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The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

“ **I**T is all very well talking, and arguing, and holding our own against them, but why can we not do something? ” This was the very practical question that Frederic Ozanam put to himself and his seven friends in a little room in Paris, in 1833. Ozanam was a brilliant young French Catholic who had been for sometime crossing swords with atheists and scoffers at religion, the aftermath of the French Revolution, and he had grown weary of a well-nigh fruitless task. There is little to be gained in controversy with scoffers; deeds will often move them when words have failed.

The suggestion to turn from controversy to some work of active charity came as a surprise to the rest, and although

it did not meet with an immediate hearty response from them, it was not unwelcome. It is, then, with a more than passing interest that we are present, with Ozanam's talented biographer, Kathleen O'Meara, at their preliminary meetings, in the Hotel Corneille, and hear their plans discussed. It was decided that their work should be the service of God in the service of the poor, whom members were to visit in their own homes and assist by every means in their power. The service of the poor appeared to the mind of Ozanam and his friends to be a sure and easy way of showing the sanctity of the Catholic religion and of helping their fellow-men, as well as of reaping profit for their own souls. "He that hath mercy to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and He will repay him" (Prov. xix.).

The deeply religious spirit with which they were animated displayed a vaster horizon to the eight young almoners; and we are not surprised to hear one of them saying at the very first meeting:

"If we intend our work to be really efficacious, if we are in earnest about helping the poor as well as ourselves, we must not let it be a mere doling out of alms, bringing each our pittance of money or food. We must make it a medium of moral assistance; we must give the alms of good advice."

On this double foundation of corporal and spiritual help the great edifice was begun; there and then the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul were founded. Ozanam drew up a few simple rules to guide the efforts of the members; and the future became pregnant with results for the hungry and naked and homeless in this cold, selfish world.

It was at first determined to restrict the Society to its eight primitive members. Ozanam feared lest the simplicity of its design might suffer, and that it would grow into a bustling, official organization. But this in the eyes of the others was an unwarrantable curb to its usefulness. The Society was destined to grow, and it was decided to admit others to help in the work.

The Society did grow beyond the expectations of the founders. A few years later the eight members had increased to two thousand in Paris alone, where five thousand indigent families were visited and helped. The work of the Conferences was established in other cities in France, and it soon spread to Rome, London, Dublin, Brussels, Liege, Munich, Constantinople, Mexico and the United States. In 1846, that is, thirteen years after its foundation, the Society had ten thousand members, enrolled in two hundred and thirty Conferences.

In this year, also, its beneficent work was extended to Canada. A young physician, Dr. Painchaud, while studying abroad, had seen the Society laboring in Paris, and so impressed was he with its simplicity and efficacy, that his first care after his return to Quebec was to establish a flourishing Conference. Dr. Painchaud has justly been called the Canadian Ozanam. He was a man full of admirable devotedness to the poor and unfortunate, and he closed a noble career, in 1855, by a noble death. He gave up his life in the service of the plague stricken in Mexico.

The impetus given to the work in the old city of Quebec by this Catholic layman, seconded by the clergy, was soon felt in other parts of Canada. In 1850, Mr. George Manly Muir, another layman of great faith and piety, succeeded in planting the Society in Toronto. Montreal, Ottawa, Three Rivers, Hamilton, the Maritime Provinces, soon had their own Conferences. These in turn rapidly branched out into innumerable others; and thus, year after year, for over half a century, the work of organized charity in favor of God's poor has been going on silently and hidden from the eyes of men, but at the same time efficaciously after the manner of all great deeds done for God.

In 1896, the Golden Jubilee of the foundation of the Society in Canada was celebrated in the old basilica that witnessed its inception, fifty years before. Four hundred delegates, drawn from every condition of life, and hailing

from all parts of Canada, representing one hundred and four Conferences and four thousand six hundred and seventy members, celebrated in Quebec an anniversary memorable in the annals of Canadian charity.

It was an admirable sight to witness four hundred strangers, men of the stamp of Ozanam, discussing, unostentatiously, the ways and means for advancing the interests of their Society, having no other end in view than God's glory and the welfare of His poor, nor other reward than that which is eternal.

How different are the methods of such men from those of our philanthropists who are continually flaunting their good works before the eyes of the world, and who must needs see their names graven in marble as a condition of their almsgiving. On the contrary, how imbued are their methods with the spirit of Christ who said: "When thou dost give alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth; that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee." (Matt. vi).

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul carries out to the letter this salutary counsel of our Divine Lord. Humility has always been a characteristic virtue of its members. The alms doled out to the poor is done in secret; the kind word is spoken where there is no echo; it suffices for a member to know that God sees and hears.

The success of the Society has been extraordinary from the beginning. He who feeds the sparrow and clothes the lily inspires men to give of their substance to help the poor. The money collected annually by members of the Conferences throughout the world amounts to about \$2,500,000, and the number of poor succored annually goes beyond fifteen millions. In Canada, the amount fluctuates between \$60,000 and \$70,000. In 1896, the sum reached \$74,700; in 1897, \$69,200. In the city of Quebec alone, the Society gathered in and spent in works of charity, during the fifty years of its existence, the enormous sum of \$577,000.

In the presence of these facts, it is not surprising that Leo XIII and his two illustrious predecessors have given so much praise to the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and enriched it with so many indulgences, or that the present Pontiff in his encyclical letter, *Humanum Genus*, specially recommended this Society as one of the most efficacious remedies against Freemasonry, the great social evil of our times. And we can readily appreciate the desire of the Holy Father to see the work of the Society given still further extension in the world. Members of the Apostleship of Prayer should enroll themselves in this other apostleship of charity, and establish Conferences where they do not already exist. This work appeals especially to young men; the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was founded by young men; and it is among young men that it looks preferably for its recruits. Without seeking to diminish the merit of those who can give only their time, who, may we ask, are in a better position to work efficaciously among the poor than Catholic young men who have not merely leisure but whom God has blessed with wealth and position? Unhappily, human respect is strongly developed in our young men, and their co-operation in works of zeal and charity is sadly deficient. The jubilee congress of 1896 gave expression to a regret at this state of affairs, and suggested, as a means of securing members among professional young men, that they should be led, even during their college years, into the mysteries of almsgiving and other practical works of charity. This suggestion has been carried into effect in several of our Canadian colleges where Conferences have been successfully established among the students. What is to prevent other institutions from doing the same thing, and thus provide successors to those who are now working so heartily among God's poor? Few works would bring greater honor to the Church or greater consolation to the Heart of Jesus.

Meanwhile, let us ask the Sacred Heart to continue to

protect the members of this Society, and to keep lively in them the three virtues that distinguish them from other men: 1° *Humility*: the favorite virtue of all those who desire to follow in the footsteps of St. Vincent de Paul. Ostentation in almsgiving and good works is an offspring of pride and robs men of their merit. 2° *Love for the poor*; not love based on vain, sentimental philanthropy, which is excited by the sight of suffering and poverty, but on true charity, which sees in the poor the image of Christ. 3° *Peace and union among members*; let their nationality, race, dignity, rank, sink in the presence of poverty. Suffice it for them to know that they are the self-constituted members of a body that seeks to relieve, spiritually and corporally, the suffering members of Christ. Peace, and union, and love will keep their Society strong and fruitful. Without these all human works are of short duration. "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples that you have love one for another." (Joan. xiii, 35.)

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

. Daily prayer during this month.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day, in reparation for our sins, and according to all the intentions for which thou sacrificest Thyself continually on the altar. I offer them, in particular, that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul may continue to spread and prosper throughout the world.



THE HOLY ANGELS.

MODERATO. SOLO.

Know ye that An - gels si - lent - ly glide

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a solo voice and piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

From their blest man - sions down to our side?

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the solo voice and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a similar melodic pattern, and the piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic structure.

Know ye their bright eyes watch night and day,

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the solo voice and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a slight melodic rise, and the piano accompaniment follows suit.

Lest e - vil Spi - rits Make you their prey?

Musical notation for the fourth system, continuing the solo voice and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a descending phrase, and the piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

CHORUS

Beau - ti - ful An - gels, keep watch and ward

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a chorus and piano accompaniment. The chorus enters with a full harmonic texture, and the piano accompaniment provides a rich accompaniment for the vocal group.

O - ver the chil - dren dear to the Lord;

By your sweet pro - sence ren - der us still,

Stead - fast in good - ness, proof a - gainst ill.

2. — Blessings precede them while they advance
Satan in terror lowers his lance ;
All the dark legions flee in dismay,
Melting like morning vapors away.

 3. — Often their gentle voice from above
Touches our heart-strings, teaches us love,
Leads us to worship happily here,
Even as Angels in their bright sphere.
-



DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

Return, ye transgressors, to the Heart,
and my salvation shall not tarry.

Isaias, xlvi. 8.

DEVOTION to the Sacred Heart, the delight of pious souls, offers itself to us as a consolation in our trials, and our hope for the future. It is at the same time, Catholic and national. The Christian world has received this devotion with joy, and Catholic nations have been particularly touched and affected by it. They have understood the words of the Prophet : If they return to Jesus Christ, and attach themselves to His Sacred Heart, they will find in it their salvation.

Let us, therefore, study this cherished devotion, and endeavor to arrive at its true meaning.

I

When Our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary, pointing to His Adorable Heart, He said : " Behold this heart which has so loved men." Here, the material and sensible object is indicated by the action and the words which accompany it. *Behold this Heart*, that is to say, the heart of flesh, the living symbol of affection. But Our Lord also adds : "*This Heart which has so loved men.*" He passes from the sign to the thing signified, from the flesh to the spirit, from the sensible organ to the loving soul which animates it. Hence, there is a material, or sensible object, the symbol, viz : the heart ; and the spiritual object, that is, the love of Jesus Christ for men. We adore the Heart of the Man-God who has so loved us ; and what could be more worthy of our love ?

The Heart of Jesus is perfect in its physical nature. The flesh of which it is formed is a germ, preserved throughout ages by the action of the Eternal Word, and given by an Immaculate Virgin. The three Divine Persons have taken part in the formation of this Heart. The Father, in order to render it worthy of being the Heart of His Son, has created it with particular care and an admirable perfection. The Word, in taking this Heart, enobled it, deified it, and caused it to palpitate with an ineffable life, wholly consecrated to the glory of God, and the interests of mankind. The Holy Ghost filled the Heart of Jesus, and enkindled within it His Divine flames, which eternally consume it.

Imagine the body of the first man before the fall ! It was a masterpiece ; and the heart, reigning in this flesh so pure and sanctified, was, by far, its most noble organ. It was, as it were, the summary of all the perfection bestowed upon man coming from the hands of his Creator. To say that the Heart of Jesus resembled it, would be but a feeble comparison. The Heart of the second Adam is far more noble and delicate ; Its sensibility is more exquisite, Its purity more ravishing ; Its destiny is infinitely higher ; It is the Heart of a Man-God. The Trinity formed it from the most pure blood of the glorious Virgin.

Here, again, is a mystery of grandeur. The blood of Mary is that of kings and prophets, judges and patriarchs of antiquity. During four thousand years, there did not occur a single interruption. It is the blood of the first man transmitted and perpetuated from the beginning of the world, and its passage through all human conditions has left its trace. Such is the blood which circulates in the veins of Jesus, and of which His Heart is the sacred receptacle.

This is the Heart in its physical nature, which Jesus Christ revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary, when He said : "*Behold this Heart which has so loved men.*" This, therefore, is the material object of our devotion. But Jesus, in

showing His Heart, added these significant words: this Heart *which has so loved*. He passes thus, from the sign to the thing signified, from the flesh to the spirit, from the material heart to the sentiments which actuate it.

The sensible and material Heart is but the secondary object of our devotion. There is a spiritual object, which is the principal worship rendered to the Sacred Heart, viz: the love of Jesus Christ for men, of which the heart is the emblem. Let us now consider, not the material Heart alone, but this Heart *which has so loved*. In every language, these two objects are inseparable, — the heart, signifying love; and love, the heart.

II

The sublime philanthropy of the Man-God for us is an inexhaustible subject for admiration and gratitude. The birth of Jesus, His hidden and public life, His penance, His benefits, miracles, His tears, His blood, His death and glorious resurrection, all reveal to us an immense, magnanimous, heroic, divine love; in a word, the love of a God for man. He is perfect in speech as in silence, in His promises as in His gifts, in pardoning as in threatening, in sorrow as in joy, through which He manifests Himself. He is sublime in life and in death. It is from the heart that the life of Jesus proceeds, and its beginning and end was love. Jesus has loved us unto the end, to the utmost, to excess, even unto folly.

Do we wish to grasp more fully this unutterable tenderness of the Redeemer for humanity? Let us listen to the accents of the seraphic Francis of Assisium, in his celebrated poem: *A'nor de caritate*. The sweet and mystic poet addresses Jesus Christ, and complains of the sacred languor caused by his love. Our Lord replies:

"Regulate thy love, thou who lovest me; there is no virtue without order."

Then Francis cries out with sublime enthusiasm:

"O Christ, Thou hast taken possession of my heart, and Thou comest to set a limit to its love! Ah! since I am wholly transformed into Thee, how can I remain master of myself? Why wouldst Thou lead me by such a path, if Thou didst wish that I should hold my love in moderation? When Thou didst give Thyself to me without measure, wouldst Thou set limits to my love for Thee?"

"O Love! it is not I, but Thou who art to blame, since Thou hast opened to me this way. Thou didst not know how to restrain Thy love: it caused Thee to descend from heaven to earth... Thou didst pass through the world despised by men. Thou didst not wish to possess either house or lands; and Thou hast chosen such poverty, in order to enrich us. In life as well as in death, hast Thou not shewn in the most striking manner, the love without measure which consumed Thy Heart?"

"Thou didst go through the world, beside Thyself through love: love was Thy master in all Thy ways, it led Thee as a slave... Thus hast Thou revealed Thine infinite tenderness, without any thought for Thyself.

"Thou didst not know how to restrain Thy goodness, when Thou didst pour out Thy love in such abundance. O Love, made man in order to save us! Thou didst fly to the cross, in Thy desire to embrace us.

"Thou didst conceal Thy wisdom, allowing only Thy love to shine forth: Thou didst withhold Thy power on this day, when virtue was exposed to hatred?"

"If then, O Jesus, I am wholly transported through love, if Thy great sorrow inebriates me, who will reproach me for having lost reason and strength, since love has chained Thee, and deprived Thee of all Thy majesty? In my desire to unite myself to Thee, how can I keep within the bounds of reason?"

"Yes, that love which renders me beside myself, has deprived Thee of Thy wisdom, that love which causes me to languish has, for my sake, despoiled Thee of Thy power. I do not wish, nor can I offer any resistance, Thy love has taken me captive. Without being guilty, my sentence is pronounced.

"I must die of love, and I wish no other consolation than this delightful death."

This quotation, purposely condensed, is perhaps still too long; if so, my readers will pardon me. Not often in this world of ours, do we hear such passionate accents of celestial love! It is rare, indeed, to meet with hearts which understand so well the extent of Divine charity. These

few stanzas of the seraphic poet remind us that the life of Jesus was simply the love of His Heart acting and suffering ; and that if it is true that the heart is the whole of man, so from this sacred source of light and love, have emanated all those rays of burning charity, which constitute the life of Jesus.

Hence, the living Heart of Jesus, and its immense love, is the double object of the devotion which is the subject of our consideration. All remind us of the person of the Man-God, and of the principal circumstances of His life His sacred wounds, the crown of thorns placed on His brow, His bloody sweat, the cross which consummated His sacrifice, the instruments of His passion and death ; if all these sacred reminders bearing relation to His sojourn here below, have for history, as well as for piety, a singular attraction, the Body of Jesus, and in that Body, that which is the most noble, His Sacred Heart, has well merited to be the object of a special devotion.

R. P. SEGUIN, S. J.

ALL recreation must have its purpose. The very meaning of the word expresses what that purpose is to be. We *recreate* our forces, our energies, in order to be able to *create* anew, to produce fresh results from the application of our mental and physical faculties. He who feeds his body and takes daily physical exercise simply with a view of sustaining life the longer, and to feel the capacity of earthly enjoyment, is a failure as a man. He does for himself what other men do for their fattlings, their race-horses, their hunting or watch dogs. He ignores the object of rational and supernatural life, which is to produce not only fruit, proportioned to the capacity of its growth, but fruit that will last equal to man's eternal destiny, as Our Lord said to the disciple : " That you should go, and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain " (St. John xv., 16).



HOW CHARITY MAY BE PRACTISED.

WE often hear it remarked : Charity is such a beautiful virtue ; it is so nice to be able to come to the relief of the unfortunate. If I were rich, and had the means of some people, what pleasure it would give me to perform acts of charity. But my means are so limited ; I have so many calls on my purse ; I cannot do as I would wish...'

My friends, speak not thus ; I fear you are deceiving yourselves. No ; this is not true ; all may perform acts of charity. If you will allow me, I shall show you the way. Rejoice then, we will find abundant means ; the poor will be largely helped,

And where shall we obtain this money ? From useless expenses, those which are superfluous, and perhaps even dangerous. Let us acknowledge it ; if we would but reserve the quarter of the money which is lost, or in other words, badly expended, we would have at our disposal ample means for relieving the poor. For who is there who has not some useless expenses, — who does not needlessly dispose of a certain portion of his income ? All, or almost all, have this weakness : the rich as well as the poor ; the working classes of both sexes. In our day, the difficulty is not so much how to obtain money as how to spend it to good purpose. People cast it away at random, on vanity, caprice or luxuries ; they throw it away on dress, and on trifles such as embroidery, laces, etc., the need of which is scarcely ever felt. It would seem as though they were seeking a means of getting rid of their money.

You say : " I have so many burdens ".....Alas ! it is true ; but why impose so many on yourselves ?

You reply : " What would you have us do ? we cannot

make ourselves singular ; it is necessary that we should live up to our position ; we must do like others."

Let us be sincere, on this point. When you say : " We must be like others," this almost always means to do better than others. Each one wishes to outdo her neighbor. We hear on every side complaints of the excess of luxury and foolish expenses which exist, yet no one tries to rectify this evil. On the contrary, when one see her neighbors in beautiful attire, she thinks of nothing but endeavoring to eclipse them. She says : " Such a one does this ; why should I not do it ? I will do better." Another says : " So-and-so has such a thing ; I will have something finer."

**

When we priests go to ask charity for the church or the poor, you sometimes remark,—not in our presence, you are too well bred for that,—“ They are always asking ; to-day for one thing, to-morrow for another ; it is really annoying.”

What would you have us do, my friends, since there are always needs, and the unfortunate to be helped. And yet there are things which ask more often, and of which you do not complain ; for instance, vanity ; and sometimes less than that : the satisfaction of the palate. They are incessantly drawing on your money, and you never say to them : “ You are always asking ; be off, you annoy me, you are never satisfied.” Oh ! no ; on the contrary you submit with such good grace, that you set out to spend your money on novelties, confectionery, and even liquors ; for, on this point, every one has something to reproach himself.

What must we say with regard to the useless expenses for the children ? These poor little ones are often transformed into veritable dolls. It would seem as if their parents never could succeed in having them richly enough attired. Then you say : “ It cost so much to bring up our children.” I well believe it.....Drop, then, all these illusions. Instead of spending so much on your child, give an alms for him ; associate him with your charities. Little children are ordinarily so good, they would ask nothing better. You

are renewing your little boy's wardrobe ; buy it a little less expensive, and add a pair of shoes for a poor child who, for the want of them, is unable to go to class, or catechism. Remember, at least, to give his old clothes to make new ones for his little brother in poorer circumstances.

You are giving a dinner ; let there be fewer courses, and send some bread and coal to the poor family who is suffering from hunger and cold. You are marrying your son, or your daughter ; it is a time of feasting for you ; let it be one also for the poor who surround you. This will bring happiness to the young housekeeper. Oh ! if one knew, if one only wished, how many ways she could practise charity ! How much misery she could relieve, the tears she could dry, and the hatred and malediction she could prevent !

Charity does not consist in only giving the money that remains over and above our needs ; if such were the case, charity would be compelled to leave this earth, and flee to heaven ; it could no longer remain with us. Who is there who has too much money ? who has even enough ?

Charity consists in imposing sacrifices on ourselves, in order to give to others.

A young woman had seen a beautiful piece of jewelry, and desired very much to procure it ; but the thought of the poor flashed across her mind, and she hesitated. "Three times," said she, "I stopped before the store, but I resisted the temptation, yet it was so beautiful ! so beautiful ! I chose another which only half pleased me ; but I am content, it leaves me twenty dollars for the poor..... "

* * *

It is sometimes necessary in the exercise of charity to come into contact with a bad atmosphere, to overcome one's repulsion for those distressing spectacles of human misery, and above all, for the uncleanness of the poor. Permit me to relate an instance of this charity, taken from thousands.

It was in one of the most miserable quarters of a large city ; a priest had just heard the confession of a poor old

man, and had promised to bring him the Holy Viaticum the following morning at eight o'clock. But the good Father was grieved to think that God should visit such a refuge: the house was filled with old rags; the bed was but a mass of rags; the walls were covered with them. He went to relate his difficulty to a very rich lady, who, it must be confessed, had her weak side for the frivolities of the world.

"But," cried she, "we cannot allow our Lord to enter such a wretched abode!"

"The thought occurred to me that perhaps you would kindly undertake to have it cleaned a little," I said.

"With pleasure, I will go myself; will it be necessary to bring my maid?"

"Oh! yes; there will be work for two."

"But she will take away part of the merit from me. I will bring my son; he is ten years old, he loves the poor, and it will do him good to witness their misery, and help to relieve it; that will make him happy."

The following day the priest arrived at the hour fixed upon, bringing with him the Holy Viaticum; he no longer recognized the home of the poor beggar; it had been transformed into a charming little chapel, all draped in white. On a table covered with a handsome cloth, were candles placed in beautiful candlesticks, holy water, and even a bunch of flowers. Nothing had been forgotten. The old man appeared radiant in the midst of such splendor.

The lady surprised in this sublime act of charity, her head covered with an apron, intended to protect her dress kneels with her son before the bed of the sick man, and they both recite the *Confiteor*, like two little choir children.

Before giving him Communion the priest approaches the poor beggar, and addresses a few words to him, reminding him of what the Blessed Eucharist is.

"I know all that, Father; the good lady kneeling there, has instructed me; then she made me pray to God, with her little son. Oh! how happy I am"

He then received the Holy Viaticum with profound emo-

tion. Poor old man ! Well may he have trusted in the goodness and providence of God !

But scarcely had the priest finished the last prayer, when the lady advancing, knelt beside the old man, placing one of his hands on her head, which she inclined, and the other on that of her son, saying :

“ My good man, you are now the friend of our dear Lord ; you have received Holy Communion : give us your blessing, I pray you ; it will make us happy.”

“ Oh ! Madam,” replied the old man, filled with emotion : “ what are you saying ? I am only a poor man ; I have no blessing to give ; but I pray God to bless you both, and He will bless you, for you are angels. Only angels would do as you have done. May God bless you : Oh ! may he bless you both.”

In pronouncing these words, he burst into tears ; the priest was also greatly affected.

Here, my friends, is a beautiful example of true christian charity ; here is happiness which endures, and with which all the pleasures of the world cannot compare. Here are joys truly worthy of the heart of the christian woman. Oh mothers ! Oh young girls ! Leave, then, all these frivolities, and do not attach yourselves to them ; they are not worthy of you ; you were created for better things.

Another little narrative :—

One day two sisters were coming out of Church ; they had just been listening to a sermon on Charity. The elder of the two, who was twenty-one years of age, was married. When one has attained the age of twenty-one, and is married, she begins to calculate. The other was yet free, and in the generosity of her seventeen years. The preacher had said just what I have been saying to you.

“ *A propos* of the subject of Charity,” said the elder to her young sister, “ how much did you put in the box ? ”

“ I gave two dollars.”

“ What ? two dollars ! that was too much.”

“Listen, dear; the preacher recommended us to add another piece to that which we intended giving. I intended giving a dollar; so naturally I gave two. When people come to a sermon, it is to do what the preacher says; otherwise it is not worth while listening; that’s my opinion.”

“That’s all very well, but it was too much; mother will be displeased.”

“Listen, don’t say a word; let me arrange this affair. When we go home, I will say to mother: ‘Mamma, I have given a dollar too much, it is true; but when you are buying me a new dress, choose one a dollar less expensive; take it out of vanity, good mother; you know it has stolen many others’... And mother will give me a little pat on the cheek, and a big kiss on my forehead, saying: ‘There, you are a good girl.’”

My friends, who is there who could not do as much? Cut down your expenses a little, and there will remain something for those who are destitute.

You desire to be happy; I do not wish to deprive you of happiness; I wish all to be happy. Give an alms, then, to a poor mother, speaking to her, as you know so well how to do, and the mother will reply: “Thank you! Oh thank you! you have saved our lives!” And in exercising charity such as this, you will find more pleasure than could be procured by all the feasts of the world.

L’ABBÉ MULLOIS.

IF we Catholics are no better than our neighbours—more truthful, more honest, more charitable, more merciful, more patient, more submissive to Providence, more pious, more holy—how will they be attracted to the Church, and how shall we answer for the graces and the sacraments, the Mass, and the very presence of Christ among us, which we have and they have not? O, our judgment will be terrible if souls are lost through our bad example or our lack of good example!



THE LAY MISSIONER.

One I have known, and happily yet I know,
A youth by baser passions undefiled,
Lit by the light of genius and the glow
Which real feeling leaves where once it smiled ;
Firm as a man, yet tender as a child ;
Armed at all points by fantasy and thought,
To face the true or soar amid the wild ;
By love and labor, as a good man ought,
Ready to pay the price by which dear truth is bought.

'Tis not with cold advice or stern rebuke,
With formal precept, or with face demure,
But with the unconscious eloquence of look,
Where shines the heart so loving and so pure :
'Tis these, with constant goodness, that allure
All hearts to love and imitate his worth.
Beside him weaker nature feels secure,
Even as the flower beside the oak peeps forth,
Safe, though the rain descends, and blows the biting North !

Such is my friend and such I fain would be.
Mild, thoughtful, modest, faithful, loving, gay,
Correct, not cold, nor uncontroll'd though free,
But proof to all the lures that round us play ;
Even as the sun, that on his azure way,
Moveth with steady pace and lofty mien,
Though blushing clouds, like syrens, woo his stay,
Higher and higher through the pure serene,
Till comes the calm of eve and wraps him from the scene.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.



THE HONOR DUE TO THE ANGELS. (1)

I

THE Angels of God merit veneration at our hands. In the Old Testament we read of God's servants adoring them or prostrating before them. So did Abraham, and Lot, and Joshua, so also did St. John the Evangelist. We should honor them,

1. For their sanctity, the most beautiful and admirable of all qualities, and more deserving of reverence than intellectual abilities, or strength of character, or wealth, or natural benevolence.

2. For the benefits we receive from them. God is the source of these, but the Angels are His willing agents in these benefactions, and fulfil their parts with zeal and affection; and our salvation, under God, depends to a considerable extent on the assistance we receive from them.

3. Their excellence, their high position in the spiritual order, and their resemblance to God claim recognition from us. As we render filial honor to parents, civil honor to magistrates and monarchs, respect to age, to virtue, to talent; so are we bound to render religious honor to those who are the manifestations of the supernatural perfections of the Infinite God. This is a matter of strict duty for you. You must not allow any class of God's creatures to pass without rendering to them what their character demands. Have you always paid due respect to so important a body of your fellow-creatures?

(1) *Medit. on Christ. Dogmas.* By Rev. Jas. Bellord, Lond. C.(T. S. 1593.

II

1. In what way ought the Angels to be honored? By remembrance of them, and by reflection on their qualities and their works, their fidelity to God and to us.

2. By affections, arising from these thoughts, on respect for their greatness, congratulation on their happiness, admiration of their virtues, gratitude for their assistance, love in return for their love.

3. By considering in detail and endeavoring to imitate their virtues, obedience, contentment, conformity to God's will, zeal for his glory, patience with their wayward charges, their sweetness, purity, love, tranquillity, activity, and their constant union with their God.

4. We should rely on the power of the Angels' intercession with God, for they always see His face and they merit to be heard for their holiness; we should ask them to help us in our needs, and to offer our prayers like vials of odors before the throne of God.

5. We may honor our neighbour on account of the Angel who is always with him, and the dignity he derives therefore. Recur to the Angels on all occasions as being your best friends, your natural protectors, advisers, advocates, assigned to you by God.

III

In our devotion to the Angels we should be mindful of them all, and we shall be able to discover different motives for honoring and asking the assistance of each of their choir.

Principally we should honor our Angel Guardian, with whom we have been directly associated by the Providence of God; it is his special duty to help us in all our necessities, and we have already received incalculable favors at his hands.

We should also nourish a particular devotion to St. Michael. He is one of the very few whose name has been revealed to us; and he is associated with us as the supreme

guardian of the Catholic Church, its protector against hell, the warrior of the Lord, and the prince of the hosts of heaven.

We may also select any special choir of the Angels for particular homage on account of their proximity to God, or supremacy over His earthly kingdom, or for their special relation to God by their characteristic virtue, or the similarity of their functions to ours. By devotion to the Angels we verify those words: "You are come to Mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of Angels..... and to the spirits of the just made perfect (Heb. xii. 22, 23).

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

WE observe that numerous good people at present seem to be troubled over the question, "What shall we do with our girls?" Hard as the question is, a majority of mankind will agree that it is much easier to say what we should do with our girls than what we should do without them. One gentleman with old-fashioned ideas suggests that after completing education, at an age which he puts at eighteen years, girls should be sent into domestic training for one year, each superintending a house all by herself, attending to its details as though she were the actual mistress of it, and responsible for its expenses. He quotes with approval the example of a mother of six daughters who trained them every one in that way? But would it not be absurd to train all girls exactly alike, as if they were leaden bullets to be run in the same mould? Would it not, on the contrary, be the part of wisdom to ask the girls what they want to do and encourage them to do it? At eighteen a girl's education is only begun. If a young woman were born to be a singer, an artist, or a teacher, would it not be manifest foolishness to have her throw away a whole year on house-keeping when she should be spending it gaining her profession? The one essential thing in the training of a girl is that she should be educated to do some good, earnest work—no matter what—whatever she likes best, but something. Idleness, novel-reading, day-dreaming, and a narrow, hum-drum home life will fritter away and ruin soon the brightest, most vigorous mind.

— *Catholic Fireside.*



YEA-NAY CATHOLICS.

THE following practical letter appeared in a recent number of the *English Messenger*. It is reprinted here because it has much in it that is applicable to people we meet on this side of the Atlantic. An old teacher is writing to a former pupil, now himself a teacher, urging him to instil into his boys not merely a *knowledge* of religion, but *zeal* for it as well. "It is not enough," he says, "for Catholics to keep the commandments; they must do something in their life-time for God and His Church." Here is the letter:—

My dear boy,

What a time it is since I wrote to you! How are you getting on with your lads? Don't forget my old man's advice. Make them *zealous* Catholics. Nothing is so disheartening as the Yea-Nay Catholic. He is fairly good; goes to Mass on Sundays; keeps the fasts and abstinences; gives a little alms; is sober, kindly, industrious, charitable; a good father, a good husband. All this is "Yea." What more do you want? Where is the "Nay"? Where is it? Why, everywhere! Everywhere the man has a hundred chances of showing his zeal for the Church, and he wastes them all. His apathy is all the more disheartening because he is otherwise so good. He is a religious man, yet he denies his services to religion. There are hundreds of such Catholics in all grades of society. In their own way they are a sad drag on the Church, especially in this country. The parish priest may appeal from his pulpit Sunday after Sunday to rouse their interest in some scheme, some good work, some society, some confraternity. He might as well address them in Chinese. They really don't understand that he is speaking to *them* and what he is saying. They mentally refer the whole matter, whatever it is, to A.B and C.D. and E.F., those good pious men who always do everything for the priests, and they go home to their Sunday dinner

without the least suspicion that they have said "Nay" in God to anything at all.

Why is it so difficult, for instance, to get *men* to be Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer? Because it never occurs to them that they are called to it. They haven't sufficient active interest in their religion. That kind of zeal was never instilled into them at school. There are the priests, they say, a few prominent laymen, a good number of devout women—what more do you want? What more do we want? Why, can we ever fold our arms and be content with the state of the Catholic religion in this country? If we were a thousand times more prosperous, should we be content? Zeal for God's House is never content, it is always a *devouring* zeal. God knows, there are many things among us to lead rather to despondency than to content.

So, my dear boy, I do hope you are working in your own quiet way to form apostolic men of your little class. They are fifteen and sixteen now, and in very few years they will begin, each in his own place, to be useful or useless to the Church in this land.

I wish I could write to every Catholic master in the country as I can to you, and with equal hope of being understood and having a zealous response. Your last letter consoled me much. I like your plan of getting the head boy to say the Morning Offering for the rest at the beginning of class, and the second boy to announce the particular intention for the day, and the third to recite the Second Degree Decade at the end of class. In that way, and with an occasional word from you, their practical interest in all the general and particular intentions of the Church will grow. Have you taken up the Apostleship of Study yet? That too is an excellent school of zeal. Pardon my long letter; old men are garrulous.

Your devoted old master,

AMBROSE GREGORY.

WHAT matters it to the world whether you or I or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it that the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us—to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.



A "DRAWN" BONNET.

IT was at the sewing-circle Miss Lavinia told us the story. "Sewing-circle," a queer name for a work-party? Well, I wouldn't say but it is, but *I* hadn't the naming of it, as you'll see later on.

When Father Dawkes, two years ago come Christmas, after the Children of Mary's meeting, proposed that we should meet every Friday at Miss Pitt's to sew for the poor, we all knew it was at her suggestion.

Miss Pitt had been forewoman at a court dressmaker's (Madame le Carton's, in Bond Street) for the best part of twenty years, and such a cutter you, nor nobody else, ever saw!

You can't make a frock out of nothing, any more than you can a brick without straw, but Miss Pitt could pla. you a dress out of what most folk would call *rags*.

"Why, my good woman," she would say, "don't you see this will do for that, and that will do for this," and "Heigh, presto!" as the conjuror says, the whole thing lay before your eyes.

I have never forgotten the day she came in, when I had just emptied my rag-bag on the parlor-table, to try and find a scrap or two that would make a change for Mrs. Baton's youngest.

I hadn't told her my story out, before she had two or three bits of stuff in her hands, "See here, my good woman, there's quite enough here for yoke and sleeves, and we'll line them with this red flannel, and if we gore the -kirt, and make a false hem. Polly Baton 'll be quite smart!" and I'm telling you the truth when I say that in ten mi-

nutes that frock was planned, and *cut*, and pinned together, ready for the needle! and out of bits some of us would have thrown in the fire.

"I wish I had the turning over of every rag-bag in the parish," she said, when she had done; "I warrant you there would be folk going warm that are going cold enough now."

It would be about a week after this talk over the rag-bag, that Father Dawkes spoke of the sewing-party. He *knows a heap, no one more*, but he couldn't have known *of himself* all he told us that afternoon.

Most of us, he said, had, no doubt, odds and ends lying by, of no use to ourselves, but that, in the right hands, could be utilized, and serve our neighbour. Why, had any of us ever thought that two old blankets put together make one good one? There was an art in running these together, he believed, but an art easily achieved, easy to learn for those who were not too proud to take a lesson, and here he looked at Miss Pitt, where she sat, her hands in her lap, looking as innocent as you please.

It was the same with other things, the Father said, a patch here, a lining there, would often make an old coat, or dress, quite serviceable, and he believed there was such a thing as the footing, re-footing, of a worn-out stocking? Here he appealed to Miss Lavinia, who was a great knitter, and we all laughed,

He hoped, the Father went on, that we all, *every one of us*, would look through our stores, our drawers, our boxes, our *rag-bags* (here, I saw Miss Pitt blush), and see what we could offer for God's poor. It was an early, and a hard winter, as we all knew; work, already, was slack, and in such a poor congregation as ours, the suffering could not but be great.

Miss Pitt, he went on, had kindly offered her house for the meetings, and (Miss Pitt had got up and whispered something to him), if any of us did not care to send our parcels direct to her, they could be sent to the Presbytery,

and he would guarantee they were forwarded, in such a way, that it would be impossible to guess the sender.

Miss Pitt had offered, he said, to cut out and arrange, to the best advantage in her power, any materials sent in, and, as we all knew, they could not be entrusted to more capable or experienced hands, and, one word more, let us remember that *nothing was too bad*.

Then he told us in graver tones that, though he had no wish to give us the penance of sitting with our mouths shut for the matter of a couple of hours, he did hope we should remember how out of keeping, tittle-tattle or gossip would be at such a meeting as ours.

He would suggest, he went on, the reading of an edifying book for a quarter of the time, and he knew he could trust Miss Lavinia to find us that (Miss Lavinia is our president and when he said this he turned and bowed to her, and she gave him back a little nod); and then he said, he wished us to begin and end our meetings with the Hail Mary, putting ourselves and them under the protection of the Mother of God, and, as we were to meet on Fridays, under the protection, too, of the Sacred Heart.

Well, I only wish you could have seen Miss Pitt's parlor a day or two after the Father's speech, a rag-shop is a joke to what it looked like!

But there are some folk in this world, too matter of fact, there's no mistake about that, and when Father Dawkes told us to remember "that nothing was too bad" to send, he didn't mean that Mrs. — (there now, if I didn't nearly let the cat out of the bag!) he didn't mean that Mrs. *Anybody* was to send us her rags of dusters! But, if there's a place for everything, as the old saying goes, there's a *use* for everything too — to a woman with her head on her shoulders like Miss Pitt.

"My good woman," she said, "don't you see they're *linen*, and every bit as soft as wool; we'll scour them and send them up to Dr. Neale at the dispensary; he'll be glad enough of them, I warrant."

I was three days up at Miss Pitt's helping her to sort and arrange the packages that came in. Some of the things were dirty enough, I can tell you that, more dirty than ragged, if the truth's to be told, and it was greater penance than sitting with your mouth shut, to have the handling of them, I can tell you that; but Miss Pitt wasn't above using a bit of soap, and we sent out for a sixpence worth of ammonia and *made good use for it*.

When Friday came, Miss Lavinia was the first to arrive. Miss Lavinia, though she's so plain-looking and shy, is a *lady*, the only lady among us, and a real one, as the saying is, not a bit of pride about her; and as good as gold.

Miss Pitt knows all about Miss Lavinia, she has made court dresses for her cousins and her aunts, and she puts on her best London manners when Miss Lavinia speaks to her, and when she came in she made her a curtesy, as if she had been a duchess, and begged her to "please, take the arm-chair;" but first Miss Lavinia went round the table and looked at the different packets of work, one before each chair, all tacked and ready to be sewed, a threaded needle in each. (Miss Pitt had taken a heap of pains, I can tell you that; if ever a woman deserved a word of commendation, she did.)

Miss Lavinia is shy, but she was so pleased she did get out a word or two of praise, and Miss Pitt made another curtesy, and said she was proud to do anything for Father Dawkes, and to be able to welcome the *sewing-circle* to her house (that's how it got its name).

Well, one by one, our members dropped in, and, after Miss Lavinia had said the Hail Mary, we took our seams and set to work, while she read us a chapter from Father Faber's *Precious Blood*.

We were all very quiet that first day, and when the reading was over, no one spoke till Miss Lavinia's eyes fell on a bonnet lying on the what-not among some other things.

"Isn't that a drawn bonnet, Miss Pitt?" she asked; and then she looked round at us, with a little smile, and said:

"You all know I am a convert; well, under God's grace," she crossed herself, "if it had not been for a drawn bonnet, I might always have been a Protestant!"

"What is a drawn bonnet?" She was answering Mary Murphy, the grocer's daughter's questioning eyes. "Well, I wonder if any one here, but myself, is old enough to know what a 'drawn bonnet' is?"

Fanny Hornby (Farmer Hornby's grand-daughter, she has just left school) stood up as if she had been in class, and said: "If you please, Miss Lavinia, grandmother wears one."

"Oh, I am glad some one wears them still," Miss Lavinia said; and then, growing as red as fire, she said, "I wonder if any of you would care to hear the story?"

I don't know that any of us answered, but Miss Lavinia must have seen we would, for we all drew our chairs a little nearer the head of the table where she sat in the arm-chair, filling in a hole in the heel of a pair of socks, (Miss Lavinia is a beautiful darning as well as knitter, we soon saw that.)

Well, her face grew pink again, and her voice was quite shaky when she began, but when she saw how interested we all were, she somehow forgot her shyness, and I wish I could tell the story as she did, in her pretty, gentle way. Miss Lavinia's voice was never raised in her life to scold. I warrant you.

"Some of you, perhaps, know," she said, and she looked at Miss Pitt, "that my father was the Rector at——? There are a good many Catholics in that part of Lancashire; indeed, our Squire was of the Faith himself, and the Rectory and the Presbytery stood, very nearly, side by side, and we were very good friends with Father Hammond, though he never came to our house, any more than my father went to his.

"It was the year I came out" (Miss Lavinia looked at Miss Pitt again, and Miss Pitt told me afterwards, that, though it was before her day, she knew Madame le Carton

had made her dresses), "that Johnnie Henn, the son of a respectable Catholic widow, went away to the seminary to be brought up as a priest.

"We all knew Johnnie, he was a merry, clever little fellow, and some of us, who knew no better, were sorry for Mrs. Henn, though she was not sorry for herself. Father Hammond must have seen promise in the boy, for, for two years before he went away, he had had him up at the Presbytery every night teaching him Latin and Greek.

"No one knew exactly how Mrs. Henn lived; she was a farmer's widow and may have had a few pounds of her own, but she was glad to get any little job in the way of nursing, or looking after a house, or even clearstarching (she did all the Presbytery washing); but she had always kept Johnnie tidy and well-dressed, though how she managed it no one knew.

"Well, Johnnie Henn went, and, I am afraid, by degrees slipped out of our minds, till one day, fifteen years later, one of Mrs. Henn's neighbors told me he was ordained, and coming to stay with Father Hammond at the Presbytery, and that the next Sunday he was to sing the High Mass, and wasn't Mrs. Henn a proud woman, she added.

"She was freshening up her Sunday bonnet for her, she said, and she showed me a widow's bonnet that must have seen many years' service. She was feared of shaming Johnnie, Mrs. Birly added, as if Johnnie Henn was the sort to be shamed of his mother! It was on a *drawn* bonnet Mrs. Henn's heart was set, Mrs. Birly went on, but *silk* cost a lot, and with the ribbons ironed out the old one wouldn't look so bad.

"What was a drawn bonnet, I asked, and when Mary Birly had described it, I made up my mind (I was handy with my needle in my young days, my mother had taken care of that), that, with Gillepsie, our maid's help, I could make one. I didn't say a word to Mary Birly, but left her sponging the ribbons that were green with age, and ran away home as fast as I could, to coax a bit of black silk

from my mother, and set to work. *My heart, somehow, was set on Mrs. Henn having that drawn bonnet.*

"My mother was, in her own way, quite as interested as I was, and was even able to show me how to run in the cord that was to *draw* the silk up here and there, at regular distances (I remember still how fidgety the work was!), and when the 'drawing' was finished and the silk laid on the shape Gillespie had made for me, with its little widow's cap inside, and a pair of bran new satin strings, it was not. I assure you, a bonnet to be despised.

"The next difficulty was, how to give it to Mrs. Henn, but I need not have been afraid, she was too good and pious a woman not to be humble. She took the gift as it was meant, and, so gratefully, I was ashamed.

"On the Sunday afternoon on my way to church, I met Father Henn himself -- not a bit changed, I was going to say, but I mean I should have known him anywhere, it was the same bright, innocent face, only, added to it, the simple dignity of the *Priest*.

"While I was hesitating whether to speak to him or not, he came up to me quite eagerly. 'Miss Lavinia,' he said, 'you must let me thank you for what you have done for my mother, though, perhaps,' and here he smiled, 'you scarcely know what you have done.' He meant, of course, as I know now, that, as a Protestant, I could not understand what the desire to honor a *Priest* was, and that there was *that* far above the mother's feelings, or pride, in her son.

"Well, after this meeting, I had often a little chat with Father Henn; he was delicate, and his Superiors had given him a holiday for a month or two, and, one day, I took heart of grace and asked him a few questions, and he answered so simply, and so *as a matter of course* that I should care to know, that other questions followed, and then—you can guess the rest." Miss Lavinia laid down her stocking, the tears were in her eyes: "*God was good to me, and Father Henn received me into the Church before his holiday was over. It was all the 'drawn' silk bonnet; that's what*

I told our own priest, Father Hammond." Miss Lavinia looked up with a smile, but indeed, it would have been difficult to say whether she was laughing or crying, as she wiped her eyes.

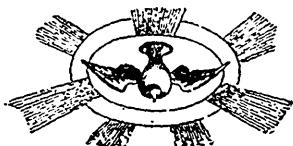
"Thank you, Miss Lavinia," a voice said, that made us all jump. Father Dawkes had come in, unseen by any one but Miss Pitt, and was standing behind Miss Lavinia's chair. He stood, considering a moment, before he spoke again. "I meant to say a few words," he said, "but Miss Lavinia has said them for me." Then he turned to Mary Murphy and asked her: "Mary, what is God?"

Mary's answer came like lightning. "God is the Supreme Spirit, Who exists of Himself, and is infinite in all perfections."

The Father looked next at Fanny Hornby: "Charity, sir," Fanny said, and stood up. (Fanny is as wise-like and thoughtful a girl as you could see.)

"Charity," the Father repeated, "God is *Charity*, and take my word for it, there is no surer way to His Heart than the exercise of His own peculiar attribute, even," he smiled down at Miss Lavinia, "as some of us know, in the making of a 'drawn' bonnet!"

Then he blessed us and went away, and I think we all felt, as we look up our seam again, that it was an honor to be sewing — our rags. — *Frances Maitland, in the English Messenger.*





OUR THANKSGIVING.

How shall we thank Thee, Lord,
For all Thy love, for all Thy tenderness ?
Our hearts made free from stain of sin,
And purified from every vain conceit,
Shall throb with ardent love for Thee,
And beat with Thine in perfect unison.
Our tongues shall sing Thy praise,
Our lips be parted oft to murmur Thy sweet name ;
Our eyes betimes shall gaze
Upon that blest and holy Rood
Whereon our dearest Love hangs crucified ;
And these same eyes shall oft be filled
With tears of sympathy and penitence.
Our ears be ever open to the wail
Of poor humanity. Our hands,
Oft clasped in prayer, shall be outstretched
To minister to human want and misery,
And they shall pour into the broken hearts and lives of men
The oil and wine of purest, rarest charity !
Our feet shall move only to Thy will,
And swift or slow, as Thou shalt so decree,
Stand ready to obey.
Ourselves, our all, we consecrate to Thee.
Thus, in some measure, as we try to prove
Our deep, unspoken gratitude,
We shall best thank Thee, Lord,
For all Thy love, for all Thy tenderness.

—Annie L. Fall, in *S. H. Review*.



WHAT MAKES HOME HAPPY ?

WELL, what does make home happy? The real ingredients are several and varied. "First, perhaps, one places good temper. Nothing so makes the wheels of the household run smoothly as the possession of this. A good-tempered, cheerful person, with a ready smile, a bright look, and a little joke, as occasion requires, can 'make a little sunshine in a shaded place.'" If it is true that "your merry heart goes all the day, your sad heart tires in a mile-a!" it is equally true that the merry heart makes others go on with it, insensible of fatigue, while the ill-tempered or the melancholy double the hardness of life to every one with whom they come in contact, and take all the pleasure out of living.

Unselfishness makes home happy. It is not the spirit of self-seeking, or of wanting all the best for oneself, that makes a household the envy of those about it. Where everyone is for himself or herself there is a continual bitterness and a friction, however little apparent on the surface, which sends everything out of joint.

It is in the household where everyone strives who shall give up for the sake of the rest, that there is peace and contentment. Such a home is really one in the true sense of the word—that family life which has been the ideal life of all the ages, and which so many people heedlessly fling aside as if it were devoid of value.

It is rather an odd thing that the real happiness of home lies in the hands of the women of the household, and not in those of the men.

"Men," it has often truly been said, "can bear a home, but they cannot make it." In how many cases where man tries his utmost to make home what it should be are not his efforts frustrated by the woman who bears his name? But however bad may be the husband, and sons, and brothers, a woman who really makes it her aim can keep home home, and a man can only stand by marvelling how she does it.

A woman is the real home-maker. Then how great is her blame if she mars instead of making! If she throws aside that highest duty and privilege of womanhood, and lets the reins slip out of her hands :

if she is wasteful, and careless, and peevish, and selfish, who can take her place, and set her kingdom right !

Where there is a bad husband home *may* be unhappy ; where the wife is bad, " must " takes the place of " may."

It is not only the mother, the head of home, who can make it all that a home ought to be ; the daughters can do their part to a wonderful degree. A good daughter and a good sister can turn a flood of happiness into the home, and not only turn it in, but keep it there.

That man is wise who, in taking a wife, takes one from a happy home. Not only will the influence of it stay with her all her life, and make her long to make her new home as happy, but it is pretty sure that some of the happiness has been produced by her ; and it is the good sister and the good daughter who makes the good wife, if men did but know it.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BROTHERS.

IF it be delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world, how delightful must be the friendship of those who accompany us through this long period, with closer union than any casual friend, can go still further back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes ; who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or hatred ; who have honored with us those to whom we have paid every filial honor in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our hearts.

Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers considered even as friendship only ; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard ? Every dissension of man excites in us a painful feeling. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under the same stone.



THE MISERICORDIA IN TUSCANY.

WHEN the "Romance of Outdoor Relief" comes to be written, it will owe some of its most touching, most picturesque chapters to the Misericordia, a brotherhood peculiar to Tuscany, seen at its best in Florence, though also admirably in evidence at Sienna, Pisa, Leghorn and Lucca, and not unworthily represented in the minor provincial towns, inland and maritime. Ecclesiastical in origin, it was founded in 1244 by Pietro di Luca Borsi, and its "personnel" is drawn from every social rank, all and individually bound to serve whenever summoned, without fee or reward. The Grand Duke himself, when presiding at a state banquet in the Pitti Palace, has had to rise and leave his guests when his turn came, and to bear a hand with tradesmen, nobles, mechanics, professional men, with the company, in fact, promiscuously improvised to transport to the hospital some victim of an accident or to carry a patient from the sick bed to the suburban lodging indicated by the physician.

The service is not one of "unskilled labor." The members of the brotherhood have all been previously trained to lift the sufferer from the street, to turn the patient in bed, and put him on the "bara," or stretcher, with the minimum of pain or of risk to compromised limbs or organs, and thereafter to bear him through the thoroughfares to his destination with the least possible vibration, friction or disturbance.

As often happens, the particular company told off on sudden duty is composed of men as various in attitude as they are in social position. So that in carrying the "bara"

shoulder high they employ for the first part of the journey those of them who are as nearly as possible of the same height, and when these are tired they lower their burden to the less tall without interruption of movement or alteration of pace, and so continue the shifting process until the sufferer is at his journey's end and laid down in bed with scarcely the consciousness of having been transported at all.

Few sights or sounds are more impressive in the Florence of to-day than the "measured march" of the Misericordia through its crowded streets, as, robed in black gowns and hooded in black cowls, with openings for the eyes, the brotherhood wends its way with its burden, the bystander lifting his hat sympathetically, the traffic reverently falling aside, and the street noises subdued to a momentary hush in the presence of "the still, sad music of humanity." Queen Victoria, it is well known, took profound interest in the Misericordia during her successive sojourns in Florence, and one of its highest office-bearers, the late Cavaliere Cesare Barsi, was deputed by the Arci-Confraternita to visit the Villa Palmieri, there to set forth to Her Majesty its origin and constitution, the nature of its service, the resources at its command, and the more striking incidents in its experience.

The brotherhood is peculiar in Tuscany, though other places have their equivalents, each in its own way rendering similar service; few, if any, of them, however, being able to point to the same authority of origin, to the same large resources, or to the same admirable discipline and organization. — *The Lancet*.



HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

WOMEN who have some sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public-houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor—they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discovered does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it that their homes compete with the public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends upon you. Believe, if possible, that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Catholic Fireside.*

TREASURY, SEPTEMBER, 1899

Acts of charity.....	45,959	Pious reading	16,137
Acts of mortification.....	102,704	Masses celebrated	234
Beads	58,226	Masses heard	38,655
Stations of the Cross.....	15,429	Works of zeal.....	30,941
Holy Communions.....	13,049	Various good works.....	131,504
Spiritual Communions..	85,074	Prayers	202,109
Exams of conscience	21,310	Sufferings or afflictions...	26,904
Hours of silence	75,632	Self conquests.....	44,718
Charitable conversations.	53,004	Visits to Bl. Sacrament...	61,960
Hours of labour	101,045		
Holy Hours	8,322	Total.....	1,135,966



CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—The mother of a large family having a quantity of useless furniture in her possession, and wishing to dispose of it, had recourse to the Sacred Heart. At the same time she promised that in thanksgiving for the grace, a few words of gratitude would be published in the MESSENGER. Almost immediately a purchaser presented himself, and the grateful supplicant repeats that those who pray with confidence to the Sacred Heart of JESUS, may be assured that their request will be granted.

AN ASSOCIATE.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—I would like to return thanks publicly in the MESSENGER for a number of spiritual and temporal favors obtained after praying to the Sacred Heart of JESUS, and in some cases, asking the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. I promised to have one of these favors published, but I have received so many graces from the Sacred Heart that I think perhaps my experience might help the faith of others.

Sincerely yours,

A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—Where may the Crozier Beads be procured here in Canada? What indulgences are attached to them? A. H. F.

We are called on so frequently to answer these two questions by letter, that we should like, once for all, to inform correspondents that the Crozier Beads may be had through Mrs. C. Poitou, 467 St. Urbain Street, Montreal, provided names and money accompany orders. The prices are 5c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., and 50c. a pair. Orders are sent to Europe four times a year, and application to the lady mentioned above should be made before the fifteenth of January, April, July and October. 2° The indulgences ordinarily attached to these Beads are the Apostolic, Brigittine, Rosary, and Crozier, the last-named being 500 days for each *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*. [ED. C. M.]



LEAGUE NOTES.

THE Secretaries have been very faithful in collecting and sending in the intentions, etc., during the holidays. These little efforts of zeal will not go unrewarded by the Sacred Heart.

* * *

It is with satisfaction that we note in recent correspondence with Centres that many of our promoters have been active in looking after the interests of the Apostleship, even while away on vacations.

* * *

A promoter who saw the League at work in Montreal tried for fifteen years to get it into his native parish in Nova Scotia. He has succeeded at last; and the zealous pastor, now local director, wrote him a few days ago: "Now that I have the Apostleship of Prayer well under way, I think it but fair to write you, whose generous assistance was so very useful in inaugurating it. We have already a membership of over two hundred and fifty, nearly all of whom belong to the second degree, and their zeal in the work is exemplified by the fact that there were one hundred and twenty-four to Communion on the first Friday in September and nearly a hundred on the Sunday following."

* * *

Thanks to the efforts of another Montreal promoter, a new Centre has just been established in a Massachusetts town, where the promoter spent the summer.

* * *

But this is only the beginning of the work. The Handbook very truly says that establishment is not organization. It is not sufficient to persuade a pastor to write for a Diploma of Affiliation and distribute tickets of admission to the parishioners. A recruiting officer cannot claim that his work is done when he has succeeded in raising an army. Before the soldiers are of any use to their country they must be divided into companies, and drilled; they must get familiar with military discipline.

* * *

So it is with the Apostleship of Prayer. Before this organization begins to bear fruit in a parish the members must be officered, divided into circles, and given in charge of competent promoters, who will look after their spiritual interests.

E. J. D.



IN MEMORIAM.

ALEXANDRIA, ONT.

Mrs. Jas. Murphy, d. Aug. 4
Malcolm McDougall, d. Aug 7
John K. McDonald, d. Aug. 25

AMHERSTBURG, ONT.

Henry Cunningham, d. July 4
Michael Meehan, d. Aug. 11

ARNPRIOR, ONT.

Alex. McNevin, d. July 31
Mrs. Alice Brennan, d. Aug. 31

BARRIE, ONT.

James McBride, d. Aug. 6
Thos. Cunningham, d. Aug. 18

BATHURST, N. B.

Mrs. J. E. O'Brien, d. Aug. 14
Thos. Dempsey, d. Aug. 7

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Mrs. Wm. Kennedy, d. Aug 3
Wm. E. Gleason, d. Aug. 3
John Dempsey, d. Aug, 5

BUCKINGHAM.

Mrs. Michael Burke.
Mrs. Michael Smith.
Andrew Préseault.

CHATHAM, ONT.

Helen Wells, d. recently.

CORNWALL, ONT.

Mary M. McGillis, d. Aug. 1
Mary Lowry, d. Aug. 1
Albert Cranford, d. Aug. 12
David Fraser, d. Aug. 9
Mathilda Ogden, d. in July

DARTMOUTH, N. S.

Wm. H. Greene, d. Sept. 4 '98

DAWSON, ONT.

Thos. Herbert, d. recently.
Michael Ryan, d. recently.

DRAYTON, ONT.

Mary Conor, d. in July.

DUNDAS, ONT.

Andrew Higgins, d. in July
Elizabeth Lantz, d. in Aug.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Miss Mary Campbell, d. July 22
David McGahey, d. July 27

GLASSBURN, N. S.

Mrs. Isabella Davis, d. Aug. 10
GLEN ROBERTSON, ONT.

Mrs. A. C. McDonald, Mar. 16

HALIFAX, N. S.

Rev. D. S. Forbes, d. July 29

HASTINGS, ONT.

Miss Mary Barry, d. Aug. 27
Jos. Guay.

KINGSTON, ONT.

Maria Morgan, d. Aug. 16
Thos. Ronan, d. Aug. 13
Mary Mahoney, d. July 21

LAKEVILLE.

Bridget Pierce, d. July 30-

LANCASTER, ONT.

Paul Whyte, d. July 24

LONDON, ONT.

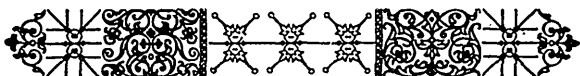
Margaret Curry, d. Aug. 6

LONDON.

Daniel O'Donnell, d. Aug. 19
Mrs. Robertson, d. July 20

- MAIDSTONE, ONT.—(Continued) James Donahue, d. June 7
 Jas. Costigan, d. Aug. 11 Michael Brophy, d. July 16
 MONTREAL, QUE. Daniel Morris, d. May 21
 Mrs. Hy. Kavanagh, d. Aug. 27 Annie Cunningham, d. July 21
 Mrs. Thos Quinn, d. Sept. 4 Miss Bridget Conlan, d. July 2
 Sister Margt. Brault, d. Aug. 20 Maggie McMulkin, d. June 30
 Mrs. Jas. Phelan, d. June 26 ST. PETER'S BAY, P. E. I.
 NIAGARA FALLS. Sylvester Walsh, d. May 22
 Michael Flynn, d. Aug. 26 Mrs. David Larkin, d. July 30
 OTTAWA, ONT. THEODORE, ONT.
 M. O'Gara, d. June 25 Emma Frey, d. June 2
 Chr. E. Fitzsimmons, d. July 24 TORONTO, ONT.
 Denis O'Connor, d. June 29 Mrs. E. Howorth, in March.
 PARIS, ONT. Mrs. John Foley, d. in April.
 Joseph Bruskey, d. Aug. 24 Eugene O'Keefe, d. July 20
 Daniel Curtain, d. Aug. 21 Mrs. Eug. O'Keefe, d. Aug. 16
 PRIEST'S POND. Lizzie Hartford, d. May 20
 Mrs. John McAuley, d. June 18 Allan McDonell, d. in Aug.
 QUEBEC. TRENTON, ONT.
 Jas. Cosgrove, d. May 11 Baptiste Allard, d. Aug. 29
 Veronica Ryan, d. June 9 WALKERVILLE, ONT.
 ROCKLAND, MASS. Mrs. Thos. Kelly, d. Aug. 24
 Mary Whalen, d. Aug. 9 WARREN, ONT.
 ST. ANDREWS WEST. Abraham Paquette, d. Aug. 4
 Catherine Quinn, d. July 27 WINNIPEG, MAN.
 Mrs. John Laundria, d. Aug. 24 Ellen Cass, d. in May.
 ST. JOHN, N. B. PLACES NOT GIVEN.
 James Devine, d. Nov. 20 Mrs. Denis Buckley, d. June 21
 Edmund O. Quinn, d. June 14 Mrs. Ann Dugan, d. July 31
 Michael Kavanagh, d. July 17 May Marks, d. Aug. 6.





ITEMS OF INTEREST.

HIS GRACE the Archbishop of Ottawa celebrates this month his silver jubilee of episcopal consecration.

DON F. IZQUIERDO MARTI, president of Venezuela, has recently consecrated that Republic to the Blessed Sacrament.

THE SHRINE of Ste. Anne at Beaupré continues to be the scene of some wonderful cures. The *Annals* report already twenty cases this season.

LETTERS from our various Canadian Centres mention the continually increasing numbers of the faithful who go to Communion on First Fridays and League Sundays. Truly, the ages of fervor are returning.

MR. STEWART COATS, of the "Coats's of Paisley," Scotland, the millionaire thread manufacturer, has recently been received into the Catholic Church by Father Sydney Smith, S.J. He was since confirmed by Bishop Turner at Ayr.—*Catholic Times*.

DURING the recent Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes, Doctor Boisserie, a physician, resident at the shrine, stated that at least sixty out of every hundred cures effected at Lourdes took place at the passing of or otherwise in connection with the Blessed Sacrament.

THE *Catholic Record* gives an extremely consoling account of the triduum in honour of the Sacred Heart recently held in London, and of the fervent way in which it was carried out. "The scene in the cathedral," says the *Record*, "must have gladdened the heart of Bishop McEvay and caused him to rejoice that unto his keeping is given such a section of God's Church."

THE Holy Father has requested the Prefect of Propaganda Fide, Cardinal Ledochowski, to submit to him a complete list of all Catholic missions abroad, adding a short account of the progress and work of each, and making a special note of those in need of financial aid and support. Leon XIII's fatherly interest in the missions is well known, and the object of the steps which he has just taken is to encourage, by every means in his power, the work of evangelization, especially in the Far East, where the number of missionaries is by no means adequate to cope with the ever-growing number of converts to the true faith.—*Catholic Times*.

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites in a brief to all the bishops in the world, dated July 21, 1899, transmits to them the felicitations and thanks of the Holy Father for the favorable reception given to his last encyclical on the consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart, and for the loyal eagerness and fervor with which the solemn act was accomplished by Catholics. The brief urges the bishops to continue what has been so well begun, in maintaining and developing among the faithful of all nations the salutary devotion to the Sacred Heart. Without prescribing any means in particular, Leo XIII. recommends especially the practice of doing public homage to the Sacred Heart during the month of June and on every First Friday; the formation of confraternities of the Sacred Heart, into which young men, chiefly students and members of societies already existing, are invited to enter.

WE READ in the *Catholic Times* that in the last congress of the Catholics in Germany, one of the speakers, stated that it had been proven, from authentic statistical sources, that there are 320,000,000 Catholics in the world. The same number is given in several German Centre papers on the authority of a German Protestant clergyman, M. Steeg, of Berlin. The speaker above named also stated in one of the assemblies of the Katholikentag in Dortmund that the 320,000,000 Catholics outnumbered all the other Christian churches and denominations together, viz., the Oriental churches and (according to the *London Times*) the seven hundred and thirty-two different sects of Protestantism. The Catholic Church, then, comprises most of all the Christians in the world, and proves herself to be *the* Church, not only by her unity and universality, but also by her greatness in the number of her children.

AT a recent meeting of the Young Men's Societies in Liverpool, Father Brophy, in his able paper on Catholic Seamen, pays the following tribute to the work done by Catholics in the port of Montreal: 'We have just received the third report of its Catholic Sailors' Club, and from this we learn that the institution is doing splendid work. There is a fine concert-hall, a room for games, and the committee have even secured a lot for the interment of seamen in the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. As many as 19,112 men visited the club, 539 received relief, and the appreciation of the committee's labour has been so genuine that they have taken in hand the erection of a permanent building for the seamen. We trust that the Catholics of Liverpool and Bootle will strive to rival the zeal of their Montreal co-religionists for the welfare of a class of men who are exposed to great hardships and temptations. Many who have not money to contribute can give what is not less valuable—personal service.'

THANKSGIVINGS

- ADMASTON, ONT. — For two spiritual favors and one temporal.
- ALEXANDRIA. — For four temporal and several spiritual favors.
- ALMONTE, ONT. — For several favors received.
- AMHERSTBURG. — For three favors, one of which was a signal one.
- ANTIGONISH, N. S. — For success in an examination and other favors. For several temporal favors.
- ARNPRIOR, ONT. — For a temporal and spiritual favor.
- BERLIN, ONT. — For two temporal favors.
- BATHURST, N. B. — For many favors through the S. H.
- BRANTFORD, ONT. — For two special favors.
- BROCKVILLE, ONT. — For twelve favors, after prayers and various promises.
- CANSO, N. S. — For the recovery of a sum of money, after prayers and promise of bread to the poor.
- CHATHAM, ONT. — For the success of an operation.
- CORNWALL, ONT. — For finding a rosary and purse containing money. For ten favors obtained through prayer.
- DUNDAS, ONT. — For success in an examination and for the recovery of a sister.
- EGANVILLE, ONT. — For success in an examination.
- FREDERICTON, N. B. — For twenty various favors. For thirteen spiritual favors.
- FREELTON CENTRE. — For three temporal and three spiritual favors.
- FOREST. — For three spiritual and one temporal favors.
- FOREST MILLS, ONT. — For having obtained work. For two cures after promise to publish. For several other temporal favors.
- GLEN ROBERTSON, ONT. — For fourteen temporal favors and three spiritual ones.
- GODERICH, ONT. — For recovery to health through intercession of St. Anthony, after promise to publish and to buy bread for his poor.
- GUYSBORO, N. S. — For a favor.
- HALIFAX, N. S. — For three temporal favors.
- HASTINGS, ONT. — For several favors.
- INGERSOLL. — For a great spiritual favor and three temporal ones.
- KEARNEY, ONT. — For several special favors.
- KINGSTON, ONT. — For five temporal favors.
- LA SALETTE, ONT. — For success in three examinations.
- LONDON, ONT. — For a special favor, after a novena to the Sacred Heart. For eight temporal favors.

MAIDSTONE, ONT. — For three favors.

MARYSVILLE, ONT. — For five temporal favors.

MEDONTE, ONT. — For favors received.

MONCTON, N. B. — For the recovery of a sick person and for nine other favors.

MONTREAL. — For a temporal favor, after prayers to St. Patrick and St. Anthony. — For two great favors, through the intercession of the Holy Souls and St. Roch.

ORILLIA, ONT. — For success in examinations and other temporal favors.

OTTAWA. — Grateful thanks returned to the S. H. for two favors, with promise to publish.

PARIS, ONT. — For four temporal favors and one spiritual.

PENETANGUISHENE. — For four favors obtained, after prayers and promise to publish.

PETERBORO, ONT. — For two temporal favors. For a temporal favor.

PHELPSTON, ONT. — For a great spiritual favor.

PRESTON. — For a great success in an undertaking. For th. special favors.

QUEBEC, Q. — For seven temporal favors and for special spiritual favors.

SAULT ST. MARIE, ONT. — For a cure obtained through novenas.

SMITH'S FALLS, ONT. — For two temporal favors.

SUDBURY. — For a temporal favor, after promise to publish.

SWANTON, VT. — For a favor received through the intercession of St. Expeditus. For a cure obtained on the feast of the S. H. For the success of an operation. For three other favors.

ST. ANDREWS WEST. — For five temporal favors.

ST. AUGUSTINE. — For two favors, through S. H. and promise to publish.

ST. JOHN, N. B. — For fifteen various favors.

ST. SYLVESTER, P. Q. — For two favors.

ST. THOMAS, ONT. — For four temporal favors, one special.

THEOLD, ONT. — For eight temporal favors, and one spiritual.

TILBURY, ONT. — For the success of three in an examination, after promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

TOTTENHAM, ONT. — For several favors temporal and spiritual.

VERNON RIVER, P. E. I. — For a temporal favor.

WALLACEBURG, ONT. — For three temporal favors.

URGENT REQUESTS for prayers have reached us from Admaston, Antigonish, Caledonia, Cobourg, Penetanguishene, Phelpsston, Wallaceburg, Hastings, New Glasgow, Detroit, Perth, Ottawa, St. Marks, Harbor Bonche, New Westminster, Lindsay and London.

INTENTIONS FOR OCTOBER

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

GENERAL INTENTION BLESSED BY THE POPE :

The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

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| <p>1.-S - <i>Most Holy Rosary</i>, r†. Frequent Prayers. 4,322 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2-M. - HOLI GUARDIAN ANGELS. Devotion to Angels. 2,747 In affliction.</p> <p>3.-Tu. - St. Gerard, Ab. Guard of tongue. 16,358 Departed.</p> <p>4-W. - St. Francis of Assisi, C. pf Love of God. 5,281 Special.</p> <p>5-Th. - SS. Placidus and Comp., MM. hf. Pardon of injuries. 931 Communities.</p> <p>6-F - <i>1st Friday</i>. St. Bruno, C. af. cf. gf. Recollection. League Members.</p> <p>7-S. - St. Mark, P. Tidiness. 5,356 Employment.</p> <p>8-S. - MATERNITY B. V. M. af. hf. cf. r†. Spiritual Communion. 2,397 Priests.</p> <p>9-M. - SS. Denis and Comp., MM. Self-restraint 5,763 Children</p> <p>10.-Tu - St. Francis Borgia, C. r†. Detachment. 3,409 Families</p> <p>11-W. - St. Germanus, Bp. Quiet of mind. 2,277 Gr. of perseverance.</p> <p>12-Th - Bl. Camillus and Comp., MM. hf. Love of labor. 2,576 Gr of union.</p> <p>13-F. - St. Edward, C. Good example. 3,715 Spiritual Favours.</p> <p>14-S. - St. Calistus I, P. M. Respect for authority. 3,341 Temporal Favours.</p> <p>15-S. - PURITY B. V. M. pf. Visits to Bl. Sacrament. 3,175 Conversions to Faith.</p> | <p>16-M. - St. Colman, Bp. Piety. 2,833 First Communions.</p> <p>17-Tu. - St. Hedwidge, W. Reparation. 3,231 Young men and women.</p> <p>18-W. - St. Luke, Evang. Visiting the sick. 872 Schools.</p> <p>19-Th - St. Peter of Alcantara, C. hf. Penance. 2,752 Sick.</p> <p>20-F. - St. John Cantius, C. Energy. 560 In retreat.</p> <p>21-S. - SS. Ursula and Comp., VV. MM. Dread of sin. 931 Works, Societies.</p> <p>22-S - Patronage B. V. M. mf. hf. Adoring the altar. 1,507 Parishes.</p> <p>23-M. - THE MT. HOLY REDEEMER. Gratitude. 5,074 Sinners.</p> <p>24-Tu. - Bl. Raphael, Archangel. Sociability. 2,614 Parents.</p> <p>25-W - Bl. Margaret Mary, V. Resignation. 3,339 Religious.</p> <p>26-Th. - The Holy Relics. hf. Fortitude. 1,635 Novices.</p> <p>27-F - St. Elesbaan, C. Good Will. 1,612 Superiors.</p> <p>28-S - SS. SIMON AND JUDE, Ap. d†. mf. Faith. 2,687 Vocations.</p> <p>29-S - St. Narcissus, Bp. Frankness. League Promoters.</p> <p>30-M. - St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C. Humility. 15,281 Various.</p> <p>31-Tu. - <i>Fast day</i>. St. Wifgang, Bp. Prudence. League Directors.</p> |
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When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.

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

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