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*In the interests of the League of Prayer in union with the  
Sacred Heart of Jesus.*

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## GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY.

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

Catholic Interests in Ecuador.

**I**N her preface to the Life of Garcia Moreno, the greatest Catholic hero of our own days, Lady Herbert puts and answers thus that very pertinent question — Where is Ecuador? — “It is a South American Republic, twice the size of France, having Colombia to the north, Peru to the south, Brazil to the east, and the Pacific Ocean to the west. A double chain of the Andes runs through its whole length, so that it has three regions absolutely distinct from one another, i. e., the plains by the sea-coast, the upland between the high mountains, and the savage country beyond, which divides it from Brazil. In the plains the vegetation is glorious, the great heat of the sun and the plentiful irrigation from the mountain torrents, combine to produce every description of beautiful tree and shrub, besides cocoa, coffee, cotton, the sugar-cane, and every kind of grain and fruit. The table-land above is a splendid oasis, three thousand

metres above the level of the sea, and favoured by the most delicious climate all the year round. Here the greater part of the population of Ecuador is concentrated. There stands Quito, the capital of the country, and other important towns like Cuenca, Riobamba, Abato, Ibarra and others. Here also are the great farms called *haciendas*, often as large as an English county, upon which are pastured three or four thousand head of cattle, and fifteen or twenty thousand sheep.

“When we leave this high ground and descend the slopes of the Andes, towards the east, we come to the immense plain called the Napo, full of virgin forests and inhabited by two hundred thousand savage Indians. This is a brief description of the country where the interesting life of Garcia Moreno was passed, and where he died a martyr.”

But as it is not for the mere material prosperity of Ecuador that the Holy Father wishes us to pray during this present month, but for its moral and religious welfare, the consideration of the natural features of the country is little calculated to enlist our sympathies for a nation which God has blessed with a dwelling place, one would fancy, resembling more the Garden of Eden than any other region on the face of the earth. Other nations there are, indeed, which stand far more in need of our prayers in this respect, and for which the necessities of life are a matter of every-day anxiety and care.

To excite our sympathy as Catholics and as Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer other more weighty reasons must be invoked, and we must give heed for the nonce to the present precarious condition of our fellow Catholics in that country, to the vicissitudes through which the cause of religion has passed, its noble struggles in that country, its days of glory and gladness followed by its period of trial, suffering and mourning.

“The history of the people,” says Lady Herbert, “goes back to the very first centuries of our era. But in the

fifteenth, the Incas of Peru conquered the country, established themselves at Quito, and reigned undisturbed for forty years. Then came the discovery of America by Columbus and the Spanish occupation.

“ The Spanish Sovereigns, at the news of the wonderful discovery, were fully impressed with their great mission. They sent in every ship bishops, priests and religious Orders, who evangelized by degrees the whole country ; so that civilization and religion went hand in hand. ....The advice given by Columbus was : ‘ Your Highness should permit no one to settle in South America who is not a good Christian, for this enterprise has no other object than the glory of God and the good of His Church ’ .”

The earlier history of European colonization and the nature of the complex causes which led to the struggle for self-government are known to most of our readers. What happened in the British Colonies in the northern half of the New World, was to be enacted in the southern portion as well. One by one these colonies were to be torn from their mother country. The first actor in the drama was Bolivar. Setting foot in Venezuela in 1810, he proclaimed the independence of the people and formed a Republic composed of the three States of Venezuela, New Granada and Ecuador under the name of “ Colombia.” Defeated at the outset and banished the country he returned in 1817, and at the end of a few years had driven the original rulers from Colombian soil. Thereupon he was hailed as the “ Liberator ” of his people. But though he had freed this part of South America from a distasteful yoke, the tyranny of the Revolution, which he was unable to stem, had replaced it, and it finally wrought his own ruin. “ He died,” says the author already quoted, “ literally of a broken heart on December 17, 1830, being only forty-seven years of age. The total dismemberment of Colombia followed, and each State set up for itself and became an independent Republic. One of these was Ecuador. Torn to pieces by

internal revolutions, it was left to Garcia Moreno to make it what the Holy Father Leo XIII called it : *the Model of a Christian State.*

“ Only thirty years after the death of Bolivar, this man, by the grace of God and a faithful following of His counsels, swept away the villains who were fattening at the expense of the people, established as Catholic a Government as that of St. Louis of France and dragged the whole nation out of the chaos in which it was plunged. In 1862, in spite of the Radicals and Socialists, he signed a Concordat which restored entire liberty to the Church.

“ In 1867, he established a Constitutional Government destined to make his people a true flock of Jesus Christ. In 1870, he alone had the boldness to protest against the invasion of the Pontifical States, when, by the official recognition of an usurping power, kings and emperors made themselves the accomplices of Italian brigands. He even obtained from the Congress of 1873 a national subsidy in favour of the captive and despoiled Pontiff. At the same time, he consecrated the Republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He found the country in a state of bankruptcy and ruin : but in ten years he managed to realized such marvellous improvements in the finances, as well as in the material and intellectual condition of the people, that the most vivid imagination was surpassed by the reality.

“ Naturally the Socialists and Freemasons whom he had dismissed from the Government, and even the theorists who believed in ‘ a Free Church in a Free State ’ were mad with rage against him, and finding that they could not overturn one who was looked upon as the Father of his people, his death was decreed by the Masonic Lodges. He was warned of his danger, and wrote these beautiful words to the Pope : “ May I be deemed worthy to shed my blood for the cause of the Church and of Christian society ? ” God thought him worthy. On August 6, 1875, he fell under the daggers of the assassins. His last words were the cry of a martyr :

*Dios no muere* — 'God never dies.' Alone among the chiefs of modern States, Garcia Moreno restored to his country a truly Christian Government. Alone amidst weak princes and feeble kings, and the vile flatteries of a still more vile populace, he gave to the world the example of unshaken firmness in the accomplishment of what he felt to be *duty*. Alone as an heroic martyr to the cause of Christian civilization, he gave his blood for the noble end which he defended. Garcia Moreno appears, then, as the only great politician of the nineteenth century, and as a type, too long lost, of the real saviour of his people."

After the death of Garcia Moreno, the Vice-President Leon assumed the reins of Government until the elections for a new President could be held. The Liberal Borrero was chosen. He was what might be termed a "Moderate," and did more harm to the cause of Religion than if he had been an open enemy, for the Radicals made use of him as a tool, during a period of transition, to accomplish more surely their purpose. His first act was to inveigh against the Constitution which he had sworn to defend. The Radicals enchanted at his proposed reforms, began to agitate the whole country in his favour. An old officer laid bare the plot of the Revolutionists, who wished to substitute Pedro Carbo for Borrero and bring back Urbina, a man devoted to their cause, as General-in-Chief of the army. "I pity Borrero," exclaimed the veteran, "if he yields to the Radical cry, he will lose himself and the country with him. His only chance is to adopt the motto of Garcia Moreno: 'Liberty for all and for everything except for evil and for wrong-doers.'"

The temporizing policy of Borrero proved indeed fatal to himself and to Ecuador; he allowed the most shameful abuse of religion in the papers, and dismissed such of the Ministers as were unfavourable to his new plans of reform. To his great disgust, however, the people remained faithful to their late chief, and on the anniversary of his death, in

1876, made a magnificent demonstration in his honour. But Borrero continued blind to the political wisdom of his predecessor. A rising at Guayaquil, of which the Radicals were the authors, was put down without much difficulty ; but the ringleaders were set free, and to propitiate them, he appointed their favourite, Vintimilla, commandant of the troops at Guayaquil. The latter was a man without faith or principle, ignorant, stupid, a drunkard and a gambler. Vintimilla promptly dismissed all the good and faithful officers and replaced them with his accomplices. Then it was, when all means of defence had been removed, that the conspirator threw aside the mask, had Borrero arrested and imprisoned, and finally drove him into exile.

The decree of February 1, 1877, on the secularization of education inaugurated the era of persecution. The bishops and clergy protested ; they were threatened with exile ; then the Archbishop of Quito, Mgr. Chéca, declared that " he would oppose with all his strength the propagation of error in his diocese." A fortnight later, this holy and venerable prelate was poisoned on Good Friday, strychnine having been put into the wine used for the Holy Sacrifice !

It would require a volume to record all the outrages to which the clergy, bishops and priests, were subjected, or to enumerate the many vexations and exactions they had to suffer together with their faithful flocks, until finally public indignation rose to such a height that the Dictator found himself compelled either to abdicate or to change his policy. He chose the latter alternative, not through a sense of justice, but that he might continue undisturbed in his career of luxurious living and vice. This lasted for four years ; but as, at the expiration of his term of office, he attempted to have himself declared perpetual dictator, the whole country flew to arms, and rid itself of one of the worst rulers ever imposed upon a suffering people. This happy release was effected on January 10, when he was driven from the country. During his administration the

funds of the State were squandered and the public works entirely neglected.

As we have seen, eight months of the Liberalism of Borrero had sufficed to throw Ecuador into the hands of the Radicals, and during the following eight years of this ascendancy, the country had been completely ruined. "All the public works of Garcia Moreno had been stopped; the Treasury was empty; the schools and colleges closed; and nothing but bloodshed, poisonings, and plots were heard of on every side." \*

A Provisional Government assumed the direction of public affairs until Jose Maria Caamano was elected President of the Republic. Dating from this auspicious event until 1894, Ecuador enjoyed comparative quiet, and even, to a certain extent, experienced a return to the glorious and prosperous days of Garcia Moreno. But the secret societies and the enemies of the Church were working insidiously and plotting in silence. In December of the above mentioned year the first mutterings of the approaching storm were heard. On Holy Thursday, 1895, the streets of the Capital ran red with blood. Though Cordero, the then President, was successful in repressing the revolt, the dread of the future unnerved him, for he lacked the self-sacrifice and heroism of Garcia Moreno. The fear of assassination was too much for him, so handing in his resignation he retired into private life. General Alfaro, the archconspirator, was recalled from exile and was proclaimed by the Radicals of the Capital President of the Republic on September 4, 1895.

Unhappy Ecuador! she has endured much since then with a short respite here and there, at intervals, during the prolonged and unchristian persecutions of which she was and is yet the victim. In the bloody feuds between the Radical oppressors and those who have recourse to violence to

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\* Life of Garcia Moreno by Rev. P. A. Berthe, O. S. S. R., p. 235 of the English Translation, a work which every Associate of the League, who has the means, should procure so as to understand the workings of the Masonic sects against the Church.

resist the tyranny, even peaceful non-combatants have to suffer and pay the penalty of blood for the crime of being suspected of sympathy with the downtrodden. Let this one instance suffice to show the terrible state of things in what was once a Christian land.

One night, in the spring of 1897, a band of leaders belonging to the anti-radical party, with the object of rescuing their beloved Bishop from the hands of his enemies, stole quietly into the city, and without the knowledge, much less the authorization of any member of the Order, took possession of the terrace of the Jesuit College as the best point of vantage they could secure. Early on the following morning, May 5, they opened a sharp fire upon the barracks of Alfaro's troops just in front, with the delusive hope that once the attack begun they would be joined by the mass of the citizens. The community was roused by the first volley that rang out on the stillness of the morning; it was also the first intimation its members had of the attempted rising, which might, for all that is known, have been but a clever and unscrupulous device to compromise them with the existing Government. As it was, the troops had little difficulty in crushing the mad attempt; and then, breaking down the doors of the College, rushed within to wreak vengeance on the Fathers. They penetrated to the room of Father Emilio Moscosa, the Rector, shot him with rifle and revolver as he was kneeling at his desk. They then placed the bleeding corpse in a chair with a rifle beside it, and spread the rumour that the Jesuit Rector had been shot because he was fighting as a conspirator. Many of us in this country may remember reading at the time some such despatch in the veracious telegraphic reports of the day.

The other inmates of the College were without exception bound and dragged off to prison, bruised with blows and deafened by the yells of the brutal soldiery. But before taking their departure the would-be upholders of order



looted the house from garret to cellar. Nor was the abode of the God of Peace spared: they wrenched off the tabernacle door, took the consecrated hosts from the ciborium, ate them and drank wine from the chalice, and committed every kind of sacrilege hitherto unheard of and unseen on Ecuadorian soil.

Though but a very brief and, necessarily, very incomplete sketch of the events of preceding years, what we have given above will serve to stimulate the zeal of every member of the Apostleship. Our members will not forget that in praying for Ecuador they are praying for the " Republic of The Sacred Heart," the one only republic upon earth which has been consecrated officially, that is, by its rulers when in power, to the Divine Heart of Our Lord. The vast majority of its population is thoroughly Catholic, but they are struggling for their faith at a disadvantage. The combined efforts of the secret societies of every land, out of hatred to religion, have been brought to bear on this one devoted spot, with the avowed intention of making it a godless State.

We cannot here do better than bring to the notice of the League the words written by Leo XIII when he received as a relic the address stained with the life-blood of Garcia Moreno. From this extract they will learn what the great Pontiff thought of the Christian hero of Ecuador, and how dear he held the cause for which he died.

" We offer our most ardent wishes for the prosperity of Ecuador and its President (Sr. Caamano), to whom we earnestly recommend the interests of the Catholic Faith, which will ensure the happiness of the people..... We accept also with joy the precious gift which Your Excellency has presented to us on this our happy anniversary. This autograph message, which the illustrious Garcia Moreno proposed to read to Congress before he was struck down by the hands of assassins, we shall religiously preserve as a touching remembrance of a man who was the champion of the Catholic

Faith, and to whom may be justly applied the words made use of by the Church to celebrate the memory of the holy martyrs, St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Stanislas of Poland: *Pro Ecclesia gladiis impiorum occubuit.*"

## PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, that Ecuador may become once more what it was under the hero Garcia Moreno, that is, *The Republic of the Sacred Heart.* Amen.

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**TREASURY, JUNE, 1898.**

## RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	244,789	Pious reading.....	87,113
Acts of mortification.....	193,372	Masses celebrated.....	3,230
Beads .....	457,682	Masses heard.....	219,255
Stations of the Cross ....	84,608	Works of zeal.....	102,139
Holy Communion	348,286	Various good works.....	352,003
Spiritual Communion..	589,129	Prayers.....	1,248,929
Examinations of conscience	91,502	Sufferings or afflictions..	76,982
Hours of silence .	284,166	Self conquests.....	81,972
Charitable conversations.	199,109	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	163,473
Hours of labour.....	928,303		
Holy Hours .....	20,169	Total.....	5,776,116



# THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(TWO EQUAL VOICES.)

Music by E. BLAIN DE SAINT-AUBIN.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE MODERATO'.

The first system includes two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have two entries:
   
1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus Who in bit - ter pains, who in bit - ter
   
2. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts its praise on high, Wafts its praise on
   
The piano accompaniment is marked *pp* and continues with the same accompaniment as the introduction.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal parts have two entries:
   
1. Pains, high, Poured for me the life-blood From His sa - cred
   
2. Pains, high, Poured for me His life - blood....
   
Hell with ter - ror trembles. Heaven is filled with
   
Hell with ter - ror trem - bles.....
   
The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment as the introduction.

veins. From His sa-cred veins. Grace and life e-  
 joy. Heaven is filled with joy. Lift ye then your

.... From His sa-cred veins. Grace and life e-  
 .... Heaven is filled with joy. Lift ye then your

*Ritendo.*

ter-nal, In that Blood I find:  
 voi-ces. Swell the migh-ty flood;

ter-nal, In that Blood I find:  
 voi-ces. Swell the migh-ty flood;

rit.

*p*

Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fin - ite - ly  
 Loud - er still and loud - er Praise the Pre - cious

Blest be His com - pas - sion.....  
 Loud - er still and loud - er.....

*p*

kind. In - fin - ito - ly kind.  
Blood. Praise the Pro - cious Blood.

.... In - fin - ito - ly kind.  
.... Praise the Pre - cious Blood.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has two staves: a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the piano accompaniment for the final phrase, with a fermata over the final chord.

## R. I. P.

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

*Alexandria* : Thomas Greeve, d. May 16 ; Mrs. John McDonald, d. May 23 ; Donald McGillis, d. May 24 ; Mrs. Mary McPhee, d. May, 26. *Amherstburg* : Mr. Patrick Barron, d. Apr. 11 ; Thomas Barron, d. May 8. *Antigonish* : Mrs. Angus Chisholm, d. May 3. *Bathurst Village* : Mrs. Thomas Leahy, d. May 8 ; Thomas Baldwin, d. May 16. *Buckingham* : Mr. Amable Pagé, Mr. John Hanspeck, Mrs. Angèle Carrière, Mrs. Marie Louise Thibert. *Canso* : Mrs. Bridget Hurst, d. May 12 ; Mrs. Bridget Laundry, d. May 12. *Coburg* : Mrs. Furry, d. Apr. 20. *Cornwall* : Reverend Sœur Bouneau, d. May 2 ; Alexander LaRue, d. May 16 ; Joseph C. Sauvé, d. May 24 ; John Culligan, d. May 3 ; William J. McPhaul, d. May 22. *Debec* : John Foren, d. Apr. 19. *Dundas* : Mrs. Mary Hourigan, d. May. *E.....* : Katie McNamara, d. May 9 ; Francis Dougherty, d. May 13 ; Annie Rennick, d. May 22 ; Charles St. Louis, d. May 25. *Guelph* : Mrs. Margaret Sweeney, d. March 1. *Hastings* : M. John McGuire, d. Apr. 8. *Kentville* : Miss Mary Lyons, d. May 4. *Kingston* : Mrs. Bridget Graham, d. March ; Hugh Doherty, d. May ; Mrs. Margaret Kane, d. Apr. 1 ; Patrick Cummings, d. May. *Levis* : Mr. J. S. Murphy, d. May 7. *London* : J. Eyres, d. Apr. 12 ; Bridget Tierney, d. Apr. 23 ; Mary McDonald, d. May 12 ; Annie Coppinger, d. May 12. *Melcalfe, Ont.* : John McKay, d. March. *Montreal* : Miss Catherine Langan, d. May 5 ; Mrs. Henry Hamilton, d. Jan. 2 ; Mrs. Elizabeth Kearns, d. Apr. 19 ; Michael Deegan ; Mr. Hugh Madden, d. May 9. *Orillia* : Mrs. Carmody. *Oscola* : Mary Ann Donagan, d. Apr. 14 ; Miss Margaret Thibeau, d. May 10 ; John Luffy, d. May 6. *Paris* : Mrs. Bridget Haney, d. March 19 ; Mr. Charles McCabe, d. March 20. *Fortsmouth* : Mrs. Sarah Hanley, d. May 22. *Quebec* : Mrs. Thomas Dubig, d. May 2 ; Mr. James Cannon, d. Jan. 7 ; Mrs. Huldah M. Burke, d. May 11. *St. Agathe, Q.* : Mrs. Thomas Maloney, d. May 4. *St. Raphael's* : Angus J. McRae, d. Apr. 29. *Seaforth* : Jams Fortune, d. Apr. 7 ; Mrs. Hannah Nevin, d. Apr. 26. *Toronto* : Mrs. M. Woods, d. May 21. *Tottenham* : Mr. James Morrow, d. May 11. *Vinton* : Patrick Bolan, d. May 13. *Woodslee* : Mrs. Doran, d. Apr. 11.



Written for  
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

## THE GOLD-STONE CROSS

*A Tale of the Indian Mutiny*

### CHAPTER I

**W**HEN the now historical Indian mutiny broke out, it took some time to convince the authorities that the Sepoy was in deadly earnest about getting rid of the English *raj*. They looked upon the revolt as a passing ebullition; a wave of discontent that would soon shatter itself against the firm rock of English domination; and even after the massacres of Meerut, Cawnpore and Delhi had borne bloody witness to the treachery of the native troops, there were still many commanders in little out of the way stations who could not be brought to believe that *their* men would, if given the chance, very probably follow the example of their brethren in the larger garrisons. Amongst these too-confiding individuals was Brigadier General Glasston, who was, at that period, in temporary command of a small garrison at a place called Katapore.

He had two native regiments and one company of British soldiers under his jurisdiction, the respective commanding officers of which had repeatedly set before him the wisdom of taking steps to prevent an outbreak on the part of either or both native corps; but he was a hard-headed man who considered that his twenty years of Indian service had acquainted him with all the intricacies of the Hindoo mind and character and he absolutely refused to do anything, alleging that preventive measures, on his part, would be the very thing to precipitate the catastrophe they dreaded.

Matters were in this condition when the captain who commanded the company of English foot went home after parade one morning and asked his wife if she would drive with him that afternoon to Lallgunge — a place about sixteen miles away — as he had some business to transact there.

Mrs. Howard was a pretty woman of twenty-four, with dark brown

hair and eyes and a fair complexion that had not yet lost its bloom in the trying climate of India. She was sitting beside her baby's cradle when her husband put the question to her, and before answering she cast a nervous glance at the little curly yellow head on the pillow. "Do you think it is safe to leave baby so long alone, Charlie?" she asked anxiously. "Suppose anything should happen while we are away!" "Why, Molly dear, what do you think is likely to happen?" asked her husband. "Latchme is the most devoted of ayahs, and we shall be home long before bedtime."

"I was thinking of the Sepoys," answered Mrs. Howard, lowering her voice and looking around her nervously. "I do not trust them, in spite of all that General Glasston says."

In the privacy of his own mind Charlie Howard was of the same opinion as his wife, though he had never told her so, partly because he did not wish to add to her alarm and partly because he was casting about for means whereby to get her and their child down to Calcutta out of the way of danger, should it arise. He knew she would not go if he confessed his object and so he had continued to profess his belief in the possibility of a native rising in Kalapore. Now he laughed at her and said banteringly. "I do believe your dreams are haunted by Sepoys of late, Molly; but seriously, dear, there is really no reason why you should feel so alarmed. There is not the slightest trace of disaffection in either of the native corps here. They turn out to drill with alacrity every day, and there has not been a case of insubordination recorded in either for years. Believe me, if they contemplated mutiny there would be *some* indication of it beforehand. Of course, though, if you prefer not to come—"

Mrs. Howard smiled and rose from her chair, "I will go," she said, stooping down and touching her baby's curls with her lips. "I am sure you do not think there is any danger or you would not be willing to leave me behind. Shall we start immediately after tiffin?"

"I think so. We shall get back all the earlier."

At two o'clock the buggy drove up to the door, and Mrs. Howard went into the nursery to give her baby a farewell kiss before starting. The little thing was lying awake crooning to itself and making frantic snatches at a sunbeam that had found its way through a chink in the window blind; a performance that appeared to delight its native nurse exceedingly, for she was squatting nearly on the floor with a broad smile on her mahogany visage. The baby crowed aloud as its mother bent over it, and made a clutch at a goldstone cross that was suspended from her neck by a slender ribbon. It was a pretty little ornament, but not of much intrinsic value and so, when the ribbon gave way and the cross remained in the baby's chubby hand, Mrs. Howard did

not take it away from her lest she should set her off crying. "Take care of the baba, Latchme, and don't let her put the cross in her mouth, she might try to swallow it," was the mother's parting injunction, and then she was gone.

The drive was a long, hot and dusty one, and Mrs. Howard was not sorry when she at last found herself in the drawing room of Colonel Metcalfe's bungalow at Lallgunge. She and Mrs. Metcalfe had known each other in England, and it was principally the prospect of a chat with her that had induced Mrs. Howard to brave the drive in the broiling heat. "I expected to find you flown to the hills," said the latter, as they shook hands. "Oh no, Norman wanted to pack me off a month ago, but I declined to go. I prefer to be with him if there is any trouble, you know," and having thus sounded the keynote of the anxiety that was playing dolorous chords on the heartstrings of every Englishwoman in the Bombay Presidency at that time, the two ladies plunged into a nervous discussion of the subject forthwith.

The business that Captain Howard had to transact detained him longer than he had anticipated, and the sun was declining rapidly when he announced that he was ready for the return drive.

His wife hurried over her adieus, for her conversation with Mrs. Metcalfe had rendered her more uneasy than ever, and in a few moments they were trotting swiftly on their way to Kalapore.

The first half of the drive was accomplished without incident. By that time the sun had gone down and given place to the white, ghostly moonlight of the tropics. Before them the level white road stretched without a bend for miles; on one hand lay waving fields of maize, on the other a thin patch of jungle stood up in shapeless ebony blackness against the blue sheen of the sky. Save for their own voices and the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the hard road there was no sound.

The loneliness of the scene had a depressing effect upon Mrs. Howard and, at last, she said apologetically, "I am not good company to-night Charlie, I am afraid, but I feel most unaccountably nervous. "Can you drive a little faster?"

Her husband did not answer, he was staring intently ahead at a faint, evanescent flush that was coming and going on the horizon. Following the direction of his eyes, Mrs. Howard saw it too and she asked, "what do you think it is, Charlie?" As she spoke the flush grew brighter for an instant and then died out again.

"It is a fire somewhere, perhaps in the bazaar this side of Kalapore," he replied calmly. A sickening suspicion had taken possession of him, but he did not dare to tell her what it was. If he were right she would know all too soon. He took up the whip to urge the horse forward, but instead of doing so drew it up sharply and sat



like a statue listening. A dull booming sound, followed by another and yet another came floating to them on the soft evening wind, and the flush in the sky turned to a red glare.

Mrs. Howard clutched his arm with a sharp cry as he wheeled the horse round and drove rapidly back in the direction of Lallunge. "Oh Father in Heaven! Is it the Sepoys, Charlie?"

"Yes, it is the Sepoys," he answered through his clenched teeth.

"My baby! Oh Mother of God, my baby!" moaned his wife wringing her hands: "Can we do nothing to save her?"

"My poor darling," said Howard, passing his arm around her quivering form and drawing her to him: "Our little one is in the hands of God, we could do no good by trying to reach her now. I will take you back to Lallunge and then return to Kalapore myself. The outbreak may not be a serious one." Although he spoke hopefully, he knew perfectly well that the situation in Kalapore must be desperate. What could a solitary company of British soldiers do against two regiments of Sepoys, reinforced, doubtlessly, by bands of mutineers from other places?

Mrs. Howard hid her face in her clasped hands and said no more. She felt as if she were going mad.

They had driven about half a mile in silence when they heard the ring of a horse's hoofs coming toward them at a hard gallop, and presently a cloud of dust came in sight, in the midst of which they made out the figure of a mounted trooper. Captain Howard drew rein at once, and the trooper did the same when he came abreast of the buggy.

"Is that you, Captain Howard?" he queried, saluting:

"Colonel Metcalfe sent me after you, sir, to say as how the pand — I mean the Sepoys, have risen in Lallunge and if you'd be so good as to bring your company over as quick as possible to help us."

"Why, everything was quiet enough there an hour ago!" exclaimed Howard incredulously.

"Yes sir, it were," answered the man, wiping his wet dusty face with his shirt sleeve — he had evidently not had time to dress before starting — but just as the buglers were a-soundin' retreat the black devils swarmed out and began ashootin' right and left. We got most of the ladies and a good many of the women and young ones into the Presidency, but Mrs. Metcalfe and her baby and the doctor's wife and family are killed."

"My God!" ejaculated Howard, while his wife sank back half fainting. "Look over there, and listen," he continued, pointing in the direction of Kalapore, "and you will learn how little help my poor fellows are likely to give you."

The trooper did as he was bidden and brought his hand down on

his thigh with a smack. "S'elp me Jimmie Johnson if the pandies a-agin it in Kalapore too," he exclaimed; forgetting, in his amazement, to whom he was speaking.

"Exactly," remarked Howard grimly. "That is the reason I was driving back to Lallgunge to put Mrs. Howard in a place of safety before going on myself."

"Lord love you, sir, there aint an inch of safety for a lady in Lallgunge now, 'cept in the Residency; and its ten chances to one against you gettin her that far alive," cried the trooper, scratching his head.

"Take me back to Kalapore," interrupted Mrs. Howard eagerly. "I will take the risk, Charlie. We may find our baby, you know."

Captain Howard thought for a moment. "I know what I shall do," he said at last. "It is a forlorn hope, but the only one. I shall take you to Jamsetjee the Parsee and ask him to conceal you in his house. He lives three or four miles this side of the cantonments and I don't suppose the mutineers will go near his place. He is under several obligations to me and I don't think he will refuse. As for you, my man, you had better ride back to Colonel Metcalfe and explain the situation. I can give him no assistance. Ride now, and good luck be with you!"

"The same to you, sir, and your lady," answered the trooper roughly but heartily, and saluting again he galloped off, muttering to himself as he vanished in a cloud of dust: "The lord send you find a place to hide your wife, for she'd better be dead if not."

Before resuming his journey to Kalapore, Captain Howard took a loaded revolver from his breast pocket and laid it in his wife's lap, saying: "Be ready to hand me that when I give you the reins, I may find it necessary to use it, though I trust not."

Poor Mrs. Howard sat, looking straight before her with despairing eyes and did not answer, though her hand closed involuntarily around the pistol. Torturing pictures of her child in the hands of the brutal Sepoys were floating before her mental vision, and she had quite forgotten her own danger.

As they drove on they passed isolated groups of natives who had crept from their huts and were standing by the roadside gazing in the direction of Kalapore, from whence the booming of cannon came at intervals. These people made no attempt to molest them, though for the most part their glances were unfriendly. Once a tall old native with grey hair called out after the buggy: "You no go Kalapore, sahib; Sepoy kill the memsahib plently quick!" but he was the only one who attempted to address them. It is probable they would not have escaped an attack or at least insulting language were it not that the natives were not yet sure how the conflict at Kalaporé would

terminate. Like prudent people, they waited to see on which banner victory was going to perch before throwing in their lot with either.

As Howard and his wife drew nearer to their destination the whole heavens seemed on fire, and the rattle of musketry began to mingle with the deeper roar of artillery. Suddenly the latter ceased abruptly and a long confused murmur, like the echo of a mighty shout, was wafted to their ears.

"The fight is over, one way or the other," said the captain briefly. "If the niggers are victorious they will probably set off to help their comrades in Lallunge. We must be prepared to give them a wide berth, my dear." As he spoke he checked the horse and looked about him. On one side of the road there were still fields of grain, but on the other the plain stretched away bare and open under the brilliant moonlight.

"We shall have to make for that tope of trees, Molly," he said, pointing with the whip to a black patch that lay back from the road about half a mile ahead. "If the Sepoys come this way, and I think they will, it is our one chance of avoiding them. Fortunately there are no native huts just around here, so we are not likely to be perceived."

"You think the Sepoys have won?" asked Mrs. Howard, turning her white face to him for an instant.

"I am afraid so," he answered sadly. "What could a hundred Europeans do against two armed regiments of Sepoys?"

Whipping up the horse again he drew on, and they had scarcely reached the shelter of the clump of trees when his presentiment was realized. Far off on the dusty, moonlit road a confused black mass came into sight. From the midst of it peals of musketry and loud savage yells shot up to the peaceful sky. The mutineers were on the way to Lallunge and thence to Delhi, common rendezvous for the revolted soldiery from every direction.

The *tope* of trees in which Howard and his wife had taken shelter lay back about a hundred yards from the road. The trees were thickly planted and their dense foliage shut out the moon's rays completely and cast an inky shadow below. Unless something unforeseen should happen they were not in the least danger of discovery.

Allighting from the buggy, Howard went to the horse's head and began to pat it gently, while the mutineers drew nearer and nearer, their frantic shouts of "Deen, Deen" (faith, faith), and "Death to the Feringhee," mingling with the triumphant volleys of musketry by which they were celebrating their victory.

Mrs. Howard did not look at the terrible procession as it danced past, she hid her anguished face in her hands to shut out the sight;

but her husband scrutinized it with vindictive eyes and ground imprecations between his clenched teeth. Many of the Sepoys had cast aside their uniforms and wore only the native dress; but others, and the sight sent the blood boiling to Howard's brain, wore the swords and uniforms of their European officers whom they had just murdered. Mingling with the Sepoys and conspicuous by their yells and capers were half a dozen dervishes, filthy and half naked, and a herd of budmashes (the offscourings of the bazars) with not a few frantic native women. It was a scene from pandemonium.

It was nearly half an hour before the last of the procession straggled out of sight, and a full hour before Howard thought it safe to resume his journey. When he did he drove forward with more confidence than he had felt before, and in a short time they arrived at the outskirts of the bazar where dwelt Jamsetjee the Parsee. To Howard's dismay, the house was deserted. The door had been broken off its hinges and lay in the street. The *jalousies* hung in broken remnants from the windows, and articles of household furniture were strewn everywhere. Evidently the house had been locked up and deserted by its owner and then broken into and pillaged by the mutineers. At that moment there was not a human being in sight, though sounds of life and excitement come from a neighboring street, the one that led to the cantonments.

"We shall have to make a dash through the bazar, Molly," whispered Howard. "I don't think there will be much danger in doing so though, for the budmash element has gone off with the mutiners. Courage now, little woman, and have the revolver ready."

Mrs. Howard drew a little closer and lifted her face to his. "Kiss me, Charlie," she said quietly.

He drew her to his breast in a long embrace, then released her, took the whip out of the socket, walked the horse around the corner and then, giving it a sharp cut across the flank, sent it flying at full gallop through the narrow street; a babel of yells following them as they went. As the buggy dashed through the bazar, swaying from side to side, the occupants caught dissolving views of sullen and angry black faces turned upon them, and once a shower of stones pattered against the hood, but that was the only demonstration made; the shopkeepers being, for the most part, engaged in getting together such remnants of their movable property as the mutineers, in the excess of their patriotic zeal, had forgotten to help themselves to. Whatever religious tenets may have had to do with fomenting the mutiny, there is no doubt that "Loot," whether from friend or foe, was the leading article of the mutineers' creed once it had broken out. This fact was so far favourable to Charlie Howard and his wife that they made

their way through the bazar almost unmolested, and he was beginning to congratulate himself that all would yet be well, when, right at the outlet of the narrow way, he drove into the midst of a dozen or more Sepoys who had straggled behind the main body, for the purpose, no doubt, of gleaning such loot as the others had missed.

The moment their eyes fell upon the English faces in the buggy, they raised a yell of delight and made a rush for the horse, but the frightened animal bounded through them in an instant, scattering them to left and right, and in another moment the buggy and its occupants were beyond the reach of their hands. A scream of rage broke from them when they saw their prey about to escape, and, with one accord, they raised their muskets and fired. The scattering hail of bullets flew around the flying buggy and the horse gave a snort of pain and leaped forward madly. It had been grazed by a ball. At the same instant Mrs. Howard slipped from her seat, and would have fallen to the ground had not her husband thrown his arm around her relaxed form and drawn her between his knees where he held her firmly until he had regained control of the terrified horse. Then he raised her head gently and turned her face up to the white moonlight. One look was enough and he dropped his face on her's with a dry sob. She was stone dead, shot through the temple.

After a few moments he raised his head again and drove on. In the coming years, if he lived to see them, he would have time enough to grieve; now duty called upon him imperatively to lay aside private sorrows and take his part in the struggle that lay before him and his countrymen.

Half an hour later he drove into the cantonments and halted his tired steed at the gate of his own compound. The once pretty bungalow within was a heap of smouldering ruins, half veiled in smoke.

He alighted from the buggy, and lifted the dead body of his wife into the enclosure and laid her on the ground. At the foot of the small garden ran a nullah or drain from which the earth had been taken for the low compound wall. In this drain, when he had lined a portion of it with branches torn from a mango tree, he placed his wife's remains, spread his handkerchief over her face, and then proceeded to cover them securely with earth and stones so as to defend them from depredations of jackals. He went about his task deliberately and methodically; a look of grim determination on his handsome face, from which every trace of youth had departed; a look that boded ill for the Sepoy who might fall into his hands after that night's work. When his task was finished he went around to the back of the bungalow where the native servants' quarters and the stables were situated, and found that they had escaped the flames. He hunted

about until he found a bucket of water and some hay with which he returned, to the horse and, slipping the bit out of its mouth, left it to refresh itself while he made a tour of the cantonments.

The sights that met his eyes as he threaded his way between the still burning bungalows added fuel to the fire of vengeance that burned in his breast. The dead and mutilated bodies of Englishmen women and children lay in every conceivable posture; many bearing in their rigid, distorted countenances traces of the agony they had suffered before merciful death came to their relief. That the men had not died without giving a good account of themselves was evidenced by the heaps of slain Sepoys that met his gaze. The square where the brunt of the battle had fallen was a vast charnel-house. Not a living thing was to be seen except a stray pariah dog, probably the pet of some soldier, that went around sniffing timidly at the dead bodies. Sick at heart and burning with impotent rage, the solitary survivor of the little European garrison of Kalapore went back to his buggy and climbed in; took one last lingering glance at the spot where his dead wife lay buried and then drove off, to make his way, if happily he could accomplish it, to the nearest English garrison fifty miles away.

## CHAPTER II

One summer evening, twenty years after the dreadful event that had but served after all to strengthen the power of England in the East, a grey haired, soldierly looking man stepped off the train that had just come puffing into the railway station at Montreal, and stood looking along the platform as if in search of a familiar face.

Time had not dealt lightly with Charles Howard. He was thin and worn and weather beaten, and a look of abiding sadness lay in his eyes and in the lines around his mouth, partly concealed by a grizzled mustache. His expression was that of a man who had borne the worst that fate could inflict upon him, and to whom henceforth the words joy and sorrow would be simply terms and nothing more.

Presently a gleam of pleasure lit up his sombre face and he stepped forward and held out his hand to a man who was passing. "Why Clem, is it possible you don't know me?" he asked.

The man stopped and looked at him incredulously for an instant, and then grasped the extended hand in a grip that nearly crushed it. "Charlie Howard at last!" he exclaimed: "but good heavens, man! what have you been doing to yourself? your own mother would not know you."

"She didn't, when I reached England two years ago," answered Howard with a grin smile. "A quarter of a century in the Orient is

not calculated to preserve either youth or beauty, I can tell you. But *you* have scarcely changed at all; I should have known you anywhere."

"The effects of a good conscience and climate," said the other, with a jolly laugh. "But come along, the Madam is on the tiptoe of expectation and it wont do to keep her waiting. Give me hold of that valise; I'll send a fellow down from the house to look after your heavy luggage, so you needn't bother about it"

Laughing and talking, Clement Hope led the way out of the station, and as they drove homeward pointed out the various objects of interest on the way. I can scarcely believe it is twenty-five years since I bade you goodbye," he said once. "Lord! how the time flies. You were a gay lieutenant that time and I was an equally gay bank-clerk. Now you're a Major-general and I'm a bank-president. Heigho! they were good old days."

"They were," asserted Howard, making an effort to emulate his friend's good spirits. "The regiment was sorry to leave Montreal. "But tell me something about yourself. Did I know your wife? and have you any picanninies?"

"Know my wife? I should think you did! Surely you remember Emily Clifford, eh?"

"Of course I do; she was one of the belles of Montreal."

Hope leaned back and laughed.

"Wait till you see her," he said; "she weighs two hundred pounds, and it takes her five minutes to walk up stairs. As for the youngsters — well, they wouldn't like being dubbed picanninies now; Paul is twenty-three, Frank twenty-one and Mary is somewhere about Paul's age, as nearly as we can guess."

"As nearly as you can guess?" repeated the General in some astonishment.

"How stupid of me, to be sure!" exclaimed Hope, after staring an instant at his friend; "of course you couldn't know that Mary is only an adopted daughter — but thereby hangs a tale which you must hear later, for here we are at home, and if I am not mistaken that is Emily's dress I see fluttering on the terrace."

General Howard scanned with interest the irregular greystone house that came into view as the carriage turned through a pair of tall iron gates and rolled smoothly along the gravelled walk that wound its way onward beneath a canopy of overarching foliage, past a lawn and flower garden, and finally drew up at a flight of broad stone steps that led to the terrace by which the house was approached. Mrs. Hope stood at the top of the steps, a handsome, matronly figure in black silk, to receive her guest; and there was so much sincere warmth and cordiality in her welcome that the world-worn traveler felt

emotions arising in him to which he had been a stranger for many weary years.

After the greetings were over, Mr. Hope carried his friend off to the apartments prepared for him, and the two spent the next hour in the exchange of reminiscences, grave and gay. By tacit consent no reference was made to the sad events that had robbed the soldier of his wife and child. His host was acquainted with the outlines of the story and was too sympathetic to press for details that were not volunteered, and so the subject was not touched upon, though it was uppermost in both men's minds.

At dinner that evening the General met Hope's two sons; a frank faced, manly pair to whom his heart warmed at once; and learned that the daughter would return home from her convent-school on the morrow. "Mary is to be graduated this year," Mrs. Hope told him. "Indeed? she should have finished two years ago, but her health was not good and we had to bring her home. I am glad the school days are over, for I miss her very much."

"I understand the young lady is only an adopted child," remarked Howard, glancing at his host.

"She is as dear to us as if she were our own," responded Mrs. Hope. "Our one fear all these years has been that some relative would appear to claim her; but I think there is not much danger of that now."

"You have had her a long time, then?"

"Nearly twenty years."

"And you know nothing of her parentage?"

"Nothing. She is a waif of the Indian mutiny, and that is all we know about her."

General Howard started violently. "A waif of the mutiny!" he exclaimed unsteadily.

Mrs. Hope bit her lip in vexation. The words had escaped her involuntarily, and she would have given much to recall them when she saw the look of pain that contracted her guest's face. There was nothing for it then, though, but to make the best of her slip and she went on briefly; "Yes, poor child! Clem's brother brought her with him when he was invalided home after the mutiny, and she has been with us ever since. But the story is too long to relate now. Clem will tell you all about it some other time."

"I am sure it will prove very interesting," murmured Howard, striving to hide his agitation under a mask of conventionality which did not in the least deceive his friends. Fortunately, one of the boys came to the rescue just then with a remark that turned the current of the conversation, and the evening passed away without any further



allusion to the forbidden topic. When it was time to separate, Mrs. Hope and her sons said "good night" and went away, and her husband carried Howard off to a room which he called his "snuggery," and the two sat down to enjoy a cigar and a chat. This was the moment the General had been waiting for, and without hesitation he plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"I am awfully anxious to hear your daughter's story," he said; "would you mind telling it to me now?"

"Not in the least," was the response, "but I fear it will recall sad memories to you."

Howard's only reply was a gesture to proceed and the other lit his cigar, stretched himself comfortably in his big chair and began. "As you see aware," he said, "I had a younger brother in the army, though I don't think you ever met him. He served at the siege of Delhi during the mutiny and got so badly knocked about that after it was all over he had to be sent home — to die, as it proved. There was a big batch of invalids on the ship that brought him to England, and amongst them was an artilleryman and his wife and child, a baby girl about a year old. Sick people take strange fancies at times, and poor Dick took a fancy to the artilleryman's youngster and made a plaything of it during the voyage. By degrees it transpired that the child did not belong to its reputed parents, but had been picked up somewhere during the mutiny by the man, and, as its parents could not be found, was finally adopted by him and his wife. "When Dick heard this he was wild to keep the baby himself; and as the soldier was in such a shattered condition, that it was evident he would never reach England alive, he had no difficulty in persuading his wife to give the child up. It would only have been a burden to her, poor creature!

"Well, the artilleryman died, sure enough; but not before he had told Dick all the circumstances connected with the finding of the child, and so far as I can remember them, here they are. At the outbreak of the mutiny this man's battery was stationed at a place called — what is this now? those outlandish names bother me — Lall — something or other, I never can remember it, but Emily has it written down somewhere." "It wasn't Lallunge by any chance, was it?" asked Howard eagerly. A wild possibility had flashed into his mind and he had some difficulty to control his voice sufficiently to put the question.

"Lallunge it was, by jove!" ejaculated Hope; "I suppose you've all these places at your finger ends. Well, as I was saying, that's where this man's battery was when the infernal Sepoys broke loose one evening and began murdering the Europeans right and left. It

seems that the English troops in the place were too few to cope with the mutineers and Dick's artilleryman was dispatched to a neighbouring station to obtain assistance. Before he could reach the place, he learned that the people he was going for were as badly off as those he had left behind, and there was nothing for it but to make the best of his way back to his battery with the bad news.

As he was galloping along, a native woman suddenly appeared in the road ahead holding up a white baby and making gestures for him to stop—eh, did you speak?" as Howard leaned forward with an exclamation. "No, no, go on;" answered the latter feverishly and Hope resumed; "Of course the man pulled up and the woman slung him the baby, crying out at the same time that she had been chased and wounded by the Sepoys and could not go any farther; which was literally true, for the poor creature dropped while she was speaking, and when he got down to help her she was dead. By good luck the man managed to get himself and the child safely into the shelter of the residency at Lall—gunge, — I was nearly forgetting it again — and after the mutiny was all over and the child's parents failed to turn up, he and his wife determined to adopt it as they had no children of their own. I have already explained how the little thing fell into Dick's hands. His fancy for it was merely a sick lad's whim, but he stuck to it like the good fellow he was, and brought it out here to us when he came home to die, and here she has been ever since and mighty fond of her we are. That's the whole of our Mary's story, old fellow; at least all we know of it;" and thus concluding, the narrator contentedly pulled away at his cigar and waited for his friend's comments.

The general was silent for a few moments. The hope that had arisen in his mind within the last half hour seemed too widely improbable to be realized; and yet — and yet — "Was there no clue at all to the child's identity?" he asked at last, in a voice that startled Hope into an upright attitude in his seat. "Why, what is the matter?" cried the latter; "you're as white as a ghost."

"It's nothing, nothing," answered Howard, waving away the glass of brandy that his host had hastily poured out. "Answer me, Clem; was there nothing by which the child could be identified?"

Puzzled by the soldier's evident agitation Hope shook his head. "Nothing," he replied; "nothing but a little Indian ornament tied around its neck, and fac-similes of which, Dick told me, could be found by the dozen anywhere in India. The child's clothing was dainty and expensive, but there was not even an initial on it."

"And no mark of any kind on the ornament?"

"A few scratches on the back that Emily persists in thinking were meant for letters, but to save my life I couldn't make anything out of them."

"What was the ornament?—but wait; if my suspicion is correct it was a goldstone cross with a piece of blue ribbon tied to it. Was it?"

Hope cast a bewildered look upon his friend. "It certainly *was*; but how the deuce—" he began.

With trembling fingers the General had been detaching a locket from his watch chain and he interrupted his friend by presenting this to him, saying: "Does your adopted daughter resemble this picture at all?"

Hope looked at the portrait in the locket and his expression of bewilderment changed to one of excitement: "Why, it is herself!" he exclaimed, "or it would be, but for the old fashioned style of dressing the hair. "What does it mean?"

"It means that, through the mercy of God, my child was saved from the fate that befell her mother and was brought out here to Canada by your brother. You never heard the particulars of how I lost my wife and child, did you? No, then listen." And in a few words the General related the story, finishing by stating: "the scratches on the cross were really meant to represent my wife's initials, M. A. H.—Mary Adela Howard—I made them there myself one day in a fit of idleness. You have the trinket yet, I suppose?"

"Emily has;" answered Hope, running his fingers through his hair as was his custom when excited. "By Jove! what a romance I have to unfold to her. It is the very oddest thing I ever heard of in my life."

"And to think I might have known all this years ago," said Howard wistfully.

"Poor old chap," said Hope sympathetically; "how different things would have been if we had only guessed the truth; but how could we!"

The General was silent a moment, then he leaned over and held out his hand to his friend; "I owe you a debt I shall never be able to repay," he said with emotion. "But for you and your wife my little one's lot might have been that of the veriest pauper—even worse. How shall I ever thank you both!"

"Oh, I say you know, we'd had been utter barbarians to turn the little thing out," stammered Hope, with all his countrymen's dislike of being thanked. "We got to be awfully foud of her, you know, so the debt is all on our side. I wonder what she'll say when she comes home to-morrow."

"She will never care as much for me as she does for you, Clem, I couldn't expect it," sighed Howard. "By the way; she is a Catholic, I suppose?"

Hope nodded. "As we all are," he answered. "Do you mind very much?"

"I am glad of it," was the unexpected reply. "Her mother was a Catholic and little Mary was baptized in that faith. Odd that you should have hit on her right name, wasn't it?"

"Most Catholics name their eldest girls Mary."

"My wife used to tell me our child was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin," remarked the General in a musing tone. "I don't think I quite knew what she meant, but no doubt you do;" then, arousing himself: "but dear me! look at the hour! I had no idea it was so late."

"Nor I;" answered Hope, looking at his watch and rising. "Good night, old fellow, and pleasant dreams. No waking ones though; remember, I forbid it."

"I shall not sleep a wink," declared the General.

Great was the excitement that reigned in the household the next day. The gold stone cross was produced with its faded piece of blue ribbon, and Howard recognized it at once. That, and the extraordinary likeness that existed between his friend's adopted daughter and his wife's portrait, was sufficient to prove to him that he had found his long-lost child, and he could scarcely control his impatience to behold her until the hour of her arrival from school, but wanted to insist upon going to meet her; a course Mrs. Hope dissuaded him from fearing the effect of too sudden a revelation upon the girl.

When the meeting did eventually take place, it was a most affecting one, and Mrs. Hope, looking on with tearful eyes, did not forget to give thanks to the Heavenly Mother who had so lovingly guarded the charge committed to her.

Having no ties in England, General Howard decided to settle down in Montreal near his friends. Here he spent the remainder of his life peacefully and happily, tended by his loving daughter who had the consolation of seeing him received into the Church before his death left her free to dedicate herself to the Blessed Virgin in a religious order.

EMMA E. STREET.

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Written for  
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER

## MARY MAGDALEN, PENITENT.

JULY 22ND.

**I**N reading over the lives of God's most favoured servants, we find them divided into two classes: those who by God's Grace have been preserved in wonderful purity of heart and life and those who by that same divine grace have been brought from spiritual darkness to light, from sin to sanctity.

Among the latter, we find Mary Magdalen, once the public sinner, who became the most illustrious of all holy women, the Virgin Mother excepted.

Her story begins upon the day when Christ sat at meal in the house of the Pharisee, and Magdalen hearing of his wondrous gentleness for repentant sinners and knowing that he was there, came to Him. Though sin-stained and an outcast, she knew Jesus was God, and she resolved to approach Him. Silently she enters and casting herself at the gentle Saviour's feet she washes them with her tears and wipes them with her beautiful hair. With the precious ointment she anoints the Lord, — not his head, as was the custom of the East — but his sacred feet, the feet she has already washed with tears of repentance and love. She does not speak, she does not tell out the burden of her sin and shame. No, for Jesus knows all, knows too the deep sorrow that is breaking her grace-visited heart, and in a brief moment all is forgiven, forgotten, and the great sinner is transformed into the saint. The Pharisee sees all, and is scandalized and marvels that Jesus would allow such a one to touch Him, but Christ

reads his heart, and thereupon follows the passage which has given courage and hope to many an erring and sinful soul since that day : " Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much. "

It is through Mary's conversion that Christ becomes a friend and guest at the house of Lazarus and Martha ; so loving and tender a friend that He weeps for these sisters when their brother is dead, weeps tears of human sympathy, which Scripture has recorded that we might understand what it is to possess the friendship of Jesus.

A second time we see Christ a guest in the home at Bethany, Martha is busy serving, but Magdalen sits at His feet, listening with undivided attention to the words that fall from his lips. Martha murmurs at Mary's inactivity and asks the Master to reprove her, but although the motive which actuates Martha is pleasing to Him still He makes answer and says " Mary hath chosen the better part. "

Time passes and the hour of Christ's coming Passion draws nigh ; again He sits at meal, this time in the house of Simon the leper, and Mary Magdalen enters once more and lavishly anoints her Master's feet with the spikenard of great value, and so excites the cupidity of that arch traitor Judas that he reproves her in the following words : " Why was not this ointment sold, and its price given to the poor ? " But Jesus defends her and answers : " She hath done well. " and adds : " Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that which she hath done shall be told for a memory of her. "

The terrible agony is over, the cruel scourging has been endured, the crown of thorns has been plaited and pressed down around the head of Jesus, the Man of Sorrow. He has carried His heavy cross to the summit of Calvary, and He hangs bleeding and dying.

Where are his chosen disciples, they whom his touch healed of their diseases, the dead He had called back to life ? Are they there ? Ah, no ! Only three loving faithful souls stand

by : Mary, the stainless Mother, the Immaculate Virgin ; John, the Virgin Apostle and much love disciple, and Mary Magdalen, the repentant sinner, at the foot of the cross.

The incomparable sacrifice is accomplished and the bruised, nailed, pierced body is taken down from the cross and tenderly wrapped in aromatic spices and fine linen, and laid away in the garden sepulchre until the glorions resurrection morning, but it is anguish inexpressible for Magdalen to tear herself away from the spot where her new-found love and Master lies. It is only the loneliness and grief of the Virgin Mother that triumphs and causes her to accompany her back to that home made desolate by the absence of her only Son : "The loveliest among the sons of men."

Easter morning, we see Mary Magdalen hurrying to the tomb, so early that it is yet dark, but the stone has been rolled away, the grave is open and her Master is not there. In grief, she runs to the apostles Peter and Paul to tell them that the Lord is not where they had laid Him. They come, and finding that it is true they go away to their own homes. But Mary Magdalen remains at the tomb and tells her grief to the white-robed angels and to one other who is not far off and whom she takes for the gardner. "They have taken away my Lord," she cries, and her sorrow is not to be comforted until she hears a voice say "Mary." Ah ! no other voice could ever be like His, and turning she sees Him whom she loves so much and calls by the dear name of "Master." She is about to press her lips to those pierced feet, but Jesus says "Do not touch me." Is He less loving or less forgiving than in other days, the days when she anointed those feet with precious ointment and sat and listened to his words, He who spoke as never man spoke ? No, it is because Jesus is no more what He had been ; His body has been transfigured into a higher life and soon He will sit at the right hand of the Father, and Magdalen must wait until she can fall at His feet in Heaven.

Scripture makes no further mention of this loving penitent, but early history and tradition tell us that after St. Peter had been crucified at Rome, and that the Virgin Mother had after her patient waiting gone to heaven, Lazarus with his sisters passed to the shores of France, and that by some unseen power the boat containing the family of Bethany was guided to Marseilles where they told the story of "Jesus of Nazareth" as a story of a beloved and well known friend.

Of Magdalen there is but one remembrance at this port, that is in the altar bearing her name, which is in the vault of the abbey of St. Victor. At Aix there was an oratory in which she prayed in the company of St. Maximus, who had accompanied the family in their pilgrimage. But God had ordained that his chosen servant should end her life in greater retirement still. Therefore, she sought a cave in the lonely desert, and for thirty years her life was one of mingled prayer, penance and wondrous communications with Him she loved so truly and perseveringly. Many times a day she was carried by angels from her cave to the rock above it, where visions were granted her which pen cannot describe, nor tongue tell.

Finally the hour approached which Magdalen must have long desired, she felt she was about to pass from brief glimpses of untold glory to that which should be eternal, and her soul longed to receive once more the Blessed Sacrament of love. Not far distant was the oratory of St. Maximus, and when Mary Magdalen knew the hour had come, she was carried by angels to a spot where the holy bishop had been divinely inspired to wait for her and he gave her the Holy Communion of the Lord's Body and Blood. Then he placed her remains in an alabaster monument and prepared a grave for himself near by.

At the beginning of the eight century the Saracens invaded Provence, and the monks of St. Cassian concealed the crypt in which the relics of Mary Magdalen reposed. They



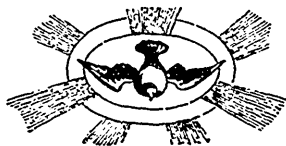
removed her body from the alabaster tomb to another grave, but they placed two inscriptions in it which would show in future days what it truly was.

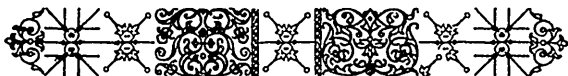
Centuries passed away ; the precise spot where the dear Saint lay was forgotten. At length, God inspired the Prince of Solerno to make a pilgrimage for the purpose of discovering the tomb of Magdalen, and in December of 1279 a trench was opened in the old Basilica of St Cassian. The workmen soon struck upon the stone of a grave, and when the Prince had it raised, a sweet fragrance was perceived by all. Convinced that he had found the remains, he caused the tomb to be sealed until the Bishops of Provence might be convoked.

The following spring, a vast multitude stood around Magdalen's tomb ; with all honour and ceremony it was opened and all gazed upon the earthly remains of her who had so lovingly served her Master after the grace of conversion had been granted her. Upon her forehead a small particle of flesh was observed to be transparent, and with one accord the assembly declared it their belief that it was the spot once touched by the finger of the Saviour when He said to her : " Do not touch me."

Beautiful is the story of Magdalen, the story of penitence and love. Sinful, she had nothing to offer Jesus but her tears : forgiven, she had only her love to give Him. But what love it was ! so deep, so strong, so abiding : a love which kept her ever following in the footsteps of Him who had pardoned her so much. Faithful, indeed she was, even when His path led to the Cross and to the grave.

THERESA CETHIN.





Written for  
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

### BECAUSE SHE LOVED MUCH.

They have bidden Him to a feast,  
The Prophet of Gallilee ;  
And the Pharisee, Scribe and Priest  
Have gathered in haste, to see  
The man whom the people hail  
As a Scion of David's line ;  
Before whom the demons quail,  
Confessing Him Lord, Divine.

He enters : no kiss to greet,  
As wont, hath His host bestowed,  
No water to wash His Feet  
Begrimed by the dusty road :  
His foes — they are foremost there,  
And, esgerly, watch and wait,  
For a word might The soul ensnare  
Of the Man whom they scorn and hate.

She stands in the porch outside,  
The "woman without a name,"  
Who had never cared to hide,  
But, rather, to flaunt her shame ;  
But now :— shall she enter in ?  
Shall she face the curious eyes  
Of those who have known her sin,  
Shared it — and yet despise ?

She falls at the Prophet's Feet,  
And lo ! as she crouches there,  
She cleanses them, sore with the heat,  
With tears ; and, then, with her hair,  
She tenderly dries them, worn  
With journeys on life's highway ;  
That have trodden on many a thorn,  
In His pilg' image, day by day.

And then, with the balm of cost,  
From the vessel broken in twain,  
The Magdalen, outcast, lost,  
Anointeth His Feet again ;  
The Feet she had bathed with tears,  
That she had not ceased to kiss,  
Not heeding the whispered jeers  
Of those who might take it amiss.

That a sinner should thus presume  
 To enter the house, unbidden,  
 And to empty the sweet perfume  
 On the Prophet's Feet, unhidden ;  
 A Prophet? And knoweth not  
 That the woman who kneels at His Feet,  
 Hath with sinners her evil lot,  
 With the outcasts of the street.

"Simon," The Master said,  
 "I came to the house to-day,  
 "No oil hadst thou for My Head,  
 "No water to wash away  
 "The dust from My Feet ; no kiss,  
 "The due of the welcome guest ;  
 "Thus hast thou done :— and this  
 "Poor outcast, by sin opprest,

"Hath washed, with her tears, My Feet,  
 "Hath kissed them, ceaselessly,  
 "Anointed with ointment sweet,  
 "In token of love to Me ;  
 "And thou, who hast scorned to touch  
 "My Hand, hast need to be shriven.  
 "And she, who hath loved so much  
 "For her love hath been forgiven."

FRANCIS W. GRY.

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### THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

PORT HAWKESBURY, C. B.

The League was established at Hawkesbury six years ago by the eloquent Jesuit Father Gregory O'Bryan. Owing to the zeal of the then incumbent and of his successor the League has prospered. The President, Mrs. Doctor P. A. McDonald, is aided by ten Promoters. The members number 528, which is a creditable showing for a scattered and a not overlarge parish. The fruits of the League are plainly visible in the increased number of communicants, in the attendance at Mass not merely on Sundays, but on week days. The Vesper Service is also attended by an unusually large number of people, and the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord is realized more and more, judging from the evening visits.

HUGH GILLIS, P. P.

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## THANKSGIVINGS

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

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

**AMHERSTBURG.** For the cure of a severe pain, after using St. Ignatius water. — **ALEXANDRIA.** For preservation from death. For recovery from sickness, through prayers to S. H., B. V. M. and St. Joseph. — **ANTIGONISH.** For a situation, through the prayers of the League. For a spiritual and temporal favour — **ARNPRIOR.** For a favour obtained, through B. V., St. Joseph and St. Anthony.

**BARRIE.** For a great favour received, for which candles were burnt before the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday, and a mass promised for the Souls in Purgatory. For a favour, through St. Francis, and the making of a novena. For a favour, through the Souls in Purgatory. For a great favour, after making a novena to B. V. M. For a favour, after making a novena to St. Joseph. For a great favour, through St. Francis Xavier. — **BATHURST, N. B.** For a temporal favour. For the return of a brother to his Easter Duty, after two years' neglect. For the safe return home of a brother and a nephew, after praying to B. V. M. and St. Joseph. — **BELLEVILLE, ONT.** For a temporal favour, through the intercession of B. V. M., St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For four favours, after prayers to B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For a favour, after prayers to the Infant Jesus of Prague. For a temporal favour, after promising bread in honour of St. Anthony. For a very great favour, through the B. V. M. — **BRACEBRIDGE, ONT.** For a special favour, after a novena to the S. H. and going to Communion twice. For a husband's refraining from drink, after praying for six weeks in honour of the B. V. M. — **BROCKVILLE.** For a special and a temporal favour, after prayers to B. V. M. and St. Anthony. For finding a lost article. For hearing from an absent brother. For a brother making his Easter Duty. For a father getting work. For being able to pay debts. For recovery from sickness, through prayers to the S. H. For three temporal favours, through the intercession of B. V. M. For success in study. For a person recovering the use of reason. For obtaining a great temporal favour, after saying the Thirty Days' Prayers. For the cure of headache, after applying the Badge and saying the Hall Mary. — **BURLINGTON, ONT.** For a favour, through B. V. M. and St. Joseph., and a promise of a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For health restored, after applying the Badge, and continued prayers to S. H. For a favour, through B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For two very special favours, through B. V. M., St. Joseph and S. H.

**CALGARY, N. W. T.** For the cure of a sick child, after applying the Badge and promising a mass in honour of the S. H. For means to

pay debts. For a spiritual and temporal favour. For the cure of a sick child. — COLGAN. For a temporal favour, after prayers to B. V. M. and St. Anthony. — CORNWALL. For a great temporal favour, through the Holy Family and St. Joseph. For the cure of a severe headache which had become chronic, through prayers to S. H. For two cures obtained, through the S. H.

DUNDAS. For a favour, from St. Expedit. For the finding of a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony and for the Souls in Purgatory.

FAIRVILLE, N. B. For health and escape from injury in an accident, by invoking the S. H. and B. V. M. For a spiritual and temporal favour, through devotions to the Passion. For success in study. For one hundred and twenty-two spiritual and temporal favours. — FARGUS. For two temporal favours, after asking the prayers of the League. — FLOS. For a favour, through devotions to S. H. — FOREST. For relief from earache, by applying the Badge. — FREDERICTON, N. B. For a favour, through B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For two favours, after praying to St. Anthony. For two favours, after praying to S. H. For money obtained. For a great favour received. For thirteen spiritual and temporal favours. — FREELTON. For two spiritual and temporal favours.

GODERICH, ONT. For a very important temporal favour, from St. Anthony, after promising to give bread in his honour to the poor. For the cure of sore eyes, after a promise to give bread to the poor, and to have a statue of St. Anthony erected in the church. For a situation obtained, and for restoration to health, through the intercession of St. Anthony. — GUELPH. For a great favour, after praying to St. Joseph. For five favours received, after praying to St. Benedict.

HAMILTON. For a temporal favour.

INGERSOLL, ONT. For two very great favours. For the recovery of stolen money. For the cure of a drunken father. For three favours, through the Souls in Purgatory. For the cure of sore throat, through B. V. M.

KEARNEY, ONT. For the cure of neuralgia. For a special favour. For success in business. For news of an absent brother. — KINGSTON. For the cure of a swelling on the neck, by applying St. Ignatius water. For a special favour. For a temporal favour, through the intercession of St. Joseph and prayers for the Souls in Purgatory. For employment for a brother. For toothache cured, by applying the Badge. For employment for a husband, through St. Anthony and prayers for the Souls in Purgatory. For a reconciliation.

LONDON. For a conversion to the faith. For the return of a young man to his duties. For work obtained, through B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For a father's recovery from illness, after prayers to S. H. and B. V. M. For three favours, through B. V. M., St. Anthony and St. Joseph. — LYONS, N. Y. For two favours received, through St. Anthony.

MAIDSTONE. For the cure of sore eyes, by applying the Medal of St. Benedict. For a cure, by applying the Badge. For a great favour.

For two favours, from the B. V. M., St. Benedict and the Souls in Purgatory. — **MARYSVILLE.** For a very special temporal favour, after praying to B. V. M. and St. Anthony. — **MERRITTON.** — For two spiritual favours, after making a novena to St. Joseph. For the means of paying a certain debt, after prayers to Our Lady of Victory. For a special favour, after praying to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. For another special favour granted. — **MRTZ.** For four temporal favours, after prayers to B. V. M. For a spiritual favour, after praying to B. V. M. For five spiritual favours, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. — **MONTREAL.** For a favour, after saying the Thirty Days' Prayer to B. V. M. For a temporal favour, through St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For a temporal favour, through St. Anthony. For the cure of sore throat. For the conversion of a mother, who was very much addicted to drink. For a very great and unexpected temporal favour. For the cure of sore back, by applying the Badge. For a special grace obtained, from the Souls in Purgatory and St. Anthony. For five temporal favours. For two very special favours received in February and March. For the recovery of a young man who was dangerously ill.

**NEWCASTLE.** For three favours received. — **NEW EDINBURGH.** For a dear friend giving up drink, after a novena to St. Anthony and St. Expedit. — **NIAGARA FALLS.** For relief of a pain in the shoulder, after applying the Badge and praying the B. V. M.

**OSCEOLA.** For five great temporal favours. — **OSGOODE, ONT.** For a favour. For a spiritual and temporal favour, through S. H. and B. V. M. For help in trouble, through B. V. M. — **OTTAWA.** For a favour. For a situation, after praying to St. Joseph and promising a mass every month for the Souls in Purgatory. — **OWEN SOUND.** For a person having made his Easter Duty. For the cure of a toothache. For a special favour, through B. V. M. and St. Joseph.

**PARIS, ONT.** For a situation for a brother, through St. Joseph. For a temporal favour, after saying the Litany of the Saints during Lent. For three spiritual and temporal favours. For the finding of a valuable article, after praying to the B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For a favour from St. Joseph. — **PENETANGUISHENE.** For the cure of toothache, after applying the Badge. — **PICTON.** For two temporal favours. For a spiritual favour. For a safe journey. For employment for a brother, after praying to the S. H. and B. V. M. — **PORT COLBORNE.** For the cure of severe pain, after applying the Badge, and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. — **PORT CREDIT.** For a temporal favour, after praying to St. Anthony. — **PRESCOTT, ONT.** For restoration to health of a very dear friend. For constant employment, through prayers to B. V. M. and St. Anthony. For hearing from an absent friend, after prayers to St. Anthony. For means to pay debts. For the recovery of a young man, after prayers to B. V. M.

**QUEBEC.** For a very special favour, through Our Lady of the Wayside. For one favour. For a great spiritual favour. For the speedy recovery of a poor girl from the effects of a serious accident. For constant employment and a good salary. For relief in great necessity, through the B. V. M. and St. Ann. For assistance in temporal affairs, and the cure of a person dangerously ill, through the B. V. M. and

St. Anthony. For the cure of an afflicted mother. For work for a father and for the success in business of a brother. For the grace of of a happy death, through Our Lady of Perpetual Help. For success in a difficult and important undertaking. For the success of a great spiritual work. For the recovery of a sick child. For spiritual and temporal favours. For a very particular favour. For the grace of a happy death for a great sinner, through prayers to S. H. For seven spiritual and temporal favours.

**RENFREW.** For a special favour, through St. Joseph. For having been cured, through the Canadian Martyrs. For employment, after a novena to S. H.

**SARNIA.** For a special favour, after finishing the Nine Fridays and having two masses said for the Souls in Purgatory. For finding a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony. For many favours. For a special favour, after praying to B. V. M. — **SEAFORTH.** For success in an examination, after praying to S. H. For a temporal favour. For finding a lost article. — **SMITH'S FALLS.** For the cure of very sore eyes, after applying the Badge. For two temporal favours. — **ST. ANDREW'S WEST.** For a great temporal favour, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. — **ST. CATHARINES.** For a son's return to his duty, after being neglectful for several years. For news from a son absent for years. — **ST. JOHN, N. B.** For employment. For finding a lost article. For restoration to health. For regaining health, through B. Gerard. For perseverance. For a reconciliation. For the preservation of a family from a contagious disease. For the escape of a family from fire. For two hundred and fourteen spiritual and temporal favours — **ST. MARY'S, ONT.** For the recovery of an uncle who was ill, after making a novena. — **ST. RAPHAEL'S, ONT.** For a special favour.

**TILBURY.** For a temporal favour. For a grace obtained, after making a novena in honour of St. Ann. For a cure, by applying the Badge. — **TRENTON.** For passing an examination, after praying to B. V. M. For a temporal favour from St. Anthony. — **TORONTO.** For the grace to follow a vocation, after years of prayer to Our Mother of Sorrows. For a special favour and the recovery of a parent from a serious illness.

**VANKLEEK HILL, ONT.** For a special spiritual favour, through St. Anthony.

**WATERLOO, N. Y.** For a temporal favour, after a promise of a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. — **WATERLOO, ONT.** For a special favour, through the Souls in Purgatory. — **WINDSOR, ONT.** For employment for a husband, after having a mass said in honour of St. Anthony.

**URGENT REQUESTS,** for favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Antigonish, Bathurst, N. B., Brockville, Calgary, Clinton, Coburg, Freetown, P. E. I., Halifax, Hamilton, London, Marysville, Midland, Montreal, Murdoch, Ottawa, Port Hawkesbury, Prescott, Quebec, Toronto, Zurich.

## INTENTIONS FOR JULY

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

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| <p>1.—F.—Octave of St. John Baptist. Make Christ known. at. gt. 14,002 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2.—S.—VISITATION B. V. M. Charity. rt. 21,539 In affliction.</p> <p>3.—S.—The PRECIOUS BLOOD. Christian devotedness. at. bt. gt. mt. nt. 21,844 Deceased.</p> <p>4.—M.—St. Bertha, W. Spirit of prayer. 77,178 Special.</p> <p>5.—Tu.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bps. Pray for Russia. 4,636 Communities.</p> <p>6.—W.—Octave of St. Peter and Paul. A lively faith. 19,016 First Communions.</p> <p>7.—Th.—St. Michael of the Saints, C. Devotion to the Church. hf. League Associates.</p> <p>8.—F.—St. Elizabeth, W. Love the poor. 10,814 Means.</p> <p>9.—S.—SS. Zeno and Comp., MM. Confide in Mary. 2,002 Clergy.</p> <p>10.—S.—SS. Seven Brothers, MM. Correspond to grace. 130,633 Children.</p> <p>11.—M.—St. Pius I, P. Spirit of piety. 11,815 Families.</p> <p>12.—Tu.—St. John Gualbert, C. Forgive enemies. 10,351 Perseverance.</p> <p>13.—W.—St. Anacletus, P. M. Spiritual Communion. 4,372 Reconciliations.</p> <p>14.—Th.—St. Bonaventurc, Bp. D. Love the Crucifix. hf. 13,184 Spiritual Favours.</p> <p>15.—F.—St. Henry, C. Virtue of purity. 14,335 Temporal Favours.</p> | <p>16.—S.—Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Honour the scapular. 7,544 Conversions to Faith.</p> <p>17.—S.—St. Alexius, Recluse. Jesu pise the world. 12,065 Youths.</p> <p>18.—M.—St. Camillus de Lellis, C. Care of the Sick. 1,378 Schools.</p> <p>19.—Tu.—St. Vincent de Paul, C. Active charity. 55,692 Sick.</p> <p>20.—W.—St. Jerome Emilliani, C. Pray for orphans. 2,574 Retreats.</p> <p>21.—Th.—St. Praxedes, V. hf. Works of mercy. 300 Societies.</p> <p>22.—F.—St. Mary Magdalen, P. Sorrow for sin. 2,463 Parishes.</p> <p>23.—S.—St. Apollinaris, Bp. M. Constancy. 14,458 Sinners.</p> <p>24.—S.—St. Christina, V. M. Pray for America. mt. nt. 10,969 Parents.</p> <p>25.—M.—St. James the Greater, Ap. Loyalty to Christ. bt. mt. 2,883 Religious.</p> <p>26.—Tu.—St. Ann, Mother B. V. M. Pray for mothers. 1,613 Novices.</p> <p>27.—W.—BB. Aquaviva and Comp., MM. Pray for the obdurate. 511 Superiors.</p> <p>28.—Th.—SS. Nazarius and Comp., Spirit of sacrifice. hf. 6,689 Vocations.</p> <p>29.—F.—St. Martha, V. Christian activity. Promoters.</p> <p>30.—S.—SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM. Patience. 11,256 Various.</p> <p>31.—S.—St. Ignatius Loyola, C. pi. Zeal for God's glory. Directors.</p> |
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*When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.*

*1=Plenary Indulgence; a=1st Degree, b=2nd Degree, g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity, h=Holy Hour, m=Bona Mors, p=Promoters; r=Boeary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.*

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