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GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER.

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

Clergy Retreats.

THE more sacred and exalted the office the greater is the need of grace from on high to fill it worthily. The most august ministry on earth is incontestably that of the priest whose function is to administer the Sacraments, to shrive sinners, and to consecrate the body of Our Lord. To prove himself faithful to his sublime mission of pastor and father of souls the priest has to model his life on that of the Priest divinely supereminent, Jesus Christ Himself, so as ever to be a shining example of more than ordinary virtue.

To him more directly than to others among the chosen ones were addressed the words of the Saviour: "You are the salt of the earth" (Matth., v. 13), — "You are the light of the world" (Ib. 14). Words, which falling from the lips of Eternal Truth could not be construed as empty praise, but as establishing the norm whereby the excellence

of the Christian, and still more of the priest, was to be gauged for all future time.

“A priest is ordained *ad exercendam perfectionem* — that is, not only to be perfect, but by his own life, and by the action and influence of his life in word and deed on others, to exhibit and to impress on them the perfection of our Divine Lord. The priesthood was ordained to perpetuate three things: the witness of the truths of faith, the administration of the Sacraments of grace, and the mind of Jesus Christ.

“The mind of Jesus Christ is not to be manifested in words only, but in the living power of a mind conformed to His. ‘Ye are the light of the world’ signifies that, as light manifests itself by its own radiance, so the priest must shine by the light of a holy life revealing a holy mind. ‘Ye are the salt of the earth’ signifies the personal possession of the sanctity which resists corruption, and the communicating the same resistance to others by contact and influence.

“To exercise perfection is to act according to the rule and spirit of perfection: to act, to speak, to judge, to think as the perfect man would. To exercise perfection is to be and to do what is perfect in the personal and priestly life in piety, humility, charity, self-denial. To exercise is to elicit, to exert, to effect. It is a word of power and energy, of self-command and inward force issuing in outward results.”*

The priest, then, is called to show perfection in himself and to exercise it upon others. He is not only saved to save others, but sanctified for their sanctification. St. Gregory of Nazianzen says: “We must first be purified and then purify others; be filled with wisdom and make others wise; become light and give light; be near to God and lead others to Him; be sanctified and sanctify; guide others by the hand and counsel them with knowledge.” (Orat. ii. Sect. lxxi).

He is set as the light to give light, as the salt to resist

* CARLINA MANNING *The Eternal Priesthood*, Chap. iv.

corruption, as the good odour of Christ, like the censer between the living and the dead. Such is the perfection of the priesthood, and the excellence of its calling is summed up in a few words by Peter of Blois: "A priest has the primacy of Abel, the patriarchate of Abraham, the government of Noe, the order of Melchisedech, the dignity of Aaron, the authority of Moses, the perfection of Samuel, the power of Peter, the unction of Christ." (Serm. lx, ad Sacer. Opp.).

Well might poor human nature shrink from the weight of such honours, and standing appalled before the awful responsibility of so august a calling exclaim "Grandis sacerdotis dignitas sed grandis ruina!" Well might one ask himself in fear and trembling. — And if I should fall, what could be greater than that fall? To stand upon the pinnacle of the Temple needs a supernatural poise and fidelity not to fall, and can I count upon the extraordinary assistance such fidelity supposes?

If the responsibility and dangers of the priest be great, the graces vouchsafed him and the helps wherewith he is surrounded are incomparably greater. It was God Himself who called him to His service, for none must venture on the threshold of the Sanctuary unbidden. — "Neither doth any man take the honour to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was." (Hebr. v. 4). But once he has heard and dutifully heeded the voice from on high, he is no longer merely the servant, but becomes God's friend; of this we have Christ's solemn assurance: "I will not now call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth. But I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have learned of the Father I have made known to you. You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, that you should go and should bring forth fruit." (S. John xv. 25, 16).

Cardinal Manning referring to these words, remarks: "To have been chosen by Him out of all the world is by

itself a revelation of His purpose to save us. To call us out of His servants to be His friends : to admit us to the knowledge of His work and will : to make known also to us the communications of the Father : to have chosen us, when we thought not of Him, to have made us capable of serving Him — each and all these signs of grace pledge to us that His will is steadfast to save us if we do not betray ourselves." And again : " In all times of anxiety and fear and doubt and discouragement we may say. — God has foreknown and predestinated me to be a priest : He has called and justified and adopted me into the glory of His sons. He has sealed me with the mark of His soldiers and signed me with the character of His priests. He has guided and guarded me in my youth and manhood, and has preserved me to this day, supporting my perseverance by the ever-present and unfailing help of His manifold grace in every time of need. In every change of the warfare which is against me, I know that He wills my salvation. What has He left undone that He could do to save me? One thing He will never do : He will never take away from me my free will. And this is my only danger. If I freely betray myself or forsake Him, then I shall perish ; but if my will is united with Him, He will guide and guard me, not only from my enemies without, but even from myself. If I only have no will to grieve Him, He will keep me even unto death."

Of all those who are predestinated to be conformed to the image of Jesus Christ, they come first who share His priesthood and character. They are called to be like Him, that they may be the representatives of His person, and the mages of His mind. To them, therefore, are given all proportionate and adequate means of the closest conformity with Him.

Among the general means which are inseparable from His sacred character, there are three which exceed the others in importance, and from which all minor helps derive. The

first means to sacerdotal perseverance and perfection is the sacramental grace of the priesthood. Every Sacrament confers sanctifying grace ; but as each is ordained for a distinct end, a special grace is given by each for the distinct end of each. Nor is this divine help given once for all, but initially, as the opening of a spring from which a stream flows and multiplies itself into manifold helps in time of need, trial, danger and temptation. In the words of St. Thomas : " Sacramental grace adds, beyond the grace commonly called, and beyond the virtues and gifts, a divine help, *auxilium divinum*, for the attainment of the end of the Sacrament." (Summa Theol. iii. q. ixii. a. 2).

The second general means is the priesthood itself, for it is a source of sanctification to the priest. It is a restraint and a guard and a shelter against the world. It is a motive and a measure of aspiration. It is a constant impulse after a higher degree of union with God. A priest is set apart for God's greatest glory ; and on all his sacerdotal life, as on all the vessels of the Temple, is written *Sanctificatus Domino* (Zach. xiv. 21). The one thing of a priest's life is to dwell near our Lord on the altar, to bear the key of the tabernacle, and to be as a disciple *ad latus Domini* — by the side of his Lord. If the priest be identified with Christ He will dwell in him and reign in him and surround him with an atmosphere of holiness repellent of every influence of evil from without.

The pastoral office also is in itself a discipline of perfection, and is the third general means to be considered. For, first of all, it is a life of abnegation of self. A pastor has as many obediences to fulfil as he has souls to serve. The good and the evil, the sick and the whole, the young and the old, the wise and the foolish, the worldly and the unworldly — who are not always wise — the penitent and the impenitent, the converting and the unconverted, the lapsed and the relapsed, the obdurate and the defiant, all must be watched over. None may be neglected — still less cast off — always,

at all times, and in all ways possible. Then again the trials and temper, patience, and self-control in bearing with the strange and inconsiderate minds that come to him; and the demands made upon his strength and endurance day and night in the calls of the sick and dying, coming often one after another when for a moment he has gone the rest; the weary and continual importunities of people and letters till the sound of the bell and the knock at the door is a constant foreboding too surely fulfilled: all these things make a pastor's life as wearisome and, strange to say, as isolated as if he were in a desert. No sackcloth so mortifies the body as this life of perpetual self-abnegation mortifies the will. But when the will is mortified the servant is like the Master, and his Master is the exemplar of all perfection.

The pastor's office, moreover, is the highest discipline of charity; and charity is the perfection of God and man. It was charity that moved him to become a pastor and charity binds him to give his life for his flock. Between the beginning and the end of his life charity is the urgent motive which constrains, sustains, and spends all his living powers. Every action of a faithful pastor is prompted habitually, virtually, or actually by charity. And in every action, from the greatest to the least, as charity is elicited into act, it is augmented by an increase poured out into the heart by the Holy Ghost, the charity of God. "God is charity, and he that abideth in charity abideth in God and God in him." (I. St. John iv. 16). But where God abides there is sanctity, for though charity and sanctity are distinct, they are inseparable, coming and going, growing and lessening in intensity together, like light and heat, which are never parted. *

So much for the general helps; but what, now, are the special means of advancing in perfection on which the priest may rely? "First, and above all, is his daily Mass. 'When the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore.' The

* *The Eternal Priesthood, passim.*

day begins with the presence of Jesus ; the altar is the shore of the Eternal World, and Jesus comes at our word. In the Holy Mass we know Him, and yet our eyes are holden. He is in another form. We cannot see Him ; but we know that it is the Lord. He makes ready for us and gives us the Bread of Life. If we were to spend a whole life in preparation, one such divine contact with His Presence would be an overpayment of all our prayer and penance and purification of Heart. But He comes to us, not once in our life only, but morning by morning. Every day begins with Him. If the first hour of every day were spent in the presence — certain though unseen — of our guardian angel or of our patron Saint, our whole day would be restrained and elevated by it. Familiarity might deaden at last our vivid sense of so near an approach of the supernatural world, and we might cease to realize it. But the Holy Mass is more than all this. It is the personal Presence of the Lord of angels and of Saints ; and yet through familiarity with the exceeding condescension of His great humility, we may gradually lose the vividness of our perception. The Council of Trent teaches us that the Presence of Jesus is above the laws and order of nature. He is there, God and Man in personal reality and substance ; and we, when we hold the Blessed Sacrament in our hands, are in contact with the Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier of the world. The Council says again that He is present, not as in a place, but as He is — a substance. In the divine order there is no time, and place is not. We are in contact with the eternal world ; and that contact is real and substantial and personal, both on His side and on ours. We behold Him face to face by the vision of faith. Beyond this there is nothing but the vision of the blessed.”

“ If our hearts were prepared as they might and ought to be by contrition and piety, the sacramental grace of even one Communion would suffice to sanctify us in body, soul and spirit. The virtues which go out from the presence of

our Lord into our hearts are measured by our capacity to receive them ; and that capacity is measured by our preparation before we go to the altar, and by our habitual union with God..... He becomes the guide of all our living powers. They are elevated by union with Him. As every beat of the heart and every breath we draw is prevented and sustained by His creative power, so He prevents all our thoughts, words and works. Our freedom and our agency are made perfect by union with Him. He is the presiding and Divine Agent who helps us in all things to do His will, but demands of us our whole personal obedience. We live and act and speak of our own freedom ; but our freedom is guided and guarded by His grace and power. He lives in us, and we live in Him. What help can be wanting to a priest who loves his daily Mass? It contains all things — *Nutrit, præservat, reparat, delectat et auget.* He is our food, our shelter, our refreshment, our delight, and our ever-growing strength."

"The second (special) help of a priest's life is the Divine Office. Seven times a day the acts of divine worship ascend from the Church throughout the world to the throne of God. The Church in warfare, in suffering, and in heaven, adores the ever-blessed Trinity with an incessant voice of prayer and praise. The whole Church is the sanctuary, and the Divine Office is the ritual of the choir on earth uniting with the praises, thanksgivings and doxologies which are the ritual of the choir in heaven. Every priest has his place in this choir, and he makes seven visits to the heavenly court day by day."

"The Divine Office is a part of the divine tradition. It is a perpetual witness for God and for the faith. It has been wrought together by the hands of men ; but those men were Saints, and their work was wrought under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. The framing of the Ritual may have been the work of human hands ; but the materials of which it is composed are the words of the Spirit of God. The Psalms

and the Scriptures of inspired men under the Old Law and the New, with the writings of the Saints, are all interwoven into a wonderful texture of prayer and praise, of worship and witness of the kingdom of God, and of the Communion of Saints. The perpetual revolution of yearly solemnities and festivals — winter and spring, summer and autumn — brings round continually the whole revelation of faith. Prophets and Apostles, Evangelists and Saints, speak to us with voices that never die. The whole history of the kingdom of God is always returning upon our sight. What ought to be the habitual piety, recollection, humility in word and spirit, of one who, seven times a day, is in choir with the Saints, and before the face of God? Next to the Holy Mass, what greater help to sacerdotal perfection can there be than this? ” *

We would never end were we to dwell on all the other special helps which abound in the sacerdotal life. We say nothing of the numberless graces the priest derives from his very preaching to others and from the administration of the Sacraments — from the confessional in particular. The former reacts with a powerful effect upon the sacred orator. It deepens the outlines of God's truths in his intellect, conscience and heart. It powerfully sustains his will, and it calls down a special blessing into the soul of the preacher. In the latter, he acquires self knowledge : for it shows him his own face in a glass by the lives of sinners. It excites contrition within him by the sorrow of penitents who will not be consoled. It heightens his delicacy of conscience when he hears others accuse themselves of omissions and deviations from the will of God. It fosters aspiration by the sight of the fervent whose one desire and effort, in the midst of burdened and restless homes, is to rise higher and higher in union with God ; and finally calls for self-accusation at one's own unprofitableness from the generosity and fidelity of those who are hindered on every side, and yet, in

* Cardinal Manning, *The Eternal Priesthood*.

humility, self-denial, charity and conformity to God's will, outstrip others who have every gift of time and grace needed for perfection.

But there is one help which a priest cannot do without, and that is his *spiritual retreat*, wherein he tempers his soul anew, from time to time, in mental prayer, and acquires and strengthens the same habit of mental prayer so essential to his perseverance in fervour. By this most salutary exercise his will acquires a fixity in the practice of all priestly virtue. It alone assures the punctual and fervent fulfilment of all the other functions, already enumerated, which, in turn, have been classed as special helps. Thanks to the spiritual exercises and mental prayer, these are performed not through custom, nor in a perfunctory manner, but with a supernatural warmth and a greater fidelity and insistence in times of spiritual aridity. The same unexceptional authority — Cardinal Manning — from whom we have already so copiously quoted, thus insists upon the necessity of mental prayer: "A priest's life is the *vita mixta* of our Lord, and for our instruction Jesus spent days in toil and nights in prayer. A priest's life is both contemplative and active, and these two elements cannot be separated without loss and danger. *Hæc meditare, in his esto, ut profectus tuus manifestus sit omnibus.* The things Timothy was to meditate and to live in were all the truths and precepts of faith, but most especially 'reading, exhortation and doctrine' — that is, the deposit of the revelation in all its fulness and detail. In reading, our minds terminate upon a book; in meditation, our intelligence and our ^{heart} terminate upon God. Prayer is a vital act of faith and desire, to attain a fuller knowledge of God and a closer union with Him in affection and in resolution — that is, in heart and will.

"The first effect of mental prayer is the realization of the objects of faith — that is, of the world unseen as if it were visible, and of the future as if it were present. To realize is to have a vivid and abiding perception of things unseen as

if they were palpable, and things future as if they were already come. We read of Moses that he endured the wrath of Pharaoh as seeing Him that was invisible. All the terror of the earthly king was lost in the sense of the Divine Presence behind the throne which overpowered all human majesty. St. Paul says we walk by faith, not by sight; but the objects of faith are eternal, the objects of sight are passing away. The invisible world is the substance, the visible world but the shadow. To minds that are not supernatural this world, loud and glaring, is palpable, and therefore thought to be real. The unseen is impalpable, and though not to be denied, yet upon such minds it has no action or constraining power. The great multitude of men live all day long as if there were no unseen world and no world to come. They do not meditate. They say prayers, but their prayers are not mental. The mind does not realize or aspire or stay itself upon God, upon the glory of the ever-blessed Trinity, upon the beauty of the sacred Manhood, upon the bliss of the Mother of God, upon the rest and joy of the Saints, upon the fellowship we have with them now, upon the share which is promised to us in their rest and joy hereafter, upon the presence of Jesus with us always, and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in every pure and humble soul, above all in the soul of a pure and humble priest, of a faithful and fervent pastor. If we realize these things as the merchant realizes the market-place and his bales of merchandise, or the money-lender his securities and his coins of gold, then we shall live in this world, but not of it, as those who have risen with Christ (Col. iii. 1) and are already 'blessed with Him in heavenly places' (Ephes. i. 3). This realization of unseen and heavenly things is better than all external rules to guard and strengthen a priest. It is an internal light and strength, which he carries with him at all times and in every place, sustaining the sacramental grace of his priesthood: and this is a divine and unfailing help in every peril and need."

The annual retreat is, therefore, an all-important means of sanctification for the ministers of God's altar ; and it is the universal custom in all dioceses to set apart every year a few days to be devoted exclusively to this holy exercise. More than this, for a number of years past, many dioceses in Europe, and notably in France, have established the custom of a monthly retreat. One day, every month, the clergy of a city or of a township meet at the diocesan seminary and there meditate on the points given by a director and attend a conference. Cases of conscience are solved, and there is an exchange of thought relative to practical means to be adopted for the greater efficiency of pastoral work in the respective parishes. Concerted action and mutual encouragement in trying circumstances are the result. And after a day spent in the refreshing and invigorating atmosphere of community life, each pastor returns to his flock with a joyful heart and better disposed to sanctify his lonely life by prayer and the exercise of greater zeal for the salvation of souls.

As the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer should, beyond all others, evince a deeper love and a keener interest for their pastors, who devote themselves with such untiring zeal to their spiritual welfare, they should pray, this month especially, that God may smooth the difficulties which hinder the greater extension of these retreats which the Church has so much at heart. These difficulties are far greater in a missionary country where the paucity of priests is more generally felt. But let them not forget to look beyond our own horizon, and pray for the zealous clergy of other countries also, who are more exposed to the open rage and hatred of the enemies of God's Church, as is the case in France and Belgium.

PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the

Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer : in particular that the Holy Ghost may shower down His choicest graces on our holy and devoted clergy.—Amen.

Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Lord Jesu ! when the world was growing cold,
When love was feeble, faith was waxing faint,
Thou, in the body of Thy Gentle Saint —
The wonders of Thy goodness to unfold ;
That sinful men Thy dealings might behold,
Might know love's irresistible constraint,
Love passing knowledge, which no words can paint —
Didst print the Wounds that wounded Thee of old.

Oh Blessed Francis ! Thine to know, to feel
Thy dear Lord's keenest anguish ; not alone
The wounds He bore for sinners to atone ; —
But that His Love to us He might reveal,
Kindle our love, revive our dying zeal,
His Sacred Passion gave He for thine own.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME

SEAFORTH.—A most successful Forty Hours' Devotion was begun in St. James Church, Seaforth, on the "Feast of the Most Precious Blood." It was most edifyingly conducted by Rev. Father Paul, of Chatham, assisting our worthy Pastor, Father McCabe. The Hours of Adoration were kept up by the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart, with their hands, each one taking one hour in turn. The altars were beautifully decorated with natural flowers and with their many colored lights presented a most impressive scene. Father Paul preached twice each day to large and attentive congregations, who, in spite of the great heat, thronged the church at every service. The results were most gratifying. At the close, His Lordship the Bishop of London administered Confirmation to about forty boys and girls who had made their First Communion on the Sunday previous. Our League is doing remarkably well, and we have a great deal to be thankful for to the Sacred Heart of our Dear Lord, who has showered so many blessings on us.

THE SECRETARY.

Holy God, we praise Thy Name !

Andante. (♩: 63)

S Ho - ly God, we praise Thy

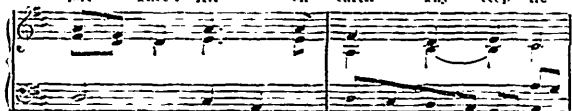
SOLO. *mf*



Name! Lord of all, we bow be-



fore Thee! All on earth Thy sceptre



claim. All in heav'n a - bove a -



dore Thee, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore.... Thee:



In - fin - ite, In - fin -

CHORUS.



ito Thy vast dom ain, Ev - er-

last - ing is Thy reign, Ev - er-

last - ing is Thy reign!

- 2.— Hark ! the loud celestial hymn
 Angel choirs above are raising !
 Cherubim and Seraphim,
 In unceasing chorus praising,
 Fill the heavens (*bis*) with sweet accord } *bis*
 Holy ! holy ! holy Lord !
- 3.— Lo ! the Apostolic train
 Join Thy sacred name to hallow !
 Prophets swell the loud refrain,
 And the white-robed martyrs follow ;
 And from morn (*bis*) till set of sun,
 Through the Church the song goes on. } *bis*
- 4.— Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, three we name Thee,
 While in essence only One
 Undivided God we claim Thee?
 And adoring (*bis*) bend the knee, } *bis*
 While we own the mystery.

- 5.— Thou art King of glory, Christ !
 Son of God, yet born of Mary,
 For us sinners sacrificed,
 And to death a tributary :
 First to break (*bis*) the bars of death, } *bis*
 Thou hast opened heaven to faith. }
- 6.— From Thy high celestial home,
 Judge of all, again returning,
 We believe that Thou shalt come,
 On the dreadful Doomsday morning,
 When Thy voice (*bis*) shall shake the earth, } *bis*
 And the startled dead come forth. }
- 7.— Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
 By a thousand snares surrounded ;
 Keep us free from sin to-day ;
 Never let us be confounded,
 Lo ! I put (*bis*) my trust in Thee, } *bis*
 Never, Lord, abandon me. }

TREASURY, AUGUST, 1897.

RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	166,001	Pious reading.....	62,112
Acts of mortification.....	149,010	Masses celebrated.....	2,629
Beads	250,199	Masses heard.....	92,968
Stations of the Cross.....	27,404	Works of zeal.....	37,622
Holy Communion.....	31,422	Various good works.....	408,830
Spiritual Communion..	256,636	Prayers.....	675,746
Exams of conscience	106,896	Sufferings or afflictions..	48,263
Hours of silence	171,777	Self conquests.....	99,988
Charitable conversations.	123,093	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	132,390
Hours of labour.....	284,558		
Holy Hours	15,094	Total.....	3,132,638



Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

A KNIGHT OF THE SCAPULAR

(Founded on Fact)

I. HIS MOTHER'S BOY.



LUDOVIC Leslie, his father had called him, in honour of St. Louis of France, and in memory of brave old battle-scarred Ludovic Leslie of Louis XI's Archer Guard — Captain Cassils had been reading "Quentin Durward" just before his son was born. Mrs. Cassils, who had a good old-fashioned, wifely belief that everything her husband did must be right — was he not the bravest, wisest, handsomest and best of men? — acquiesced without a word, and, so, her only boy was Ludovic Leslie Cassils.

He was her only boy, indeed, now. Her husband had died when Ludovic was a baby, died as a Catholic Highland soldier should die, fighting for his Queen and for his country. Mrs. Cassils was content that it should be so. The laddie who had won her heart, her first and only love, had gone, first, to the Land o' the Leal, and was waiting for her there. But there was their wee laddie to fend for, to guard, to guide, to bring up, just such another man as his father had been — if that were possible.

And, to-day, her wee laddie, grown up, tall, strong and bonny, his father's very self, was to bid her goodbye. He, too, was to fight for his Queen and country; was not his name in the war office "Gazette"? — "Ludovic Leslie Cassils, Esq., to be Lieutenant in Her Majesty's — th Regiment of Highland Light Infantry." Who was she, that she should say him nay? His mother? Had not her lover, her Ronald, her husband, fought for his Queen and country in the same regiment?

Proud? Why should the boy not be proud? And, if his mother and his distant cousin, Jessie McLeod, who lived with them, thought him, in his new uniform, the finest, handsomest, bonniest laddie that ever wore kilt, who shall blame them?

"Dinna greet, (cry) Mither" said the boy, when the "Goodbye" moment came. It was not manly to cry, to be sure, but there were tears in his eyes, for all that he tried to speak bravely, and to cheer his mother. "Dinna greet, I'll be home again when the war's ended."

He spoke, as he always did, when labouring under any emotion, in the kindly Scot's tongue they all loved best.

"God keep ye, laddie, God keep ye," said the mother, clinging to him, and smiling through her tears, "ye'll no forget your mither, will ye my ain bairn? Your mither in the Highland home, and your Mother in Heaven?"

"That will I no," answered the boy, gently, "I'll aye be your bairn, mither mine, and our Lady's knight."

"Our Lady keep ye sae," returned Mrs. Cassils, kissing him fondly, and may your faither, in Paradise, pray to her for you, my laddie. "And noo," she continued, speaking more cheerily, by an effort such as mothers only know, "kiss me once mair, my ain bairn, and gie a kiss to your cousin Jessie, then leave us women to greet, and go fight for our Lady, and for our gude Queen."

It is not manly to cry, it is true; but Ludovic Cassils shed many tears, after the parting was over, and when a turn of the road hid his home from sight. Should he ever see it again?

II. OUR LADY'S KNIGHT.

"The only Catholic in the Regiment." That is what his uncle General Cassils, had written to Ludovic. "Papists" were still objects of suspicion, if not of dislike, in 1856, though it was eleven years since Newman had left the "city of confusion" for the "City of God," and thoughtful men were beginning to wonder what all this Romeward movement meant. But the younger officers of a regiment, or, for that matter, the older ones, are not much given to controversy. They were, in Her Majesty's —th Regiment of Highland Light Infantry, episcopalians, for the most part; a "Romanist" was a novelty to nearly all of them; those who had served with Ludovic's father were dead, or had left the army. Ludovic's lot was, therefore, not likely to be an easy one.

But he won their hearts, "Papist" as he was. It was the last day, in Portsmouth; they were to embark on the morrow. They were sitting in the mess-room, for it was wet and cold, waiting till it should be time to dress for dinner.

"Sing; you Cassils," said Alastir Morrison, the senior lieutenant, "sing when you're bidden, d'ye hear me?" Somehow, they all seemed to speak the Scots tongue, to-night, as if by a tacit agreement.

"That will I," responded Ludovic, cheerily. Then, all at once, silence fell on his brother-officers, as the lad's clear, well-trained voice was heard "liting" as the Scotch say:—

"Lochaber no more,

"Lochaber no more,

"We'll may be return to Lochaber no more."

"Drop that," interrupted Morrison, at the end of the first verse. Something — was it a tear? — seemed to have got into his voice, for he spoke huskily. "Wad ye have us a' greetin like a wheen bairns (a lot of children)?" He continued, "sing something heartsome, mon, for ony sake."

"Gladly," was Ludovic's willing answer. Then, once again, the sweet, tenor voice was heard in the silent mess-room :

"Cam' ye by Athole, lad wi' the philabeg (kilt)?"

with the hearty chorvs :

"Follow thee? follow thee? Wha wadna follow thee?"

of the brave old Jacobite song.

Then, presently, the word was passed, "Time to dress," and the company dispersed, in a hurry.

How Ludovic came to forget his scapular, he never knew. He was in a hurry, certainly, and the words of the song they had just sung kept ringing in his ears. The last time he had sung it, his pretty cousin Jessie had played the accompaniment, as only a Scotch lassie can; perhaps he was thinking of her, as well as of the song; it is a way music has. Anyhow, he left his scapular lying on the bed, and there Alastir Morrison, who loved the boy — though he loved to tease him — and who passed Ludovic's door, on his way to mess, saw the scapular lying.

It was a chance to tease not to be missed. To slip into Ludovic's room, snatch up the scapular, and slip out again, was the work of a few seconds. So far, so good; that he should run into the colonel's arms at the mess-room door was something that Alastir Morrison had not reckoned on.

The colonel's quick eye caught sight of the scapular. "What is that?" he enquired sharply; "and where did you get it?"

"It belongs to Cassils, sir" returned Alastir, saluting; "I picked it up in his room as I passed the door, and was going to give it to him." Which was strictly true, though not, exactly, the whole truth. For which omission Alastir's awe of the colonel must be his excuse.

"Give it to me." The colonel was a good officer, and a kindly man enough; but absolute power does not, as a rule, develop the gentler traits of a man's character. If the colonel had a fault, it was a fondness for practical jokes, which was a trifle undignified, and more than a trifle unfair, since his victims could not retaliate. In the present instance he could not resist the chance of "baiting a Papist."

Ludovic had missed his scapular before he reached the mess-room, and made a little act of contrition for his disloyalty to our Lady. Then, by-and-bye, our Lady called on him to prove himself Her knight, in very deed.

Dinner was nearly over. It was the last night on shore, and several toasts had been drunk "in bumpers." Presently the colonel called out, "Silence, if you please, gentlemen," as if about to propose another toast. Instead of which, he held up Ludovic's scapular on the end of his sword, and asked, somewhat contemptuously, "whose rag of popey is this?"

There was a general laugh, as if the colonel had said something excruciatingly funny. — It is, of course, always best to laugh at your superior officer's jokes — if you can. Then, in the midst of the laughter Ludovic rose, passed quickly round the table, stood near the colonel's chair, and said, so that all could hear him, "Mine, Sir."

The colonel threw the scapular to him, with a laugh; less contemptuous, this time, and more good-natured. Ludovic, standing where every man in the room could see him, crossed himself, kissed "our Lady's badge," and put it on, over his uniform; then went quickly back to his place. Thereupon, so do all true men love pluck, moral or physical, the laugh changed to a ringing rousing cheer. They called him "the knight of the scapular," ever after, but it was meant as much as a title of honour, as in jest, and Ludovic knew that it was so.

III. OUR LADY'S GUERDON

Winter in the Crimea; have we not all read the tale of hardships, bravely borne, of gallant deeds that Britain loves to place among her records of honour? Ludovic, "the knight of the scapular," as his comrades loved to call him, had shown, many a time and oft, that he possessed physical courage, as well as moral. He was, indeed, his father's son, a brave, loyal, Catholic Highlander. A day came in which he was to show a physical heroism, as great as the moral heroism he had shown, when, in the crowded mess-room, he had proved himself our Lady's knight indeed. Nor did She forget Her knight; when does She ever forget those who serve Her truly?

It was Ludovic's turn to be on duty in the trenches. It might mean death for him, as it had meant for others, but that thought did not trouble him. He had been to confession and to communion the day before; if he died, would not our Lady help him in that last moment? It would break his mother's heart; cousin Jessie's too, for ought he knew; but they would both be proud of him both pray for him. So he went to almost certain death as a Catholic should, without fear, yet knowing what death means. Such sudden death is, surely, sudden glory.

How it all happened, he hardly knew himself. His time of duty was almost ended, when suddenly, close over his head, he heard the ominous whistling of a shell. Calling to his men to lie down, he stood calmly, facing eternity. Then, close behind him, the shell fell, with a thud, in the snow and dirt, the fuze still burning.

Ludovic never stopped to think of himself. Stooping down, he caught up the shell in his arms, the fuze singeing his mustache — about which cousin Jessie had so often twitted him, he thought of that, even then — staggered forward a few paces, during as many seconds, each of which seemed endless, then, with a mighty heave, flung the hissing, murderous, deadly thing into a snow bank, where the fuze fizzled out harmlessly. That is how our Lady helped her knight,

His brave deed was gazetted, as it deserved to be. And his mother and cousin Jessie, in the lonely Highland home read, with how much pride, may easily be guessed, that Lieutenant Ludovic Leslie Cassils, of Her Majesty's —th regiment of Highland Light Infantry had received the Victoria Cross "for distinguished gallantry." Whereupon, cousin Jessie came to the conclusion that Ludovic was a man now, and must not be teased any more. Also, that she was not only very proud of him, but very fond of him as well. Which is what Mrs. Cassils wishes, above everything of human interest.

But Mrs. Cassils was prouder of her "ain laddie," his father's own boy, when she heard of him, through her brother-in-law, General Cassils, who, had heard it from Ludovic's colonel, as "the knight of the scapular," than she was of his winning the Victoria cross. Was she not right? "For the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal," and Ludovic's loyalty to our Lady will bring him, some day, a reward infinitely higher, nobler, and more enduring than any that his earthly Queen — God bless her! — could bestow.

"Now they do it to obtain corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."

FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

SERMON BY FATHER RICKABY, S. J., AT BEAUMONT COLLEGE.

(Continued)

The physical force of Great Britain has grown vast in these years of wealth and peace; how vast, may we not have occasion to try, nor an enemy to feel. But even in war, that supreme trial of force, in which victory seems to be tied to big battalions and heavy guns, experts are agreed that moral force is a quality not at all to be neglected, and the best commander will go somewhat out of his way to create a moral impression. There are governments, the

crying weakness of which is not in defect of sabres and guns, but in want of moral force and what I may call public impressiveness. There is a want of that which conciliates loyalty at home and respect abroad.

They say that our country is not liked on the continent ; that we are too prosperous to be general favourites. But, liked or not liked, we are a lordly and majestic power of the first rank in the councils of the world. And we are beloved at least by those of our own household, who after all should know us best, I mean our colonies. The colonies are proud of the mother country, and in no haste to part from her. The word of the day is, not separation, but federation. What the name Caesar was to the Roman Empire, the name of Queen Victoria has been to the British Empire, a moral tie, a centre of union, an emblem of solid strength.

These considerations, and others better that you may find, may sufficiently set you on the way of arguing that whatever national good we have to thank heaven for since 1837, our Queen has largely been God's instrument in producing it. Amidst this national prosperity the Catholic Church has grown and flourished in England ; for though the Church may be planted in sorrow, and watered with the blood of martyrs, yet her increase is usually in seasons of liberty and peace. Seven years only had elapsed since Catholic emancipation, when Victoria was crowned. For English Catholics it was a time like early spring, when the snow is just melted in the fields, and still lies among the hills ; when the air is moist and chill, and only a little verdure and a few hardy flowers yet venture to appear.

To say that the Catholic cause in England has not progressed since then would be like denying the advance of spring from March to May. It may not have been an ideal time altogether. Poets complain of "lagging spring ;" and critics expose "the backwardness of Catholics ;" but we have got on. A million and a half of Catholics now against 400,000 in 1837. Two thousand six hundred priests

now against 508 in 1837 ; and other figures in proportion. We may best view our progress by considering it under three heads, which the first Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Wiseman, made it the aim of his administration to work out.

First head, the worship of the Blessed Sacrament. " In those traditional days," writes Father Morris (*Catholic England in Modern Times*, p. 71 ; the days spoken of are earlier than Queen Victoria, but the main features of the representation still held good in the first years of her reign), " it was unusual for a priest to say Mass every day. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was very rare. High Mass was almost unknown. It was accounted frequent Communion to go at the eight indulgences. Chapels were very poor, with nothing but a holy water stoup at the door, a poor altar and picture, and a tabernacle without a lamp ; and the Chapels were in back streets and in out of the way corners." You have only to look round to see the alteration for the better.

Second head, the multiplication of religious communities. Of religious women alone, there are now some 420 houses in England, far the greater number founded in the last forty years. The nuns have fairly conquered the country. They receive the best homage, the homage of imitation from Anglican sisterhoods. They alone walk abroad in their religious habit, a concession won by their labours in the hospitals in the Crimean War.

Third head, the erection of houses in London, where a community of priests should live together and labour as from a common centre. Many such centres of priestly activity have been founded : witness, among others, the Oblates of St Charles at Bayswater, the Fathers of Charity at Ely-place, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus at Farm-street, the Franciscans at Forest Gate and Stratford, the Servites at Fulham, the Carmelites at Kensington, the Dominicans at Haverstock Hill, the Passionists at Highgate, the Augusti-

nians at Hoxton, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Kilburn and Tower Hill, and the great house and church of the Fathers of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri — all foundations of the present reign.

* * *

And what of the future? Soldiers in the midst of battle usually cannot tell whether on the whole their side is winning or losing the day. Without pronouncing confidently, we have our hopes for the future of Catholicism in England. And one of them is this. This is the age or the extremest uncertainty of religious questions. Multitudes, alas, no longer believe in God and in His Christ: yet they would not deny Him absolutely. They are all hesitation: they shrink alike from creeds and from impiety. It is almost impossible to make Catholics of such men: but they represent a phase of thought which we may regard as transitional and not destined to last. Men crave for certainty on the highest of human concerns, the being of a God, and His provision for the human soul for weal or woe, when it passes out of this world to find its "long home." Mankind cannot acquiesce in uncertainty on this point. They have lost their old assurances, such as that of the "saving faith" of Lutheranism, or the "election" of Calvinism. Some hearts will grow hard and bold in unbelief; and some will approach and enter that Church, which teaches, as our Lord taught, "as one having authority" (Mark i, 22), to show the sure highway of eternal salvation.

Our history exhibits three ages of national greatness under female sovereigns: the age of the Queen Elizabeth, the age of the Queen Anne and the age of Queen Victoria. The defeat of the Armada, the victories of Blenheim and Ramillies, the writings of Shakespeare, Addison, Swift—such topics are foreign to our theme. We rather regard the condition of Catholicism in England in each of these three ages. Under Queen Elizabeth, struggling, defeated, sorely smitten down. Under Queen Anne, prostrate, abject, des-

pised. Under Queen Victoria, erect and free, hopeful, with scope and room enough to work. For this revival and restoration we thank God, we thank our fellow-countrymen, and we thank the beneficent Sovereign who rules us.

There is one mark of our progress that must not go unnoticed here. A trifle ; but straws, they say, show how the stream runs. A trifle ; yet no, not such at Beaumont at all events. In 1837 the Beaumont property was not yet in Catholic hands. About 1854 it was purchased by the Society of Jesus for a noviciate. The master of novices, Father Tracy Clarke, brought here from his Syrian retreat in the North timidity, shyness, dread of publicity, the inheritance of generations of persecution ; so that more than usual care was taken by him to avoid drawing public attention to the purpose, to the very existence, it may be said, of the establishment of which he was the head. What a change has come about for Beaumont under the generous influences fostered by our Queen's kindly and liberal rule.

Little indeed did the first rector of this house imagine that the very Sovereign in whose reign it first came into the hands of his order, would herself visit it, that his successor would be presented to her in person at its gates, and that to-day its religious inmates and the boys under their charge would be looking forward to the happiness and privilege of being allowed to address their congratulations for the third time to their beloved Queen. God rest the soul of Father Tracy Clarke, and heaven exalt and prosper this College of Beaumont.

And " God Save the Queen." " God save her in the Heavens, save her in the high places " (Psalm cxlviii, 1). Save her temporal life and royal estate, and preserve her to rule over us still for years to come ; but above all save her Majesty's soul : let it find a place with Ethelbert and Edward ; let her be numbered among the Saints in eternal glory. This is the hearty prayer of her millions of loyal and grateful Catholic subjects.



R. I. P.

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

Alexandria : Donald McPhee, d. June 27. *Anheistburgh* : Edith Bossé, d. July 23 ; Mrs. Rigdale ; Mrs. Meloche, William Hunt. *Arnprior* : Thomas Tatsey, d. July 18. *Eathurst, N. B.* : Mrs. James Burns, d. May 12 ; Mrs. John Doucet, d. May 25. *Belleville, Ont.* : Mrs. Thomas Hanly, d. June 2. *Brantford* : Catherine Griffin, d. June 19 ; Alice Broderick, d. June 27. John Hickey, d. June 29 ; Mrs. Margaret Donahue, d. June 30. *Buckingham* : John O'Connor, Bernard Sarazin. *Clinton, Ont.* : Henry O'Brien, d. March 9. *Cornwall* : Mary Gray, d. July 12. *Madras* : Mrs. Ranger, d. in June. *Fiefield, Wis.* : Hugh McPhee. *Meridion, N. B.* : Mrs Higgins, d. Feb. 15 ; Mrs. Isabella Neville, d. May 26 ; Mrs. O'Leary, d. May 30 ; Frank Rowan, d. June 4. *Freelton* : Mrs. J. Donahoe, d. June 30. *Grand Falls, N. B.* : Polycarpe Martin, June 14. *Guysborough, N. S.* : Elizabeth Long, d. Nov. 19 ; Mary Rodgers, d. March 31 ; Catherine McDonald, d. Apr. 4 ; Alexander Chisholm, d. June 7 ; Maria Walsh, d. July 27 ; Christina Chisholm, d. June 19 ; Elizabeth McDonald, d. Sept. 16 ; Margaret Bowie, d. Jan. 4 ; Mary Howlet, d. Feb. 23, Mary Craig, d. in March ; Alice Horton, d. Apr. 4 ; William H. Lawlor, d. Apr. 10 ; Mary Doyle, d. May 8 ; Mary Kennedy, d. May 28 ; Elizabeth Flynn, d. July 19. *Hamilton* : Charles Leyden, d. June 3 ; Nellie Colton, d. June 15. *Harrison's Corners* : Duncan Joseph McLellan, d. July 14. *Hastings* : Mrs. Sophia Revia, d. July 20. *Moncton* : Mrs. John Sutton, d. Apr. 7. *Montreal* : Sarah Murphy, d. July 17 ; James Macdonald, d. June 3 ; Mr. McCaffrey, Mrs. R. Perry, Mr. King, Mrs. Curran, Mr. M. Curran, M. Grothé, Andrew Phelan, Mrs. John Lowen ; Mr. James Lenihan, d. July 30. *Newport Road* : Daniel Mcnaghan, d. June 26. *Ottawa* : Ann Powers, d. July 18 ; Mrs. Tomey, d. in May ; Julia Ninger, d. in July ; Martin Wallace, d. May 19 ; Hugh James Braceland (Rev. Bro. Octavus of Mary), d. Apr. 29. *Peterborough* : Thomas Buck, Ida Buck. *Picton, Ont.* : Mrs Anne McGivern, Mr. John Casey, Miss Cassie Call. *Piercefield, N. Y.* : Donald Macdonald, d. June 23. *Red Bank* : Miss Mary A Gillis, d. July 22. *Rockland* : Mrs. F. W. Wait, d. June 5. *St. George's, P. E. I.* : Katie McDonald, d. June 27 ; Mary Campbell, d. June 28. *St. John, N. B.* : Reverend T. J. Krein, C. SS. R., d. June 25 ; Mrs. Patrick McGovern d. May 8 ; Mr. John Kelly, d. June 20 ; Mr. Edward Burke, d. June 29. *St. Mary's, Ont.* : John Quirk, d. in July. *Sand Point* : John Gillan, d. July 28. *Toronto* : Mr. G. Murdock, d. July 2 ; Miss Margaret Dean, d. July 28. *Watford* : Mrs. Ann McCarthy, d. Merch 11 ; Mr. Stephen O'Dwyer, d. March 31 ; Mrs. John Carroll, d. July 15. *Windsor, Ont.* : Miss Kate J. Collin, d. in June. *Winnipeg* : Patrick O'Connor, d. May 21. *Woodstock* : Mrs. Margaret Kendall, d. May 31.



A BIKING PILGRIM



He was riding a bicycle when he overtook me and he was clad in a suit of mulberry-and-green. I noticed afterwards that he wore a crape armlet.

"Blazer for biking this!" was his first remark. (We were climbing a hill, and he had jumped off his machine.) I did not quite catch the sentence, and begged his pardon.

"Hot work, dontcherknow, biking!"

I asked him how far he had ridden.

"Well," he replied, "I'm only going in for a glide through shady lanes to-day. But I've done thirty-eight since breakfast." (It was about half-past ten in the morning.)

"Do you mean thirty-eight miles?" I asked in surprise. He looked at me with an expression of good-humoured pity, and said, "Of course." Then he began to tell me stories of friends of his — he called them Johnnies — "who could do twice the distance in the same time, dontcherknow, and think nothing of it." He talked incessantly until we reached the top of the hill, making use of so many slang expressions that I frequently missed the point of what he was saying. Nevertheless, there was something so frank and good-natured in the young man's manner, that I felt half sorry when we reached the level road, and he prepared to leap on his bike and ride away.

"Sorry I can't give you a lift, sir," he said, raising his cap politely and bidding me "good-day." In a few seconds he was out of sight.

I myself was making a pilgrimage to a certain monastic church, in order to participate in the benefits of a great feast. Many of my readers have done the same, I am sure, and have come away half believing that England is already converted.

What a moving sight it is, that mighty congregation of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children! Plenty of men, always. And after the High Mass, the hooded friars walking about among the crowd outside, and looking as if they had just stepped out of a thirteenth century picture!

II

The High Mass was over, but the faithful did not appear to be exhausted either by their journey or the length of the service. Devout people were already climbing the hill and making the Stations of the Cross. Others were visiting the graves of the dead. Some were passing in and out of the church, determined to carry away as rich a treasure of grace as they were capable of receiving.

"O — er, you here, sir? Ah!"

It was my friend of the green-and-mulberry suit. We were in the churchyard among the graves. I was expressing my pleasure at meeting him again under such circumstances, when he interrupted me quickly.

"Oh, I'm not a Catholic Johnnie — beg pardon, I mean a Papist. I only stopped at the inn round the corner for some grub, dontcher-know; but they told me there would be some fetching music here, and so I came up to see the show."

It was perfectly clear that he did not mean to be personal, or in any degree offensive. He was a little embarrassed, and did not know how to express himself fittingly, and so I came to his aid by asking him if he had ever been inside a Catholic church before. In a burst of friendly, but more than usually slangy, confidence he told me that he had been to the *Pro* and to the *Carnes*. Also he had looked in at the *O*. He added that he knew one or two Johnnies who were Catholics, and deuced nice fellows they were, too. He then gave it as his opinion that a congregation like the one he had just witnessed — took the cake. "Why, sir," he exclaimed, "it was a regular Sunday go-to-meeting show, and yet to-day is only Wednesday! And, by Jove, you know, all these people were praying like — like old boots! I saw 'em."

I smiled alike at his enthusiasm and his phraseology, but I thought his simile a weak one. It was certain, however, that the devotion of the people had impressed him.

"Fact is" he went on, flushing a little and pulling at a very slight moustache, "that Joh —, I mean the preacher, rather went for me, I thought. P'raps I was a bit conspicuous in biking togs. Then, you see, I came in late, and he spotted me directly."

I reassured him on the last point by telling him that nothing is more common than for people to imagine that they are being singled out by the preacher, but that every sensible man knows how absurd the notion is.

"Well," said the young man (still blushing a little), "I missed the first half of the sermon, of course, and so I didn't quite catch on. He was talking of some chappie who seems to have gone it a bit as a youngster — wasn't he?"

"He was preaching on St. Francis of Assisi," I said; "but it is just possible that the Saint's name is not familiar to you."

"Is he a modern Joënnie?" the youth asked with evident interest.

"No," I replied: "he has been dead about six hundred years." I added that I feared I might be keeping my new acquaintance from his lunch.

"Not at all, thanks. I grubbed as soon as I got to the pub. But you, sir? I must not keep you here in the broiling sun," he said, courteously.

I could see that he wanted to ask some question, so I assured him that I was no hurry.

"I'm so glad?" he exclaimed, "because I — I — well, you see, the whole show is so rummy, I don't know what to think about it. Fact is, I've never seen anything quite like it. That long row of bikes at the church door knocked me all of a heap; but when I got inside, and saw the Johnnies who owned them praying away like — like old boots [it was evidently the only simile he could think of, and I still consider it inadequate], why, I was fairly staggered."

He paused for a moment, put a glass in his eye, and appeared to be looking for something among the graves. We were now strolling slowly through the churchyard.

"And yet, you know," he went on, after a short silence, "that wasn't the thing that fetched me most. Just in front of me was a big family — I'm sure they were a family — father, mother, sons, and daughters, nine or ten of 'em. Well, I'll be hanged if the youngsters weren't praying as hard as the grown-ups!"

He dropped his eye-glass, and turned on me a face so full of puzzled wonderment, that I could not help laughing, as I asked: "Nothing very unusual in that, is there?"

"Isn't there!" he exclaimed. "Well, *you* may be used to that kind of thing, but I'll be shot if I am. Why," and he grew quite excited at this point, "there were two young beggars, one perhaps ten, and the other twelve, who said more prayers this morning than I've said for a year or two! Small boys, you know, just home for the summer holidays."

He put up the glass again, and turned away from me a little. The swagger had left his voice altogether. Again he appeared to be looking for something among the gravestones. When he spoke again, his back was towards me.

"I never thought kids *really* prayed, except, perhaps on Sunday after a sermon on — on death."

He was stooping down to read the inscription on a stone, but I was sure there was a distinct tremor in his voice. Over his shoulder I

read the words: "Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of Francis John Turner, who died August 18th, 1897, aged twelve years. Lord all pitying, Jesus blest, grant him Thine eternal rest"

Suddenly he rose to his feet, and though he kept his head turned away from me, I knew that he was agitated. After a short interval, he said, brokenly: "I did not know this boy. I am not aware that I ever knew any of the people who are lying here; but— Really, I am afraid it's very bad form to bore a stranger with one's private troubles. I beg your pardon, I'm sure."

I quickly reassured him, and he thanked me warmly.

"I should like to tell you something about myself," he said. "That gravestone caught my eye soon after I came out of church. I know nothing of this boy, but there was a little chap — my own brother — whose age and Christian names were the same, and who died just a year ago. Somehow or other, everything to-day reminds me of poor Frank. The lad who was kneeling in front of me in the church there, was of exactly the same height and build. Then this gravestone. It seemed at first such a strange coincidence; but of course the Christian names are common enough, and deaths are always happening. . . . If only I could once have seen little Frank praying like that boy in church."

He paused, and remained for several minutes with his head bent. His tears were falling fast enough now. I led him to a retired corner of the cemetery, and we sat down together on a garden-seat.

"It was a sad death," he began, sobbingly. "We were all at the sea-side, and it was a lovely Sunday afternoon in August. We had been to church in the morning. After lunch, three of us lads went out in a boat. How it capsized, I cannot say, the whole thing was so sudden. My second brother could swim splendidly, and Frank himself wasn't bad at it, but I struck out for him at once. I had hold of him in no time, but the poor little chap must have banged his head against a rock, for he was bleeding horribly. We righted the boat, and lifted him in, and bandaged his head with our handkerchiefs. Then we rowed back frantically, but — before we got ashore, the little lad was dead."

III

My new acquaintance had begged me to leave him for a while, but he promised to meet me again after Benediction. He had made up his mind to remain for the afternoon service, he said.

When we met again we sought out a quiet place, and sitting down side by side, I listened while he continued his story.

"We all loved the little chap, of course, but he had clung to me so closely from the time he was a baby in arms. So you can understand

what I suffered when some of our relations said Frank was certainly in Hell, and that the whole business was a judgment on us for breaking the Sabbath. They actually wanted my father to put on the tombstone: 'Drowned while boating on the Sabbath.' I should not like to repeat what my father said to the brutes on that occasion.

"Now one of the things I want to ask you, sir, as a clergyman, is this: Do you think God would damn a little lad for ever and ever just because he took out a boat on Sunday afternoon?"

I told him, of course, that the idea was a preposterous one. Then I began to ask him questions about the poor boy who had met with such an untimely death.

"The most unselfish little chap that ever drew breath," he began. "But if you ask me whether he was good, or religious — well, I simply don't know how to answer you. I am sure he wasn't vicious, and no one in this world, not even our mother, knew him as well as I knew him. I had always done my best to keep him from harm. He was fond of fun, fond of sport, and fond of grub, and if a lad who likes these things is bad, then I suppose Frank was bad. The question that is torturing me is, Need a boy be bad — I mean, you know, bad enough to be sent to Hell — if he is fond of toffy and play? I've puzzled over this until my brain has reeled and my heart has almost broken; for oh, I cannot — I cannot bear to think that my poor little brother is burning in Hell!"

He said much more than this, and I did not interrupt him; but when he paused, I began my word of consolation. For over an hour we sat there, and I tried to show him the difference between mortal and venial sin, the meaning and value of an act of contrition, the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory and prayer for the dead. I think he understood all that I said to him; but the thing that seemed to attract and console him most was the idea of Purgatory, and the possibility of our helping the souls detained there. He said:

"That notion of my being able to help him is — well, it's spiffing! You have given me not only new hope, but new life. When the preacher said: 'If you don't want this — what was it? — for yourself, think of the needs of the dead, of the souls of those who are dear to you,' I could hardly contain myself, though I understood so little of what he was talking about. And of course there is a good deal yet that I don't fully understand. But I am sure you can put me in the way of getting further — well, information."

IV

We met again a year later — in the same place and on the same occasion. My "biking pilgrim" (as I called him) had then been a Catholic eight months. We had corresponded regularly, and I had

given him a letter of introduction to the London priest who afterwards received him.

His enthusiasm was beautiful and touching, and the day we spent together was one of the happiest of my life. Before he rode away in the evening, he called my attention to a sort of knapsack he had made to fit upon his bicycle.

"I've no doubt, Father, you think this is my personal luggage. In one sense it is. You shall see it."

He opened the waterproof case and I saw to my astonishment, as many publications of the Catholic Truth Society as would have fitted up a small shop.

"You see, Father, I keep pretty close to the desk in my pater's London office, and so he is good enough to give me a day's outing every week. Well, I make many a pious pilgrimage on my bike — I believe all those chaps in Chaucer would have 'biked' it to Canterbury if they had had machines. I find it does me good to see what the Church is doing in different parts of the country. Now, on the road one meets all sorts of Johnnies (I doubt if he will ever quite give up his use of slang. I admit some little improvement, however), and one hears all sorts of objections brought up against the Faith. Well, Father, though I'm beginning to know my religion pretty well, I can't be always jawing, so I let a chappie go on as long as he likes and then I whip out of my case the right pamphlet or leaflet and say: "There you are, my friend; read that! you'll find a full, complete and particular answer *there*." I've got nearly all the tracts the Catholic Truth Society has published, and they are so well arranged that, in a moment, I can put my hand upon the very thing I want."

Have I said enough to prove that my Biking Pilgrim has become a practical Catholic?

DAVID BEARNE, S. J.,
In the English Messenger.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BEAUMONT.

THE Queen visited Beaumont College at 6.30 Monday evening, July 5. As far back, it seems, as the middle of April she had promised this favour to the well-known Jesuit College near Windsor, and Her Majesty seems to have taken the very earliest opportunity allowed by the many important engagements connected with the Jubilee, of receiving the congratulations of the assembled community and boys. As on the occasion of her previous visits to the College in 1882 and 1887, the ceremony took place in front of the College gates, which were gaily decorated with flags and festoons, while over the entrance an arch had been constructed bearing the inscription: "*Domine, salvam fac Regiam.*" The boys were grouped in two divisions, one on each side of the gates; in the centre were the privileged few who were to take a special part in the Queen's reception, and behind these were the community and visitors.

A few minutes before 6.30 the Queen's Equerry, Sir Arthur Bigge, rode up to the gates to give notice of Her Majesty's approach, and inquire the names of those who were to be presented to Her Majesty; and the half-hour had scarcely struck when the Queen herself arrived, accompanied by the Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Henry of Prussia, and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and attended by Lady Lytton, Lady-in-Waiting, Colonel Sir H. Byng, and Lieutenant Ponsonby. As soon as the carriage came in sight, three times three cheers were given with great enthusiasm, and two verses of the National Anthem were nicely sung in unison by the boys. Her Majesty was received on her arrival by the Rev. John L. Lynch, the Rector of Beaumont, and an address of congratulation was then read by the senior boy, Malcolm McDonald. The address was as follows:

"May it please your Majesty. — We, the masters and boys of Beaumont College, account it a great privilege to be allowed once more to offer our loyal congratulations to your

Majesty. And as, most beloved Sovereign, we rejoiced upon a former occasion in your deliverance from imminent danger, and again later, upon the completion of the 50th year of your Majesty's most happy and prosperous reign, so now we thank God for the extension of that reign to a term of years accorded to none of your Majesty's Royal predecessors.

"This singular favour is, we doubt not, the answer of heaven to the prayers and good wishes which fill the hearts of your Majesty's devoted subjects throughout the world, amongst whom none, we trust, can be numbered more devoted than ourselves, guided as we are by the Catholic faith to recognize in the peaceable and well-established government of our country the authority of God Himself. May He crown with every blessing the years which He has been pleased to multiply to your gracious Majesty.

"Signed (on behalf of the masters) John L. Lynch (Rector).

"Signed (on behalf of the boys) M. McDonald (Senior Boy)."

The address was beautifully illuminated in gold upon vellum, and was enclosed in a handsome watered-silk envelope in crimson. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to reply by word of mouth in the following terms: "I thank you for your kind and loyal address, and I have great pleasure in accepting it."

After Her Majesty had received the address along with its case from Malcolm McDonald and Francis Stonor, a copy of the Jubilee number of the Beaumont Review beautifully bound in a crimson gold-embossed cover, was presented by Aston Clifford, and graciously accepted by Her Majesty. A bouquet of pink and white orchids was then presented by Alwyn Gosselin, son of the Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris. Bouquets of roses were also presented by Edmund Stapleton-Bretherton, and Edward Hope Vere to Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Henry of Prussia. The Queen then expressed her desire again to speak to the Rector, and made one or two inquiries about the College, after which she drove off amid loud and prolonged cheers.



THANKSGIVINGS

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

ADMASTON, ONT. — Two, for relief from pain in the side and sickness, after having two masses said in honour of the S. H. and making a novena. For the finding of beads, after praying to St. Anthony. For a special temporal favour received on the feast of St. J.

ALEXANDRIA, ONT. — For a conversion. For a temporal favour, after making a novena. For the conversion of a young man to the faith after many years of religious indifference. For success in passing an examination, after making a novena.

AMHERSTBURG. — For many favours received, through the intercession of the S. H. and St. Anthony. For finding a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony. For a great temporal favour, through the intercession of St. Ann and St. J. For many temporal favours.

ANTIGONISH. — For a great favour, through a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For a spiritual and several temporal favours. For a great temporal favour, through prayers to the S. H. of Mary.

ARNPRIOR. — For several great favours, through prayers to St. J., St. Ann and the B. V. For the conversion of two friends during the mission, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. Ann. For a temporal favour received in July.

BARRIE. — For a cure, after making a novena and promising to have a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For success in an examination.

BATHURST, N.B. — For many temporal favours. For success in an examination. For a temporal favour, through the intercession of St. J. For a temporal favour, after a novena to the S. H.

BELLEVILLE, ONT. — For the unexpected payment of a debt, after praying to the S. H. For a temporal favour, after praying to the B. V., St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory. For a special favour. For three favours.

BERLIN, ONT. — For favours, after praying to the S. H. For two great favours, through the intercession of St. J. and St. Anthony. For two special favours, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J.

BRANTFORD, ONT. — For a safe journey, and for two special favours, after prayers and a novena to the B. V., St. J. and St. Anthony. For a situation, after making a novena in April, to the S. H. For hearing from a brother, after a promise to have two masses said for the Souls in Purgatory.

BRUCHIN. — For two favours received.

BROCKVILLE. — For the restoration of a mother's health. For a person making his Easter duty. Six, for employment. For success

in study. For a temporal favour, after praying to St. Anthony. For a temporal favour, after making a novena to St. J. For a cure, after applying the Badge. One for health restored. Five for employment. Three, for the cure of toothache, after applying the Badge. For a son cured of drinking. For improvement in a sister's health, through the intercession of St. Ann. For relief from pain. For the privilege of going to St. Ann's. For the cure of headache, after applying the Badge. For the cure of pain in the knee. Three, for peace in a family. One, for good health.

BUCKINGHAM. — For a great favour, after making a novena to the S. H.

CANSO. — For favours, after a novena to the S. H.

CARAQUET, N. B. — For three temporal favours, after praying to St. J.

CORNWALL. — For the finding of a lost child, through prayers to the S. H. and St. Anthony. For the finding of three articles. For the conversion of two persons.

DEBEC, N. B. — For the conversion of a sinner after fourteen years of religious indifference. For three temporal favours, after prayers to the S. H. and the B. V.

DUNDAS. — For three temporal favours.

EGANVILLE. — For success in an examination, after praying to St. Anthony. For success in an examination. For a temporal favour.

FLOS. — For a spiritual favour, after offering up prayers to the B. V. and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory.

FOREST MILLS, ONT. — For a great temporal favour, after praying to St. Anthony, B. V. and St. J. For three special favours, after praying to the B. V., St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory.

FREELTON. -- For two favours, after asking the prayers of the League. For relief from pain, by applying the Badge. For a cure, after praying to the S. H. and using the water of St. Ignatius.

FREDERICTON, N. B. — For a great temporal favour, through the intercession of the B. V. For spiritual and temporal favours, after making a novena to the Holy Ghost. For the happy death of a friend. For a favour. For a safe journey, after burning a light before the S. H. For making the Nine First Fridays. For a favour, by applying the Badge. Ten, for spiritual and temporal favours.

GLEN ROBERTSON. — For a special favour. For a woman cured of insanity, after a novena to the S. H. and prayers to the B. V. For finding a lost article, by praying to St. Anthony. For a cure, after applying the Badge. For a cure, through St. J. For a temporal favour, after making a novena. For a reconciliation in a family, after prayers to St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory. For hearing from an absent brother, after making the novena of Grace in honour of St. Francis Xavier. For the cure of sore throat, after applying the Badge. For the cure of pain, by praying to the B. V. and promising to say the beads for a week. For a special favour, after a promise of bread for the poor. For the finding of a pair of spectacles and Beads, after prayers to St. Anthony. For a favour, after making a novena to the S. H. and St. Anthony.

GODERICH, ONT. — For three favours, after a novena of commu-

nions, on nine Tuesdays in succession. For a conversion obtained. For persuading a son not to leave home.

GUELPH. — For a situation obtained, after a novena to the B. V. and having a mass said. For a daughter's recovering her reason.

HALIFAX, N. S. — For the cure of sickness. For spiritual and temporal favours. For a recovery from serious illness.

HAMILTON. — For the cure of a son who suffered for seven years from hip disease. For the cure of dyspepsia, after three years of suffering, by making a novena to the B. V. and praying to the Souls in Purgatory. For the cure of sore throat, after making a novena and having a mass said. For the success of an examination. For the success of an operation, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory, and making a novena to the B. V. For the vocation to a religious life of a sister. For success of pupils, after prayers to the S. H., O. L. of Victory and St. Anthony. For a temporal favour.

HASTINGS, ONT. — For a great temporal favour granted to a son, after praying to the S. H., B. V. and St. J. For employment for a husband, after making the Stations of the Cross. For a great temporal favour granted.

HESPLER. — For a great favour obtained in the month of March.

INGERSOLL. — For many favours, after praying to the B. V. and St. J. For the successful examination of pupils. For a great temporal favour, through the intercession of the B. V.

KILLARNEY, ONT. — For a spiritual favour, after saying a prayer to the B. V. for a month. For the cure of a sick child.

KINGSTON. — For a favour received, after praying to the S. H. and St. Anthony. For relief from pain, after praying the S. H.

LA SALETTE. — For the recovery of a dear brother, after having a mass said, and praying to the B. V. For the recovery of a child, after a promise of masses for the relief of the Souls in Purgatory.

LONDON. — For one very special favour. For the return of a relative to his duty, after having made a novena to the S. H., receiving Holy Communion and burning a lamp for eight days in honor of the S. H.

MAIDSTONE. — For peace of mind restored, after having a mass said and making a novena to the Precious Blood. For the conversion of a friend by offering a Communion and saying the Litany of Jesus for a month. For two favours, through the S. H. For peace in a family and other favours, by reading the Thirty Days' Prayer. For the cure of toothache and many other favours, through the S. H. and by applying the Badge.

MARYSVILLE. — For two very special favours, through receiving Holy Communion

MERRITON. — For a position for a brother, after asking the prayers of the League. For the cure of a toothache, after applying the Badge. For the cure of headache. For the finding of a promoter's cross. For several spiritual and temporal favours. For employment for two. For peace in a family. For two who performed their Easter duty. For a dear friend making his Easter duty. For the success of an examination, after offering Holy Communion and prayers to St. Anthony.

MONCTON.—For several favours, after praying to the B. V. and St. Anthony. For two favours. Five, for favours, through prayers to the Souls in Purgatory.

MONTREAL.—For the recovery of eyesight, after an accident For two vocations to the religious life.

ORILLIA.—For success in examinations for twelve pupils.

OSCEOLA.—For a great spiritual favour, after prayers during the months of May and June For a temporal favour, through the intercession of St. J. For the cure of toothache, after applying the Badge.

OTTAWA.—For a husband's partial release from nervousness, after saying prayers in honour of St. J. and having masses said in honour of the B. V. For many favours through St. Ann. For favours, through the S. H. For a recovery from diphtheria, after making a novena to the S. H. For employment for a brother, after making a novena to the S. H.

OWEN SOUND.—For situations. For the safe delivery of a mother.

PARK HILL.—For employment.

PENETANGUISHENE.—For the cure of a very sore hand, after applying the Badge. For a very great favour, after making a novena to St. J. and O. L. of Good Counsel. For many favours. For the success of a brother in a recent examination.

PETERBOROUGH.—For favours through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs. For the recovery of a father from a serious illness, after praying to the S. H., B. V. and the Souls in Purgatory. For a spiritual and temporal favour through prayers to the Souls in Purgatory.

PICTON.—For three great temporal favours. For blessings received through the prayers of the League. For several spiritual favours and for success in business. For success of pupils at an entrance examination. For recovery from a sudden and dangerous illness, through the application of the Badge.

PORT COLBORNE.—For two great favours, after a novena to the S. H. For the cure of a severe sore throat, after making a novena to the S. H. and saying the beads for the Souls in Purgatory.

PORT CREDIT.—Four, for having made the Nine First Fridays. For having succeeded at examinations.

PORT LAMBTON.—For a very great temporal favour, after promising a novena in honour of O. L. of Sorrows and a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For the finding of a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony and promising to say the rosary every day for a month. For success in an undertaking after promising a novena in honour of O. L. of Sorrows. For success in an undertaking, after praying to St. Ann. and having a mass said.

PRESTON, ONT.—For the cure of a severe pain, after applying the Badge.

QUEBEC.—For success at an examination, through prayers to the Infant Jesus of Prague and St. Anthony.

RED BANK, N. B.—For the cure of heart trouble, after saying the rosary for six weeks and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory.

ST. ANDREW'S WEST, ONT.—For favours, after prayers. For the cure of earache, by applying the Badge. For a temporal favour through the prayers of the League. For the cure of a brother by making a novena to St Anthony.

ST. GEORGE'S, P. E. I.—For health restored.

ST JOHN, N. B.—Five, for employment. Three, for successful examinations. Two, for health, through the intercession of Blessed Brother Gerard. One, for success in an undertaking. One, for peace restored to a family. One, for a good confession. One, for the cure of a violent headache. One hundred and fifty-four, for various favours.

ST MARY'S, ONT.—For a temporal favour. For having heard from an absent brother, through prayers to St. Ann and the Souls in Purgatory. For the recovery of a sister from illness.

ST. RAPHAEL'S WEST.—For two spiritual favours. For one spiritual and two temporal favours, through the intercession of St. Anthony.

SAND POINT.—For two great temporal favours, through the intercession of the B. V.

SARNIA —For a temporal favour, after making two novenas to St J. For many favours, through the intercession of St. Ann. For the recovery of a long-lost article, after praying to St. Anthony.

THOROLD.—For a temporal favour, after making a novena to the Infant Jesus and having a mass said in honour of the B. V. For the return of a father to the Sacraments after an absence of sixteen years. For a temporal favour. For a situation, through the B. V., St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory.

TORONTO.—For relief from what seemed to be the commencement of a serious illness, through prayers and by applying the Badge. For a temporal favour. For many favours, through the intercession of the B. V., St. J., St. Ann and St. Anthony. For a recovery of the voice, through the application of the relics of the Canadian Martyrs. For the successful issue of several examinations. For many particular favours during the year.

WATFORD, ONT.—For success in an examination, after a novena to the B. V. For the cure of a sore hand, after a novena to the B. V. For a successful operation on the eye and restoration of sight, after prayers to the S. H. and the B. V. For four temporal favours and two spiritual. For means to pay debts.

WINDSOR, N. S.—For many favours during the month of May. For graces received.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—For many favours received.

YARKER.—For success in two examinations.

URGENT REQUESTS, for favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Amherstburg, Antigonish, Caledonia, Calgary, Dundas, Forest Mills, Fredericton, P. E. I., Glen Robertson, Grand Falls, N. B., Guelph, Hamilton, Hastings, Hespeler, Kingston, Marysville, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Richmond Station, St. Agatha, P. Q., St. George's, P. E. I., Streetsville, Toronto, Watford, Ont., Winnipeg, Yarker.

INTENTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

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

- 1.—W.—Beheading of St. John Baptist. Lowliness of heart. 20,777 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—Th.—St. Stephen, King. h†. Pray for rulers. 8,590 In affliction.
- 3.—F.—BB. Anthony and Comp., MM. at.g†. Sanctify daily work. 19,245 Deceased.
- 4.—S.—St. Rose of Viterbo, V. Watch over self. 31,562 Special Intentions.
- 5.—S.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bp. at.g†. Confidence in God. 1,191 Communities.
- 6.—M.—St. Onesiphorus, M. Teachableness. 14,850 First Communions.
- 7.—Tu.—BB. Thomas and Comp., MM. Kindliness. The Associates of the League.
- 8.—W.—Nativity B. V. M. bt.g† m†. rf.†. Renewal of spirit. 9,940 Employment and Means.
- 9.—Th.—St. Peter Claver, C. h†. Pray for the coloured race. 2,813 Clergy.
- 10.—F.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C. Avoid deliberate sin. 33,755 Children.
- 11.—S.—BB. Charles and Comp., MM. Dare to do right. 12,110 Families.
- 12.—S.—HOLY NAME OF MARY rf. Honour Mary's name. 13,324 Perseverance.
- 13.—M.—St. Eulogius, Bt. Pray for the clergy. 2,525 Reconciliations.
- 14.—Tu.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Way of the Cross. 20,110 Spiritual Favours.
- 15.—W.—St. Catharine of Genoa, V. pt. Help the Holy Souls. 21,225 Temporal Favours.
- 16.—Th.—SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Bpp. h†. Zeal for the faith. 11,491 Conversions to the Faith.
- 17.—F.—Stigmata of St. Francis. Honour Christ's wounds. 18,525 Vouts.
- 18.—S.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, C. Virtue of obedience. 1,970 Schools.
- 19.—S.—SEVEN DOLOURS B. V. M. m†. Compassion. 7,796 Sick.
- 20.—M.—SS. Eustace and Comp., MM. Generosity. 2,351 Missions, Retreats.
- 21.—Tu.—St. Matthew, Ap. bt.m†. Contempt for riches. 315 Guilds, Societies.
- 22.—W.—St. Thomas of Villanova, Bp. C. Zeal for Souls. 1,924 Parishes.
- 23.—Th.—St. Linus, P. M. h†. Devotion to the Holy Eec. 20,235 Sinners.
- 24.—F.—OUR LADY OF MERCY. Help the unfortunate. 11,803 Parents.
- 25.—S.—St. Firminus, Bp. Readiness to believe. 4,601 Religious.
- 26.—S.—SS. Cyprian and Justus, MM. Christian fortitude. 1,351 Novices.
- 27.—M.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM. Pray for physicians. 797 Superiors.
- 28.—Tu.—St. Wenceslaus, M. Devotion to the Holy Mass. 5,377 Vocations.
- 29.—W.—St. MICHAEL, Arch. pt. Confidence in the angels. The Promoters and Directors.
- 30.—Th.—St. Jerome, C. D. h†. Study the Bible. 20,573 Various.

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

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; l=2nd Degree; g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mora; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

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