



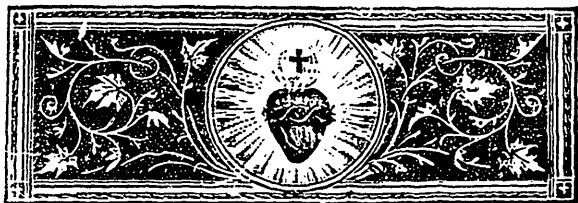
THE COLUMBIAN CENTENARY.

EUROPE and America have joined hands to prepare a centenary celebration worthy of the man whose genius and daring have discovered a new world and opened it to civilized habitation and enterprise. Industry and skill, science and literature, the press and the fine arts, are vying with one another to do him honor and extol his praise. Throughout America especially, the absorbing interest is the Columbian Centenary. Lives and biographies of the hero are announced. A World's Fair has been inaugurated on a gigantic scale, to lay before the eyes of nations the outcome of the mighty resources which his bold enterprise has placed at the disposal of the fertile genius of man.

And yet Christopher Columbus was a hero saint. His real life, that which gave inspiration to his lofty genius, which lent it a motive, and undaunted courage and perseverance in the execution, was his religious and devotional life. "Inflamed with zeal," says Pius IX (Brief 1863) for the Catholic religion, Christopher Columbus conceived the project of a most daring voyage in discovery of a new world, not to add new realms to the Spanish dominion, but to bring new peoples under the empire of

Christ and of His Church." What an incomplete, if not unworthy, celebration it should be which left his religious life in the background? How unworthy of the hero and unworthy of Catholic America!

Catholic America, North and South, is awakened to its duty. Its press is issuing histories, biographical articles and notices. Committees are being formed to promote the religious celebration. The League of the Sacred Heart, Apostleship of Prayer, in America has a duty peculiarly its own, in honoring one who was a man of prayer, an apostle, and an ardent friend of his Saviour, zeal for whose interests was the ruling passion of his life and the soul of his enterprise. Ours is the task and the privilege to study and bring before the world the saintly and apostolic side of the hero's character. Last year we strove to honor the centenary of St. Aloysius by directing the attention, in a more special manner of youth, to the pattern of his virtues. Let the men take to themselves the honor of the centenary of Columbus. He was a husband and father as well as a Christian hero and genius. By the study of his life the Catholic man will learn that there is no duty or occupation but can go hand in hand with the highest sanctity. Nine hundred bishops have petitioned the Holy See to place his name on the roll for canonization. Let us join our fervent prayers to their petition. What a glory for Catholic America to see her discoverer crowned with the double aureola of genius and sanctity!



RESPECT FOR ALL WHO ARE IN AUTHORITY.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY.

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

REVERENCE for the majesty of God is our first and most essential duty. Even in the creation as before a shrine we ought to adore the sovereign greatness which preserves, governs and fills all things. Among creatures themselves some stand out for our peculiar regard and veneration as radiant in a more resplendent manner with the supreme majesty. Such are all who in any way represent the divine authority.

In strict truth, as we are taught by faith and reason, there can be no lawful authority but what is divine. The Apostle takes care to inculcate that there is no authority except from God. It is the attraction of gravitation, centered chiefly in the suns, which keeps the heavenly bodies in the orbits marked out for them, and produces the beautiful harmony which reigns in the spheres. Likewise in the moral world of men's actions and relations it is the influence of authority, communicated by God to those who represent His greatness and majesty, which keeps each in his place, establishes order and peace, and governs all things gently but powerfully to the fulfillment of their destiny.

In the several societies founded by God amongst men, there is a centre of authority whence power and movement radiate to every member. In the Church, which is the embodiment of his supernatural truth, grace and power, the Roman Pontiff is the fountain of light and unity by which all are led onward to holiness of life and eternal happiness. In the commonwealth it is the civil authority, whether vested in king, assembly, people or all together, exercised according to legitimate forms, which preserves peace and secures prosperity. The parent holds the place of God, and wields his power in the family to train up the children to be worthy members of church and country, useful citizens of earth and of heaven. In the labor world, owner and employer hire, direct and recompense the wage earner for their mutual benefit.

Now, the modern spirit of naturalism has carried a revolutionary war into these different societies or spheres of moral action. It has sought to overthrow them and introduce chaos by attacking in each the centre of authority—as it were the heart. The higher the sphere, the more beautiful the order, the more august the authority, the fiercer and more unrelenting has been the onset, thereby showing that it is hate of the Divine Majesty which animates it. It is but a modern type of the old spirit caught from him who began the work of destruction by envying the Most High, and saying “I will not serve.”

Naturalism has faith only in Nature, and pretends to obey only Nature's Law. It scorns the conception of a personal Majesty exalted infinitely above nature, whose sovereign will has called it from nothingness and framed for it laws which He can set aside at pleasure. Much less will it accept the belief that this Sovereign Majesty can stoop down from His throne, speak to His rational creatures, and exact their assent and obedience. But what lashes this spirit into a frenzy of rage is the doctrine that

the infinite Splendor of Glory became personally incarnate in our nature, to infuse into it a supernatural life, and that He founded a Church, a world-wide society in which He enshrined His glory, appointed channels of His grace and ordained instruments of His power to reach the farthest limits of time and space. The admission of such dogmas it would consider a profession of its own insufficiency and a sort of self-annihilation.

Hence the fury of its hate and that of the dark sects which breathe its spirit, against the Church—especially the Roman Pontiff, her rock and pillar.—and the episcopate and priesthood, who render her teaching and life visible to the eyes of the world. Not only so, but those representatives of civil authority, who profess to hold their power from God and enforce their laws by a divine sanction, are everywhere the objects of attack. Naturalism will hear of no other government than that emanating from the will of the people, which invests its laws with a binding power and sanction that rest ultimately with the people. The State in consequence is the great and only educator as the highest expression of nature's law. The ideal home and most perfect domestic regime is that wherein parents follow the will of the children whilst striving to direct and moderate it. Precepts and punishments do violence to nature, check its development and stunt growth of character. Likewise it is the multitude of laborers which ought to fix the conditions of contract, the wages, and act as sovereign arbiter in all disputes between employer and employed.

To cope successfully with such a foe, we must meet him on his own ground and turn his tactics against him. We must oppose love to hate, respect to contempt, obedience to revolt. Now-a-days all Catholics worthy of the name should rally around the Sovereign Pontiff by a love and

loyalty reaching unto the self-sacrifice of devotion. The episcopate and priesthood they ought to regard with special veneration and zeal. Civil magistrates and legislators in the sphere of their official functions ought to command their respect and support. Children especially should be reared in sentiments of profound reverence for parental authority, which is the only safe prop of the home and sure guarantee of virtue and happiness. The solid and lucid principles lately set forth by Leo XIII, in a method and style that have evoked the admiration of the world, ought not to remain a dead letter, but should be propagated and applied.

By thus restoring to their proper place, in all orders of society, the different forms of respect due to authority, we shall bring about and secure the reign of that peace which the Heart of an Incarnate God brought down from heaven to all men of goodwill.

PRAYER.

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

I offer them in particular that men may honor Thee in all who are clothed with Thy authority, that, respecting the order which Thou hast established, they may enjoy true peace and prosperity. Amen.

MY WISH.

A NEW moon! See a crescent! hung low in the dark-
ening sky.

Look to the right, and wish now. I look, and think, and
sigh,

So many wishes struggling for words to set them free,
Oh! silver hook, they'd bear thee down if I hung their
weight on thee.

I *wish*—from the tangled meshes of visions that arise
The fervid aspirations that tried to reach the skies,
The eager dream of doing—the dream of the undone,
From all my heart's desires, I would unravel one.

Hopes with rainbow radiance from my soul upspringing
Dazzle but confuse me, and the syren singing
Of pleasure's voice enthralls me, it fills the soft sweet air.
But through the magic music I breathe a little prayer.
My Angel Guardian, waiting to hear this wish of mine,
Is casting o'er earth's glamor a ray of the divine.
Oh throbbing heart, what will you, since heaven over-
floweth
Mid blessings choose your blessing. I *wish*—God only
knoweth!

The unknown future loometh as dim as yonder star
That flickers near the white arc, uncertain and afar.
But o'er my head uphanging one little patch of blue
Makes the fair day He gives me, and tender calm shines
through.

I *wish*—oh! human yearnings, He knows all you mean,
And human words are needless if on His love you lean.
I wish—dear Heart of Jesus, be fortune good or ill,
I trust Thee all my wishes—I wish Thy Holy Will.

BELLELLE GUERIN.

FRIENDSHIP WITH OUR LORD.**FIRST ADVANTAGE OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.****II.**

“**S**INCE our last interview, Father, I have some faint idea of the height to which we are raised by sanctifying grace and of the nobility of the friendship by which it unites us with the Saviour of men. But what special claim does membership in the League give us to this divine friendship that it should be considered the first general advantage?”

I trust, dear Associate, I can satisfy you on such an interesting question. You will undoubtedly grant that once friendship has been formed, it must be fostered and strengthened by mutual intercourse of kindness and benevolence, even by presents and gifts. Otherwise it will fail to grow and ripen into friendship's fruits. The Holy Ghost dwelling in the just soul by sanctifying grace, besides being the bond of charity, is a bountiful giver. He is the source of spiritual life and activity, imparting to the soul His lights, His aids, His inspirations and impulses, rousing its energies and awakening its powers into good desires and applying them in supernatural acts.

To revert to our former example of the iron in the fire, when struck or heated intensely it emits numberless sparks which come and go, and falling on dry or inflammable material, enkindle flames and conflagrations. Even so the soul in which the Holy Ghost dwells is ever receiving His actual graces coming and going incessantly, some never to return, others to come back again at short or rare intervals, others again to be multiplied indefinitely. They are so many presents bestowed by the Holy Giver sent into the heart by the Divine Friend, that

accepting them and working with them we may deserve to be lifted to higher and higher degrees of His friendship and glory. Even the sinner is not left destitute of the helps necessary to rise and recover the state of grace and friendship.

“True, but you have not met my question nor touched the answer. What does membership in the League contribute towards this heavenly friendship?”

Well, we are near it now. Patience for just a moment. You see, it is not the gifts of the Holy Ghost nor His actual graces that are wanting, but our free acceptance of them and willing co-operation with them. Now, it is precisely the effect of membership in the Holy League and the scope of its practices, to secure our willing and generous co-operation with the actual grace of the Holy Ghost, given to unite our hearts with the Heart of the Saviour.

Take, for instance, the Morning Offering of intentions, actions and sufferings. Is it not a return of friendship, the response of the soul to what the Vicar of Christ calls “a new and gracious pledge of the charity of Jesus Christ?” It places our life at His feet as an instrument to advance His interests and His glory. Fidelity to it brings and keeps us in touch with the Holy Ghost and under the life-long influence of His grace. As the pilot seeks every day his course afresh and rights his barque in the waves, so the Morning Offering places the helm of our life in the hand of the Divine Pilot; and whilst we leave it firmly in His grasp by constant fidelity, the voyage must prove safe and prosperous. Our days shall be filled with merits, and we shall make rapid progress in our Saviour’s friendship.

Or consider the Second Degree. There can be no sweeter or surer way to Jesus than by Mary; no stronger claim on the love of the Son than devotion to the Mother. Did not Mary introduce the shepherds to the Child, and did not the Sages find Him “with Mary His mother?” At her request did He not work His first mir-

acle at the marriage feast; and from the cross did He not commend the Disciple of His Sacred Heart to her special keeping? How can we honor the Mother without coming more and more worthy of the friendship of the Son? What is true of the Mother must be true of the Spouse and the Sovereign Pontiff, her visible head. We have to reflect but for a moment that the Roman Pontiff is the Vicar of Christ, the official representative of His work and interests in the world, to understand that every mark of devotion, were it only a decade of the beads, which we pay the Pope is an additional recommendation to the love and friendship of the Son of God.

Finally, what is the Third Degree but the return of friendship which He himself asked, the mark of sympathy He claimed from His friends, in order to make up for the coldness and ingratitude shown and the insults offered Him. Even apart from the intention, is it not the proper effect of Holy Communion to cement the union of sanctifying grace between the soul and the Son of God, not only by diminishing the inclination to slight faults and taking away the consent to grievous sin, but especially by nourishing it with a divine bread? Each communion of atonement therefore, besides being the pledge of everlasting life and the bread of immortality, is a fresh claim on the special love and friendship of the Saviour.

Add to this the fact of being enrolled in the League of the friends of Jesus under the banner of His Sacred Heart, of making open profession of His faith and of zeal for His interests! No wonder there should be ever going up from the ranks of the League a chorus of thanksgivings for special and marvellous graces received by its members. All that the various *Messengers* can note each month is but a few chance echoes reaching out from and beyond the full choir of praise ascending from grateful hearts to the Divine Benefactor. Doubt it not, dear Associate, that the Holy League confers upon us special claims to the friendship of Our Lord.

ST. BRIDGET, FEBRUARY 1st.

MANY a whole-souled associate, full of the spirit of the League, and faithful to its practices, will keep with special devotion the feast which falls on Feb. 1st, viz. that of the virgin St. Bridget, patroness of Ireland.

Bridget means *shining light*, and well was its meaning exemplified in the life of the saint.

From her very infancy God deigned to show his special designs on her, even by miracles. When a very young child, her nurse brought her to see a dead infant. She laid her tiny hand caressingly on the inanimate form, and instantly the baby was restored to life.

Her pious mother told her much of the mercy of Jesus and of the love and tenderness of Mary; and it was enough to tell her that any act was displeasing to them, she ever after avoided it. She often asked what she could do to please Jesus and His holy Mother, and was never so delighted as when she found out any new way of serving them.

Many interesting anecdotes are related of the holy virgin, from which we select the following:—

The king of Leinster presented the father of St. Bridget with a costly sword. Bridget went one day to visit sick neighbors, and finding they were in great want, gave them some of the jewels out of the hilt of her father's sword. The king, hearing this, was very angry. He came to the house of Dubtach—Bridget's father—and calling the child asked her how she dared deface a gift that he had bestowed upon her father. She answered that she had taken the jewels for a greater King than he, and that she would sell him and all his goods rather than see a poor person suffer. The king was so pleased that he presented

Dubtach with a more valuable sword, and told him for the future to let Bridget do as she pleased.

She was once staying with a pious family in which there was a deaf and dumb child. One day, all being absent but Bridget and this child, a poor person came to the door and asked for food. Bridget turned to the child and said: "My child, where does your mother keep her provisions?" "In the store room at the end of the passage," replied the child, and ran to show the place. When the family returned, what was their joy to find their afflicted child restored to speech and hearing!

Although Bridget's father wished her to embrace the married state, she determined to lead a life of consecration to God. She founded many convents in Ireland, trained many of the daughters of Erin in the religious life, and endeared herself much to them by her virtues. She was especially distinguished for her meekness, humility and sweetness of manner.

Hearing a sermon on the eight beatitudes, Bridget said to the nuns: "Let each of us select some beatitude, and make it a special virtue of her life." For herself she selected mercy, and practised it in an eminent degree.

While making her religious vows, Bridget knelt on the step of the altar, which immediately became a mass of verdure, and remained so evermore. Once the church was burnt to ashes, and the step remained untouched by the fire.

St. Bridget died on February 1, 525, at the age of 72. The Irish had such veneration for her that they said she was the woman who most resembled the Blessed Virgin. She is spoken of in their ancient documents as "another Mary," and the "Mary of the Irish."

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THROUGH DARKNESS LIGHT.

MRS. J. SADLIER.

Nestling in the shadow of a lofty hill, one of the grand Laurentian chain, sheltered from the Northern breeze by a grove of tall pines, stands a plain substantial dwelling, originally a farm-house, but recently converted into a somewhat handsome villa. It was pointed out to a small party of tourists one breezy day in mid-autumn some three years ago, as the home of Jasper Williams, a successful lawyer in the neighboring city. The name was not unknown to the travellers, who belonged to one of the sister provinces away westward.

"You remember, Hubert," said an elderly lady, the mother of the two young people, a son and daughter, who, with their father, a bluff, good-natured Englishman, made up the party. "You remember, this Jasper Williams married a daughter of old Baptiste Leduc, of L——. They say he has turned out a fearful bigot."

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," put in the city carter, whose attentive ear had caught the words. "Bigot is no name for him. Sure, he persecutes his poor wife, ay! and his daughters too, on account of religion, and makes their lives miserable. And a real lady Mrs. Williams is, and very good to the poor about here, everybody says. The young ladies are just like herself; but the father—you'll excuse me for sayin' it, ma'am, but he's the Old

Fellow all out. He hates Catholics as he hates poison, and the one son he has is nearly as bad. I'm thinking it's a hard life poor Mrs. Williams has between them anyhow."

"I had heard something of this before," said Mrs. Ransom to her husband. "Poor Leonore! I was at her wedding, and a very pretty bride she was, too! I should like so much to pay her a visit as we are so near her house." Her husband made no objection, so they drove up to the door.

Mrs. Williams and her daughters were at home, and the visitors were most cordially received. The husband and son were at their office in the city, and although nothing of the kind was said, it seemed matter of relief and satisfaction that they were absent. The travellers were easily prevailed upon to stay for lunch, and the meal was thoroughly enjoyed by all, as the elders were very old acquaintances, and the young people were soon perfectly at their ease with each other, and chatted away gaily on all manner of topics. Young Ransom was a graduate of one of our principal Catholic colleges and his sister a pupil of a convent-school in one of the Western cities. They were much pleased with Adèle and Lina Williams, who were bright and intelligent, although somewhat grave and quiet for girls of twenty and eighteen. It was easy to see they had little of the lightsome gaiety of their age, and displayed in all their words and actions a seriousness that was plainly foreign to their nature—especially in the case of Lina, the younger.

As for the mother, she looked wan and care-worn, with prematurely wrinkled brow, hair sprinkled with gray before its time and

"—faded eyes that long had wept,"

although they had evidently once been fine and the face passing fair to look on. All this Mrs. Ransom sadly

remembered. Indeed, Mrs. Jasper Williams was but the shadow of her former self, and a blight seemed to have fallen on her whole being.

As soon as the two elder ladies were alone together, Mrs. Ransom asked in a voice of deep emotion :—"In the name of God, Leonore, what has come over you since I saw you last? Excuse the freedom of an old acquaintance.—I might almost say friend,—but I really cannot help it. I should not have known you if I met you in the street."

"I can well believe you, Elizabeth, for at times I hardly know myself," was the faltering reply, and the oppressed heart suddenly found vent in tears. "My girls and myself are suffering a species of torture every day of our lives."

"Why, Leonore, you shock me. What does it all mean?" Mrs. Ransom partly guessed what the matter was, but she refrained from saying so.

"It means simply this, Elizabeth!" said the other in broken accents, "that my husband, although from an early period of our marriage inclined to jeer and scoff at my religion and its observances, has of late years become a furious bigot, through the influence of his own family, and especially since our boy began to grow up and has taken sides with him against me."

"And the girls? I see you have succeeded in keeping them."

"Thank God, I have; and, indeed, I don't know at all how I did it, seeing that their father wouldn't let them go to a Catholic school. I held out firmly against sending them anywhere else, and at last Williams consented to have a governess in the house,—a Protestant, of course. This, however, gave me a chance to teach them my own religion and implant it in their minds, as the dear girls are happily devoted to me, and all their sym-

pathies are with me. The governess is gone a year ago, and I have them all to myself. They make no secret of being Catholics, and their father can only take it out in railing against our religion, throwing all the obstacles he can in our way and encouraging Dick to do likewise. Oh dear friend, my heart is breaking, and there are times when I almost despair and all is dark before my eyes. The worst of it is, Elizabeth," she added in a tremulous voice, "that the fault is all my own. My son has drifted away far beyond my control, and my poor girls as well as myself are separated from father and brother alike. Oh! God help me! What am I to do?"

"I'll tell you what you'll do, Leonore," said her sympathetic friend, as a sudden inspiration came to her. What she told her excited Mrs. Williams' earnest attention and had the effect of drying her tears.

II.

When the Ransoms drove away that afternoon they left their hostess somewhat more cheerful, and Mr. Ransom left a message for Mr. Williams, that he and his wife would look forward to the pleasure of a visit from him and his family at Elm Grove, his home in Ontario, before the close of autumn.

"Humph!" said Jasper Williams when, on his return that evening, the message was conveyed to him by his wife. "Catch me taking any of you to *his* house for a visit! I know Ransom well by report as an out-and-out Papist, and he'll look long before he see's *my* shadow on his threshold."

* * * * *

For some little time matters went on much as usual in the house beneath the mountain. Mrs. Williams and her daughters, at the cost of much suffering and in the face of stormy opposition, heard mass on Sundays and holy

ago, et of it in es he Oh! mes yes. lous fted ll as Oh! days, and approached the Sacraments once a month, at least. Jasper Williams and his son went once in a while to the nearest Protestant church, more from opposition to the female members of the family, it was plain to see, than for any other motive. Indeed, neither father nor son professed any special form of religion. Like so many others, their religion consisted in hating Popery, as they called it, with a fierce hatred, but for positive religion they had little or none. Still the sorely tried mother and her daughters kept steadily on in their dolorous path of duty.

ym- her. ten- So the last autumn days passed. The woods flushed and faded, then grew bare and brown. The great river of Canada and its tributary streams and all the fair land were again covered with the ice and snow of the long dreary winter. Spring came again, the fleeting spring of the Northland, and soon it was summer, all brightness and bloom, with radiant skies and smiling earth.

ey an- ife tim io, irrn his a out on June with her mantle of roses made all the region glad, and robed even the hoary mountain with richest verdure. In the city near by, the Sacred Heart devotions of the month were carried on with great fervor and with much solemnity evening after evening. Mrs. Williams and her daughters found it no easy matter to be present at these services, but somehow they did manage to do it, although there was much scolding and grumbling, at first, about taking out the horses, taking up the man's time, and so forth. Anyhow, the storm usually passed, and even the low mutterings that succeeded died away in sullen silence.

in er ce ly Before the month was over, Mr. Ransom was one day agreeably surprised to receive a characteristic letter from Jasper Williams, announcing that he and his family were about to pay a visit to Elm Grove before the summer was over. "That is," he jocosely added, "if you'll promise to

let me alone about religion, for I won't stand any nonsense of that kind. You know what *I* am, and I know what *you* are. So let us agree to leave religion aside while we stay with you, and I'm your man for a whole week with my good Protestant son and my Papist wife and daughters—not so bad in their way, I can tell you, if they do swear by the Pope and the Jesuits.”

III.

So the visit was made, to the blank amazement of the Ransom family and, indeed, of Mrs. Williams and her daughters. Nothing was said on the subject of religion, and all went on so smoothly that blustering Jasper Williams could not refrain from telling his host one day what a fine thing it was, after all, to see a whole family living in peace together and all united.

“You're a happy man, Squire Ransom,” he added; “and I vow I almost envy you. Now, in our house, we hardly ever know a quiet hour, and it's all cross purposes we're at from morning till night, pulling one against the other.”

Ransom smiled. “I could perhaps tell you the reason of all that, my good sir,” he said pleasantly, “but you might not like it if I did, so I'll keep my own counsel and say nothing.”

“All right, Ransom, all right! I see you're bound to keep the agreement.” And Williams turned on his heel and walked away, whistling “the Boyne Water.”

That same afternoon he surprised his wife no little by telling her—“Lennie, why don't you and the girls go to church in G——this evening with the Ransoms? I hear they go every evening this month, and I told them they must not think of staying at home on our account.”

“But, Jasper,” said his wife in a hesitating way, “we could not think of leaving you and Dick here all alone in a strange house.”

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"Oh! never you mind that," replied her husband, "I feel as much at home here as though I had been in it for years. And, besides, I'm going to take Dick to see an old friend of mine, Jack Lucas, you remember, who lives about two miles from here, as Ransom tells me. So don't mind us—we're all right."

"God bless you, Jasper," cried the so long brow-beaten wife in a burst of joy and gratitude. "If you only knew how it lightens my heart to hear you talk like that! It almost makes me feel young again."

"Well! well! say no more about it, Lennie! It's a long lane has no turn. You've been travelling a pretty hard road, little woman; but maybe the worst is past. Who knows?"

Mrs. Williams could hardly believe her ears, but she made no further remark, well content with the point she had gained.

IV.

The days passed rapidly at Elm Grove, for, as Moore once sang--

"—Never does Time travel faster
That when his way lies among flowers."

All too soon the visit of the Williams family came to a close. They set out on a bright sunny morning for their distant home, cheered by a promise from the Ransoms to return the visit in the early autumn. Some whispered words were exchanged between the two matrons while the men were occupied about the preparations for departure.

"Thank God and you, my dear Elizabeth," said Mrs. Williams, "a blessed change has already come for me and the girls. Jasper seems a different man of late, and my boy is more gentle and submissive. What a relief it is to

"There's a good beginning made," returned her friend in the same low tone; "let us go on hoping and praying till we meet again. Good-bye till then, my poor Leonore." So they parted.

* * * * *

All was glad expectation in the home by the mountain during the last days of summer, and with the last week of September came the Ransom family, the young and the old of both families well pleased to be again together, though the visit was to be a short one. Mr. Ransom had important business to attend to at home, which necessitated his return thither by the first days of October.

The few days spent together by the two families were days of unalloyed happiness. The dark cloud had vanished from the still handsome face of Mrs. Williams, and her girls were as gay and light-hearted as their young friends could wish. Where the sullen gloom of discontent and a dreary state of unrest had so long prevailed in that beautiful home by the St. Lawrence, all was now peace, if not joy. Jasper Williams was still *brusque* and somewhat rough at times, but that was of small account to his wife and daughters, so long as he left them free in religious matters. No more sneering or sarcasm about Catholic devotions; no more obstacles thrown in the way of complying with religious duties. Mr. Ransom appeared not to notice the change, but he saw it and rejoiced exceedingly.

When the dreaded hour of departure came he shook the hand of Jasper Williams with the warmth of an old friend. "Good-bye, Williams," he said, "you must really allow me, now that we are about to part,

'It may be for years and it may be for ever,'

to congratulate you on the happy change I see in your family. Go on as you're doing and you'll find yourself a much happier man!" The other answered in the same kindly spirit, and the two men parted.

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Meanwhile the wives sat together on the verandah in front of the house while the carriage was brought round, and Mrs. Williams asked her friend :

“How did you bring it all about, Elizabeth?”

“Simply by putting a *very special* petition for an *afflicted family* in the Intention-box of the League in our church in G —, these last months, and having your name and those of Adèle and Lina enrolled as Associates, as I said I would. You got the badges I sent you?”

“Indeed I did, a thousand thanks for your kindness. We fulfill all the conditions regularly.”

“Well! now we must have your Thanksgiving put in the box for the *special favor* graciously bestowed, and you must at once become a Promoter here in your own city and form a circle of your own. The Sacred Heart of Our dearest Lord has fulfilled one of His gracious promises in your regard. He has indeed *consoled you in all your afflictions*. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved.”

“Amen,” Mrs. Williams fervently answered as her friend extended her hand at parting.

IN THE TEMPLE.

FEB. 2ND.

THE mists of time aside are cast ;
A vista opens to my view ;
From out the dim and shadowy past
A picture rises clear and true.
Bathed in the light of morning sun
A temple vast, majestic stands ;
The glory of Jerusalem,—
The fairest work of human hands.

Towards its massive portals wide
 In crowds the worshippers repair,
 And, like the swift in-flowing tide,
 Invade the holy house of prayer.
 In vain might all the powers of art
 Strive to depict the wondrous scene,
 As 'mid the throng one group apart
 Draws near with meek and reverent mien.

They come from Nazareth obscure ;
 They enter softly side by side,
 A maiden young, and fair, and pure,—
 A grave and holy man her guide.
 'Tis Mary Virgin Mother mild.
 Whose arms with loving care enfold
 Her Saviour God, her cherished child,
 An infant, helpless in her hold.

With downcast eyes and smile serene,
 Amid the poor her place she takes,
 By all but God unknown, unseen,
 Her offering she duly makes.
 Alas, sweet Mother ! must thy heart
 Be pierced by sorrow's cruel sword ?
 Must lifelong pain implant its dart
 With power of one prophetic word ?

O mystery of love divine,
 Bought by the pain of sacrifice !
 Bestowed on those who thus resign
 Earth's highest joys to pay its price.
 For so God marks His chosen friends
 With sorrow's sacred mystic seal ;
 To His elect His cross He lends
 His love in suffering to reveal.

From Jesus' heart with love on fire
Another offering goes up,—
An ardent, generous desire
To drink His passion's bitter cup.
He came to do His Father's will,
For us to suffer and to die,—
A victim offered daily still
God's justice stern to satisfy.

While Simeon sings his hymn of praise,
Of hope fulfilled, and grateful love,
Let us with him our hearts upraise
To thank Our God in Heaven above.
We, too, have clasped, not in our arms,
But nearer, closer to our hearts,
The Child Divine, Whose presence charms,
Who gifts and graces rare imparts.

The picture fair has passed away,
Its hues have faded from my mind,
But in the vision seen to-day
Most precious virtues may we find.
Their fragrance fills the morning air
With scent as that of violets sweet,
Humility, submission rare,
With love and sacrifice complete.

L. D.



MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS.

CONCLUDED.

Marguerite Bourgeoys having brought from France assistants for her work in the colony, and formed them into a community, obtained from the King of France, in 1671, letters patent for the establishment of the Congregation of Notre Dame on the Island of Montreal, under the jurisdiction of the Ordinary. Acknowledgment was at the same time made of Sister Bourgeoys' services to the settlement, where "she had taught, gratuitously, every branch of education necessary to the young persons who surrounded her."

In 1681, Sister Bourgeoys opened the first boarding school in Ville Marie, and also "a House of Providence," wherein girls of the working classes were trained to useful labor. Female emigrants were also sheltered by the Congregation.

Though having early obtained the approbation of Mgr. de Laval, then Bishop of Quebec, Sister Marguerite met with many trials in the formation of her community. Her design was to make it, apart from the religious orders already in existence, a species of secular congregation, aiming at reproducing the life led upon earth after the Resurrection by our Blessed Lady. The Blessed Virgin was indeed chosen as superioress, the keys and other emblems of authority being laid before her statue.

It was not until 1698, when the Sisters had been forty years at work and Marguerite Bourgeoys was herself touching the term of her earthly pilgrimage, that the rules of the Institute were fully and formally accepted.

On the night of December 6th, 1683, the new convent of the Congregation was burned to the ground, two of the Sisters perishing in the flames. But the faith and courage of the holy foundress was equal to the occasion, and the edifice was speedily rebuilt.

When Sister Marguerite landed in the colony, it consisted of one hundred and sixty families, forty dwellings, a fort, an hospital, a mill and the chapel of the Hotel Dieu. It was Sister Bourgeoys' privilege to cause the building of the first stone church on the island, for which she brought a miraculous statue from France; it was called Notre Dame de Bonsecours, and stood upon the site of the present church.

Ville Marie during those early years of its existence was in constant peril from the red man. With his war-whooping in her ears, with the daily tidings of fresh atrocities committed in an ever-narrowing circle about the settlement, with the sight of bodies mutilated by the savages, amongst which were those of two devoted Sulpicians, Messrs. LeMaistre and Vignal, before her, Sister Marguerite gave to her companions and pupils the example of a perfect tranquillity. Ever calm and cheerful she continued her labors, with the air of one ready to die in fulfilment of her duty.

At the Mountain Mission, on the slopes of Mt. Royal, her Sisters taught the Indian children, living themselves in bark cabins, under the regis of "Our Lady of the Snows." They afterwards occupied one of those stone towers which are still seen at the gates of the Grand Seminary. There lies buried an Indian girl, Gannensagouas, who had joined the Congregation under the name of Sister Mary Theresa, and died in the odor of sanctity.

Sister Bourgeoys took a special interest in her congregation for externs, by means of which she assembled about her on Sundays and holy days all who had been her former pupils. She gave them exhortations upon the means of sanctifying themselves in the world—the world of that little colony having its own pitfalls and snares.

Sister Bourgeoys lived to see many houses of her Order throughout the country. The "Sister missionaries" who set out to make these foundations were always taught to travel like the apostles, with neither scrip nor staff, and to be ready to submit to all privations, all mortifications, happy in obeying the will of God.

And faithfully did Marguerite carry out her own precepts. When summoned to Quebec, in 1689, to confer with the Bishop, she went thither on foot, though then in her seventieth year, and though her path lay over frozen rivers, a distance of sixty leagues. As the Bishop wished her to establish a house in that city, she consented, in defiance of her own judgment, and carried, a considerable distance, upon her shoulders, the furniture and utensils necessary for the new establishment. This was in Holy Week; and instead of resting after such toil, she spent the entire nights of Monday and Thursday prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament.

Her own love of poverty she sought to impress deeply upon her community. Her constant prayer to the Blessed Virgin was: "O my good mother, I ask for our community no goods, nor honors, nor pleasures for this life; obtain for us only that God may be faithfully served, loved and obeyed, that His holy will be accomplished by each and all." She desired that her institute should resemble the early Christians, being but one in heart and soul. Her boundless charity made her desire that her Sisters should "attain the perfection of charity by abstaining from all words or acts contrary to the love of their

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fellow-creature." Her humility was so great that her very appearance inspired that virtue. Her ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the tender love she bore to the Blessed Virgin were conspicuous in every detail of her daily existence. Her life was a constant prayer. She arose upon the severest nights of winter for a two hours' meditation. Even in her lifetime miracles, such as the multiplication of supplies in times of need, were said to have been the result of her prayers. Her simplicity, her loveliness, her gentleness and sweetness are dwelt upon by her biographers. Her manners, though grave and dignified, were full of a certain charm, which won upon everybody. She was ever cheerful and serene, notwithstanding her almost incredible austerities. She used the poorest kinds of food, mixing it often with unpalatable substances. On Fridays she took but one meal. She drank nothing but water, and that but once a day, even in the heat of summer. She never approached a fire. She slept upon the floor or upon a board with a log for a pillow, and wore upon her head a cap full of sharp points. And yet her toil was unremitting, her labors prodigious. Her death, at the close of seventy-eight years, was itself the result of a heroic act of charity. Sister Catherine Charly being at the point of death, Sister Bourgeoys asked of God to take her, old and useles, and spare the vigorous life yet in its prime, which might have years of service before it. Sister Charly recovered, and Sister Bourgeoys was seized with malignant fever, accompanied by intense pain. She edified everyone by her calmness and even joy, which broke forth at times into canticles of praise. She regulated every detail of the community life, and then tranquilly passed to her reward the 12th January.

The tolling of bells announced her death to the sorrowing city. All possible honor was paid to the mortal

remains of one who in life had despised honors. Her body was laid in the parish church of Notre Dame, her heart placed in the Congregation amongst the Sisters she had so loved.

“In a spirit of humility,” wrote Father Gerard, S. J., soon after her death, “she abandoned the scenes of her Old France, and God placed her as a shining light in this new world. Burning with zeal for the glory of God’s house, she became one of its brightest ornaments. Learning that Canada was a land of martyrs, she came, and suffered the martyrdom of patience, in the midst of all the inconveniences and privations that attend voluntary poverty, that accompany toilsome journeys, through ice and snow, through trackless forests, in the midst of pain, fatigue, contradictions, humiliations and sacrifices of every kind. Finally, when the hour came, she yielded up her pure soul to God, in the midst of excruciating torments, with heavenly joy and patience. She died in the perfect imitation of her Divine Master, full of the virtues and ardent zeal of her heavenly mother.”

In our own day the Church has given the title of Venerable, as a crown upon the life and works of this great and apostolic woman, called by a biographer, “the little Ste. Genevieve of Canada.”

A. T. S.

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BLESSED THOMAS MORE.

ENGLAND'S martyr-chancellor was put to death, because he refused to follow Henry VIII in his apostacy from the Catholic faith.

Many of the chief nobles went to see him for the purpose of winning him over; but when they could not succeed in the slightest degree, they entrusted the matter at last to Alice his wife, who was to persuade her husband not to give up herself, his children, his country, his life which he might still enjoy for many years to come. As she kept harping on this theme, More said to her:—"And how long, my dear Alice, do you think I shall live?" "If God will," she answered, "you may live for twenty years." "Then you would have me barter eternity for twenty years! You are no good to make a bargain, my wife; if you had said twenty thousand years, it might have been something to the purpose; but even then, what is that to eternity?"

 CHILDREN'S MONTHLY COMMUNION.

THE Director General, urging the monthly communion of children, quotes the pastoral instruction of the Bishop of Ca. Haytian. We extract a passage or two for the encouragement of our many centres in which the Juvenile League with its Monthly Communion of Reparation has been organized.

"The work of works is the Christian training of the children, and there is no Christian training without *communion*. Wherever the children's monthly communion has been introduced the success has been complete, and in many parishes the results most consoling. It is a

means which succeeds where all others have failed; and whilst it is full of advantages to souls for the present, it assures the future welfare of individuals, families and of the whole of society.

“How often have you seen your beautiful first-communion harvests desolated in a few months. How few of the children whom you prepared for the heavenly banquet with such pains and admitted with such joy, especially the boys, resist the first outbreaks of passion. Where are the youths? Where are the young men? How very few but live estranged from the Bread of Life and at a distance from the gate of heaven. Try, try to abolish a custom of long date it is true, but contrary to the order established by the Saviour, to the practice of the primitive Church and of the saints. It is a fact of experience, that children who go to communion every month persevere. For three or four years their communion day comes back like a feast. If afterward they fall they will not *remain down*. Jesus Christ, so long the guest of their heart, will go in search of His beloved sheep till He has regained them.

“Even if they should not rise at once, it is no small merit to have planted the reign of Jesus in their breasts for several years, to have preserved them from hundreds, perhaps, of deadly sins, and to have helped them to perform thousands of virtuous acts, the merit of which will be revived as soon as they regain the state of grace with God.

“It is a fact, however, that relapses grow rare in proportion as good example spreads wide, as the frequentation of sacraments is held in honor, as their neglect is considered a disgrace and vice a shame. Thus, with the help of the Sacred Heart, the people shall become truly Christian, and God shall be everywhere loved and served. What a result! Oh, Jesus, grant us at any price to witness this miracle of Thy Sacred Heart.”



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Europe.

Amidst the deep gloom which has weighed on the Sovereign Pontiff since the abrupt ending of the pilgrimages, there have been two streaks of light and hope. The first was a vigorous speech delivered in the Austrian assembly with the approval of the ministry by a member of the Government, who boldly maintained that "the independence of the Church could not be wiped out by canon-shots. It is not an Italian but a Catholic and international question. The protestations of the Pope claiming supreme sovereignty in his own territory are not only rightful but the basis of all right."

Count Kalnoky, the Prime Minister, in the course of his reply, affirmed: "It was the desire of the Government that the Holy Father should enjoy the full measure of independence belonging to the head of the Catholic Church, and which *is necessary for him*. It must be such a measure as will satisfy the Papacy and the Pope himself." These outspoken words are all the more noteworthy as coming from one of the powers allied to Italy. They resuscitate the question of the Temporal Power, which the Kingdom of Italy would have believed dead and buried, and give it a place in the very forefront of European politics, second only to the Triple Alliance, if, indeed, they will not hasten the rupture of the latter or alter considerably its conditions.

The other hopeful sign is a Catholic association started in Belgium and spreading rapidly in France, which there is question also of introducing into Great Britain. Its object is to bring about a change in the present condition of the Holy Father by awakening public opinion to a sense of the wrongs he is suffering, and to the intolerable state of the Papacy in Rome. The deliverance, more or less remote, of the Vicar of Christ from his present imprisonment, must depend on the Catholic world itself, not merely on its prayers, but on its realizing that "the independence of the Church is not an Italian but a Catholic international and world-wide question," and must be "such as will satisfy the Papacy and the Pope himself."

China.

The massacres of the Christians culminated in a revolution against the Empire and in an attempt to seize the Emperor. The attack on the Capital was repulsed without difficulty. Meanwhile, outbreaks have occurred in different parts of China, inflicting great sufferings and privations on the Christian settlements. Missionaries and nuns were hunted and put to death, their schools and congregations dispersed, and houses pillaged. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Government to protect the missions and repair losses, native feeling, stirred up by the secret sects, runs so high that the worst is to be feared for the Catholic settlements of China. The fervent prayers of our Associates are implored in their behalf.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

JUVENILE LEAGUE, APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

Montreal, St. Laurent College.

The Juvenile League, Apostleship of Study, was established amongst the English-speaking boys of this flourishing institution under the Fathers of the Holy Cross, by the Rev. Father McGarry, C.S.C., their devoted chaplain. The ceremony of inauguration took place on the Sunday after Epiphany. The boys to the number of one hundred embraced the practices with great ardor, though many had been already enrolled. *Messengers* and Juvenile League Manuals circulate amongst them by the twenties.

Of all the abundant harvests promised the Sacred Heart of Our Lord from our Canadian League, the richest is undoubtedly that which is ripening in our institutions of education. The devotion which sinks into the young heart and the practices which mould its expanding life, strengthen with years and produce a life-long effect. Even though they should be effaced or forgotten for a period, the deep roots they have struck will revive into life, should it be only on the death-bed. None are doing a more solid work for the Divine Heart than the Directors and Promoters of the Juvenile branches of the League.

Halifax, Mount St. Vincent.

The Academy of Mount St. Vincent, Bedford Basin, was the scene of an interesting ceremony on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, when the Apostleship of Study was formally inaugurated.

Rev. Father McIsaac, chaplain of the Academy, presided. He addressed the young lady pupils, about a hundred in number, on the end and obligations of the work proposed,

after which he interrogated them as to their willingness to accept and observe the practices. In response all held up the right hand, the pupils who had made their first communion promising to be faithful to the Three Degrees.

A Sacred Heart hymn was then sung, and at its close a pupil of the graduating class read the Act of Consecration of Studies to the Sacred Heart in the name of her companions. The Sodalties, viz : Children of Mary for the senior pupils ; Holy Angels for the middle division ; and Infant Jesus for the juniors, with their respective Directresses, repaired to their meeting-rooms, and there each child wrote down the hour of *study*, of *recreation* and of *silence* which she would offer each day in a more perfect manner to the Sacred Heart for the intention of the Holy Father.

The ceremony closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, a suitable *finale* for such a day of grace.

SECRETARY.

Montreal, St. Gabriel's.

ACADEMY OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

On the invitation of the Rev. Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the Rev. Director performed the agreeable task of inaugurating the Juvenile League, Apostleship of Study, among the three hundred English-speaking pupils of this useful institution. The children showed great eagerness to embrace what they thought such easy and delightful practices, those who had made their first communion all accepting the Three Degrees. They organized under clever Promoters, who distribute Rosary tickets and *Messengers* every month. They made with great fervor their Act of Consecration of Studies to the Sacred Heart, carrying out to the letter the points recommended in the Juvenile Manual.

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Smithville, Ont.

The Rev. Pastor announces that in order to raise the necessary funds to build a church at Beamsville, a poor and scattered district, he has made arrangements with the Oleograph Society of Bologna, Italy, for the importation of oleographs of the various masterpieces of Christian painters.

We cannot insist too much on the importance of having the walls of Catholic homes adorned with pictures that are together religious and artistic. Parents now-a-days owe this to their children as a reparation for, and a preservative against, the pagan pictures verging closely on the immoral and suggestive of it, which they see placarded on the walls and exhibited in the shop windows of our modern pagan cities. By addressing Rev. K. J. McRae, Smithville, Ont., Associates may procure at moderate prices, ranging between 75 cts. and \$2, artistic oleographs of Our Lord, His Sacred Heart, His Mother and Saints. They will thus not only purchase "good pictures to adorn their homes and inspire their children with virtuous thoughts, but will also merit the rich reward God has promised to those who further His honor and glory." The work has the warm approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

Various Centres.

Windsor, N.S.—The Men's League (established more than two years since) is holding out well. We had a very good Christmas communion.—Rev. Local Director.

Glennevis, Ont.—Recruits are still coming in. We have now sixty Promoters with circles, and their number is daily increasing. The hotel-keepers are complaining. They say if I do not keep quiet they must soon close down.—Rev. Local Director.

PROMOTER'S PAGE.

The crusade proposed this year to the zeal and activity of Directors and Promoters is the religious celebration of the Centenary of Columbus. Last year the interest and enthusiasm centered around the tomb of St. Aloysius in Rome. This year all eyes are turned to America, which has been the theatre of Columbus' exploits, and which has reaped the first fruits and after-fruits of his discovery. Accordingly the General Director of the Holy League has laid the burden of the Columbus Centenary celebration on the vigorous and energetic League centres of North and South America. Our own Canada cannot afford to remain a stranger to the movement as being among the first to receive the Gospel light, and one of the first and the richest of the missionary fields of the New World.

Our special aim ought to be to stamp a religious character on the centenary. Hence we must know something about the religious and interior life of Columbus. We ought to read his Life—one which will let us into the great thoughts which inspired his genius, to the motives which impelled him, and the virtues which sustained him in the execution of his project. Such a one is Father Knight's. We ought to enlighten others on his true character. We shall begin in the next number of the *Messenger* a serial life sketch, which our Promoters will do well to spread far and wide.

This year's crusade is to be carried on particularly for the benefit of men. Columbus was a model man, husband, father and genius. We shall induce as many men as possible to enter the Holy League, to frequent the Holy Table, especially at the general communion, which will likely take place in June, in thanksgiving for the discovery of America and the blessings, unspeakable and countless, which we have derived from it.