



VOL. X

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 10

REPARATION.

*General Intention for October named by the Cardinal
Protector and blessed by the Pope.*

IT was when the note of discord sounded in Eden for the first time that Reparation became a living thing in the moral world. The blessed work of atonement for sin began the moment Adam passed out through the gates of his paradise, and it continued, in varying intensity, down through the ages of the Law and the Prophets, appeasing the anger of God by sacrifices and other propitiatory offerings. But the sacrifices of the Mosaic dispensation could not suffice; something greater was required. The great Victim of atonement, promised from the beginning, came, at last, after four thousand years of waiting, and the hopes of the nations revived. It was reserved for Jesus Christ, the spotless Victim and the atoning Sacrifice, to make complete reparation for the sins of men.

To grasp the full import of the mystery of the Incarnation in its relation with atonement for sin, we should have to form an adequate concept of the greatness of God Him-

self, as well as of the unutterable malice of sin. This no mortal mind could presume to undertake ; the sublimity of God's essence, and the depth of His wisdom are inaccessible to our finite intelligences. Let it suffice to know that the Incarnation was necessary in view of the indispensable atonement ; that Christ left the bosom of His eternal Father and humbly became man, in the womb of a virgin, to be a victim of expiation.

How He must have loved us to have come down into the midst of our misery, to have taken to Himself all our sorrows ! As a Child, but conscious, nevertheless, because He was God, He suffered and wept for us ; as a Youth, He experienced the sorrows of exile for us, the pinching of hunger, privation and toil ; as a Man, He felt the anguish of abandonment, the horrors of the cross, and, above all, the thanklessness of those whom He came to redeem. But he came as a victim of reparation, and as such He lived and died. When the great sacrifice was consummated on Calvary, the redemption was complete. But sin has not ceased to ravage human souls ; it still flaunts itself brazenly in the face of God ; and we are asked to continue with Christ the work of reparation, by doing what we can to apply the merits of the redemption to the souls of men.

One of the sad aspects of our relations with our God, is the little trouble we, who are His friends, take to enter into the motives of His passion and death. For this reason any reparation we make is only half-hearted and meaningless. It never comes home to us, as it should, that we were present in the Redeemer's mind during the Agony in the Garden, nor that we have also something to do in the way of atoning for sin. Alas, for the ingratitude of men ! Insults and injuries are hurled at our Best Friend, not merely by those who have renounced allegiance to Him, or who profess to hate Him, but by those very souls on whom He has showered down the treasures of His grace. It is this treatment that He receives from His friends that causes

inex. ressible sorrow to the Heart of our Lord, as He has more than once made it known to us. In one of His apparitions to Blessed Margaret Mary, He complains bitterly of the ingratitude of those who should be near and dear to Him. "Behold the Heart which has loved men so much that It has spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming Itself, in order to testify Its love ; and in return I receive from the greater part nothing but ingratitude, by reason of the contempt, irreverence, sacrilege, and coldness which they show Me in the sacrament of My love." It was during this vision that the institution of the feast of the Sacred Heart was commanded as a day of reparation.

Reparation appeals strongly to all fervent souls, and Christ expects it from us. If we are looking for motives why we should be moved to undertake this work, we shall find that justice alone would be one sufficiently cogent. After all, Christ was not obliged to do all He did for us. He might have left us to shift for ourselves after we had, for the first time, misused our free will and betrayed Him. But the clemency of His Heart made Him offer Himself a victim of love for our sake, and were we to give Him our hearts, as He wishes them, and spend our lives in reparation of our sins, we should be only filling a measure of justice.

But there is a nobler motive than justice to animate any work of this kind that we may undertake. Our Lord desires us to imitate Him, and to let the motive of our atonement find its source in His love. It was love that was the mainspring of His relations with us. One day He addressed Margaret Mary anent the outrages which men were pouring out on Him, and while exhorting her to make reparation, He said : " If men made Me some return for My love, I should think but little of all that I have done for them. Do thou, at least, give Me this consolation, by supplying for their ingratitude as far as thou art able." It was then that He commanded her to receive Him in Holy Communion as

often as possible, especially on the first Friday of every month, no matter what mortification or inconvenience it might cause her. It was then, also, that He commanded her to share in his sadness at Gethsemane, by watching from eleven o'clock till midnight, between Thursday and Friday of each week. She was to share in this sadness in order to appease the divine anger and beg mercy for sinners. This was the origin of the Holy Hour. It is love, then, and reparation through love, that Christ our Lord is looking for, and all He asks from us, either in atonement or otherwise, may be summed up in these words: "Son, give Me thy heart."

The objection has more than once been put forward that Christ, by His passion and death, atoned sufficiently for our sins. Did He not pay all our debt? What further atonement is needed? True, Christ more than satisfied for our sin, because the value of His merits is infinite. But we sometimes forget that in order that His merits may be applied to our souls, Christ willed it that we should couple our expiations with His. This was the condition of the Redemption, and this is what Saint Paul meant, in his First Epistle to the Colossians, when he mentions his own sufferings that "fill up those things that are wanting to the sufferings of Christ."

Not that Christ counts much on any sufferings so insignificant and so unworthy as those that we could offer Him. But He elevates them by associating them with His own sufferings. What we do is of little avail when taken by itself, but it acquires some value when it is coupled with what Jesus Christ has done.

One immense advantage we gain in the work of reparation is that by it we are not simply paying our debts to God, but we are also applying medicine to our own souls. "There are two things in sin," says Saint Bernard, "the fault and the wound. The mercy of God removes the fault, but penance is required to heal the wound." And Saint John Chrysostom adds that it is not enough to have

plucked the arrow from the body ; the soul must seize every chance of strengthening itself against future falls and must prepare itself for fresh struggles." Add to this, that penance and atonement in our lives make us resemble Christ more and more. "If we suffer with Him we shall be glorified with Him ;" and a great saint said, somewhere, that there is nothing more incongruous than a soldier seeking his ease under a chief crowned with thorns.

The question that we naturally put to ourselves is : How can we do our share in the work of reparation ? Here is a horizon, vast as the world, that opens itself before us. To understand, even dimly, the reparation of Christ and our own duty, we must go to Gethsemane. It was there that all the sins of the world, for which He made Himself responsible in taking on our nature, were present to Him in their countless multitudes ; and they crushed Him under their weight. Try to count them, even remotely. How many mortal sins are committed in the world every hour ? How many in a month, in a year, in a century ? How many shall be committed till the end of the world ? All these have to be atoned for. Count our personal sins and those that we make others commit, those that are marked in the Book of Life against us, that cannot be blotted out unless we do our share in their expiation. We do not need to be formed apostles, or clothed with the dignity of the priesthood, to pray and suffer and offer little sacrifices to the Sacred Heart, in atonement for our own and others' sins. How many expiatory acts could we perform if we simply observed faithfully our obligations as Promoters and Associates of the League ? Think of the prayers and, above all, the Masses of reparation that could be offered through our instrumentality. We ask for Masses of thanksgiving and for the Holy Souls — excellent intentions in themselves — but how many think of asking their pastors, to offer Masses of reparation ? Then we have the Communions of reparation, in union with the Heart of Jesus, the Holy Hour, the

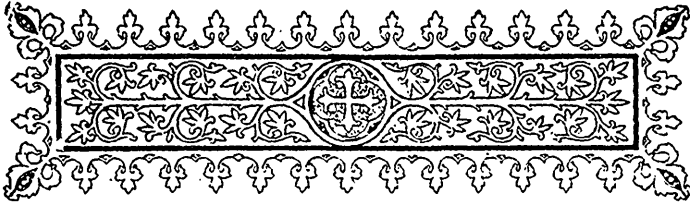
Treasury of Good Works, helping the poor, visiting the sick, and the thousand and one other means at our disposal, to fill the end we have in view. Those who love God and who have His interests at heart, will not merely find many things to atone for, but will also find the means to do it. Pius IX, tells us that "reparation is a work destined to save decrepit society." The rapid strides which the Apostleship of Prayer is making in the world, and the spirit of reparation with which it is permeating the world, through its third degree, show that the words of the Holy Pontiff were prophetic. Let us, then, by our efforts, hasten the work as much as we can, and we shall be actively participating in the work of the salvation of souls, the work so dear to the Heart of our Lord.

E. J. DEVINE, S.J.

Daily prayer during this month.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day, in reparation for our sins, and according to all the intentions for which thou sacrificest Thyself continually on the altar. I offer them, in particular, that a spirit of reparation may spread among Christian peoples.

THE Bishop of Bayonne, in France, recently celebrated the first Mass in a new chapel at Ciota, his native town. The chalice used by His Lordship on that occasion was the one presented by Pius IX. to Bishop Charbonnel, formerly of Toronto. The *Semaine Religieuse* of Montreal, tells a pleasant story about this chalice. The Sovereign Pontiff offered it to Dr. Charbonnel, whom he had just consecrated Bishop of Toronto, and at the same time offered him a ciborium, telling him to choose. The new bishop, who was in great want of sacred vessels for his diocese, chose the ciborium. Then turning to the Holy Father, with twinkling eyes, he said: "What shall I render to the Lord for all the things he has rendered to me? I will take the chalice of salvation . . ." (Ps. cxv. 12). Pius IX. gave it to him at once, and laughed heartily at the ready wit of the newly-made bishop, who carried away with him, both chalice and ciborium.



TUUS SUM EGO, SALVUM ME FAC.

[PS. CXVIII, 94.]

I am Thine : for Thou hast sought me
Jesu ! during many years ;
Thine alone, for Thou hast bought me
By Thy labours and Thy tears ;
Bought me by Thy cross of shame :
Surely I must own Thy claim.

I am Thine ; for Thou hast given
Christ ! for me, Thy very life,
All Thou hast and art ; hast striven,
Conquered in the awful strife ;
Bought my soul such a price,
Such tremendous sacrifice.

I am Thine ; did any ever
Love with love to equal Thine ?
Love that varieth, changeth never,
Perfect love, and all Divine ?
Love that grows from day to day,
Love that lightens all our way.

I am Thine ; oh keep me near Thee,
In the shelter of Thy care ;
When I cry to Thee, oh, hear me !
Thou Who once my sins didst bear :
Hide me in Thy wounded Side,
Jesu ! Saviour Crucified !

I am Thine ; oh Master ! save me ;
Save from self, and save from sin
By Thy precious Death, that gave me
Life ; which could my pardon win :
Jesu ! Brother, Lord and Friend !
Keep me Thine till life shall end.

FRANCIS W. GREY.



THE MEEKNESS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

II

WE are all familiar with the maxim of St. Francis de Sales, so characteristic of that gentle saint:—
“More flies are caught with a little honey, than with a cask of vinegar.” A meek man represses the movements of anger, usually indicated by violent words and gestures. He knows how to bear contradictions; and the remembrance of wrongs excites in him no resentment; he overcomes the natural inclination to impatience.

Phillip II, King of Spain, a profoundly religious prince, had worked through part of the night, writing to the Sovereign Pontiff on an important matter. He asked his secretary for the hour-glass. The latter, half asleep, by mistake, poured the ink over the royal parchment. “Give me another sheet,” said the king calmly, “and we will begin again.” Who can fail to admire control like this in little things, which great souls exercise over themselves? Meekness represses the desire of vengeance, and when practised by a superior towards an inferior, becomes clemency.

Constantine was clement, when refusing to avenge himself on those who had created a sedition. When urged to act against those who destroyed his statues, he replied: “I do not feel injured.” Still more beautiful was the remark of a great man, who having received a blow, the most

humiliating affront, contented himself with saying: "Were I not a Christian, I would avenge myself."

These are the sentiments which Jesus wishes to inculcate in the hearts of His followers, when He gives us that counsel of perfection: "Turn the other cheek to him who strikes you!" St. Paul says: "If it be possible, as much as is in you, having peace with all men. Not revenging yourselves my dearly beloved; but give place unto wrath, for it is written: Revenge to me; I will repay, saith the Lord." (Rom. xii., 18, 19). The spirit of meekness keeps at a distance all that may sadden our neighbor. It moderates reproaches, and thus makes them less bitter. It facilitates the relations of social life: peace and union cannot exist, when members of a family clash, and are indifferent to each other's comfort and convenience. "A sweet word multiplieth friends, and appeaseth enemies: and a gracious tongue in a good man aboundeth." (Eccl. vi.)

This spirit of meekness should prevail everywhere, even in works of zeal. It is not violence, harsh measures or hard and bitter words which will bring about the conversion of souls. Our Divine Lord did not break the reed already bruised by the tempest, nor would He quench the flax yet smoking. Behold the conduct of God with regard to sinners! Does He begin by manifesting His justice? No; He sweetly represents to the sinful soul its unfaithfulness; He invites it to repentance, and patiently awaits its return. If He punishes, it is always as a father, and with a view to mercy. Now, we have not at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls more than Jesus, nor could we employ more efficacious means. We should, therefore, be on our guard against mingling with our zeal for God, our own personal character. There is an art in dealing with souls, viz., treating them gently, in order to win them. A sweet and accommodating manner is the best kind of controversy. A meek man is an apostle: he brings souls

to God, and by his example shows forth in himself, the likeness of the Divine Master.

Anger, on the contrary, obscures the judgment, and prevents us from seeing things in their true light. Passions are bad counsellors ; it is rare that one does not regret having acted under the impulse of anger. You have without doubt, your rights to defend, your honor to safe-guard ; but meekness does not forbid firmness. Jesus Christ, the model of meekness, never hesitated to defend the rights of truth, and the glory of God, His Father. Many a time He showed a holy indignation, and manifested His Divine authority ; yet He was silent and exercised a calm moderation indicative of wisdom, when personally assailed by calumnies and injuries. Here, it must be remembered, there is a *violent anger*,—an irregular movement of the soul, purely physical, and wherein reason is absent ; an *anger of vengeance*, which is reprehensible, knowing that vengeance belongs only to God ; a *just anger*, which punishes and chastises, legitimate when kept within the limits of reason and moderation ; and finally, *anger actuated by zeal*, or a holy indignation produced by the love of God, and our neighbor. Moses breaking the tables of the law, at the prevarication of the Israelites, Elias enflamed with zeal for the glory of the Lord, our Saviour, chasing the money-changers out of the Temple of Jerusalem, are examples of this legitimate anger. This is what St. Paul means when he says : " Be angry and sin not." (Ephes. iv. 26).

Let us always act with this moderation, so becoming to a disciple of Jesus Christ. Give Him your honor to guard, and if for His sake you suffer some humiliation, He will restore to you that honor lost for love of Him. Your forbearance will be rewarded according to those words of the Gospel : " Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake : Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven." (Matt. v. 11, 12). God in His

own good time will deliver you, and truth will manifest itself.

It is, therefore, well established according to reason and faith, that meekness should accompany us everywhere, and shed its moderating influence over our relations with God, our neighbor, and ourselves. We must not consider that this is an easy virtue to acquire ; there are few which entail greater combats, or require greater self-renunciation. It finds, in fact, an inexorable antagonist in egotism, self-love and pride, which form the basis of our nature. It was not without hard efforts that St. Francis de Sales acquired the meekness for which he was noted.

We must form our hearts on that of our Divine Model. Let us draw near to Him, the Eternal Sweetness of angels and of men, and He will teach us how to acquire the true spirit of meekness. By the practice of this virtue, we shall become lenient and forbearing towards our neighbor, after the example of Him who was the meekest of the children of men. What beautiful lessons He teaches us, in greeting with so much kindness, Judas, the traitor and perjurer, with these words: "Friend, whereto art thou come?" When correcting the ambition of the apostles, He proposes to them, the simple and guileless humility of a child? We, who are so often guilty in our conduct towards our fellow-beings, have no cause to complain when we are treated with rigor. He who has been forgiven much, should be most forbearing with the faults of his neighbor.

This holy virtue will also teach us patience. No human being in this land of exile is exempt from the common lot of meeting with obstacles on the journey of life, and of frequently seeing his will opposed by moral and physical impossibilities. What must then be done? Must we retire within ourselves, like a volcano, which concentrates its fires, and secretly consumes itself, or become like an angry serpent which destroys itself? No ; despair is the crime of the coward. The attitude of the Christian in the midst of

trials and misfortunes, is that of calm endurance ; let us be patient in adversity, and misfortune will weigh less heavily upon our shoulders. Tertullian in speaking of the early Christians, said : "They were never sad." Yet, they were looked upon as the outcasts of mankind, pursued like public malefactors, to be thrown to the lions and tigers in the amphitheatre, — but they thought of their Master and model, and they were patient.

"Tribulations are the means of arousing us from the lethargy into which vice has plunged us, and of bringing us back to God whom we have forgotten." (St. John Chrysostom, Homily on St. Matthew). "You may say : the means are severe. Yes ; but they are opportune. God treats us first with rigor, then mercifully," says St. Augustine ; "the misfortunes which weigh us down, cause us to turn to God," (St. Gregory) ; and St. Bernard says : "Jesus is a lily crowned with thorns ; hence if we would gather the flowers, we must come into contact with the thorns." (Sermon on the Passion). Beautiful comparison, which recalls to us that elementary truth : we must suffer, if we would merit a recompense. We cannot possess Jesus, the Sovereign God without some sacrifices.

Meekness must be unchanging. The virtuous man never suffers himself to deviate from this path ; nor does he allow himself to be overcome by the trials and contradictions which he encounters. A true knight is not easily vanquished. The virtuous soul is always serene, and is submissive under the sufferings which God permits in order to try its faith. Why do we so often give way to murmuring and impatience, which disturb the equanimity of our soul ? For the reason that we do not possess true and solid meekness. What is impatience, but disguised movements of anger ? These form the ordinary matter of our accusations, yet they are incorrigible habits. They are involuntary, and prove no doubt, the sincerity of the soul, disclosing its wounds ; but they bear no evidence of virtue.

Meekness must be based on two solid foundations, viz : *humility and abnegation*. We will become meek, if, through a profound sentiment of humility, we think often of our personal miseries, and innumerable offences towards the Divine Majesty ; if we possess in the depths of our hearts compunction and true repentance ; if we keep before our eyes our own nothingness and the greatness of God. We do not deserve, perhaps, those injurious words, and wounding insinuations ; we must not, however, consider the creature, but rather God, of whom this person is but the instrument, and humble ourselves under His powerful hand. All meekness which is not grounded on humility, is more or less counterfeit. Politeness covers with an elegant varnish, malicious thoughts, but nothing replaces that meekness which has its source in the heart and in true humility.

Self-abnegation is the second principle of the virtue which we must study. All admire it, and would gladly possess it, but forget that it can only be acquired by efforts and self-conquests. We have often resolved to overcome our inclinations to impatience : but, alas ! generosity has been wanting ; and in the face of the contradictions which daily beset our path, and come upon us unawares, we have broken our resolution. To what cause must we ascribe these failures ? To want of abnegation. Oh ! how it costs us to renounce ourselves !

The will of others is a yoke, which weighs on our pride. Moreover, often borne away by our selfish tendencies, we strongly oppose that which does not harmonize with our own thoughts and tastes. Let us therefore, seriously apply ourselves to acquire this self-abnegation. We must keep before us the lesson which our Divine Lord has taught us : *Abneget semetipsum*, self-abnegation.

O Jesus, in vain would we study Thy virtues, in order to recognize their moral beauty and practical utility : without the influence of Thy grace, they would not flourish in our souls. Grant, therefore, that we may love meekness, the

charm of the Christian life, that mark of true virtue, admired even by the world, — that easy means of conciliating hearts, and gaining even our enemies. Deign in Thy Infinite Goodness, to bestow upon us the gift of meekness. Thou hast said : Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess their souls in peace, and enjoy Thy presence in the land of the living.

O Jesus, make us meek and humble ; then will we truly become the disciples of Thy Sacred Heart. Jesus meek and humble of heart, make our hearts like unto Thine !

R. P. SEGUIN, S.J.

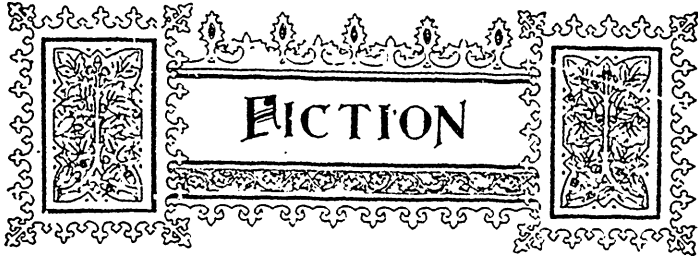
A GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER.

My Father, hear my prayer,
Before I go to rest ;
It is Thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,
That I may sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

Lord, help me every day
To love Thee more and more,
To strive to do Thy will,
To worship and adore.

Then look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest ;
It is Thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.



A BY-PATH TO ROME.

I

IT was high noon in the Canadian city of N—, and two very hungry young men had just seated themselves at a table in a crowded restaurant.

“Phil,” said one, “what are you going to order?”

The one addressed made a wry face and answered: “Fish, I suppose; it is Friday.”

“So it is; I’d nearly forgotten—Hello! here come the “Boss” and Flanagan, and they’re heading for this table.”

“Wish they’d go somewhere else;” muttered Phil Donovan, *solto voce*; “we’ve enough of them in the office—especially Flanagan.”

“His companion laughed, and then drew a little aside to make room for the two men who had just come up. One of them was a portly florid gentleman of fifty one or two; the other about half that age, fair of hair and moustache, light of eye and smooth of manner. One did not need to look twice at James Flanagan to decide that he was just a little *too* nice to be quite wholesome.

“Ah ha! so here you are, eh?” exclaimed the elder man, looking good naturedly down at the two already seated. “Can you make room for us? Thanks, that will do nicely. Um, um, what’s the bill-of-fare to-day?” and his voice trailed off as he glanced over the menu-card. Just then the waitress appeared with the first order and Donovan and

Gerald attacked their fish ; the former giving the latter a kick under the table as he heard Flanagan ordering meat.

As his name would indicate, Flanagan was a Catholic ; but his fellow-clerks had long noticed that if any member of the firm for whom they worked should be present at lunch on a fast day, he invariably ordered meat. Now Donovan, who was a belligerent Nova Scotian, much given to speaking his mind in season and out of season, had long been wishing to give the backsliding Flanagan a bad five minutes, and he thought the present too good an opportunity to be lost. Looking across the table at his victim, he said innocently :

“ I can recommend the trout to-day, Flanagan ; it’s the best fish they’ve given us on Friday for some time.”

The “ Boss ” — otherwise Mr. Archland — looked at the speaker and broke with his hearty voice :

“ Oh, I say, Donovan, why didn’t you keep quiet a little longer ? Flanagan has just ordered roast lamb and you’ve gone and reminded him it is Friday.”

It was characteristic of Flanagan that he grew white instead of red with anger. He was white at that moment, but his voice was as smooth as usual as he said coolly :

“ I don’t think I shall change the order now. Any way, fish does not agree with me and I rarely eat it.”

“ You must have a bad time in Lent,” remarked his tormentor. “ I suppose, though, you get a dispensation ?”

At that moment, Flanagan felt as if he could have assisted cheerfully at Donovan’s funeral. Ever since he had entered the Archland firm it had been his endeavor to keep his religion in the background. Without actually becoming a Protestant, he had done his best to seem one. Although the greater number of his fellow-clerks were Catholics, he had got it into his head that his religion would prove a barrier to his advancement and he had resolutely kept it out of sight. To have it dragged out publicly as Donovan now seemed bent on doing was positive torture to him, and

Donovan knew it. At the word "dispensation," Mr. Archland looked interested and asked :

"Pray, what is a dispensation, if I may enquire?"

Somewhat taken aback, for he had not meant to start an enquiry class, Donovan explained.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Archland. "Then this fasting is a law among Catholics, eh? I had an idea it was merely a custom."

While he was speaking, the waitress had returned and now placed his and Flanagan's dinner on the table. The latter drew his plate over and began to eat in sullen silence. He was not very clever, but something in the Nova Scotian's glance told him that there had been a motive under the apparently careless speech and a feeling of impotent rage took possession of him. To make matters worse, Mr. Archland kept up a desultory conversation on various religious questions, and seemed much interested in Donovan's answers, a great deal to that young man's discomfort. It was one thing to make a passing remark, but quite another to go through a cross-examination.

But lunch came to an end at last and the group dispersed.

II

"I say, Phil," exclaimed Gerald, as they walked back to the office together, "you roasted Flanagan pretty brown that time. But who'd think the old man would have followed up the subject the way he did? I thought he'd stump you every minute."

"So did I," was the candid reply. "He very nearly did a couple of times. Wasn't Flanagan in a nice, sweet humor, though?" and Donovan went off into a shout of laughter at the recollection.

"Rather! But keep your eye on him. He won't forget to pay you out, if he gets a chance."

In the mean time, Mr. Archland was reflecting upon what he had heard. He was too keen a man of the world not to have noticed long before the semi-Protestant pose, to coin

a word, of young Flanagan; and he shrewdly suspected that Donovan's reference to Friday had not been quite accidental. Without seeming to do so he had quietly watched Flanagan during lunch and had divined, with mingled amusement and contempt, the motive that had first made him order meat and then persist in eating it.

"I suppose he thought it would raise him in my estimation," he mused. "Well, well! he made a mistake, that's all; but I wonder if all Catholic customs are as susceptible of reasonable explanation as those I tried Donovan on. I must broach the subject to Flo—not that it will interest her much, I fancy."

"Flo" was his wife; previous to their marriage she had been a Catholic, but at present of no particular persuasion, judging by her conduct. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Archland bore as close a resemblance to a jellyfish as a human being may. Soft, indolent, weak, hating everything that savored of exertion, physical or mental, she needed the constant influence of a stronger will than her own to keep her moving in any direction. Before her marriage to Mr. Archland, her mother, a woman of determination, had seen to it that she attended to her duties toward "God, her neighbor and herself"; after that interesting event, her husband had kept her up to the last two items, but, having pledged himself not to interfere with her in matters of religion, the first was left to herself, with the result that she quickly dropped all religious observances. Of course, her mother took her to task from time to time, and equally of course she expressed purpose of amendment on each occasion; but the months and the years rolled on, and the reproaches of a never very urgent conscience grew fainter and fainter, until at last Mrs. Archland was a very contented woman, for the "inward monitor" had given up the weak struggle and composed itself to rest.

Sometimes Mr. Archland wondered why the representatives of his wife's religion had exacted from him such

solemn promises not to interfere with her in the exercise of that religion. So far as he could see there was very little to interfere with, and his knowledge of Catholicity was far too vague to enlighten him on the subject. He never went to church himself, neither did she; and as they had not been blessed with children; there had never arisen any discussion upon matters of faith. What thoughts he may have had on the subject he kept to himself instinctively. It had not required more than three or four months of married life to show him that his wife's pretty face was her chiefest recommendation. The discovery had been a severe disappointment to him, but he kept it to himself as he did many other things, and his little world was none the wiser. Under these circumstances, then, it was little wonder that he should expect to find that his wife took but small interest in a question that was fast becoming a vital one to him.

III

On his way home from business that evening, he fell in with an old friend in the person of the Reverend Mr. Massinger, rector of an Anglican church in N—— and decidedly "high" in his tendencies. This gentleman cherished the hope of one day seeing Mr. Archland among his congregation, and never lost an opportunity of putting in a word in season. As we have said, the merchant never went to church. His parents had been Anglicans of the evangelical school, and it is probable that their extremely narrow views had had much to do with putting their son out of sympathy with the religion they professed.

As usual, Mr. Massinger soon turned the conversation to religious subjects, and by so doing suggested an idea to his companion which he was not slow to act upon.

"Did you ever examine into the claims of the Roman Catholic Church?" asked Mr. Archland, *à propos* of a remark of the clergyman.

Mr. Massinger gave him a somewhat startled glance.

"I did once, years ago," he admitted reluctantly; "but I came to the conclusion there was nothing in them."

"Strange," said the merchant musingly.

"What is strange? That I did not find the claims convincing?"

"Oh no! merely that so many others do. Why, I have known a score of fellows who have gone over to Rome at one time or another."

"Probably under the influence of a Catholic *fiancée* or Catholic wife;" was the tart rejoinder. The subject did not please Mr. Massinger.

"Perhaps. Of course, you went pretty deeply into the question when you were about it?"

The clergyman looked a little embarrassed. "Of course, of course," he answered hastily; "and, quite between ourselves, I was exceedingly uncomfortable for a few months. Thanks to a devout and sensible wife though, I was saved from taking a false step. She got wind of what was bothering me, got together a whole library of Protestant controversial works, and insisted upon my reading every one of them and giving up the 'Fathers' whom I had been studying. It was a great relief to my mind;" he concluded naively.

"So whether a man goes to Rome, or stays away, it is still a question of the woman;" laughed Mr. Archland.

The clergyman bit his lip. He was fairly caught, but he did not enjoy it.

A short silence followed and the merchant grew thoughtful again.

"I should like to study the matter out for myself," he said presently.

"Take my advice and do not," was the reply. "You have not the slightest idea of the slough of worry and anxiety you would be plunging into."

"But surely it is a matter of conscience to settle a doubt of that sort? You urge me to join your Church, but how

can I do so while I am not sure it has a claim to my adherence?"

"Every branch of the Church has a claim to the children born and baptized in it. You belong to the Anglican branch and have no right to doubt its claim to your obedience."

"But the Roman Catholic Church denies the branch theory, and if she is right, you are wrong. That is just what I want to have settled," cried the perplexed Mr. Archland, looking appealingly at his companion.

Mr. Massinger grew warm. "It is just that arrogant attitude upon the part of Rome which has caused the divisions that exist to-day," he said, excitedly. "When she speaks, every other voice must be silent. The idea!"

"Well, well, I don't know enough about religion of any sort to argue with you," said Mr. Archland pacifically. "In all probability your view is the correct one, though I must admit that the claim of Rome to absolute obedience seems to me a very reasonable one. What is the use of a teacher if her pupils are allowed to sit in judgment upon her teaching?"

Quite unconsciously, the merchant had reached the gist of the matter had he only known it, but he did not, and was surprised to hear his companion say stiffly:

"I grieve to hear you advancing one of Rome's most fallacious arguments. If you go into the inquiry, prejudiced in that direction, there can be but one result. Now I must say good evening; here is my street."

"I seem to have touched a sore spot in Massinger," mused the merchant, as he continued on his way. "I had no idea he felt that way or I'd have held my tongue."

IV

Mrs. Archland was slightly surprised that evening when her husband, instead of plunging into his newspaper as usual, followed her into the drawing-room, and began to wander aimlessly about; now fingering the ornaments on

the mantel, now pausing to look out of the window and now fidgetting with the magazines on the table.

"Is there anything the matter?" she asked, at length, looking up from her book with a mild curiosity.

Mr. Archland still hesitated. He felt that he would get but little help or sympathy from her, and yet he felt constrained to speak.

"The fact of the matter is, my dear, that I have grown a little curious about your religion," he began, plunging into the middle of his subject through sheer inability to approach it more dexterously. "I feel inclined to — to — in short to study it up a bit."

"Oh!" ejaculated the lady, blankly. She could think of nothing else to say.

"Yes; I am going to study it up a bit," reiterated Mr. Archland; "and I thought that you might be able to assist me."

"Good gracious, Henry! what has put such a thing into your head?" asked his wife, pettishly. "I'm sure I should be of no use to you at all in the matter. I never *could* remember my catechism from one Sunday to the next. Perhaps you had better ask mother; she can give you chapter and verse for everything."

"But surely you know something about it yourself?" he asked suggestively.

"Oh, of course," vaguely, "but in a general sort of way, you know. I'm sure you'd better ask mother about it."

Mr. Archland said no more, but he resolved privately not to let the matter drop. The idea of seeking information from his wife's mother was repugnant to him; not because he was not on the best of terms with that lady, but because he shrank from exposing his innermost thoughts to anyone if he could help it. Curiously enough, it did not occur to him to consult a Catholic priest. Perhaps some relics of the prejudices implanted by his parents still lingered in his mind.

For her part, Mrs. Archland was by no means delighted with the turn her husband's thoughts had taken. She foresaw troubles innumerable in connection with church going, and fast-keeping, and what not. "Converts are always so enthusiastic," she said to herself, pettishly. "I hope to goodness, Henry will get over his notion or I shall be teased to death." Truly, Florence Archland had drifted far out to sea.

Although the merchant had not been fortunate in his first attempts to obtain light on the question that vexed him, he did not give way to discouragement. There was a Catholic bookstore in N——, and to this source of information he betook himself and selecting two or three volumes of polemical literature, proceeded to enter upon a careful perusal thereof.

He learned a great deal that was new to him, and not a little that was unexpected; but the reading left him in a peculiar frame of mind. The arguments advanced seemed to admit of no reasonable contradiction, and yet he could not divest himself of the feeling that there must surely be something to be said on the other side, did he but know what it was, or how could Protestantism exist, and number so many good and learned men amongst its members?

"There must be some fallacy, some weak spot, in the Catholic chain of reasoning that I cannot detect," he told himself, more than once. "If not, then Massinger and others of his ilk who profess to be authorities on the matter must be mentally blind and deaf. The thing is as plain as a pikestaff."

Bewildered and uncertain, he spent two or three months in this distressing state, and then heard, with unspeakable relief, that there was to be a mission to non-Catholics in the principal parish of the town.

V

On the first night of the mission, Mr. Archland occupied a seat near the pulpit, and during the ensuing fortnight he

did not miss a single sermon. The principal feature of each night's exercises, for him, was the answering of the queries found in the "Question Box." Probably, every objection, wise or otherwise, that ever was advanced against Catholicity cropped up during that fortnight under one guise or another. More than once his cheeks burned with shame at the evidence, thus brought to light, of the amount of ignorance and bigotry still existing among his co-religionists; and more than once he had much ado not to laugh outright at the absurdity of some of the questions propounded.

He did not use the question box himself; it seemed unnecessary as he got all the information he wanted through the queries of others. Much to his disappointment, he could not induce his wife to attend the mission with him. She was always too tired, or the weather was too cold—she never lacked an excuse. It is to be feared that Henry Archland had small reason to arise and call *his* wife blessed.

At last, the mission drew to a close, and one, at least, of the many non-Catholics who had attended it was fully convinced of the Church's claim to his obedience. But to his own surprise he felt anything but inclined to yield. Mr. Archland had thought himself free from prejudice and from the religious influences of his youth; but now old memories and sympathies seemed endowed with new life and tugged at his heartstrings piteously. He had thought that he had but to see the truth to become enamored of it, and now—now it was like a strange country to him, with unfamiliar scenery and odd customs, and he was sure he would never feel at home in it. After much hesitation, for he was a shy man, he addressed himself to one of the missionaries and explained his position as lucidly as he was able. To his surprise the priest made light of his difficulties.

"If you are convinced that the Catholic Church is the True Church," said the missionary, "you are obliged in conscience to become a Catholic. Religion is a matter of fact, my dear sir, not of sentiment. However, I happen to

know that one of the most zealous members of this congregation went through much the same experience as you are having and I will, if you are agreeable, introduce you to him ; he may be able to help you a little.'"

Mr. Archland consented, and the introduction was effected the following day. His new acquaintance, a Mr. Richmond, proved a friend in need to the merchant. Kind, sensible and patient ; yet firm in insisting upon the seriousness of the question at issue, he was just the person whom Mr. Archland needed at such a critical moment ; and a few days later saw the latter a member of one of the catechism classes formed during the mission.

Having made up his mind to become a Catholic, the merchant lost no time in acquainting himself with Catholic doctrine.

He was thoroughly in earnest in the work, and he found to his joy that the distaste he had felt for the Church wore away by degrees as his knowledge of her grew clearer and broader. The one draw-back to his satisfaction was the indifferent attitude of his wife. Although she had fallen far short of what he had thought she was, he still entertained a very warm affection for her, and her sympathy would have added much to his happiness.

This, however, he was not destined to have. When he told her he was to be baptized and to make his First Communion, she looked mildly interested for a few moments and then returned to her book. It is doubtful if she would even have bestired herself to accompany him to the church on the solemn occasion had he not requested her to do so.

Once a Catholic and sure of his ground, Mr. Archland addressed himself to the task of awakening her to a sense of her duties. At first, she protested languidly at being expected to attend Mass on Sundays or approach the Sacraments at Easter ; but she came around gradually to her husband's views — it was so much less trouble to let him have his own way than to oppose him — and now accor-

panies him to church as good-naturedly as she once remained at home with him.

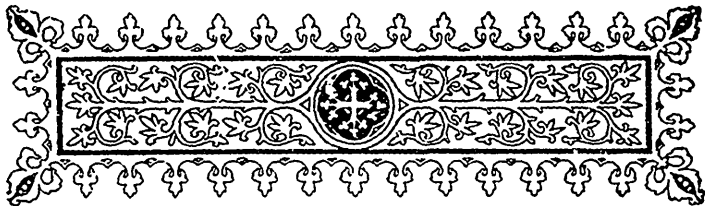
She is a peculiar specimen, Mrs. Archland, but there are others like her — mere reflections of those with whom they come in contact. Weak for good, but singularly powerful for evil, at times, by the mere weight of their own inertia. Sloth may not be the worst of the deadly Seven, but it is, perhaps, the most difficult to cure.

It would be hard to do justice to Mr James Flanagan's feelings when he heard that his employer had entered the fold. It was young Donovan who gave him the news in the office, and it is to be feared that his pleasure on the occasion was not entirely of a spiritual nature. His sense of humor was tickled at the awkwardness of the position his fellow-clerk found himself in, and he took no pains to hide the fact.

As for Flanagan himself he could scarcely credit the tidings. To him it seemed incredible that any man should voluntarily jeopardize an assured position in society for sake of a scruple of conscience.

Like Mrs. Archland, Flanagan is a type of a class. Shamefaced Catholics, who wriggle at the bare mention of the Church's distinctive doctrines in the presence of non-Catholics. Timorous beings, seeing in their Faith a perpetual menace to worldly success, the while they possess barely enough of it to keep them within the pale of the Church. With such examples before him, it is a wonder Mr. Archland ever felt attracted to the Church. Yet, "all roads lead to Rome," and by the grace of God he got there after much discouragement. But how many more conversions would there not be if the slothful, the indifferent and the scandal-giving Catholic could be eliminated? Missionaries and missions can do much, but they will never meet with a full measure of success until Catholics of all classes realize that they are "their brother's keepers," and that practice is better than precept.

KATHARINE ALLAN.



ONE AVE IN TEMPTATION.

When o'er the garden of my soul,
Like thunder-clouds my passions roll,
And in the darkness and the din,
The unclean foe is climbing in,
O Queen of Angels, then be near,
Thou Mother of fair love and fear,
And for one *Ave's* space compel
The unseen battle-front of Hell,
That ere my half-consenting heart
Yield up its yet unconquered part,
In loving fear it swift may hide
Deep in thy Jesu's wounded side.
For this, thy silent tears were shed —
Three hours — three hours — while Jesus bled
For this, thine eyes beheld Him die ;
For this, thou heard'st His dying cry ;
For this, one word He uttered twice,
In finishing His Sacrifice :
" Son, see thy Mother : Mother, see
Thy son." Then, Mother, shelter me
Within the Wound, whose mystic rain
Eve's name restored without a stain
To thee : O Mother undefiled,
Remind me there, thy wayward child,
Of what was done upon the Rood,
What time began thy Motherhood.
Then from the garden of my heart,
The thunder-clouds shall straight depart,
The darkness and the din shall cease,
And my one *Ave* end in peace.

J. G. G. in English Messenger.



BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

A FEW CHAPTERS ON HER LIFE COMPILED FOR THE
CANADIAN MESSENGER.

I

MARGARET Mary Alacoque was born at Lhaute-cour, a hamlet in Burgundy, on July 22, 1846. She was the daughter of Claude Alacoque, a judge of the highest integrity. Her godmother Margaret Saint-Amour, the wife of Claude Fautrieres-Corcheval, Seigneur of Verosvres, was the one who seemed to have exercised the greatest influence on her earliest years. She appears to have held her little spiritual daughter very dear, devoting herself, from the time the child could first lisp the holy Names, to her instructions and guidance, and later on, taking her into her own house that she might the more perfectly fulfil her duties towards her.

The child proved an apt and docile pupil. From her very first years she was distinguished by an extraordinary horror of sin and a marked love of prayer and solitude, which drew her frequently to the chapel attached to the chateau. Whenever she could escape from the maid who had charge of her, she flew to this chapel, and there, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, she learned even at the early age of four or five years, the practice of mental prayer. She used to become so absorbed in it as to remain kneeling before the altar for hours, hardly conscious of things external, but imploring incessantly the grace to be able to return His love who was calling her closer union with Himself.

When she was eight years old, this quiet, happily life came to an end. Claude Alacoque died, and little Margaret was recalled home by her mother. A few months later she was put to a school conducted by the Urbanist Clares, who had a large establishment at Charolles. Here she followed her studies diligently, and still more her pious practices.



Baptism of Margaret Mary.

The nuns soon discovered the saintliness of their new pupil, and they began to prepare her for her first Communion. This great event in Margaret's life took place when she was not more than nine years old; and its fruit

was that all her remaining love of pleasure and natural gaiety of disposition gave way to an intensity of fervor. Every little enjoyment hitherto indulged in became distasteful, in comparison with the incessant prayer which filled her soul and kept her in close union with God.

She describes herself as having at that time an irresistible attraction to prayer. It drew her, almost in spite of herself, into solitude where she used to prostrate herself in adoration and give way, in loving sighs and petitions, to her growing desires after the religious life. She thought that if she could only become a religious she would be a saint, and this made her think of praying for the grace of vocation.

At ten, she fell ill with a kind of rheumatic fever. This kept her confined to her bed for no less than four years. At the end of which long term, notwithstanding the continued efforts of the physician, no cure seemed to have taken place. She had left the convent on account of her ill health, and

with her mother, resolved to seek with heavenly aid the cure which human means could not effect. For this end both pronounced a vow that if Margaret Mary was cured she should be dedicated to the service of the Blessed Virgin. No sooner had the vow been made than the young girl's strength returned, to the great joy of her family, and what was a more precious gift than health, she felt, from that moment, that our Lady had bestowed a very special mark of her protection on her. She felt her love growing for the Mother of God. But the devotion which she had always experienced towards her heavenly queen now grew into something more than devotion. It became a real personal intercourse in which the Holy Mother trained and guided the soul of the young girl in a most marvellous manner. Margaret Mary tells us, "she took upon herself the absolute government of me, reproving me for my faults and teaching me to do the will of God."

From this time forward she added to her former practices of devotion many and continual austerities, such as fasting three days in the week ; eating only the coarsest food : wearing an iron chain and other instruments of penance : rising in the night to spend the silent hours in prayer ; and other exercises of mortification and devotion in which her fervor found vent.

This method of life gradually undermined her health, and brought on a violent and continued pain in the side which she endeavored to conceal at first. When her sufferings became so evident that she could conceal them no longer, her mother and brothers prevented her from continuing her mortifications.

However, no sooner had this change been made than a new source of anxiety manifested itself, very painful ulcers broke out on her body which no medical skill could relieve. They caused her very acute pain, and, indeed, seemed to have been sent in answer to her prayers. In her thirst after sufferings she was at first unwilling to take remedies.

or ask for the removal of the evil by prayer, until preceiving the sorrow it caused her mother, she decided to make a novena to obtain relief. Not only were her wounds entirely healed, but she never experienced the least illness, although she had already recommenced her austerities with greater fervor than ever.

II

About the year 1662, Margaret Mary being then about fifteen years of age, a change came in the household which has never been clearly explained, owing to the young girl's extreme reserve in speaking of this part of her life. After her mother's death, her first fervor began gradually to wane. The consciousness of renewed health and the consequent temptations born of a life of freedom and the enjoyment of companionship of her brothers who were very fond and proud of her, the somewhat worldly friendships which she had contracted, and the love of society which had begun to take hold of her, had a rather blighting effect on her devotions. This is her own version of this phase of her life: for the dreadful worldliness of which she accuses herself so vehemently was hardly perceivable to others. Our Blessed Lord would not suffer one of His chosen souls to take pleasure in anything but Himself; and to bring her



Margaret Mary tenderly cares for her mother.

back — not to His service, for this she had never left — but to the perfect following of the “way of sorrows,” He sent her a fresh cross as a token of His love. That cross was a very bitter one, indeed.

Madame Alacoque, her mother, had for some time been in ill-health. She felt herself quite unable to fulfil her duties as head of the house. She therefore took into her family various relatives of her husband and her own, and two or three old married servants. Into the hands of these new comers she gave not only her authority, but her house and money, all that she possessed, so that she and her daughter were dependent on them for the mere necessaries of life. And the new-comers, far from bestowing any care on Margaret and her mother in return, soon claimed absolute authority, and behaved with the greatest cruelty towards both. Margaret was so fully under the control of these people that she could not leave the house without their permission, which was often refused. She had no clothes to wear, and she found herself oftentimes obliged to borrow some covering to go to Mass in. To keep herself from starving she had often to beg a morsel of bread. If, when refused permission to visit the Blessed Sacrament, she showed her sorrow, she was taunted and accused in the most ignoble manner of having made other appointments. If she hid herself for a short time in the garden or stable to weep and pray undisturbed, she was greeted on her return with a torrent of abuse for having neglected the care of the children, or other manual work, which had been set for her to do. She passed her days among the servants, and her nights in weeping. All this suffering, with far more, which her humility has only hinted at, was sent her to wean her from the love of the world and to draw her more closely to God. It seemed a heavy punishment for what we should term her slight infidelities to grace.

How many lessons after all does it teach us of the jealous love of God and the purity He requires in His saints. When we find such a history as these two years of anguish. whether we regard it as a punishment for neglect of grace. or as a trial to prepare a soul for future favors, we begin to see dimly the uphill road to sanctity.

At all events its effect was marvellous. Her love of God grew day by day more intense. Her patience, forgiveness and charity towards those who had ill-used her were incessantly brought into action and became so great that she says, "I felt constantly urged to render some service to those people as to the true friends of my soul, and I would gladly have sacrificed myself for them. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to render them a service and to say all the good of them that I could."



Apparition of the "Ecce Homo."

She also became filled with still greater love of suffering, so that, like Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, she cried out: "More oh Lord! more." She desired that her pains might never cease for a minute, and began

to regard those who made her suffer as the greatest benefactors of her soul.

She does not speak openly of any visions during this time but incidently mentions our Lord as continually with her under some form of suffering, such as the "Ecce Homo," but in what way she perceived this she does not explained.

When Margaret reached the age of eighteen, the persecutions of her family took a new and more dangerous form. Not merely did her cruel relations try her, but her own mother and brothers joined them; and this added bitterness to the trial. She had, at an early age, bound herself by a vow of chastity and, though her mother knew of this, it was proposed that she should marry one of the many suitors who sought her hand. The whole aspect of her home changed from the daily drudgery, which had so worn her

spirit, to an incessant round of gaiety and pleasures. She was naturally very lively and fond of society ; and this new life, coming after years of neglect and hardships, was well calculated to undermine her fervor and foster her natural inclination to vanity. Moreover, her very loving heart and sensitive nature were strongly appealed to, in the entreaties of her mother to make a home where she could spend her last days in peace, under her daughter's care, instead of being left in wretchedness in the old home. It would be difficult to imagine the misery Margaret suffered in the conflict between the love of all she held most dear, and to whom she was bound by every tie of duty and obedience on the one hand, and on the other, the strong, resistless vocation by which God was calling her to Himself. " I had," she said, " my vow constantly before my eyes, together with the thought that if I were unfaithful to it I should be eternally lost." And on the other hand she loved her mother so intensely, that " we could not live without seeing each other."

Not that she would not have given up all other love for His love, but that she shrank from the reproaches of those who would say she sacrificed her mother's happiness, and perhaps caused her death, as Madame Alacoque has already declared she could not live without her child.

Distracted with uncertainty as to the course she ought to pursue, without a friend or guide to seek counsel, doubting of everything especially the validity of her vow and of her power to persevere in the religious life, even if she embraced it, Margaret Mary for some time made a compromise. She yielded outwardly to her mother and brothers by going out into the world and entering into all its gaieties, while secretly she practised the utmost austerities.

However, this did not long continue. One evening as she was doffing a dress in which she had taken an unusual pleasure during the day, she suddenly beheld before her the figure of our Lord as He appeared after His scourging, all

wounded and bleeding. One glance was sufficient for the quick instinct of love, which read the lesson aright ; and with bitter tears she threw herself at His feet, bewailing the vanity and lack of courage which had drawn her to tamper with the world and its idolatries.

Then, more resolute than ever, she put away all worldly pleasures, and gave herself exclusively to works of charity, till at last her family, seeing the uselessness of further opposition, began to look for a convent where she might fulfil her vocation. They, at first, proposed the Ursuline Order, where one of her cousins had lately entered, but she felt a strange doubt that it was not the will of God that she should enter there, and her friends do not seem to have given her very willing help in the matter, for many months passed before anything further was suggested.

During this time, in which she enjoyed more quietness than ever before, she received the Sacrament of Confirmation, which, strange to say, she had not yet been offered, and, doubtless, the Holy Spirit, Who then came to her, brought many rich gifts of prudence and fortitude, all of which she needed in the last sharp struggle, when the final separation took place.

MABEL REEL.

(*To be continued.*)

O SACRED HEART !

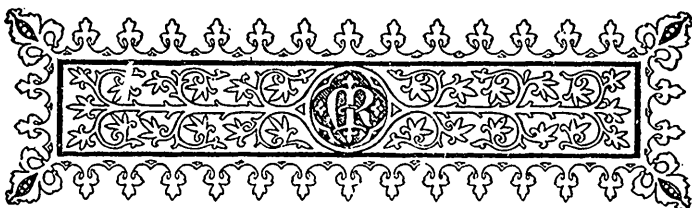
O Sacred Heart ! O burning Fire !
O precious Gift ! My heart's Desire !
In love a prayer steals up to Thee :
Inflame my soul and set it free !

Pray ! Set it free ! The chains of sin
Too long have bound my soul within ;
Too long ! Too long ! My soul's been dead,
Too oft ! Too oft ! Thy Heart has bled ;

Yes, bled for me and all mankind,
Whose sins oft pierced, (O how unkind !)—
Yes, pierced the Heart, that on the cross,
Shed its last drop for sin's deep loss.

On Calv'ry's heights, as daylight sped,
Three crosses stood — a Heart had bled —
The Heart of Him, who stilled the wave,
Had suffered all, our souls to save.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.



THE CAUSES OF THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.

A FEW months ago, the civilized world was startled by reports of an uprising in some of the middle provinces of China. The gravest rumors were set afloat ; sensational telegrams were published one day and contradicted the next ; various conjectures were hazarded to fit the situation ; relief expeditions were hastily dispatched by the different Governments to succor their endangered subjects ; while the reading public anxiously followed the rapid progress of events.

Yet this vast uprising was not the work of a moment. It had long been brewing and was long expected. To a close observer of Chinese affairs it was, indeed, startling and terrible, but neither unforeseen nor surprising. Such a one knows that, at all times, revolution is easy in China, and particularly so at the present time. He knows that, even at the best of times, this colossal empire of 450,000,000 inhabitants is hardly ever in a state of absolute quiet.

There are several reasons to explain this : the first of which is the poverty of the masses. This is due to the density of the population, and the consequent dividing of fields into patches barely sufficient to feed the families living upon them. The Chinaman, it is said, can live comfortably where any one else would starve, and this is probably true ; nevertheless many thousands, to avoid starving at home, are annually compelled to migrate to the sea-port towns, in hopes of obtaining a living there, in the factories, or along the rivers and canals. All this could be very easily avoided by directing the emigration from the over-crowded parts into the, as yet, sparsely settled districts of the west ; but the Government lacks the intelligence and energy necessary ; and, as a result, the eastern coast is burdened with an ever increasing multitude of poverty-stricken unfortunates.

Another circumstance favorable to revolt is the discontent of the masses with the system of government. The Chinese official is hampered by no rules, but is left to his own discretion as to what taxes he should levy, when and how often he should collect them, and how

they should be expended. Needless to say, such an arbitrary and irresponsible system promotes dishonesty among officials, and is regarded by the people with distrust; for they can never be freed from the anxiety of having their savings extorted from them under some pretext or other.

A third circumstance, a negative one, removing as it does the chief bulwark against revolution, is the absence of any strict moral principles founded on religious belief. For, after all, it is religion, and religion alone, that can control the impulses to rebellion among the masses. The Chinaman has no religion properly so called, and the gross superstitions that take its place are made use of by imposters to lead him into all manner of crimes, under the specious pretext of obedience to the gods.

But the chief source of revolution in China, as it is in any country, is the existence of a great number of secret societies, the offspring of poverty, discontent and superstition. The Chinese population is organized into immense brotherhoods having their challenges and countersigns, their peculiar superstitious rites, and their secrets, the violation of which is followed by the most severe penalties. The true aims of many of these societies are rarely fully known, but all are revolutionary in character. Despite their legal condemnation, these confraternities have greatly multiplied within the last few years. Some of them, the *Pai-Lien-Kiao* (Brothers of the White Lotus) for instance, count millions of adherents in every province of China, and even in every part of the civilized world.

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand how populations so poor that they have nothing to lose by any change; discontented with their hard lot; exasperated by the extortions of mandarins, prefects and vice-roys; and members of vast and oath-bound conspiracies, may, upon the secret word of command, rise up in rebellion; and infatuated by the absurd promises of their leaders, kill, plunder and burn without fear or pity.

Even general revolutions may be thus brought about. From 1851 to 1864 we find the whole of China upset by the revolution of the *Tai-Ping* (Great Race), the object of which was to overthrow the *Tsing* dynasty and re-establish the *Ming* family upon the imperial throne. This revolution deluged China with blood, and was put down by armed intervention of England and France in 1860, and only finally crushed by the victories of General Gordon in 1864. Since the *Tai-Ping* rebellion, some fifty revolts have taken place in different parts of the country, and in every instance torrents of blood were shed before they could be suppressed. In one of these outbreaks, thirty thousand Mohammedan Chinese were slain by their Buddhist countrymen.

Such are the general circumstances always favorable to an uprising, the tinder, as it were, that awaits but a spark from the torch of revolt. to grow into an immense conflagration. In the present case, the immediate causes are : antipathy to the stranger ; hatred of Christianity ; and the connivance of the Government with the secret societies.

The Chinese have always been noted for their intense national pride, and a supreme contempt for all not Chinese. For centuries, China has been shut up within herself, in relative isolation. No wonder, then, that she could have become vain and egotistic by prolonged self-contemplation, that she should regard all that does not resemble her as worthy only of contempt, and all that contradicts or thwarts her as objects of hatred. She is to her almond-eyed sons, the one country, the Flowery Kingdom, the Celestial Empire ; her soil is sacred, her Emperor is the son of Heaven, her people the children of the Sun, and Europeans the " devils from the West."

This national pride, though excessive, and to us ridiculous, is, when examined by Chinese standards, not without some show of reason to back it up. Chinese tradition can go back forty centuries. Ages ago, when nearly all the rest of the world was plunged in the grossest barbarism, China enjoyed the benefits of a cultured civilization. When the rude Briton or Frank roamed through his native forests, clad in the skins of beasts hardly wilder than himself, his Chinese contemporary, attired in gorgeous silk, was leaving his red visiting-card at some dainty villa surrounded by well-kept gardens ; or he was studying the revolutions of the stars ; or listening to a dissertation on philosophy. Centuries before the Christian era, China possessed her poets and her philosophers, while, in the sciences of astronomy and mathematics, she was far in advance of any country in the world. Gunpowder, the printing-press and the mariner's compass, were known and were used in China long before the present European nations had begun to exist. What she was in the past, she is still in the eyes of the Chinaman, — the one, great, civilized country, surrounded by barbarians, or, at best, upstarts. But, alas for the Chinaman ! While China has remained stationary, the world around her has changed, and, whether she wills it or not, she must change also to suit her surroundings. Her provinces are far too rich for Europeans to be excluded from them, and the disinterested foreigner must be allowed to enter her sacred ports, bringing with him his questionable civilization, and departing with their silk and gold. Japan realized the need of reform, and, at one bound, she passed from the civilization of the third century to that of the nineteenth. She that had been, from time immemorial, the satellite of China, found herself at once her rival, then her conqueror.

China lacks the energy of Japan. She has remained more or less inert and passive, accepting only partially the reforms which the Powers dictated to her. The popular demagogue has a strong hold on the Chinese multitude, and he easily persuades those who do not come directly under European influence to oppose the foreigners. The number of individuals who live in the European "concessions," and who take advantages of any practical reforms, is hardly worth considering, when compared with millions who swarm in the interior of the Empire, and whose knowledge of foreigners and their methods is what they get by hearsay.

Several minor causes contribute to increase national antipathy to the stranger in China. The Chinaman finds European merchants covetous, rapacious, utterly inconsiderate of Chinese interests, and solely intent upon attaining their own ambitious ends. The officers and sailors of foreign warships show an open contempt for the natives whom they meet in the Chinese ports; the European engineers employed in building forts and railroads, despise their Chinese subordinates; foreign newspapers publish articles advocating the division of China among the Powers, and these articles are always translated and reproduced in the Chinese newspapers. All this, of course, wounds the national pride. The greatest blow of all was dealt it, two years ago, when the Emperor of Germany seized upon the port of Kiaochou to avenge the massacre of two German Catholic missionaries, his subjects. It was this act of foreign aggression which finally caused the smouldering fires of discontent and hatred to burst forth in the present fierce revolt.

Another cause of revolt, though a lesser one, was the desire of the Chinese to put an end to the spread of Christianity. The Catholic religion has, in the past few years, made great progress in China. Missionaries from France, Belgium, Italy, Germany and Holland, belonging to the Society of the Foreign Missions of Paris, Belgium and Milan, Franciscans, Lazarists, Dominicans, Augustinians and Jesuits, have labored in that vast empire hard and successfully. The Catholics enjoyed the protection of the Emperor. An edict of 1899 granted our bishops the rank of viceroys, and our priests that of mandarins. Many oratories, chapels, churches and even cathedrals, have been erected; missionary residences, novitiates, schools, convents, orphan asylums and hospitals, are everywhere to be met with; while the number of native Catholics is placed as high as 700,000. Such wonderful success could not be viewed with complacency by the arch-enemy of souls, and to put an end to it, he has once more resorted to persecution. But God, who, for reasons worthy of His infinite wisdom permits Satan to work an apparent evil, will in His own good time, know

how to turn all to His own glory and the ultimate triumph of His holy Church.

The recent persecutions began as early as July 1898. The methods of action were somewhat as follows : A gang of brigands, with which China is infested, would attack a small Christian settlement, gather some booty and depart. Any appeal to the local mandarin, or even to the viceroy, was nearly always a waste of time. The success of one marauding expedition encouraged the undertaking of others. They became so frequent, that by December, 1898, the situation began to look serious. During 1899, the troubles continued to spread, but the Government still remained inactive. The European diplomats remonstrated, insisted, threatened ; their efforts were almost fruitless. Finally, in January of the present year, the Powers issued an ultimatum, fixing a limit within which the troubles must cease, or Europe would take into her own hands the protection of her property and subjects. The Chinese Government pretended to bestir itself : it protested, took some ineffectual measures, but all the while secretly favoring the rebels.

The persecution was no longer unorganised, local and transitory. The secret societies came forward and openly avowed their aims. Amongst them, the I-ho-Kinen, (literally, the Boxers for Justice and Right) was conspicuous. This is an old secret society, a branch of the White Lotus, condemned as long ago as 1809 by the Emperor Kia-King, who punished it severely, but could not succeed in exterminating it in some districts of Shan-tung and Chi-li. *Fou-tsing* (Strengthen the Tsing dynasty). *Mie tang* (Destroy the strangers) are its two watch-words. In 1898 it added a third *Mie Kias-you* (Destroy the Christians).

The membership of the I-ho-Kinen increased rapidly. Bodies of men were nightly drilled in the use of the sword and long knife. Threats were openly made against the Europeans, and against the native Christians. Placards were posted calling upon all Chinese to rise up and crush the intruders. To arouse hatred against the Christians, the secret societies invented the most odious lies. Pamphlets were distributed by thousands, in which the Christians, a law-abiding class, whose morals contrasted with the corruption that surrounded them, were declared to be the causes of the troubles. They were said to lead youth astray, to deceive the ignorant, to harm everyone ; they plucked out the eyes and hearts of little children to make charms of them ; they poisoned the wells, the food in the market places, the rivers and even the sea ; the only way to escape death at their hands was to obey the orders of the gods, as revealed to the leaders of the I-ho-Kinen.

The people were deceived by these lies, listened to these pretended revelations and joined the Boxers. Soon the sect comprised thousands of fanatics: poor farmers, day-laborers, petty vendors, unsuccessful candidates in the examinations, together with a very large sprinkling of brigands and outlaws. The first risings took place in Shan-tung, then like a train of powder, the flame of revolt spread through Chi-li and the neighbouring provinces, as the rebels marched onwards to Peking, destroying all they came across.

Before things had come to such a pass, it was felt that another secret cause was at work fanning the flame of revolt. In 1899, the Empress dismissed the cabinet ministers favorable to Europeans, and formed a reactionary ministry; at the same time she declared the nine year-old son of Prince Tuan, heir apparent to the throne. The Tuan family has twice been banished to Moukden in Mantchooria, since the uprising of 1860. Prince Tuan now a man of forty had grown up in exile. He returned to Peking nursing bitter revenge for all that had occurred during the last forty years, ignorant of European reforms, full of the old Chinese notions, and fully resolved to use the high position given him by his son's elevation, to rid China of the strangers. The old Chinese party rallied round his standard; thousands flocked to his camp pitched under the walls of Peking. The secret societies had at last an ally in court circles, on whom they could depend.

The co-operation of the Government with the rebels was long suspected; at present it is evident beyond a shadow of doubt. No other cause can explain the unmolested growth of the insurrection which, at its origin, could easily have been crushed. Officials who showed too great a zeal in preserving order were disgraced, while others who allowed the Boxers full scope, received promotion. Many of the banners carried by the rebels bore this significant device: "By order of the Emperor, we shall destroy the Christians." The flight of the Empress, with Prince Tuan, upon the arrival of the allied troops, is the final proof of this co-operation.

These were the causes. The results have been terrible. The number of Christians massacred cannot be less than fifteen thousand; at least fifty missionaries have been killed; some sixty Christian settlements have been burned; the number of homeless and destitute reaches several hundred thousands.

The work of years seems annihilated; yet out of this evil God knows how to draw good; the charity of the faithful in Europe will rebuild the churches; missionaries from Europe will replace their martyred brethren; while the martyrs themselves from Heaven will look after their scattered flocks. The blood of these thousands will cause the arid soil of China to again bring forth legions of souls for Christ.

W. H. HINGSTON, S. J.



Correspondence

All communications intended for insertion in the CANADIAN MESSENGER must be authenticated by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—I desire to tell you that I have been the recipient of three extraordinary temporal favors, for which I am most grateful to the Sacred Heart.

A PROMOTER.

Dawson, Ont.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—I wish to return thanks through the MESSENGER to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a very great favor obtained after making the nine Fridays and promising to publish.

N. O'R.

Nelson, B. C.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—I wish to return thanks, through the MESSENGER, for my recovery from a long illness, through a novena to the Sacred Heart, prayers to the Blessed Virgin, etc., and promise to publish.

Guyshoro' N. S.

J. A. L.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—A member of the League of the Sacred Heart wishes to return thanks, for the recovery of a sick child from a very serious illness, after promising two Masses in honor of the Blessed Virgin, for the suffering souls in purgatory, also promising to publish.

Metcalfc, Ont.

J. M.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—I wish to return thanks for having been successful in two examinations after having offered up, each day, for some time past, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, one Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory be to the Father, together with some other prayers occasionally. I also promised to publish it in the MESSENGER if my favor was granted.

A. M.

Irena, Ont

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—I wish to return thanks for a great favor received after having asked the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart and a Mass said for the Souls in purgatory, and promised to have it published. I prayed for years for this favor, but I had only asked the prayers of the League for a few days when it was granted. MEMBER.

Perth, Ont.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir,—I would like to return thanks publicly in the MESSENGER for a temporal favor received after making a novena to St. Ann, and also contributing ten cents towards the erection of a church in her honor at St. Catharines, and having promised to have it published if I obtained my request. M. A.

SHORT CORRESPONDENCE.

J. W. C., Calgary, N. W. T. — Letter received and contents noted.

H. E. B., Victoria, B. C. — The Promoter's Guide does its work everywhere in the same way. It is a great help to promoters.

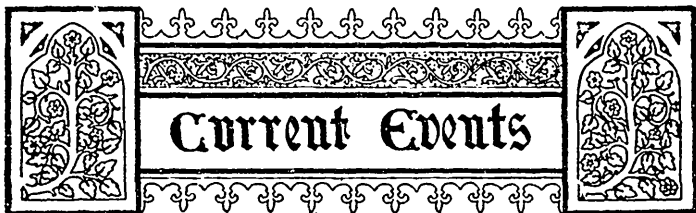
A. F. C., Montreal. — Yes, the Badge should be worn by all at the Monthly Communion of Reparation.

Promoter, Montreal. — As soon as a child is old enough to form an intention and make the Morning Offering, you may take it on your circle.

W. C., Chatham, Ont. — There are quite a number of monasteries in Canada and in the United States. Write to the Abbot of the Trappist Monastery, Oka, P. Q. He will be able to give you the information you desire.

A. M., Toronto, Ont., and others. — All correspondence for this publication should be addressed THE CANADIAN MESSENGER, 144 Bleury Street, Montreal. "Apostleship of prayer," "Sacred Heart Offices," "THE MESSENGER," etc., are not recognized addresses, and letters bearing them frequently go astray.

LETTERS containing intentions, etc., from Ennismore, Ont., Fredrickton, N. B., Guelph, Ont., Picton, Ont., Grand Falls, N. B., Wolfe Island, Ont., Port Hawkesbury, N. S., will receive attention in the November MESSENGER.



Current Events

—THE Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., closed a very successful session on August 31.

—MISS Lucia Faure, a daughter of the late president of France, has written a life of Cardinal Newman.

—THE *North West Review*, the valiant champion of Catholic interests in Manitoba has reappeared on the stage of life.

—THE Holy Father has authorized a formal declaration that he will agree to no reconciliation with Italy, without the restitution of the Temporal Power.

—A LETTER from England, from one of our most valued contributors, ask the fervent prayers of the readers of the MESSENGER for the conversion of Lord Halifax.

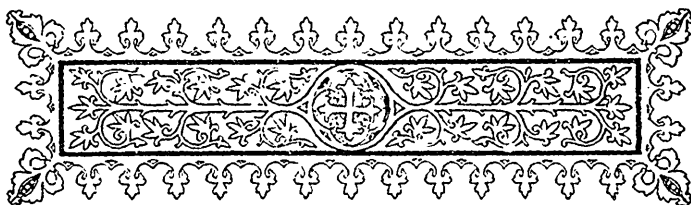
—PROTESTANT sects are carrying on an active proselytism in Italy. Leo XIII. has been obliged to intervene; His Holiness has written a letter to the Cardinal-Vicar on the subject.

—HUNGARIAN Catholics celebrated recently the nine hundredth anniversary of the coronation of St-Stephen, their first King, and the official introduction of Christianity into that country.

—A MOVEMENT has been started in the United States against the custom of awarding medals instead of books for prizes in schools. When book-publishers shall have lowered their prices, the movement will succeed.

—A MEMORIAL tablet has been placed on the façade of the house in Ghent, where Mgr Seghers was born, in 1839. The inscription, in Flemish, records the date of his birth and the date of the death, Nov. 27, 1886, "apostle and first martyr of Alaska."

—ONE of the latest institutions in the Anglican Church, says the *Catholic Times*, is the "League of the Mass." Those who join are asked to pledge themselves to hear "Mass" at least..... times in every week, and to receive "Holy Communion" at least times in every month. "Holy days of obligation" and Sundays are not to be included, "as the faithful are bound to hear Mass on those days." Will not the readers of the MESSENGER pray for those Anglicans who are groping along so earnestly in the dark, that the full gift of Faith may be given to them?



IN MEMORIAM.

- ALBERTON, P. E. I.
Rachel McIntyre, d. Aug. 5.
- ALEXANDRIA, ONT.
H. Aubry, d. July 24
Mary McDonald, d. July 27
Donald A. Cuthbert, d. Aug. 21
- ANTIGONISH.
Katie Chisholm, d. Aug. 26
- AMHERSTBURG, ONT.
Mrs. Kate Tormey, d. in July.
- BATHURST.
Mrs. Peter Lavigne, d. Aug. 6
- BILLINGS BRIDGE, ONT.
Bridget McGrath, d. Aug. 5
- BRIDGE END.
John A. McDonald, d. Aug. 16
- CORNWALL.
Thos. O'Callaghan, d. Aug. 27
John Keeting, d. Aug. 28
F. Latour, d. Aug. 27.
- CENTREVILLE, ONT.
Mrs. Emma Lawlor, d. July 31
- CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
Annie L. McKenna, d. June 5
- COLGAN, ONT.
Mrs. Daniel Galvin, d. July 28
- DAWSON, ONT.
Mrs. Pat'k O'Brien, d. March 18
Mrs. Timothy Lahy, d. July 10
Edw. McEvoy, d. April 11
- DUNDAS, ONT.
John Kelly, d. Aug. 10
Mrs. Ellen Peters, d. Aug. 10
- FARNHAM, QUE.
Mrs. Jas. Clarke, d. Aug. 14
- INGERSOLL, ONT.
Annie Smith, d. June 6.
Mrs. Mary Donnelly, d. Aug. 3
- MARMORA, ONT.
Mrs. Mary Brady, d. July 18
Susie Demers, d. July 8
Mrs. Chs. Foriestall, d. Aug. 16
- MONTREAL.
R. Philip Gormully, d. Aug. 29
George Dwane, d. in July.
Eliz. Cowen, d. Aug. 15
Joseph Gauthier, d. in Aug.
- NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Mrs. Jas. Keane, d. July 3.
Mrs. Wm. Cullens, d. Aug. 14
- ORILLIA, ONT.
Mrs. Cranney, d. Aug. 24
Julie O'Connor, d. Aug. 11
- OTTAWA, ONT.
Mrs. John O Meara, d. Aug. 8
Theresa Friel, d. Aug. 25
- PICTON.
Louisa Shannon, d. April 21
- PHELPESTON, ONT.
John Kelly, d. Aug. 26
- PRESCOTT.
Mrs. S. Dempsey, d. July 17
Ellen Horan, d. July 19
Michael O'Connor, d. Aug. 12
- POMQUET, N. S.
Mrs. Ronald Cameron, d. Jul. 25
- PROTON.
Mrs. Mary Phelan, d. May 10
James Bulger, d. July 14.
Mrs. M. McPherson, d. Aug. 1

HAMILTON, ONT.

Mrs. Marg. Wilson, d. July 18

HALIFAX.

Mrs. F. M. O'Bryan, d. Aug 18

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Daniel Rooney, d. Aug. 11

Mrs. Catherine Coughlan.

Mrs. Margt. Krentz.

Mrs. Eliz. Hayes.

Mrs. M McLaughlin, d. July 26

ST. ANDREW'S WEST.

Alex. Kennedy, d. July 18

Mary McPhaul, d. July 29

ST. THERESA'S, P. E. I.

Daniel Mulligan, d. July 2.

QUEBEC.

Mrs. Helen Slattery, d. Aug. 11

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Chs. M. Hugh, d. June 3.

TORONTO.

Elizabeth Downey, d. Aug. 19

TRENTON, ONT.

Bernard Clancey, d. in July

WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT.

Jerm. O'Connell, d. Aug. 3

Maggie Heenan, d. in July

Narcisse Bourget, d. Aug. 1

WOOLER, ONT.

Mrs. T. Gilbride, Sr., d. July 5

THANKSGIVINGS.

The extracts published here have been received during the past month in *bona fide* letters of thanksgiving. The Editor does not vouch for anything more.

HALIFAX, N. S. — For a great temporal favor received, after having recommended it to the League; and for five other favors.

HESSELBER, ONT. — For a very great favor received, after having prayed for it for five years.

HEATHERTON. — For a cure, and another temporal favor obtained, after wearing the badge and promising to publish.

HARBOR AU BOUCHE. — For the recovery of a child from illness, and for two other temporal favors.

MONTREAL. — A success of an operation on which a precious life depended, having been obtained through prayers addressed to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we hereby desire publicly to announce it in the MESSENGER.

OTTAWA. — For employment obtained for a brother; for severe pain relieved twice, after applying promoters' badge. For a temporal favor received after prayers to the Sacred Heart.

POMQUET, N. S. — For success in an examination after praying the Sacred Heart and promising to publish. For a cure effected after a novena to the Sacred Heart.

QUEBEC. — For a better position and salary for a brother. For a successful examination. For the safe journey of an invalid and several other spiritual and temporal favors.

Letters of thanksgiving for FAVORS RECEIVED have also reached us from the following Centres. The figures after the names denote the number of favors received.

Amherstburg, 4	Guysboro, 1	Proton, 1
Antigonish, N. S., 5	Hamilton, 2	Quebec, 2
Arnprior, Ont. 1	Ingersoll, Ont., 2	Rat Portage, 1
Berrie, Ont., 4	Kingston, Ont., 2	Read, 2
Burnley, Ont., 3	LaSalette, 1	Rollo Bay P. E. I., 1
Calgary, N. W. T., 3	Lindsay, Ont., 2	Summerside, P.E.I., 3
Chesterville, Ont., 5	Little Pond, P. E. I., 2	St. Andrews West, 3
Colgan, 3	London, Ont., 4	Toronto, Ont., 3
Cornwall, Ont., 2	Marmora, Ont., 2	Vanleek Hill, 1
Dartmouth, N. S., 1	Montreal, 5	Warkworth, Ont., 2
Debec, N. B., 2	Newmarket, Ont., 3	Williamstown, Ont., 12
Freelton, Ont., 5	Orillia, Ont., 5	Windsor, Ont., 1
Georgetown, Ont., 1	Owen Sound, 1	Winnipeg, Man., 2

AN OCTOBER FESTIVAL.

THE feast of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, apostle of the Sacred Heart, falls on October 17th. Our Associates should not let this anniversary pass by without giving it some share of their attention. Let them prepare themselves for it by special acts of devotion, and then sanctify it by confession and Holy Communion.

Two intentions should be permanent in their minds during this month: i) a more ardent devotion to the Sacred Heart, ii) the cause of the canonisation of Blessed Margaret Mary. Our associates are earnestly requested to offer a rich treasury of prayers and good works to the Sacred Heart for these intentions. Nothing could be more pleasing to our Lord than this practice; nothing more useful for our sanctification; nor more efficacious for obtaining all the graces that we need. The practice of the Treasury is the union of prayer and sacrifice: it is the divinising of our life in our daily actions. Father Ramière called it *vital prayer*.

Although the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary falls on the 17th of October, it is celebrated only on the 25th in all churches of the Society of Jesus. Those who are free to do so should assist at Holy Mass on either of those days, and make a fervent Communion of Atonement in honor of her whom the Saviour Himself vouchsafed to call the "heir of His Heart and all His treasures."

Intentions for October 1900.

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.

GENERAL INTENTION BLESSED BY THE POPE :

Reparation.

1. - **M.** - St. Remigius, Bp. Freedom from pride. 16,595 Thanksgivings.
2. - **Tu.** - HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS. Devotion to Guardian Angels. 5,222 In affliction.
3. - **W.** - St. Gerard, Ab. Guard our eyes. 12,109 Departed.
4. - **Th.** - St. Francis of Assisi, C. h. Poverty of spirit. 10,080 Special.
5. - **F.** - SS. Placidus and Comp., MM. at. cf. gr. Walking before God. 1,908 Communities.
6. - **S.** - St. Bruno, C. Recollection 3,188 First Communions.
7. - **Sun.** - MOST HOLY ROSARY. at. cf. gr. Devotion to the Rosary. League Associates.
8. - **M.** - St. Bridget, W. h. Devotion to the Passion. 5,150 Means.
9. - **Tu.** - SS. Denis and Comp., MM. Self-restraint. 4,910 Clergy.
10. - **W.** - St. Francis Borgia, C. r. Detachment. 14,351 Children.
11. - **Th.** - St. Germannus, Bp. h. Peace in families. 6,737 Families.
12. - **F.** - BB. Camillus and Comp., MM. Strength of character. 8,055 Perseverance.
13. - **S.** - St. Edward, C. Conformity to God's will. 3,431 Reconciliations.
14. - **Sun.** - MATERNITY B. V. M. Contributing to churches. 29,755 Spiritual Graces.
15. - **M.** - St. Teresa, V. p. Obedience to confessors. 15,528 Temporal Favors.
16. - **Tu.** - St. Gall, Ab. Piety. 4,701 Conversions to Faith.
17. - **W.** - St. Hedwiges, W. Devotion to the Sacred Heart. 9,304 Youth.
18. - **Th.** - St. Luke, Evang. hr. Employing our talents. 1,574 Schools.
19. - **F.** - St. Peter of Alcantara, C. Esteem of penance. 4,914 Sick.
20. - **S.** - St. John of Kenty, C. Hidden sanctity. 2,256 In retreat.
21. - **Sun.** - PURITY B. V. M. Dread of sin. 701 Works, Guilds.
22. - **M.** - St. Mary Salome, Adorning the Altar. 1,404 Parishes.
23. - **Tu.** - THE MOST HOLY REDEMPTION. Gratitude to God. 10,924 Sinners.
24. - **W.** - St. Raphael, Arch. Invocation of Angels. 5,869 Parents.
25. - **Th.** - BL. MARGARET MARY, V. h. Resignation. 5,931 Religious.
26. - **F.** - St. Evaristus, P. M. Fortitude. 1,322 Novices.
27. - **S.** - St. Elisabeth, C. Good will. 1,855 Superiors.
28. - **Sun.** - SS. SIMON and JUDE, APOSTLES. Faith. 5,109 Vocations.
29. - **M.** - St. Narcissus, Bp. Fear of God's judgments. League Promoters.
30. - **Tu.** - St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C. Humility. 18,197 Various.
31. - **W.** - St. Quinctinus, M. Conquering pain. League Directors.

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

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

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

TREASURY, AUGUST, 1900.

Acts of charity	53,154	Pious Reading	35,638
Acts of mortification	57,032	Masses celebrated	968
Beads	75,670	Masses heard	27,436
Stations of the Cross	14,084	Works of zeal	38,009
Holy Communions	13,310	Various good works	127,652
Spiritual Communions	311,023	Prayers	239,976
Examinations of conscience	32,831	Sufferings or afflictions	27,423
Hours of silence	8,158	Self-conquests	29,488
Charitable conversations	29,497	Visits to Bl. Sacrament	56,514
Hours of labor	126,799		
Holy Hours	5,890		
		TOTAL	1,304,539