wise wisdom, prompted Aunt Dorothy to confer with Susan one morning about her protégée. It was a kind, motherly warning, of course, and it cost the old woman some serious meditating before she could label it "counterfeit." Only yesterday Susan had taken some little alarm on her account, and from her reasonings had evolved this solemn oath: "Miss Jo' ain't gwine to marry no Protestan' ef I kin help. Nigh a whole fambly of col' Catholics is plenty an' mor'n enuff fo' me. Spec I'se gwine to let Miss Jo go lak Miss Helen and Isabel's goin'? Givin' up their faith as easy as they would their ole shoes, all for some man or yuther, an' then p'raps-

not gettin' him? Not I. Ole Missus she say, 'Tak' kyar my chile, an' I'se gwine to tak' kyar. I guess it mighty high time I was seein' 'bout it, too. Dat pretty flush on Miss Jo's face whenever she ben to de pa'lör ain't for nuthin'."

The only thing that remained now was a discussion of ways and means. But the ways Aunt Sue chose would be straight, clear-cut ways, and the means gentle and sweet, for her affections were deep and strong, and Howard, no less than Josephine came in for a goodly share of the same.

Here came Aunt Dorothy's warning: "Josephine was really a little too familiar in her manner towards Mr. Radcliffe; all very well when they were children, etc., etc. After all, she was a growing girl, studying much, and exercising a good deal on her way to and from school. She really should not be obliged to wait until evening for her dinner. Much better if she could dine alone, and take a light tea in the breakfast-room at six or seven."

"Monstrous p'tickler all 't once," soliloquized the old autocrat. "I guess Miss Is'bel got her finger in dat pie. h'm. 'Too familiar,' what else'd she be, po' Honey? Marse Har'd's wuth the whole kit o' them. I wouldn't wonder ef he would think about marryin' some o' these days, an' mighty po' taste too, ef he chose one o' them worl'y critters, with thar haids full o' fashions an' theatres an' beaux, in place o' my lily-o'-the-valley with the light o' Godlan', innocence shinin' through her eyes. I'll take that warnin' fo' what's whut. Co'se I'll keep Miss Jo' upstairs fer all she'll care, but I s'picion it'll make Marse Har'd all the more sot on seein' her. That's way with love, I hears — mo' you try to smother mo' it burn."

So Jo took an early dinner and a lonely tea, and all was artfully explained to her father, as being her own desire and according to Susan's advice.

Howard did not put in an appearance that night, because, although pressed to occupy his place daily at the Sheridan table, he feared becoming a too frequent guest. But two nights after he came, and — well, any one with a grain of

observation could detect the shadow that spread over his face at the sight of Josephine's empty chair. He did not hesitate to inquire into the cause, and he got the answer prepared for him, which was that given to Mr. Sheridan some days before.

I am afraid he deviated some little from the line of truth when he alleged press of study that evening as a cause for absenting himself a little earlier than usual. He was young. Let us absolve him.

Some mornings after this, on his way to business, he met Josephine going to school, and carried her books four blocks out of his way. Somehow, business did not press so heavily this morning. I believe that with very slight pretext he would have carried them four blocks more.

"Will you be downstairs this evening, Jo?" he said, as they neared the convent gate.

"Why no, Howard; it will be a large party, lots of grown-up people and dancing. I am not even going to sleep at home to-night, as Sister Theodosia wants me to stay here and practice this evening for our concert next week."

"Oh!" he returned — and what other feelings he had on the point expressed themselves from the toe of his boot, which sent a small rock spinning across the road with a rapidity and directness well-nigh marvellous. It never occurred to the poor fellow to invent an excuse for absenting himself from the Sheridan function for that evening, but he expended a good deal of precious energy in abusing fate.

Howard was unconscious of anything more than a natural sympathy for Josephine. But love is a plant that can spring from the sod in a single night. Poor Howard! his was a sad case. All the more so, that he did not see the web that was being woven around him.

He donned a brave smile and went to the party. People said he was "charming," "so clever," "so handsome," so everything. They might have added "so miserable," and struck home more nearly.

"Is it true," said one, "that he is engaged to Isabel?"

"Perfectly," said another. "I have it from the best authority. You know they have known each other from childhood, and don't you see him with her everywhere?"

"Sh-sh," said another who had overheard these remarks.

"Don't, for goodness's sake, circulate that report. My brother congratulated him a few minutes ago and he denied it hotly."

"Well, that's very odd. I'm sure I got it from a reliable source."

During this dialogue the young man under discussion was lying at full length on the rug in front of Aunt Sue's rocker, whither he had fled when the music and dancing were at their height and his endurance was showing signs of wear.

Timidly he had knocked at the door, whose knob he had so often turned without any such formality.

"May I come in, Aunt Sue?"

"Is that you, Marse Har'd? Why co'se, Honey. Whut! you not dancin' to-night?"

"Yes, Aunt Sue, but I'm tired and don't feel very well."

"Well, yo' swally-tai'll look wus'n you feels ef you lies on it like dat, Honey. Here, sit up in dis cheer. I spec you miss Miss Jo, Marse Har'd, do' she never yet went to one o' them jamborees."

"It takes you to come right to the point, Aunt Sue, and touch the sore spot. Yes, I do miss her. I miss her more every day. Does she miss me when I am away?"

"She never say so, else I disremember'," replied the cunning old lady.

"No. I suppose she does not; she has plenty of other things to think of."

"Doan be too sho,' Marse Har'd; you two's'allus ben gre't chums, an' somehow'r other I reckon she did miss you. She looked mighty lonesome some days."

"Oh, say Aunt Sue, were you ever in love?"

"Laws, chile, what a question! Never! Dat is 's fur back as I kin remember. All dat nonsense went clean out o' my head when I was a little gal. Now see here, Marse

Har'd, doan you sot yo' heart on Miss Jo less you 'tends to get baptized and jine the true Chu'ch. I 'sponsible for dat chile, an' she doan' go marryin' no Protestan'!"

"Now, Aunt Sue, don't say such a thing. What's the diffrance between Protestant and Catholic? There are more roads to heaven than one."

"I ain't sayin' thar is, an' I ain't sayin' thar isn't, but she doan marry no Protestan'."

"But, aunty, I wouldn't interfere with Jo. She could do just what she liked."

"Yes, mebbe so; she gwine one way, an' you gwine t'other—nice goin's on they'd be. Ef she can do as she lak, Marse Har'd, let her do it now an' make you a Catholic. An' sence you seem a little sot on havin' her—which you kain't have fo' long time, o' co'se—s'pose you jess shows y'o love by changin' yo' 'ligion."

"That's something to think about, Aunt Sue. Wouldn't it be wrong in me to change my religion for such a motive? Would I be a good Catholic if I did?"

"No, indeed, honey; indeedy, no! I was jess provin' you. You's a good Protestan' anyways, an' that's better than a loose one, an' you'll be a Catholic some day sho', and a good one too, blest yo' heart! Now, run' long Honey; dar'll be a search wa'ant out after you 'fore long."

"They'll think I've disappeared by magic, won't they?"

"They will, indeed, Marse Har'd; an' listen hyar, Honey," she added, lowering her voice, "what you s'pose dey'll say ef dey hears you been up hyar."

"Why nothing! What could they say?"

"Co'se, to be sho'; dey knows Miss Honey ain't hyar."

"What difference would that make to them? Many a time I have spent an evening up here with Jo, and nothing was said."

"Mebbe so, Honey, but dey's scentin' out evil these days. Doan yo' notice Miss Jo doan go down to dinner no more?"

"I should think I did; but I blamed you for that. You don't mean to say—" and a vista seemed to be unfolding before him. "I say, Aunt Sue, tell me honestly, do they object to my liking Jo?"

"Honey, they don't think you does; they only fears it, and they are boun' to put a stop to it somehow. Miss Dorothy didn't say so in words, but I kin read her lak a book. Dat's her meanin' sho'."

Whereupon the door opened and in walked Miss Dorothy in flesh and blood, with a good proportion of the latter in her face as she gasped out with scanty breath: "Howard, can this be you? How very odd of you! They are searching the house for you. You are to lead the german with Isabel. They have voted you in. Come along, you naughty boy."

During the ensuing few weeks our young friends saw each other very seldom. What was proper for Howard once was so no more, and it rested altogether with Josephine whether they should meet or not. Howard wondered if she was as indifferent as she seemed, because she never made the effort he thought she might make if she cared for him, even if she had that feeling of dependence upon his advice and assistance that she once had.

Such thoughts as these were promptly dispelled, however, at the very first glimpse of her and the candid smile which breathed an immortal soul into her salutation.

Howard had not entered the nursery since the evening of the german, and a faint blush when he met Josephine on the day following that event proved that he did not know Aunt Susan well enough yet to feel that his secret was safe. Indeed, I doubt if he really desired secrecy on her part.

Whether Josephine suspected anything from Susan's urgent appeal to her for prayers that "Marse Har'd" might be converted, I cannot say, for Josephine knew how to keep her own counsel as well as her nurse. But she promised to use her influence, after making a novena to St. Joseph, her patron and best beloved saint.

"Aunt Sue," she said, "you know Howard is very learned, and there are many things I cannot explain to him if he asks me!"

"Dat's all right, Honey," send him 'long to me. I knows a heap of par'bles an' catechism; an' ef I won't do, send

him to Father Hendrick and he'll fix him up to las' for ever."

So Josephine spent the remainder of that day, and much of the following night, composing a sermon of an eloquence and persuasiveness calculated to move a heart of stone. She thought it best to attack his heart rather than his reason, having had some little experience of the former's goodness. Who can doubt her penetration here? She had not however, all the time she could have desired to clip and prune and ornament her sermon, because her catechumen rushed into the house next morning with a telegram which summoned him to Philadelphia to look after the sale of some family property there. Aunt Sue heard the news first and communicated it promptly to Josephine, who was getting ready for school.

"Now doan you take on, Miss Honey. I reckon he'll be back 'fore you gets through that book, and then yo' novena 'll be ended sho!"

Aunt Sue had read a lot of mute anguish in Josephine's face as she laid down her book and stood looking out the window. This it was which elicited the remark from her.

"Oh, yes, I am sure he will; it's only—that—" and Josephine coughed a little—"anyway Harry will be home soon; we will hardly know him, will we. Aunt Sue?"

A knock at the door postponed the reply and gave Josephine that peculiar start which is generally provoked by a keenly looked-for arrival.

"How do you do, Aunt Sue?" said Howard, with marked effort to speak manfully and steadily.

"You have heard the news, I suppose, Jo?"

"Yes, Howard, Susan has just told me; it is too bad, and dreadfully sudden, too, and you were away all last year. How long will you stay in Philadelphia?"

"That I can't say, Jo. Every day will feel like a year to me, I know."

Josephine clearly read the meaning beneath these words, yet she neither blushed nor looked conscious.

"Can we do anything for you, Howard?"

"Yes, Jo, you can," he said hesitatingly. "I have a patient on my hands that I can't get rid of. I want you to prescribe something to keep him quiet."

Dear old Susan here remembered that she had something very pressing to attend to downstairs, so down she went, saying a Hail Mary on each step, and concocting a plan to clear the coast for her two charges, who had "plenty of business to settle an' might as well have it good an' over." Aunt Dorothy and the sisters were to have a drive that mornin'; couldn't she hasten the coachman a little? Anything to get them out of the way. Yes, she could—and she did. There was not a domestic in or out of the house who did not consider her word as law.

"A patient?" repeated Josephine.

"Yes, a dreadful one. I'm afraid there's no such thing as curing him, but you might alleviate his pains a little, if you cared to."

"What do you mean, Howard? I don't know anything about medecines."

"Perhaps no, Jo; but a kind heart goes a long way, you know. Suppose you had an infallible remedy in your possession and all you had to do was to hand it over, would you refuse?"

"Howard, you never spoke like that before. How can I understand you?"

"Well, Jo, I am the patient and my disease is a mortal affection of the heart. Have you any pity for me?"

This time her eyes did drop, and she blushed, too. She needed no further explanation. Light, and almost jesting, as his words were—and carefully prepared, perhaps—there was an undertone of deep earnestness which was not lost upon her, and the rest she read in the candid language of his eyes. She had never before dissembled in her intercourse with him; why should she do so now? Yet what was she to say? Oh! if Aunt Susan would only come up and relieve her embarrassment. But no; the old clock kept ticking off the seconds with monotonous and hopeless

regularity, yet no Aunt Sue. Howard must break the silence again.

"Jo, aren't you just a little bit sorry that I am going away?" Still no reply. "I shall be miserable without you, Jo; don't you care just a little?"

How the poor child longed to say she cared the whole world; yet how could she so lightly disregard Aunt Sue's warning? And wouldn't that be "taking on"?—something she had given her word not to do. So she tempered her words with discretion, even if the tremor in her voice betrayed her. "Don't ask me that again, Howard; you know I will miss you more than any one—you have been so good to me."

Was this a good time, she asked herself, to bring in anything about his conversion? Oh, no! came the reply; after the novena's the time. Overhaste might spoil all, and conversion is a work of grace. Poor little Josephine! She had thought to attack his heart first, and here he was attacking her's in a very defenceless quarter.

"Well, Jo, dear, would you mind if I never came back?"

"Haven't I told you I would, Howard?" she said as the tears appeared in spite of her brave efforts not to "take on."

"Forgive me, Jo; I am too exacting, but there is so much at stake—and oh! say, Jo, this is so awfully sudden, I wish I wasn't obliged to go. If I only thought that some day this money that I am going to look up would be yours as well as mine—I believe I'd charter a flyer to get there before any train is due, and wouldn't I be the happiest fellow in the world?"

"Don't say any more, Howard. I understand you; but I don't want to give you pain, and if I answer you I must do so."

"Give me all the pain you know how to inflict; I am as brave as a Spartan, Jo; but don't let me go away without a word. I might never return. Say now, Jo, you do like me—I can see you do; and, Jo, I love the very ground you walk on."

"O Howard! don't! There is something which must, must come between us unless—unless—"

"Unless what, dearest?"

"Unless my prayers are answered."

"It is because I am not a Catholic, isn't it, Jo? Just as if that would make any difference."

"It would make this difference, Howard: that if I can never answer your question to please you—to please us both—if you remain a Protestant."

"Is that all that lies between us, dearest?" he said as he grasped at the hand which lay upon the arm of the rocker.

"That is all, Howard."

What demonstration he might have made here was cut short by the opening of a door in the adjoining room, followed by Aunt Sue's low chuckle. "Dat's de riches' yet," she said; "dere goes miss Dorothy an' de young leddies to see you off, Marse Har'd. I heered 'em say—in as how you's gone 'long ago. Well, ef yous ain't de wust, lettin' dis fire go plumb out 'fore yo' eyes! Here, Miss Honey, yo' eyes is shinin' like coals; jess look hyar an' kindle dis up again,"

"Aunt Sue, Miss Jo and I don't need a wood fire to-day."

"Indeedy, no; I sees dat mighty plain! Ef you's gwine tc ketch de five-forty train, Marse Har'd, I guess you'd better hustle. Here's a bit o' de bes' lunch dis hiar house kin fu'nish an' ole woman's blessin' frone in."

"Thank you, dear Aunt Sue. Yes, I'm right off now. Make Miss Jo write to me and I'll bring you a bandanna that will make the town stare."

With these parting words and a long, silent hand-clasp with Josephine he left. Josephine watched him until she could see him no longer, and then, leaning her head upon the shoulder of her old nurse, she burst into tears, telling her, when calm, the story of her interview, and adding sentiments of her own which would have made Howard Radcliffe well nigh delirious with joy.

* * * * *

"Is that you, Father Hendrick?" he said, as a cordial greeting interrupted his passage through the first coach.

"How fortunate! Are you going to Philadelphia?"

"Well, no, Howard, I'm not; but I shall stop very near there. My mother lives in a small village a few miles from the city, and I am going to spend a week or so with her."

"How glad she will be to see you! May I have the honour of sharing your seat? Thank you.

During the journey Howard discussed the object of his trip, the outlook of his profession, and one thing leading to another, he touched upon that one of his hopes whose importance obscured for the time being everything else. How it relieved and comforted him to talk his mind and heart out to this holy man—Josephine's confessor, too, as he very well knew. At last the keynote of religion was struck, and long and earnestly they talked, the priest using no persuasions beyond those which clear logical reason and bare truth provided, and Howard employing neither guile nor artifice in defending his views.

They parted for the night with a warm hand-shake of farewell, as the priest, who would arrive at his destination in an hour or two, did not intend taking a sleeper.

How little either dreamed that this was to be their last meeting!

Scarcely had Howard been two hours asleep when he was awakened by a terrible jolting of his berth. Hurry and confusion soon reigned where peace and comfort had dwelt a few moments before. Two coaches had run off the track at a dangerous turn of the road, causing much damage and the loss of several lives, one of them none other than that of the good priest, Father Hendrick, who happened at the moment of danger to be passing from one coach to another.

Loud cries for a doctor were heard on all sides, and Howard promptly responded to the cry, rendering what services he could to the poor sufferers and giving directions about the disposal of the mangled body of his friend. They were within one mile from Father Hendrick's home, or

rather than that of his mother, for a priest has neither "home nor country." Howard gave orders to have the holy remains brought to the parish church, whither he preceded them to obtain leave to place them before the altar. Arriving here, he confided to the priest in charge the sad office of breaking the news to the poor mother, whose state of happy expectancy was so soon to be transformed into one of mourning and sorrow.

Howard remained in the village all night, and the next morning repaired to the church for the first requiem Mass. On his way he met a woman in black. One look convinced him that it was Mrs. Hendrick. She had heard of him, and walking forward, mutely took his hand and drew him into the church. Here for the first time Howard heard the words of the Mass, and witnessed with much edification the piety of those present, while listening to the words with which the priest recommended the departed soul to the prayers of all. A holy awe and veneration for the Mother who so loves her children, following them with her offices even after death, stole over him. He did not note the flight of time, when the Mass was over, as he watched that Mother, not overcome by grief, as he had expected, but overcoming the grief by the holy weapon of prayer. Small wonder that there and then, quite uninfluenced by the motives which might have urged him to adopt the true faith, he should exclaim: "This is the true faith! O my God! this shall be my faith!"

* * * * *

"I knows dat writin', Honey, an' even ef I didn't, wouldn't I know by yo' eyes dat it come fum Marse Har'd? Well, what's de news, Honey?"

"Read it, read it, Aunt Sue, and thank God! It is news direct from heaven. Howard is-being instructed already. Oh, aunty! that dear St. Joseph; he wouldn't even wait nine days to give us our wish."

"I reckon dat po' blessed saint, Father Hendrick, had sumpin' to do with that, chile. He' soul flew right to

heaven, dat's sho' an sartin, an' he never did leave nothin' half done. Now, Miss Jo, you git ready and come right 'long to the church an' thank him an' yo' pet Saint. We'll call at Miss Shepherd's on de way back. It's high time you was gettin' some new, smah't dresses, an' I'se gwine t' leab my han' out dis time, an let' em do thar own new-fangled work on you. You'se been brung up not to set yo' mind on dress an' sich like, an' it ain't done you no harm neither. You'se ole 'nuff to know the vanity o' them things. You can war de robes o' the Queen o' Sheba an' no ha'm. Some day soon Marse Har'd 'll be comin' back and carryin' you off, but sho' an' sartin dis ole darky ain't gwine t' be lef' behine. Ole missus, she say "Take kyar o' my chile," an' I se gwine take kyar."—Julia Stedman in the *Catholic World Magazine*.

Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

The Annunciation.—The Seven Sorrows.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

Mother of Joy and Sorrow, Thine to hear
 The Blessed Gabriel's Ave; Thine to bear
 The Word of God Incarnate; Thine to share
 In all His pain, His anguish, every tear;
 To know the keenness of a mother's fear,
 The heavy burden of a Mother's care:
 To listen to Thy Darling's dying prayer,
 In His last torments; standing, helpless, near.

Mother of Joy unspeakable, of woe
 Passing our comprehension! May we be,
 In every joy and sorrow, one with Thee:
 To us, Thy children, sweet compassion show!
 From sin, from ev'ry evil, keep us free;
 Grant us Thy Sorrow and Thy Joy to know.



REV. FATHER JEAN DE BRÉBEUF, S.J.

Born at Condé-sur-Vire, March 25, 1593. Entered the Society of Jesus Nov. 8, 1617. Arrived in Canada June 19, 1625. Put to death by the Iroquois March 16, 1649, at St. Ignace Village, on the west bank of Sturgeon River, about three miles west of the present site of Coldwater, Simcoe Co., Ont.



R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the following Members lately deceased.

Acton: Annie Sharp, d. Jan. 1. *Alexandria*: Mrs. Angus Rushmann, d. Jan. 6; Mrs. John Archibald McDonald, d. Jan. 9; Hugh T. McDonald, d. Jan. 10; Mrs. Archibald Gillies, d. Jan. 25; Barbara Mary McDonald, d. Jan. 27. *Barnaby River*: Mrs. Ann Tierney, Mrs. James Murphy, Lizzie Ann Murphy, Peter Meagher, Mrs. Gaffney, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. D. Boyle, Mrs. O'Connel, Mrs. Donahoe, Katie Donahoe, Katie Power, Abott Masterson, Mrs. P. Murphy. *Belleville*: William Brady, d. Nov. 15. *Boston*: Mrs. William McDonald. *Brantford*: Mrs. Johanna O'Grady, d. Nov. 6. *Brockville*: Mr Michael Hussey, d. Dec. 22. *Buckingham*: Miss Martha McFaul, Miss Claire de Villers, Miss Ann McGuire, Mrs. Olivine Beauchamp, Mrs. M. Conroy, Mr. Anthony Padaen, Mr. Peter Baker, Mr. James O'Neill. *Canso*: William Manuel, d. Jan. 16; Edward Manuel, d. Jan. 16; Samuel O'Brien, d. Jan. 16. *Chambly*: Mr. Charles Albert Nelson, d. Dec. 14. *Cornwall*: Miss Cecilia Macdonald: Peter Kinsella, d. Jan. 15; Catherine McCormick, d. Jan. 22. *Fredericton*: Joseph Hamilton, d. Dec. 4; Jane Chapman, d. Jan. 2. *Glennevis*: R. B. McDonald, d. Jan. 19. *Grand Falls, N. B.*: Mrs. Elizabeth Harley, d. Jan. 20. *Greenfield*: Helen Marr McDonell, d. Nov. 27. *Halifax*: John McCarthy. *Hamilton*: Lizzie Forster, d. Aug. 24; Daniel McBride, d. Dec. 20. *Kingston*: Mrs. Rose Coyle, d. Jan. 17; Mrs. Michael Sheehan (not Michael Sheehan as stated in the February number), d. Oct.; Mrs. Milne, d. Dec. 30. *London*: Mrs. C. Meehan, d. Nov. 26; Mrs. Elinor Gardiner, d. Dec. 19; Mrs. M. J. Durkie, d. Jan. 1; Mrs. Gallera, d. Dec. *Mildmay*: Mrs. Rose O'Riley, d. Jan. 13. *Moncton*: Agnes Fogarty, d. Jan. 27. *Montreal*: Anastasia Shortell, d. Oct. 15; Margaret McGuire, d. Nov. 28; Mary Farrell, d. Dec. 29; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, d. Jan. 11; Mrs. John R. McDonald, d. Jan. 19; Thomas Styles, d. Jan. 22; Ada Whelan, d. Jan. 22; Rebecca Kroitz, d. Feb. 2; Mrs. Jeremiah McCarthy, d. Dec. 23; Mrs. Patrick Tompkins, d. Jan. 7; Norah Leahy; Charles McGuire. *Osgoode*: W. Cleland. *Ottawa*: Mrs. Mary McEvoy, d. Nov. 24; J. A. McDougal, d. Dec. 25; Mr. Joseph Cleary, d. Jan. 2. *Prescott*: Mrs. Ellen Mahoney, d. Jan. 33. *Quebec*: M. Joseph Birmingham, d. Nov. 6; Mr. Patrick

Jones, d. Dec. 15; Mrs. Dubé; Mrs. Henry O'Brien, d. Dec. 30; Miss Agnes Boland, d. Jan. 6; Mrs. Joseph Brown, d. Jan. 21; Mr. James Timmony, d. Nov. *Red Bank*: Mary Ryan, d. Dec. 21. *Rock Barra*: Mr. Daniel McDonald, d. Nov. 29. *St. George's, P. E. I.*: Mrs. John McMillan, d. Dec. 7. *St. Mark's, P. E. I.*: Michael McDonald, d. Jan. 29; Mrs. Clements, d. Dec. 15. *St. Mary's, Ont.*: William G. Flanagan, d. Oct. 23; Mrs. Catherine O'Flaherty, d. Dec. 20. *Sand Point*: Mrs. Sarah Killowan, d. Jan. 31. *Sarnia*: John McArthur, d. Jan. 15; Mr. Thomas Doucher, d. Jan. 26. *Simcoe*: Julia Forster, e. Dec. 14; Lizzie Forster, d. Aug. 24, 1895. *Thorold*: Clara O'Neill, d. Sept. 26. *Toronto*: Mrs. Julian Dwaue, d. Jan. 17. *Williamstown*: James McPherson, d. Dec. 5.

THANKSGIVINGS

For special favours received from the SACRED HEART, published in fulfilment of promises made.

(N.B. Thanksgivings intended for publication under this heading should reach the editor before the first of the month preceding publication. General Thanksgivings for favours received throughout the month or the year, or vaguely expressed as "several" or "many" are not here mentioned.)

(Left over from last month)

ST. JOHN, N. B. For a cure, after a novena to the S. H. For employment, through devotions to the S. H. For preservation from great danger, through B. V. For employment and means from St. J. For overcoming drunkenness. For peace restored in a family, by prayers to S. H. and B. V. For continuous employment. For a successful examination. For perseverance, by praying to S. H. and B. V. For a vocation. For steady work. For two conversions, through S. H. For preservation from sudden and violent death. For a special favour, through the Infant Jesus. For preservation from sickness, through St. Philomena. For three spiritual and three temporal favours. — ST. MARY'S, Ont. For a temporal favour, through the prayers of the League and the Holy Souls. For a temporal favour. — ST. TERESA, P. E. I. For a great temporal favour, after prayers to the S. H. and B. V. — ST. THOMAS, Ont. For restoration to health, after prayers to B. V., St. J. and St. Ann. — SARNIA, Ont. For a special favour. For five favours. For a special favour, through Our Lady of Sorrows. For three favours. — SEAFORTH, Ont. For three spiritual favours. For two temporal favours. — SOUTH BERWICK, Me. For a great temporal favour, after asking the prayers of the League, through the Intention-Box. For a favour, by applying the Badge. For five favours. — STRATFORD, Ont. For five favours. — SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I. For two requests granted. For two temporal favours. For the cure of a toothache.

WILLIAMSTON, Ont. For a very great temporal favour, through devotions to the S. H. — WILLISTON, Vt. For recovery from a very serious illness, after making novenas to S. H. and through the intercession of the B. V. M. — WINDSOR MILLS, P. Q. For the finding of a valuable pin, after a novena to the S. H. and St. Anthony. For a successful examination, after praying to the B. V. M. For a favour. For two great spiritual favours, after making the Way of the Cross for two weeks and receiving Communion. — WINNIPEG, Man. For the cure of a severe pain, after two novenas for the Holy Souls. — WOLFVILLE, N. S. For the cure of a sore throat. For the cure of toothache, after applying the Badge and prayers to the S. H., B. V. M. and St. J. For the recovery of a child, after praying to the S. H. and B. V. M. For relief from pain, after prayers to the B. V. M. and St. J. For relief from pain, after applying the Badge and praying to the S. H., the B. V. M. and St. J. For the cure of sore throats in a family, after praying to the S. H., B. V. M. and St. J. For the cure of hemorrhage. For recovery from sickness, after prayers to the S. H. and B. V. M. and promising a Mass for the Souls in Purgatory. — WOODSTOCK, Ont. For a great favour, through prayers to the S. H. and St. J. For a special favour, through the intercession of St. Bridget.

(Thanksgivings for this month)

ALEXANDRIA, Ont. For the return of a person to the frequentation of the Sacraments after an absence of many years. For a brother taking the pledge. For four temporal favours. For finding a lost article. For the cure of a pain in the chest. For employment for a young man. — ALLISTON, Ont. For four favours received, through the intercession of St. Anthony. — AMHERSTBURG, Ont. For a temporal favour received, through the intercession of St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory. — ARNPRIOR, Ont. For two great favours received, after praying to the B. V. M. and the Holy Souls.

BATHURST. For twelve favours obtained. For means to pay a debt, after making a Novena to the S. H. — BEAURIVAGE. For two temporal favours, through O. L. of perpetual Help and St. Ann. — BRANTFORD, Ont. For a special favour, after praying to the B. V. M., St. Joseph and St. Ann. — BRECHIN. For a favour, after making a Novena to the Infant of Prague. For a temporal favour, after praying to the B. V. M. and the Souls in Purgatory. — BROCKVILLE, Ont. For the safe journey of a friend. For passing an examination. For a great favour obtained. For success in an important affair. For two special favours, through prayers of the B. V. M. For relief from pain, through the intercession of St. Ann. For a temporal favour, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For work obtained by a

husband, after a Novena to St. Anthony. For the recovery of a father. For the successful performance of one's religious duties. For good health. For steady work.

COLGAN. For a great spiritual favour. For a temporal favour, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For two spiritual favours, through prayers to the Infant of Prague. — CORNWALL, Ont. For the immediate relief from a severe toothache, and neuralgia, after praying to Mary Immaculate and applying the Badge. For the success of an examination. For three special favours obtained, through the B. V. M. and St. Joseph. — COTE ST. PAUL. For obtaining employment for a brother, after saying the Rosary.

DEBEC, N. B. For a very great temporal favour, after praying to the B. V. M., St. Anthony and the Suffering Souls.

ENNISMORE, Ont. For a request granted.

FLOS, Ont. For obtaining means to pay a debt, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For relief from pain, after applying the Badge. — FREELTON, Ont. For four spiritual and four temporal favours.

GALT. For a spiritual favour. — GODERICH, Ont. For the speedy and perfect recovery from a broken limb, through the intercession of St. Anthony, and promising to buy bread for his poor. For the satisfactory settlement of an old debt, through St. Anthony's intercession. For improvement in the health of a sister, through the intercession of St. Anthony. — GREENFIELD. For one spiritual favour, after promising a Mass in honour of the B. V. For a cure of headache, after applying the Badge. For peace in a family, after putting an intention in the Box, and prayers to St. Anthony. For the cure of a pain in the heart, after applying the Badge. For five temporal favours, through prayers to the B. V. M. — GURLEH, Ont. For a special favour. For two good positions obtained, after Novena to St. Anthony, and praying for the Holy Souls. For ten favours. For the return of a man to the Faith on his death-bed, through a Novena to the S. H. For success of an operation.

HALIFAX, N. S. For a special temporal favour, after praying to the B. V. M., St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For news of a brother who has been away a long time. For the cure of a child's sore face, after promising a Mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For success in business. For means to pay debts.

KINGSTON, Ont. For the successful passing of examinations by two persons, after they had made novenas in honour of the immaculate Conception and of the Nativity of Our Lord. For the grace of repentance, through a novena to the Infant of Prague. For finding an article that was lost, after praying to St. Anthony.

LONDON, Ont. For a spiritual favour, after a novena to St. Andrew,

and having a taper burnt before the altar of the S. H. For a great favour, after prayers to Our Lady of Victory, and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For the return of a person to the Sacraments who had neglected these duties through drink, and who was speedily cured by a mass being said for the Souls in Purgatory. For a great temporal favour, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For employment obtained for a friend and for his conversion to the Faith. For two temporal favours, after saying the beads and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. — LINDSAY. For the partial cure of a weak heart, after making four novenas, one in honour of the Infant Jesus, one in honour of our Canadian Martyrs, one in honour of the five most Holy Wounds of Our Blessed Lord, and one for the repose of the Suffering Souls.

MAIDSTONE. For three favours obtained last year. For two favours obtained, through prayers to St. Anthony. For five favours obtained, through prayers to the B. V. — MARINETTE, Wis. For a favour granted to a mother. — MONCTON, N. B. For a very great favour received, after praying to St. Joseph and St. Anthony. — MONTREAL. For a successful examination. For the obtaining of money, after many days of prayer. For a special favour, after prayers to St. Anthony. For the cure of a sore hand, after applying the Badge, after a novena to the S. H. for the Souls in Purgatory. For having passed a most successful examination, through prayers to the Souls in Purgatory. For two special favours. For success in an examination, after praying to St. Anthony.

NEWCASTLE, N. B. For two favours received. — NEWMARKET, Ont. For a special favour granted, after prayers to St. Joseph and St. Anthony.

OSGOODE, Ont. For four remarkable spiritual favours, through the intercession of the Holy Family and St. John the Evangelist. For two extraordinary temporal favours, through the prayers of the League. For two great temporal and spiritual favours, through the intercession of the B. V. M. — OWEN SOUND. For the relief of pain, after applying the Badge.

PENETANGUISHERNE. For a special favour, after making a Novena. For three temporal favours obtained, through the intercession of the B. V. M., St. Joseph, and the Souls in Purgatory. For the cure of a sore eye and knee, after applying the Badge. — PICTON, Ont. For a safe journey, through the intercession of the Archangel Michael. For two spiritual favours. For a temporal favour. For a temporal favour, through the intercession of St. Joseph. For a great temporal favour. — PRESTON. For two special favours.

QUEBEC, P. Q. For a special temporal favour. For the grace of a happy death. For the recovery of a lost article. For the means of

paying off a debt. For assistance in a difficult undertaking. For temporal aid. For the restoration to health of a sick person. For success in business. For two very great temporal favours. For six temporal and spiritual favours, through the intercession of the B. V. M., St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory, and after promising a Mass for their relief. For five spiritual favours. For twenty-three temporal favours.

ROMAN VALLEY, N. S. For the cure of a toothache, by applying the Badge, and asking the intercession of the B. V. M. for the Souls in Purgatory.

STE. AGATHE, Q. For the cure of a severe attack of dyspepsia, after promising to have a Mass said. For an important favour. — ST. ANDREW'S WEST. For a very great favour, after applying the Badge. For ten favours during the past year. For the cure of a severe cold in the chest, after applying the Badge. For the cure of a severe headache. For the safety of a young girl on a long journey. — ST. AUGUSTINE, ONT. For the cure of a distressing and prolonged headache, after praying to the B.V.M. and applying the Badge, For a temporal favour, by the intercession of St. Anthony. For the cure of a lingering sickness, through the application of the Badge. — ST. GEORGES, P. E. I. For the relief from pain, after applying the Badge. — ST. JOHN, N. B. For a favour, through the Precious Blood. For obtaining a position in a school. For regaining health, through St. Philomena. For a special favour. For the return of a person to his religious duties, after twenty years' neglect. For a temporal favour received. For special protection in time of danger, through B. V. M. For three favours, through the Infant Jesus. For a favour, through St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For the cure of a bad headache. For a great favour received, through St. Joseph. — ST. MARY'S, ONT. For the recovery from a severe illness. — SEAFORTH. For a position secured. For one temporal favour. For success in an examination. For obtaining a situation, through prayers to the B. V. M. and St. Joseph.

THOROLD, Ont. For a special favour. — TORONTO. For two temporal favours received. For a special temporal favour, through the intercession of the B. V. M. For means of paying off a debt. For a position for a young man. For two special favours received.

URGENT REQUESTS, for favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Amherstburg, Antigonish, Beaurivage, Freelon, P. E. I., Groveton, N. H., Halifax, Hamilton, Hastings, Iroquois, Kingston, Lindsay, London, Lourdes, N. S., Marinette, Wis., Midland, Montreal, Ottawa, Penetanguishene, Quebec, St. John, N. B., Toronto, Warworth, West Toronto Junction, Williamstown, Ont., Windsor, Ont., Zurich.

INTENTIONS FOR MARCH

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

- 1.—W.—BB. Michael and Comp. M.M. Zeal for the Faith. 13,627 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—Th.—St. Chad, Bp. h†. Desire of Heaven. 7,603 In affliction.
- 3.—F.—THE HOLY SHROUD. at. of. gt. Detachment. 13,198 Departed.
- 4.—S.—St. Casimir, C. Love of chastity. 9,481 Special.
- 5.—S.—St. John Joseph of the Cross. at. of. gt. Christian sympathy. 1,560 Communities.
- 6.—M.—St. Coletta, V. Fidelity to duty. 7,404 First Communions.
- 7.—Tu.—St. Thomas Aquinas, C.D. r†. Truthfulness. League Associates.
- 8.—W.—St. John of God, C. Charity. 6,868 Employment, Means.
- 9.—Th.—St. Frances of Rome, W. h†. p†. Devotion to the Angels. 3,133 Clergy.
- 10.—F.—THE FIVE WOUNDS. Custody of the senses. 12,831 Children.
- 11.—S.—St. Eulogius, M. Spirit of sacrifice. 10,772 Families.
- 12.—S.—St. Peter, M. Hope. 3,759 Perseverance.
- 13.—M.—St. Gregory the Great, P. D. gt. Praise God. 7,889 Reconciliations.
- 14.—Tu.—BB. Leonard and Comp., M.M. Patience. 6,113 Spiritual Favours.
- 15.—W.—St. Longinus, M. Repentance. 6,510 Temporal Favours.
- 16.—Th.—St. Finian the Leper, h†. Dread of sin. 9,650 Conversions to the Faith.
- 17.—F.—St. PATRICK, Bp. Constancy in the Faith. 6,042 Youths.
- 18.—S.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. D. Reverence for Pastors. 1,718 Schools
- 19.—S.—Passion Sunday. Devotion to the Passion. 8,280 Sick or Infirm.
- 20.—M.—St. JOSEPH, Spouse B.V.M. gt. m†. n†. pt. Sanctification of the home. 1,672 Missions or Retreats.
- 21.—Tu.—St. Benedict, Ab. Love of prayer. 211 Works, Societies.
- 22.—W.—St. Gabriel Archangel. Practise the Angelus. 1,583 Parishes.
- 23.—Th.—St. Thuribe, Bp. Trust in Christ. 9,383 Sinners.
- 24.—F.—SEVEN DOLOURS B. V. M. n. Compassion. 3,530 Parents.
- 25.—S.—ANNUNCIATION B. V. M. dt. gt. m†. r†. st. Humility. 4,555 Religious.
- 26.—S.—PALM SUNDAY. m†. n†. Loyalty to Christ. 1,478 Novices Church Students.
- 27.—M.—St. Alexander, Soldier. Christian fortitude. 1,973 Superiors.
- 28.—Tu.—St. John Capistran, C. Defence of the Faith. 4,025 Vocations.
- 29.—W.—St. Eustace, Ab. Fidelity. League Promoters.
- 30.—Th.—MAUNDY THURSDAY. gt. p†; m†. st. Frequent Communion. 18,689 Various.
- 31.—F.—GOOD FRIDAY. Sorrow for sin. League Directors.

When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.

†=Plenary Indulgo.; a=1st Degree; b=2nd Degree; d=Apostolic Indulgences; g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mors; n=Sodality of the Agonizing Heart of J.; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgences for each action offered for these intentions.