



The Canadian Messenger

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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

VOL. IX

JULY 1899.

No. 7.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY.

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

The Apostleship of Daily Intercourse.

WE touched, in a general way, last month on the prayerful spirit which our Associates should cultivate in order to the ever widening spread of God's Kingdom upon earth. Every member of the Sacred Heart League should be an apostle, first of all by prayer, and then by an active and disinterested co-operation in the work of the various Catholic Societies. Our Associates ought to be the most fervent and active workers in sodalities, confraternities, charitable organizations, benefit and temperance associations, altar and sewing societies and all the other collective expressions of faith and charity. But there is another apostleship from which no good Catholic should hold himself aloof, and this we might call *the apostleship of daily intercourse.*

The prayerful spirit we spoke of last month is something altogether internal, unseen. Mighty though its effects are, its action is invisible. Like the electric wire that springs the far off mine it whispers nothing of the coming blast. Not so this apostleship of intercourse. Its power lies in its outward form. Doubtless the strength and persuasiveness of that outward form originates in the inward force of faith and love. But the exterior phenomena are the only agencies that we can examine and analyze. To them we proximatively refer results. An erring soul is won over by the charm of a fervent Catholic's winsome life. We naturally attribute that conversion, under God and His grace, to the influence of that sweet example.

The first thing that strikes us about this apostleship is the multitude of opportunities for its exercise. Every day we come across a certain number of persons at home, in our neighbourhood, in the street, in friendly or business relations. On all these persons we can exercise an effective, albeit indirect, apostleship. To all these persons we may, if we wish, do some good. In all we ought, when we can, to enkindle and keep aflame the love of Jesus.

But how shall we do so? The answer opens out vistas as endless as the opportunities of a lifetime and the tactful resources of an alert mind and sympathetic heart. One feels that a full reply would have to take in all possible situations and contingencies. However, although the undertaking is in very deed rather gigantic, we may begin to approach it on the negative side. What is there that Christians ought not to do when they wish to diffuse around them the good odour of Jesus Christ? What defects should they avoid if they are not as yet conscious of them, or eradicate if they feel their blighting presense?

In the first place they must not give scandal. They have a certain reputation for piety, they are often seen at Mass on week days, they are engaged in any number of charitable undertakings. It will not do if in social gather-

ings they betray petty ambitions, groundless pretensions to rank or refinement, a fondness for small lies, more respect for the smiles of the world than for the precepts or injunctions of the Church and a proneness to contemptible bickerings and enduring spite. Better things are expected of them because they flaunt, as it were, in the breeze of public opinion, their claim to superior virtue. Seeing their best actions marred by manifold meanness, the world will say : Deliver us from pious people ; better is the frankness of the shameless sinner than the duplicity of the devout.

Secondly, they must not talk scandal. One of the infallible marks of a truly converted soul is a deep ever-present tenderness for the reputation of others. The sham Christian or the surface Christian often betrays his pretence or his shallowness by severe criticism of his neighbours. The heathen had no conception of Christian charity ; to him any hidden crime, however secret, was legitimate quarry for the shafts of his sarcasm. To put himself in the hunted victim's place was a thought that never entered his mind. Heathenism, especially that of Greece and Rome, was selfish and cruel almost beyond the belief of those who have never studied its classics. The violence of personal abuse in those days seems to us, whom nineteen centuries of Christian benignity have chastened, shockingly barbarous. Nowadays it survives amongst drunken men and women, abandoned miscreants, proverbially wicked persons and all the riffraff of humanity. It still seethes amid the baser passions of mankind like the menacing fires of a temporarily quiet volcano, breaking forth occasionally among tolerably good people when anger has upset their mental and volitional equilibrium and broken through the crust of their habitual self control. However, thank God, even merely nominal Christians detest the man or woman that is known as having "a bad tongue," and the first indication that a man's profession of practical Christianity cannot be trusted is often to be found in his fondness for

revealing the serious delinquencies of the people about him. And yet the gay world of society, a vigorous survival of paganism, dearly loves scandal. Pious Catholics must sometimes mingle with that fashionable world or with those who ape it, and the ease with which it condones delicate backbiting is a frame of mind that soon becomes contagious. That contagion, once caught is fatal to the exercise of any real apostleship. No one that talks scandal can spread the Kingdom of God. There must be at least a beginning of charity in one that intends to make others love God, and we know that "charity is kind, envieth not and thinketh no evil." (1)

Thirdly, they must not take scandal. Here we cannot do better than read a passage from Father Faber, than whom no one ever made a more minute and lifelike analysis of character: "I find," he writes, "a great number of moderately good people who think it fine to take scandal. They regard it as a sort of evidence of their own goodness, and of their delicacy of conscience," that they are easily shocked at the faults of others; "while in reality it is only a proof either of their inordinate conceit or of their extreme stupidity. They are unfortunate when the latter is the case; for then no one but inculpable nature is to blame. If, as some have said, a stupid man cannot be a saint, at least his stupidity can never make him into a sinner. Moreover, the persons in question seem frequently to feel and act as if their profession of piety involved some kind of official appointment to take scandal. It is their way of bearing testimony to God. It would show a blamable inertness in the spiritual life if they did not take scandal. They think they suffer very much while they are taking scandal; whereas in truth they enjoy it amazingly. It is a pleasurable excitement, which delightfully varies the monotony of devotion. They do not in reality fall over their neighbour's fault, nor does it in itself hinder them in the way of

(1) 1 Cor. xiii, 4, 5.

holiness, nor do they love God less because of it, — all which ought to be implied in taking scandal. But they trip themselves up on purpose, and take care that it shall be opposite some fault of their neighbour's, in order that they may call attention to the difference between him and themselves."

"The fact is that an immense proportion of us are pharisees. For one pious man who makes piety attractive there are nine who make it repulsive. Or, in other words, only one out of ten among reputed spiritual persons is really spiritual. He who during a long life has taken the most scandal has done the most injury to God's glory, and has been himself a real and substantial stumbling-block in the way of many. He has been an endless fountain of odious disedification to the little ones of Christ. If such a one reads this, he shall take scandal at me. Everything that he dislikes, everything which deviates from his narrow view of things, is to him a scandal. It is the pharisaic way of expressing a difference. Men marvellously like to be popes; and the dullest of men, if only he has, as usual, an obstinacy proportioned to his dullness, can, in most neighbourhoods, carve out a tiny papacy for himself; and if to his dullness he can add pomposity, he may reign gloriously, a little local ecumenical council in unintermitting session through all the four seasons of the year." (2)

It may sometimes happen that a man of this peculiar stamp, owing to his leadership of a coterie that sways the opinions of a large circle of admirers, may mould the views of a whole country where the general level of knowledge is low and narrow; but his influence is rather a blight than a blessing, and it is distinctly not an apostolic influence such as we are recommending here. The fault-finder's influence is unpersuasive and unattractive. It checks the liberty of the children of God instead of cheering and spur-

(2) *Spiritual Conferences*. On Taking Scandal.

ring it on to nobler endeavour. It irritates when it ought to charm and allure to the love of God.

Fourthly, those who desire to excel in the apostleship of daily intercourse must not hinder nor thwart the good that others are doing. Many ways there are of going about God's work. Very naturally, the one we have been taught seems to us the best, or perhaps the only right way. Others who, while following different paths, lead many souls heavenward and contribute greatly to the glory of God, are condemned by us because we have eyes only for the divergence of their course from ours. Let us beware of narrowness. It betrays us into hindering the good works of others by disparaging remarks. We may even go so far as to thwart those good works by direct opposition to them. Surely, if we had the interests of Jesus at heart, we would close our eyes on secondary defects and praise the predominant virtues of those with whom we may have no natural sympathy. Though the men that trained us may be the ablest in the world, yet other trainers may be humbler and more selfless and therefore higher in the sight of God. Some persons in authority will not tolerate any good which they themselves did not order and direct. Hence their jealousy of any initiative not their own. Autocrats of salvation, they want to hold the gateway of every avenue to heaven, instead of merely urging people to take any of the roads that lead thereto. This excessive centralization paralyzes innumerable yearnings after spiritual conquests. Do not throw cold water on everything of which you and yours are not the fountain-head. Do not pooh-pooh the good that others do simply because you cannot approve of the way or the source thereof. Rather rejoice that something has been done to make the dear Lord better loved, and that his chosen little ones have found a new way to do it.

So much for the negative side of our preparation for the apostleship of daily intercourse. No doubt the list of com-

mon faults and obstacles might be almost indefinitely lengthened out, since the correcting of mistakers means advancement in perfection ; but we must stop somewhere, and there is yet much to be said on the side of positive qualities.

The mainspring of these is the desire to do good to others. This implies a real, thought-out zeal for the salvation and perfection of all men. We must persuade ourselves that no one is so irredeemably bad that he cannot be rescued by grace from perdition, and that the very worst people we meet may be and most likely are possessed of some hidden natural virtue which is destined to become the seed-plot of supernatural conversion. It is well to remember what one of the most learned Popes, Benedict XIV, tells us, that no one's perdition seems undeniably predicted in Scripture, so as to come near being a matter of faith, except that of Saul. We must learn, then, to love souls and to love them with a tender sense of responsibility.

"Those whom thou gavest me have I kept, and not one of them is lost." We should aim at being able on the last day to repeat these words which Jesus uttered in his marvellous sermon after the Last Supper. "There is not a soul that has not in some measure received a similar trust from God, or on whose labour or prayer or co-operation with grace the salvation and sanctification of certain others has not been made dependent ; souls of which we shall have to say one day to God : 'They were Thine and Thou gavest them to me.' Shall we be able to say also : 'I have kept those whom Thou gavest me, and not one is lost save the son of perdition,' i. e., (3) save those who were lost or injured by their own fault alone, and not through any fault of mine?..... Woe to him who appears alone before God, or, if not alone, yet with but a few stragglers of his neglected flock, who answers the question : 'Where is thy brother?' with : 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" (4)

(3) John, xvii, 12.

(4) *George Tyrrell, S.J., Nova et Vetera*, p. 223.

The next step is to make ourselves attractive in order to win souls. Here lies the great difficulty. Were amiability all that was needed, many would have only to follow their natural bent. But it is a law of the spiritual world that self-denial brings more abundant life both to him who denies himself and to those who are brought within the sphere of his influence. Therefore denial of self must be the groundwork of our amiability, if we want that amiability to be supernaturally fruitful. This is Christ's way. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself. Now this he said signifying what death he should die." (5) "There is an exaltation of soul which comes from suffering and from the cross, which 'draws' men by a spell. An uncrucified Saviour had never exercised such a strange spell over the heart of man. This is indeed the mark of a genuine spiritual advance and approximation to the cross, that others are more drawn to us and we to them. It is not the senseless self-annihilation of the fakir or dervish which attracts, but that which results necessarily from a loving devotion to the service of others; the self-sacrifice of the Good Shepherd who gives His life, not for nothing — as it were despising God's good gift — but *for the sheep*. It is from the foot of the Cross that Mary attracts us to herself most powerfully. The Cross of Christ is the very centre and nucleus of attraction, and each one as he nears it becomes himself magnetized with its mysterious influence." (6)

Some thirty years ago, in a far western village of the United States, a Universalist was dying of a loathsome disease, abandoned by everyone except a shiftless boy paid for his slovenly service. A missionary priest, long since gone to his reward, happened to make a short stay at the place in quest of souls. Hearing of the dying stranger's plight, he went to visit him, and when he saw his horrible

(5) John, xii, 32, 33.

(6) Tyrrell, *Nova et Vetera*, p. 171.

condition he immediately pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, washed the repulsive creature from head to foot, ordered clean sheets and made him as comfortable as possible, without, however, breathing one word about religion. The invalid, touched by this self-denying charity, asked him who he was that cared so tenderly for a stranger. "I am a Catholic priest," replied Father Colleton. "What?" exclaimed the dying man, "you are one of those cruel beings that believe in an eternal hell!" "Yes," answered the priest, "and if I did not believe in hell, I should not be giving myself so much trouble about you." This answer, driven home by the deeds of self-sacrificing love that preceded it, converted the Universalist. He asked for baptism, and having been briefly instructed in the truths necessary for salvation, received the sacrament of regeneration in the best dispositions and died thirty minutes after his first conversation with the priest. Here was a soul saved at the last possible moment thanks to an act of self-conquest on the part of one who might have been tempted to speak before acting.

It is this sort of nearness to the Cross which makes the ministry of Catholic priests in cholera and yellow-fever epidemics so fruitful. Their deeds speaks infinitely louder than their words. So it was with the brave nuns of Key West last year when they gave up their neat convent-school to the horrors of a war hospital and tended with their dainty hands the mangled and fever-stricken soldiers. The good this practical charity of theirs did is simply incalculable. Mountains of prejudice were removed, many conversions were wrought and the seeds sown of countless others. So will it always be when we deny ourselves for the sake of others. Even the bare fact of putting ourselves out for mere acquaintances will often win them over to our convictions.

But are we never to exhort our neighbour directly? May we never pass from deeds to words and indulge in the luxu-

ry of giving good advice? No; not so long as it is a luxury. Some well-meaning tactless persons enjoy giving advice. They flatter themselves they are working wonders thereby. Unfortunately their advice is seldom if ever taken. It remains barren because it proceeds from a purely human spirit. Good advice bears fruits only when it comes from a supernaturally humble and charitable soul. We must, then, begin by practising humility, by giving up to others some pet comfort or taste for precedence or wish to shine. We must love them as we love ourselves and yield to them that first place which we should naturally like them to yield to us. These two principal instruments in the apostleship of daily intercourse — humility and charity — will gradually form in us the habit of kindness, and if we want to do some lasting good our words must be winged with kindness.

Listen once more to the saintly Father Faber, who practised so faithfully what he preached so admirably in those chapters of his on Kindness which rank deservedly among the classics of Catholic literature. "A kind-worded man is a genial man; and geniality is power. Nothing sets wrong right so soon as geniality. There are a thousand things to be reformed, and no reformation succeeds unless it be genial. No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm: crushed perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough, — but drawn nearer to God, never. Men want to advocate changes, it may be in politics or in science, or in philosophy, or in literature, or perhaps in the working of the Church. They give lectures, they write books, they start reviews, they found schools to propagate their views, they coalesce in associations, they collect money, they move reforms in public meetings, and all to further their peculiar ideas. They are unsuccessful. From being unsuccessful themselves, they become unsympathetic with others. From this comes narrowness of mind. Their very traits are deteriorated. The next step is to be snappish, then bitter, then eccentric, then rude. After that they abuse people for not taking their advice: and, last of

all, their impotence, like that of all angry prophets, ends in the shrillness of a scream. Why they scream is not so obvious. Perhaps for their own relief. It is the frenzy of the disregarded sibyl. All this comes of their not being genial. Without geniality no solid reform was ever made yet. But if there are a thousand things to reform in the world, there are tens of thousands of people to convert. Satire will not convert men. Hell threatened very kindly is more persuasive than a biting truth about a man's false position. The fact is, geniality is the best controversy. The genial man is the only successful man. Nothing can be done for God without geniality. More plans fail for the want of that than for the want of anything else. A genial man is both an apostle and an evangelist: an apostle, because he brings men to Christ; an evangelist, because he portrays Christ to men." (7)

It has been truly said that the first requisite for an attractive talker is to be a good listener. Kind listening is often an act of real humility and delicate charity: humility, because we must frequently listen to uninteresting talk which would naturally strike us as beneath our notice; charity, because some people seem to have a knack of saying the most inopportune things in the most disagreeable way. It is a real exercise of self-denial to listen to such persons attentively, with sustained concern, without vexatious interruptions, without insisting on relating our similar experiences and thus making their case only an illustration of our own. In a word, the listener who seeks to attract others for the glory of God must needs efface himself. Doubtless this is all very trying to our pride, but it is as effective as it is trying.

Then there is the indirect, yet very welcome praise involved in discreet questioning. You appeal deferentially to another and thus show the value you set on his opinion. This is commonly the best way to correct errors of doctrine.

7) *Spiritual Conferences*, Kind Words (at the end).

"Has it never struck you that there may be another point of view that is more satisfactory?" "Do you really think that Holy Scripture deems one religion as good as another? Do you remember any texts in support of this theory?" Such questions, put in all kindness and with a genial, frank smile, will often stop an incipient controversy that could not issue in any good result.

Most people like to be questioned about that which they have most at heart, whether it be their profession or their business interests, or their love of sports, or their legitimate pleasures. We ought to cultivate that gift of sympathy which will enable us to take a lively interest in everything that is not sinful. This was the secret of St. Paul's becoming "all things to all men, that he might save all." (8) But it must be genuinely unselfish and kindly interest. We remember once hearing a great English novelist question a sea-captain who had been wrecked off Terra del Fuego. The maker of books plied the skipper with short, sharp queries about all details of his adventure, but there was no sympathy in his cross-questioning. The listeners felt that he was simply collecting material for some future novel.

The main point, of course, is to enter as far as possible into the tastes and feelings of those with whom we are thrown. As Father Peter Favre, the first companion of St. Ignatius Loyola, used to say, you go in by their door and try to bring them out by yours. When this is done with absolute purity of intention and with a reasoned love of souls based on Christ's love for them, occasions will not be wanting for throwing in a word of heavenly suggestion, of resignation to God's will, cheerful, inoffensive, playful, truly Christian humour, and even sometimes for planting the germ of one of those great, absorbing thoughts which transform a whole life by flinging across it the onward-striding shadow of eternity. Had we done nothing else in a whole lifetime than sow in this way the good seed

(8) 1 Cor., ix, 22.

by kind words and actions, we should not have lost our time; we should simply have followed the pattern of Him of Whom St. Peter said that He "went about doing good." (9)

LEWIS DRUMMOND, 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 of our offences and for all the intentions for which Thou continually immolatest Thyself on the altar.

I offer them, in particular, in order that Christians may, in their daily intercourse, strive to do each other good by charity and humility.

Apostolic Resolution: Aim at doing good to the people we meet.

The Sacred Heart Review, in its column of "Religious Instruction," makes this pertinent answer to the objection of those who say that they cannot attend to the duties of religion because they have to work and provide for themselves and their families:

Think you God will let you suffer if you give to Him a few hours from your day? Do you suppose that He will let you come to dire want if you pause for a short time to give a thought to Him and His divine words? Oh ye of little faith, how dare you question God's promises? God has given you every assurance that you will not be called upon to endure unrelieved misery if you submit to His heavenly will, and are not too much wrapt up in the things of this world. True, you must earn your bread by the sweat of your browns, but it is not necessary that you should devote all your minutes to the things of this life, when there is a higher life on which you should bestow some of your attention.

(9) Acts, x, 38.



THE BLOOD OF GOD.

Oh Blood for sinners shed !
Oh Lamb for sinners slain !
Since Thou for me hast bled,
Hast died, hast ris'n again ;

Wash all my guilt away,
And make me pure within ;
Cleanse Thou my soul, I pray,
From every taint of sin.

Blot out, oh Christ, each stain,
All that is vile in me ;
Nor suffer to remain
Aught that offendeth Thee.

Suffer my soul to dwell
Where all Thy loved ones hide,
And neither death nor hell
Shall tear me from Thy Side.

Then I, at last, made clean
In life, in mind, in heart,
No cloud, no veil between,
Shall see Thee as Thou art.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.





THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

THE following editorial article is from the *New-York Mail and Express*, a non-catholic periodical : --

“ There are men and women who grow kind as they grow old — warmer and fuller in sympathies as life advances. On the other hand, the tendency is to freeze as the blood moves more slowly. Organized charity can generally secure ready response in the shape of money. But the personal kindness that is at once the charm of life among equals and the grace that prevents offense in the minds of dependents is not easy to preserve. The very prosperous man, as a rule, grows imperious in manner. He has become accustomed to his own way. The little affability that he has left he saves up for men stronger than he. His clerks, the younger men who do his bidding in various agencies and must meet him personally, are not impressed with the sway of the spirit of the gentle Jesus in him. His austerity goes a long way toward discounting his religious professions. He seems cold-hearted. He is cold-hearted. He may be a thousand miles from an infidel, but he preaches infidelity without intending it.

“ The influence of the ‘ lowly Nazarene ’ was certainly a softening influence. Himself the loftiest personage that ever appeared on earth, He yet condescended to men of low degree. His was not an exclusive spirit. The reign of Christianity is therefore essential to a true democracy.

“ Americans grow austere. The rush has made us brusque. Kind speech is lacking and ‘ orders ’ are fired at employees. Business is a machine. The noise is the clank of steel and grind of cogs. So intense is the competition that only efficiency counts, and mercy has little influence. Fewer are the men of years and position who take young men in their employ into their intimate friendship.

The old men in too many instances use the young men, that is all. And as in the nature of things an elderly man loses his friends by death, he himself becomes solitary and acerb. God is avenged for his neglect, for the idolatry of of materialism chills to the bone. There is actually an idea abroad that the play of the affections impedes business activity. If one has been saturated with this idea all day down town, it is sure to show at night up town, in the home. The tremendous increase of litigation, of which we do not remember to have seen much current criticism, is an index of the decay of kindness.

"Once in the history of the world there appeared a Heart so glowing that all the rains of night could not quench its fires. Once there has been stretched out to us a Hand so warm that it faltered not at the clammy touch of the dead Lazarus. The unspeakable value of a close association with Jesus Christ is the communicated warmth. It is not necessary to be constantly reading of Him. No hard-pushed man can afford to let the day pass without standing for a moment with the Good Samaritan group.

"The thrill has gone through all the earth and saved us from savagery. That series of pictures shown us in the New Testament has been like fire kindled in winter. It changed the loveless, classic age. Has it, as a force, ever had a sufficing substitute? Have secular poems or music or art ever been able to control the selfish, ageing human heart as these simple stories of the pitying Jesus have done? Nor is there in the contemplated kindness of other men the mystic influence that His life possesses. The claims of the strictest theology seem established. The New Testament in the breast pocket keeps the heart warm by miracle."

ALL FOR THEE.

L. L., S. J.

ANDANTE. LEGATO.

SOLO.

ORGAN OR PIANO.

pp tremolo.

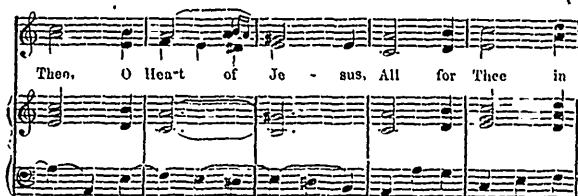
All for Thee. O Heart of

Je - sus, All for Thee e - ter - nal - ly;

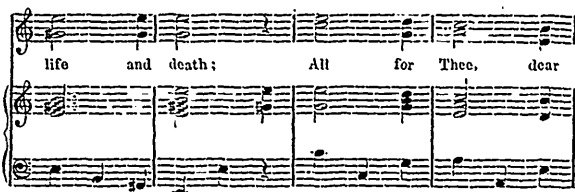
Nought for me, O Heart of Je - sus, Save to

Chorus.


be be - loved by Thee. All for



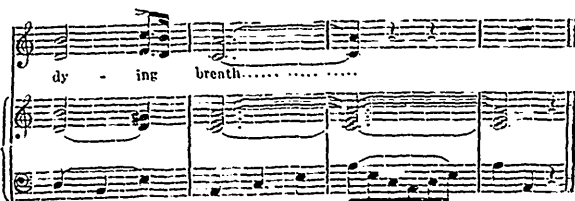
Then, O Heart of Je - sus, All for Thee in



life and death; All for Thee, dear



Heart of Je - sus, Till my la - test



dy - ing breath.....

2. — Thou hast taught me in my sorrows
Where alone the heart finds rest ;
I have learned 'tis sweet to suffer
Pillowed on Thy sacred beaast.
All for Thee, etc.
3. — All the hopes once fondly cherished
One by one I've seen depart ;
Now life has for me no sunshine,
Save within Thy Sacred Heart.
All for Thee, etc.
4. — All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,
All the daily inward strife,
All the soul's sharp crucifixion,
All the weariness of life.
All for Thee, etc.
5. — Should my efforts prove successful,
All the glory to be Thee ;
Honor, praise to Thee be given,
Thee alone — and none for me.
All for Thee, etc.

TREASURY, JUNE, 1899.
RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	165,061	Pious reading	36,982
Acts of mortification.....	166,355	Masses celebrated	802
Beads	281,911	Masses heard	104,764
Stations of the Cross.....	41,469	Works of zeal.....	78,784
Holy Communion.....	40,875	Various good works.....	280,545
Spiritual Communion... ..	264,267	Prayers.....	660,590
Exams of conscience	117,740	Sufferings or afflictions...	31,257
Hours of silence	246,297	Self conquests.....	85,761
Charitable conversations	171,284	Visits to Bl. Sacrament...	123,943
Hours of labour	341,740		
Holy Hours	34,022	Total.....	3,104,649



THE ENCYCLICAL OF OUR HOLY FATHER

CONCERNING THE SOLEMN CONSECRATION OF MAN-
KIND TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

THE solemn dedication of all men to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is an act of homage which falls within the province of him alone who is the Head of Christendom, and most worthily crowns the glorious years of Leo XIII.

We give a short synopsis of the Encyclical which unfortunately failed to reach the more distant points in time for the full realization of what it suggests.

After recalling what preceding Popes had done to spread and encourage the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Sovereign Pontif sets forth the absolute rights that Christ our Redeemer has to our allegiance. Before His having acquired that right by saving the world (1 Tim. ii. 6, 1 Pet. ii, 89.), we already belonged to Him and had become his heritage and his portion (Ps. 1j., Matt. xxviii, 18.). Yet albeit that by right of conquest and inheritance we were His, still He is pleased to accept the spontaneous offering we may make of ourselves. Not only does He accept it, He asks for it, "Child give me thy heart."

But the Consecration must not be limited to those who are the children of the household. In the exterior darkness wander many, for whom the Church has much concern; for them too, the Blood of Jesus has been shed. These are included in a loving and hopeful dedication.

In Ps. 1j, we read that the nations have been given to the Lord as a heritage. We look abroad in the world and find

that for the most part statemanship is not making for the service of God, and society is being estranged from Him. Therefore that better things may be, that Christ may reign among the nations and His Love be their sword and shield, they find their place in the offering.

In an earlier day, Constantine saw a pledge of triumph in the Cross which appeared in the sky — in this our day, the Sacred Heart has been manifested to us, and in this sign we shall overcome.

“ Therefore, We ordain that upon the 9th, 10th and 11th of the coming month of June, in the church of each place and in the principal church of each city, certain forms fixed of prayer shall be used. On each day the Litanies of the Sacred Heart, as approved by Us, will be added to the other prayer on the last of the three days. The formula of Consecration which, Venerable Brethren, We send herewith, will be recited.

As a pledge of the divine favour and in witness of our good-feeling towards you We bestow upon you, your clergy and people the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 25th of May, of the year 1899 of our pontificate the 22nd.

LRO XIII, Pope.

WITH THEIR NOSES UP STREAM

THE Catholic young men of Great Britain held a convention of their representatives not long ago, and the meeting was addressed by the Bishop of Clifton. In the course of his remarks, he said :

“ Young men are the strength of any country and community if they have cultivated their intellects, formed good habits, and trained their wills so as to resist evil and choose good. Catholic young men have a duty to be strong. They must remember that they are not to follow

the stream, but to go against the stream. They form a small body in the midst of a vast population of non-Catholics, and they have to show to this vast population of non-Catholics what Catholics ought to be. They should remember that people watch them, that people notice what they do and what they say ; and if non-Catholics see them indulging their passions, plunging into vice, doing what some people call 'sowing their wild oats,' they will say : 'Catholic young men are like other young men ; they curse and swear and drink, and so on, like others.' That, I am sure, is not the case with you. You are delegates of the Young Men's Society ; you are pledged to set yourself against the stream, not to do evil, but to be an example to those around you. When a fish is in a river and dead it floats helplessly down the stream, but a live fish always has its nose against the stream. This stream may be violent and sometimes too strong for the fish to make headway against it, but the fish always has its head against it. In the same way, you have to fight against the world around you, you have to keep your head up the stream, because at the top of that stream is the fountain of life.

"What makes Catholic young men strong is that they have got fixed principles that can never change in the course of all human progress, however human civilization may go on, or whatever may be the discoveries in science. Nothing can change these first principles which form the strength of the Catholic heart.

"If you are strong yourselves because the Word of God abideth in you, because the faith of your fathers is strong within you, you must do your best to make that faith felt among others, to encourage those who are weak, to encourage the flabby sort of young men who are so easily led and carried away, and who listen to any body who will delude them. In this you may be a vast power, you may strengthen the backbones of those flabby Catholics and give them some of your own strength and some of your own power."



THE TIN CAMEL

Armstrong was twenty-eight. The fact was that he had such domestic tastes that he was almost ashamed to acknowledge them. This was before he got married.

After that ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong set up an establishment, a very handsome and well-appointed house. It was very pleasant at first. But he had not been married very long before he found that Mrs. Armstrong was rather fond of going out. She liked society, and this was a taste she had not been able to fully gratify before her marriage. Now she meant to have what she liked.

It was not long before Armstrong found out that, in point of fact, it bored Mrs. Armstrong to stay at home in the evening alone with him. If there was nothing in the way of some society event on the cards, she liked to go to the theatre or to a concert. Armstrong did not object at first, but finally got rather tired of going out every night to talk with people who hadn't anything very interesting to say, or to sit through a play.

It was three months after they were married that they were seated at the dinner-table one Thursday evening. They had dined out Monday, had been to a dancing-party Tuesday, and to a reception Wednesday.

"We will have a good, quiet evening at home to-night, Ned," he said cheerfully, as they rose to go into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Armstrong did not look quite as delighted as he could have wished. She was silent a moment, and then said slowly: "Don't you find it rather dull, Ned, to sit down and read or talk with nobody here?"

"I don't feel as if nobody were here when you are here,"

had opened with a smile. "You are very good company by yourself."

"That is truly pretty to say, Ned," Mrs. Armstrong replied with a smile that was somewhat forced; "but we are a party settled within a Party and Jean yet do we not talk a little and look at each other for amusement?"

Armstrong was sensitive, proud and quick. As he was so, he felt that his wife should virtually tell him not to expect to stay at home in the evening alone with her. In the long run, he did not care to let her know he was hurt; and as he was quick, he answered her.

"I suppose I have got to go out every night and visit a lot of society people. I don't care to go out, I don't care to go out, but why do I go out? I have got to go out. He likes that sort of thing."

"I suppose I shall go out every night," said Mrs. Armstrong, somewhat reluctantly, by the evening. "I don't care to go out, I don't care to go out, but why do I go out? I have got to go out. He likes that sort of thing."

"I suppose I shall go out every night," said Mrs. Armstrong, somewhat reluctantly, by the evening. "I don't care to go out, I don't care to go out, but why do I go out? I have got to go out. He likes that sort of thing."

"I suppose I shall go out every night," said Mrs. Armstrong, somewhat reluctantly, by the evening. "I don't care to go out, I don't care to go out, but why do I go out? I have got to go out. He likes that sort of thing."

Ned Armstrong took the greatest interest in his son. His baby ways were a revelation and amusement to him. Charlie brought the home atmosphere into the handsome house which Ned had wanted, and which he had made an effort to obtain, and ——— hadn't obtained.

It was a delight to the young father to see his infant son and heir amuse himself on the floor, and when he got four small white teeth and would look up at his papa and smile, it became quite sociable. And he got so fond of watching the small chap that he very seldom went to the Club.

Charlie had very round black eyes, bright and snapping, and his small mouth could take such a determined look that it was quite amusing. He was exceedingly fond of his papa, and as soon as the nurse would bring him into the room, wanted to go to him and play with his beard or investigate his watch-chain or scarf-pin. Armstrong would have spoiled the child without a doubt, if it hadn't been that Charlie was one of those wholesome children that are not spoiled easily.

As the boy grew up and got to talk and to observe things, Armstrong used to find his wife's very moderate affection for the child annoying. How could she take such a pleasure in talking about, and seem so calm and unmoved by the baby visitor's cute little ways? The fact was that the young father felt such a pride and delight in everything his sturdy, bright-eyed son did that he grew more estranged from Mrs. Armstrong from the fact that she did not show herself a warmer-hearted mother.

Charlie was a mischief. One day the maid was bringing a pail of water into the kitchen. He had stationed himself by the door, and as she came by plunged his head in the water. The boy laughed so good-naturedly for his fun that she had not the heart to scold him very much.

Another time the cook, a large, thick woman, who was as strong as a horse, was making pies. The crust was spread out on the table, and she was rolling the table a moment before

she put them into the oven. Charlie saw the smooth, soft coverings, and got the idea that he should enjoy poking his small fingers into them. They were such proper-looking pies ! He sidled up to the table, spread out his tiny fingers, and stuck them into the middle of a pie !

Then he stood, holding out his sticky hand, and laughed in his little chuckling way, his head cocked on one side, like a bird's. He was never afraid to be discovered. But Mrs. Armstrong thought this was naughty, and that he must be taught not to do such things. So, as he stood, his small nose wrinkled up, and his tiny white teeth showing in his smile of roguery, she took the little hand and slapped it once or twice. Right before the cook, too !

It was not much of a punishment, but the little man felt it to the bottom of his soul. Children have intuitions, and know and feel much more than their elders suspect. His mother had slapped his hand hastily and with impatience in her face. Perhaps Charlie felt that if it was justice, not justly administered. And without a doubt, his dignity was hurt by being corrected before Mrs. Mullen, the cook, who was most devoted to him.

The smile faded from his face ; a strange, serious expression of wounded pride stole over his small countenance, and without a word he turned and walked slowly away. There was something extremely touching to Ned Armstrong as he looked at the small figure, in the dark woollen dress, walking so stiffly toward him, with its unsteady steps, and he had a strange feeling in his heart. He caught up the little chap, and crowed to him and put him on his shoulder to give him a ride. But Charlie pushed his head against his papa's breast, seeming to nestle there for comfort. He wouldn't play or smile. He simply clung to his papa closely. He didn't say a word, nor had he cried, but that look of wounded feeling stayed on his face for some time, and made poor Armstrong feel very uncomfortable.

Usually Ned and Charlie had a great old time together.

Ned liked to see him sitting on the floor, his sturdy little legs sticking out from beneath his woollen gown, arranging the animals of a Noah's ark in a fantastic procession. This collection of animals was most demoralizing to correct ideas of zoölogy. The rhinoceros was blue, the elephant was a distressingly vivid yellow, the sheep were so dazzlingly white that they seemed as wrong, chromatically, as any of the beasts of alien hues. The zebra, beautifully striped in buff and black, and a camel, whose tender pink would have petrified a son of the desert, were Charlie's especial favorites. The hump on the camel was the source of fascination in this gracious heart, for Charlie would always rub his tiny fore-finger over the elevation on the animal's back, and then wrinkle his small nose in a quizzical smile at his papa. Why the zebra was such a joy, Mr. Armstrong could not fathom. But he was a very great favorite.

When his papa took the capacious ark and tumbled the tin animals out in a heap on the floor, his son and heir always looked out for the camel, and when he found him, stood him up until he had arranged the procession, in which the quadruped with the undulating back was then given a prominent position. It was hard to tell which got most fun out of this tin menagerie, Armstrong père or his bright-eyed four-year-old son. Nothing pleased the father so much as to see the constant delight the little man took in arranging them. The gravity with which he placed a glittering sheep by the side of the elephant, and gave a rooster as companion to the blue rhinoceros, was very diverting. And Ned got to wait with pleasant anticipation for the camel. Charlie gravely picked him up, rubbed his finger along the hump, and then always looked up with the cute little smile to his father, as if he would say: "He's got that funny lump on his back still."

It is the commonest mistake in the world for a fond parent to believe that his or her child is the most extraordinary phenomenon of its kind that exists. Ned Armstrong

was certainly a proud and happy father, and he had nothing he would have wished different in his son. He was a grateful father, too. Had not this small, bright-eyed boy of his made his home what he had so long wished? Charlie was never tired of talking or playing with him. The child never wanted to leave him till his round head, with the straight black hair that made him look like a little Indian, grew so heavy with sleep that began to fall over like a poppy's weighed down with the rain.

Every day he got stronger and developed new traits. He was such a contented child, and although he was quiet, he was so full of roguery and animation. Ned would sometimes sit and smile to himself when he was left alone by the fire, after the little man had pressed his small, moist mouth against his for a good-night kiss. When he grew up, what fun they would have together! If he was such a companion to him now, when he was only beginning to talk and toddle around, what would he be when he was a fine healthy boy budding out with ideas.

One evening Charlie did not seem quite himself. He would lean his head against his papa's knee, and hold it there very quietly, and then walk around in a meditative way, with his unsteady steps. He looked at his father, too, with a sort of strange, frail look that worried Armstrong, because the boy seemed so preoccupied with something. When his father took him in his arms and tried to ride him on his knee, talking to him gayly and banteringly, Charlie demurred in his quiet way, and climbing up into his papa's lap, nestled against him in a tired fashion. Armstrong felt that his cheek was hot when he pressed him close to his face.

He got a little nervous and did his best to rouse the child to his wonted cheerfulness. Finally, he placed him on the floor.

"There, Charlie, sit there a minute and we'll have the old Noah's ark, and give the animals an outing." He got the big ark and tumbled the pieces out on the floor, so that they spread all about the child.

"Now, put 'em through their paces, Charlie! Give 'em a constitutional," he cried cheerily.

Charlie looked at the tin animals for two or three moments, and then turned his round black eyes up to his father with a pathetic little elevation of the eyebrows. There was the troubled look on his face. Then he turned one or two over, as if looking for the camel, but this was feebly done, and without the keen interest in that gibbous creature's whereabouts which he usually displayed. Then he seemed to give it up, and slowly took the tin beasts one by one, deposited them in the large green ark, and laboriously put the cover on.

With his little mouth compressed he walked in his slow way over to his father, and put up his arms to be lifted up. He heaved a little sigh as he was taken on Armstrong's lap. After a moment he said in his thin, childish voice: "Papa, does God love me?"

Armstrong was positively startled by the question. But he had no doubt about his answer. He wrapped his strong arms about the small figure in its little woolen dress, and said robustly: "Of course he loves you, Charlie. Why wouldn't he love a nice little chap like you?"

Charlie was perfectly quiet for a few moments more. Then he said in his small voice again, and with the equally curious look: "Will he have me?"

Armstrong was quite set back and a little frightened by this astounding query, coming so soon on the other. He felt nervous and uncomfortable.

"He'll have you some time, little man, but not for a good many, many years. You're going to stay with your pappy for a great long time."

Charlie kept up the strangely quiet air until the nursemaid came in to put him to bed. Armstrong asked her if the child had been feeling unwell. She said no, only that he had been rather quiet in the latter part of the afternoon. Armstrong kissed him good-night fervently. He told the girl that he was afraid the little boy was

unwell, and wished her to try and look after him particularly during the night.

He sat with a very serious face after they had gone. But he flouted the idea that the child was going to be ill. He would not admit it. Another surprise was in store for him. The two had not been away more than twenty minutes when the nurse-maid came into the room, looking a little shamefaced, with Charlie, in his night-gown, in her arms

"Please, sir, he kept saying 'Papa' so, when he was going to say his little 'Our Father,' that I brought him down to you."

She put him on the floor. Charlie walked gravely over to his father's knee and then tumbled on his own, and with his eyes turned up to his father's face said slowly, and with some prompting from the maid, the "Our Father."

It was almost too much for Armstrong. There must be something the matter with the child! His eyes filled with tears in spite of himself.

The next morning Charlie was ill enough for Armstrong to call a doctor. He examined the child and said: "He seems feverish, but I hardly know what to think it is. It is not dangerous. He has simply overheated himself."

Armstrong went to his office, but was very restless and worried. He came home earlier than usual. He was almost grateful to Mrs. Armstrong for the cool way in which she answered his inquiry about Charlie's condition.

"Oh! he's feverish still, but there isn't anything really the matter. Children have these things always."

There was such a cheerful confidence in her tones that he did not stop to question how well founded her experience in such cases was, nor what grounds she had for feeling so certain in the present instance. Men are prone to think that women are more knowing than themselves in matters of sickness, and it is certainly no more than human to welcome an assurance which helps to banish an agonizing doubt.

He was so pleased that he didn't take offence at Mrs.

Armstrong's going over to her mother-in-law's for the evening. He drew his chair up by the little cot and watched Charlie's small head as it turned restlessly on the pillow. Once the little chap opened his round black eyes on his father, who smiled on him. "Papa!" said Charlie, with a new accent on the word, but grave and unsmiling. Then he shut his eyes and slept.

The next morning he was no better. The doctor said he was about the same, but would improve before evening, probably. Armstrong insisted on his coming again in the evening, and rather reluctantly went to the office. When he reasoned things out, he convinced himself that his boy's illness was only a natural phase of the ups and downs to which boyhood was necessarily subject. But three minutes later he felt the former fear, although he would not admit it to himself. He came home earlier than the day before, and went at once to his boy's cot. Charlie was asleep, but his cheeks were flushed and his breathing was a little laboured. Ned tip-toed out of the room.

When the doctor came after dinner he gave a new prescription, said the fever seemed a little increased, that it was holding on longer than he had expected, but the child was so strong that it didn't really amount to anything.

"You don't suppose for a moment that there is anything dangerous in it, do you doctor?" asked Mrs. Armstrong. "I have an engagement for this evening, but if the child is seriously ill I should let it go, of course."

"Oh! there is nothing you could do," the doctor answered easily. "The instructions are very simple, and the nurse can attend to them. I have left four powders, which should be given at intervals of every three hours. I don't think there is any ground for anxiety."

"Are you going out again to-night?!" Armstrong asked of his wife, a little sternly, as soon as the doctor was gone.

"Why, you don't want me to give up the most important ball of the whole season simply because Charlie feels a little feverish, do you?" Mrs. Armstrong answered,

in rather an injured tone. "You heard the doctor say there wasn't the slightest danger. I believe you care a great deal more for the baby than you do for me."

It was on the tip of Armstrong's tongue to retort: "The baby cares a great deal more for me than you do." But he did not like to feel that the little boy suffering in the other room was acting as a wedge to drive his wife and him more asunder, so he quietly said, "Very well," and passed into the room where Charlie was.

In about an hour it was time for the powder. Armstrong raised the small head and held the glass with the medicine in it to the boy's lips, encouraging him to take it. He had tasted it himself to see if it was unpleasant. The nurse-maid hovered over and around, but he would not let her give Charlie the medicine.

As he laid the little fellow back on the pillow he heard the soft swash of silk, and his wife entered the room. She was dressed in her costume for the ball, with her wraps over her arm. Armstrong glanced at her for a moment. Then he turned away from the brilliant face with its cool, delicate color, the dewy softness in the eyes and the contented, easy curves of the small mouth to the flushed face in the cot with the wide-open, feverish eyes and the parted lips. He felt a hard aversion for the mother who could leave her husband by the side of her sick child to go and dance and talk and smile with others.

"How is he now, Ned?" she asked airily as she came to the side of the cot and touched the little hot cheek lightly with her index finger. "His face is a little hot, isn't it? By-by, darling."

Pressing back her laces, she bent over the bed and kissed Charlie. He put up his arms to clasp her about the neck; but she drew back quickly and pinched his cheek playfully, smiling on him. It would be stupid to let the little chap spoil the delicate lightness of effect in her corsage by crumpling the lace.

"Good-night, Ned. I sha'n't stay very long," she said

to her husband, and rustled out to her carriage. He felt relieved when she had left them alone, him and the boy. How could a mother have checked that movement of affection in her child ?

Charlie slept in a fitful way, and tossed about a great deal. The nurse-maid came and looked at him now and then, and arranged the sheets and pillow. Armstrong gave him the second powder. Soon after he noticed Charlie's eyebrows raise themselves in pain, and he laboured a good deal with his breathing. Ned sat anxiously watching him. He suffered as much as the boy when he saw the small chest oppressed with the want of air. Why should the little fellow have to endure this pain ? If he could only have taken it on himself !

"Charlie ! " he said to him ; " how do you feel, little man ? "

The " little man " raised his eye lids and looked at his father, but he did not speak. The breathing grew harder for him. Poor Ned drew his chair closer to the bed and put his finger in the tiny hand lying on the white counterpane. The small fingers closed tightly about it, and the old roguish smile half came to his lips. But it died away as he breathed more quickly. He straightened his little form out in his effort to breathe, and his forehead wrinkled a little with the pain. Then there was a little quiver of relaxation, his eyes closed, and he seemed to sleep quietly.

Armstrong still left his finger in Charlie's hand. He sat perfectly still, not to disturb the little invalid in the slumber whose refreshing folds had wrapped him about.

This perfectly tranquil repose was a good sign. Charlie would be better when he woke up. The nurse-maid came into the room, but he glanced at her and said " Sh ! " in a low tone, and she glided out again.

He must have sat three-quarters of an hour, his finger still in the tiny hand. He would not stir for fear of disturbing the little boy's sleep. Suddenly he realized with a shudder that the soft fingers were cold ! They had grown

chilly to his touch, He put his other hand to the child's head, his cheek. The chill there was icy already.

He realized it all. While his "little man" had held tightly to his finger, another had taken his other hand and led him away—that other whose name is Death. He took the small form from the cot, and held him tightly pressed to his face. Alas! it was the first time the little cheek had pressed against his own without some answering touch of love.

Slowly the hot tears rolled down his cheeks. He had never felt such a hateful loneliness. Oh! how much this dear little boy had taken away from him.

It was nearly half-past two, but he still sat holding the little form in his arms. He heard a carriage roll up to the door, then a light step on the stairs, and the rustle of a silken train. Mrs. Armstrong came into the room. She had taken off her wraps and head-covering as she came up the stairs, and stood a moment in the flush of her radiant beauty, a diamond star in her dark hair sending out sparks of glittering light.

"Is he asleep? Why don't you put him to bed?" she asked, as she tossed her wraps on the sofa and began drawing off her long gloves.

"He is dead," her husband answered in a cold, hard voice.

"O Ned! Ned!" she cried. And the tears gushed from her eyes as she hurried toward him and sought to take the child.

He rose, and holding the boy tightly with his left arm, held out his right to hold her off.

"No, you can't take him. He is my boy. He would only rumple your dress," he said in a hard voice.

She stood for a moment horror-stricken, the light fading out of her eyes. Then she fell in a swoon. He made no effort to break her fall. This woman had been whirling about to the seductive strains of music in a perfume-scented ball-room, while her only child gasped its little life out,

clutching his father's hand. No ! he would rather care for his dead boy that for this mockery of a living wife. Let her feel all she could for once.

But this was only momentary. He rose, placed his dead boy in the cot, and ringing for the maid, raised his wife from the floor. Restoratives were applied, and gradually she showed signs of reviving. Then she opened her eyes and sat up. As consciousness returned, memory recalled the dread event. Her husband, with her dead child in his arms, had refused to let her touch it.

But he was here, supporting her now. She flung her arms about his neck, and buried her face on his chest, weeping and wailing. "O Ned ! I did not know. Forgive me ! But I am wicked and thoughtless. Oh ! how patiently you have borne with me ! And now, Charlie — " She could not go on, but sobbed anew.

Her husband caressed and soothed her. All his resentment had faded like mist before the agony of the mother's awakening. In her humiliation and loss she was dear to him for her grief over the lost child.

"Nell," he said, gently and softly, "it is not so hard when we bear it together." She rose, and he supported her to the cot where the bright little creature lay, his small person invested with the solemn dignity of death. And then he left her to weep her heart clear.

He stepped into the next room to allow her feelings untrammelled vent. As he slowly paced to and fro, he paused near the sofa and felt something stiff and hard crunch under his foot. He stooped, and walking into the room where his wife was kneeling by the cot with her arms clasped about the boy, looked at it.

It was the pink camel, his hump crushed flat by the pressure of Armstrong's foot !

The image of his little boy sitting on the floor, in his brown woolen gown, looking up at him with his queer little amused smile as his small finger wandered over the camel's hump, came back to him, and with a groan the strong

young fellow sank by his wife's side, holding the camel tightly in his hand.

She turned as she felt him there, and grasping Charlie's hand with hers, let her other arm steel about his neck. She drew his head down to her, and kissed him between her sobs.

He clasped the mother's hand which held the dead boy's, so that he held them both. Then a faint smile dawned through his tears, as he looked at the tin camel's flattened back.

"Nell," he said, and the tone thrilled her, "Charlie could never understand why there was a hump on the camel's back. There isn't any there now." His look told volumes.

She threw her arms around him, and strained him to her. Charlie's dead finger had smoothed away more than a camel's hump.

MESSENGER ITEMS.

Every month we have to submit the post-marks on some of our intention-sheets to expert examination, as this is often the only means of determining their origin. This failing, they go into the waste-paper basket.

.

Communications posted on the last day of the month may easily fail to reach us on the first, in time for publication on that month's issue.

.

The MESSENGER for June. The return of copies of the June issue will be taken as a favour by the Management.

I. J. KAVANAGH, S.J.



A MARTYR OF "GOOD QUEEN BESS"

AT Stonyhurst recently, during a service in honour of the English martyrs of "Reformation" times, Father Coupe, S. J., M. A., delivered a brief address on the Venerable Margaret Clitheroe, the York proto-martyr of Elizabethan days. Our readers will be interested in the following synopsis of Father Coupe's very striking lecture. Mentioning at the outset that last summer he had the happiness of seeing the holy martyr's hand, which is and has been for centuries most reverently treasured in a precious reliquary at St. Mary's convent, Micklegate Bar, York, Father Coupe said the martyr's maiden name was Margaret Middleton, and just about three hundred years ago she lived a bright and happy English girl in York. She was brought up in heresy. Her parents were Protestants. Margaret Middleton in 1571 married a wealthy burgher of York City and became Margaret Clitheroe. But she could not remain a Protestant. Learned she was not, but her common sense told her that the brand new heresy of Protestantism was not the religion of Jesus Christ. She therefore became a Catholic.

As a convert she lived a most holy Catholic life. She made her house a refuge for priests, such as we used to have here at Stonyhurst. When occasion offered, she had the Holy Sacrifice celebrated in her own home, and at other times she went to immense pains and ran fearful risks to hear Mass elsewhere. But at last Margaret Clitheroe was betrayed. The pursuivants hunted her down; she was imprisoned in a filthy hole in York Castle, which is still the common jail, and in a short time she was tried for life. In the Guild Hall, which still remains unchanged, the trial took place. What was she accused of? Of fearful

[The body of the document contains several paragraphs of text that are extremely faint and illegible. The text appears to be a typed document with multiple lines of information, but the characters are too light to be accurately transcribed. It seems to follow a standard memorandum or report format, possibly containing dates, names, and descriptive text.]

Already dead which it took four men to lift was hung upon her prostrate body. Then immense weights were added to the legs until she was crushed out of the pain which she endured. Margaret's body lay fastidiously stretched out. When the great day lay upon her her four eyes were wide open and she gazed in a dumb and mute way at the murderers who stood around her and she was not able to utter a word. With her fair body was lying on the ground and Margaret looked at the executioner and the executioner looked at the poor wretch who had been brought to the block. Her eyes were fixed on the murderers who stood around her and she was not able to utter a word. When the great day lay upon her her four eyes were wide open and she gazed in a dumb and mute way at the murderers who stood around her and she was not able to utter a word.

The executioner was a man of a certain name and he was a man of a certain name and he was a man of a certain name. The executioner was a man of a certain name and he was a man of a certain name. The executioner was a man of a certain name and he was a man of a certain name. The executioner was a man of a certain name and he was a man of a certain name. The executioner was a man of a certain name and he was a man of a certain name.



THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

ST. PATRICK'S, QUEBEC. — There is no church in this country which appeals so strongly to the affections of Irish Catholics in Canada as St. Patrick's of Quebec, which was the first distinctively Irish parish in Canada. It is our intention to publish in these pages some reminiscences of Quebec in the old days; in the meantime, we are glad to be able to give a short account of a solemn and touching function which took place in St. Patrick's on the First Friday of May, and which St. Patrick's splendid Congregation will not soon forget.

The main altar was richly adorned, and the shrine of the Sacred Heart was ablaze with lamp and taper, tastefully arranged both as to tint and place. All about knelt the thirty young ladies who, having given proof of their zeal and ability were to receive the insignia of the Promoter, the Diploma and Cross.

The Reverend the Rector, Father Henning, was celebrant, Father Bonin and Gauthier assisting. After the Reception of a large number into the League, Father Henning addressed the new Promoters. Father Henning always speaks well, but a visible grace went with his words that night and sunk deep into the souls of his hearers. He spoke of the Apostolate of preaching and the Apostolate of prayer: how vain was the first without the second, and the all importance of prayer. He pointed out the example of our Blessed Lord who spent thirty years in retirement and only three in the ministry of the word. Not to every one was given the mission to preach, but all were called upon to pray. He congratulated the new Promoters on the step they had taken, and encouraged them by telling of the blessings promised them in this life as Promoters and the crown that awaited them in heaven. Having received their crosses and diplomas, they pronounced the Act of Consecration. The Celebrant then turned to the Congregation and in feeling and earnest words appealed to them and prayed that not a man, woman or child of them but would live and die active members of the League. Solemn Benediction was then given, and the beautiful ceremony closed with the hymn "Holy God we praise Thy Name."

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart the new Promoters of the Juvenile League will receive their crosses and diplomas.

WILMINGTON, May 22^d, 1889 — It is just one year since the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was established in our parish and as the anniversary day comes around it will always recall to the faithful clients of our Lord's Sacred Heart the beginning of their affiliation to the League and the many graces it has brought them.

The League is in a very flourishing condition as is shown by steady increase in membership and the fervour of the Associates. Every First Friday witnesses the edifying sight of large numbers approaching our Divine Lord in Holy Communion, offering Him in this manner the reparation dearest to His Sacred Heart, atoning as far as they can for insults and indifference of His erring children. There is a notable increase of love for the Holy Eucharist manifested by frequent communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, acts of reparation, mortifications of various kinds and submission to rule. To our dearly beloved Pastor and Director (Very Rev. Dean Twomey), we owe a debt of deepest gratitude for having established the League in Williamstown.

TRENTON, May 30th, 1899. — The League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was established in Trenton about three years ago by our devoted pastor, the Very Rev. Dean Murray.

The League has increased each year, and the number of Associates enrolled during the past year, was about four hundred.

Large numbers approach the Holy Table and receive Holy Communion on the First Friday of each month, and under the direction of our zealous pastor the League is in a flourishing condition.

A beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart has just been placed in the church by Father Murray, and that alone will tend to increase the love and devotion to the Sacred Heart.

IN MEMORIAM.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them. Heb. XIII. 3.

Alexandria: Mrs. Donald McCormick, d. Apr. 14; Della McDonald, d. Apr. 21; Isabella McDonald, d. Apr. 21; Ellen McDonald, d. May 2; Mrs. Duncan McMillan, d. May 13. *Auburnburg, Ont.:* Parker Tutton, d. Apr. 16. *Antigonish:* John McDonald, d. Feb. 3; Mrs. Christina Somers, d. May 9. *Arnprior:* Mr. Patrick McLean, d. Apr. 30; Mrs. Catherine Connel, d. May 15. *Bathurst:* Mrs. Thomas Saiter, d. May 9. *Brant:* Miss Mary Jane McKane, d. Apr. 23. *Fullford:* Miss Ellen Nitcey, Mrs. Mary McDonald. *Concession:* Julia DesRoches, Mrs. Cosack, d. May 28. *St. N. B.:* James Ercen, d. May 11. *Deserai:* Miss Mary Helena O'Riordan, d. April. *Donnally, Garth:* Mrs. A. R. Rooney, d. Mar. 12. *Elze, Mack, V. N.:* Mrs. Robert, d. Aug. 18, '90; Mrs. F. LeMay, d. Nov. 14, '91; Mrs. Francis Scott, d. Dec. 4, '91; Mr. Joseph Brisson, d. Aug. '98; Mrs. Mary Brisson, d. July, '98; Mrs. Salome Olette, d. Feb. 7, '98; Miss Alice Hawley, d. Apr. '98; Mrs. Lucy Downer, d. June 2, '98; Mrs. Therese Seabrook, d. Sept. 15, '98; Miss Ella Labadie, d. Mar. 19, '99. *Forestville:* Mrs. Stephen Campbell, d. Apr. 4. *Forestville, N. B.:* James O'Connor, d. Apr. 1.

Fredericton, N. B. : Mrs. Alice Hodson, d. Apr. 18; Mrs. Elizabeth Howell, d. Apr. 27; Mr. Patrick Cassidy, d. May 2; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, d. May 4. *Glen Nevis, Ont.* : John Angus Kennedy, d. Apr. 22; Ellen Kennedy, d. Apr. 30, '97. *Goderich, Ont.* : Mrs. Ann Doyle, d. Apr. 24; Mrs. Doherty, d. May 11. *Greenfield* : Samuel McDonald, d. Sept. 2, '98; Mrs. J. D. Cameron, d. Mar. 3. *Hespeler, Ont.* : Mrs. Hugh McTearnen, d. Apr. 12. *Kingston* : Mrs. Catherine Millan, d. Feb. 11; Patrick Keating, d. Mar. 24; Mrs. Honora Clancy, d. Nov. 7. *La Sallette* : Miss Lizzie Jordan, d. May 20; Miss Mary Ann Odwire. *Lochiel, Ont.* : Mrs. Richard McDonald, d. Mar. 11. *London, Ont.* : John Neil, d. May 6; Patrick Mulhern, d. May 12. *Melcalse, Ont.* : Miss Mary Ann Palmer, d. Feb., '94. *Montreal* : Miss Margaret Stapleton, d. May 19; Miss Maggie Heelan, d. May 24. *Mount St. Patrick* : Mrs. P. Fitzgerald, d. Apr. 7. *Orillia, Ont.* : Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, d. May 23. *Ottawa* : Mrs. Edge, d. Nov. 3; Joseph Welsh, d. May 8. *Quebec* : Mr. Fenton Horan, d. May 2; Mr. James Stoppelben, d. May 25; Mrs. Mary Hunt, d. May 13; Mr. John Lyons, d. May 24; Mr. Michael Colemar, d. May 28. *Rockland, Ont.* : Miss Agnes Lafontaine, d. May 1. *St. John, N. F.* : Mrs. Isabella Cavanaugh, d. Apr. 14. *St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I.* : Charles Macdonald, d. Feb. *Sarnia, Ont.* : Mrs. Laplante, d. May 13. *Sault Ste Marie, Ont.* : Mrs. Etienne Jehneau, d. Apr. 21. *Toronto* : Mrs. Daly, Mrs. Frank Richard, Rev. Sr. St. Ann Gilbert, d. May 15. *Windsor* : Miss Mary McGarity, d. May 10. *Woodstee* : Mrs. Ellen Byrne, d. Apr. 13. *Zurich, Ont.* : Mrs. Frank Kochens, d. Apr. 28; Anon W. Coolahan, d. May 3; Andrew McCarbin, d. May 19.

Montreal : Marie Albertine Daveluy, Sister of Charity, d. June 10. *Vernon River* : John Fraser, d. Nov. 23, 1894; Mrs. R. McInnis, d. Feb. 19; Ronald Carmichael, d. May 5; Mrs. Jane Whelan, d. May 19; Mrs. Alice Carey, d. Feb. 19.

Special prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of the late the Right Reverend Paul Durieu, O. M. I., Bishop of New Westminster, B. C.

THANKSGIVINGS

For special favours received from the SACRED HEART, published in fulfilment of promises made.

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

ALBERTON, P. E. I. For a great temporal favour, after praying to St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For four temporal favours, after offering Mass for the Souls in Purgatory. — **ALEXANDRIA, ONT.** For the cure of throat and back. For employment for a husband. — **ALLISTON, ONT.** For the cure of a lingering cough, through prayers to the B. Virgin and St. Joseph. For a temporal favour, with promise to publish. — **ALMONIE, ONT.** For five great special temporal favours received, through prayers and novenas to the S. H., Our Blessed Lady,

St. Joseph, St. Anthony, and with promise to publish. — AMHERSTBURG, ONT. For three favours received, through St. Anthony, after promising to publish. For the cure of a sore eye, after applying St. Ignatius' water. For the cure of a sore throat, through St. Blaise, and many other favours. — ANTIGONISH, N. S. For a great favour obtained, by praying nine days before a picture of the S. H. For a favour, after promising to say the Rosary five times for the Souls in Purgatory. — ARNPRIOR, ONT. For a brother receiving employment, after prayers to the Blessed Virgin.

BARRIE, ONT. For the restoration to health of two persons, after novenas to the Sacred Heart, St. Benedict and St. Jude. — BATHURST VILLAGE, N. B. For the cure of a sore ear, after prayers to the Bl. Virgin and offering a communion in her honour. For several favours, through prayers to the S. H., and by applying the Badge. For great improvement in health, after reciting the Thirty Days' prayer in honour of the Bl. Virgin. For having obtained employment, through prayers to the S. H. and the Bl. Virgin. For the cure of a toothache, after making a novena and promising a Mass in honour of St. Anthony. For the cure of a sore face, after applying the Badge. For a cure, after praying to St. Anthony and promising a Mass in his honour. — BROCKVILLE, ONT. For a favour granted, through the S. H., the Bl. Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For the relief from a sore throat, after praying to the S. H. and applying the Badge. For finding something lost, after praying to St. Anthony. For a special favour, after praying to the S. H., Bl. Virgin and making a small sacrifice in her honour. For a cure, after prayers to St. Ann. For the cure of a sore ankle and two other great favours. For the cure of a cold, after prayers to the S. H. and promising to say the Thirty Days' prayer. For the recovery of our worthy Pastor, by praying to the Souls in Purgatory. For the cure of a severe malady, by applying a relic of the true Cross. For several temporal favours. For good health and lots of work. For good news from absent ones. For a friend who died a good death. For better health. For a friend giving up drink, through prayers of the League.

CAMPBELLFORD, ONT. For employment obtained, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and with promise to publish. — CANSO, N. S. For two favours, after prayers to the S. H. For a favour, after prayers to the S. H., the B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For a spiritual favour, after praying to the B. Virgin, St. Joseph, and asking the prayers of the League. For many favours, especially one very great favour, after prayers to the S. H., Blessed Virgin, St. Elizabeth and the Holy Angels. — CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. For employment obtained, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and with promise to publish. — COBOURG. For a great favour received, after

saying the rosary daily for three months. For a situation obtained ; also for a special favour received, after promising to publish, and having mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. — CORNWALL, ONT. For a temporal favour received, after praying to the B. Virgin. For a promotion in class, after praying to St. Anthony.

DUNDAS, ONT.—For favours received, through S. H., St. Expeditus, the Holy Souls and St. Benedict. For two special favours, after praying to S. H. and the Blessed Virgin. For a great favour received after prayers to the Blessed Virgin. For a great favour received, after praying to the S. H. For special favour, after praying to St. Joseph. For favour obtained through S. H.

FAIRVILLE, N. B. For favour received, through devotion to the Blessed Eucharist. For a special favour received, through prayers to the Blessed Virgin. For spiritual and temporal favours, after praying to the Sacred Heart. For a special grace, after making the Way of the Cross for the Souls in Purgatory. For a great temporal favour, through novena to S. H. and the B. Virgin. For providential escapes from injury in accidents on several occasions, through devotion to S. H. For a spiritual favours. — FORT MACLEOD, N. W. T For a great favour received, after novena to S. H. and prayers for the Souls in Purgatory with a promise to publish. — FREDRICKTON, N. B. For four temporal and one spiritual favours. For a favour, after praying to S. H. and having two masses said. For a very great temporal favour, after novenas to the S. H., the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For better health, after making novena of nine Tuesdays in honour of St. Anthony. For temporal favour received, through the intercession of the B. Virgin and St. Anthony. For recovery of two friends from a serious illness, after making a novena. For great spiritual and temporal favours received, after making novena to the B. Virgin and the Holy Ghost and praying to St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For a favour received, after saying the Thirty Days' prayer and praying to St. Anthony. — FRELTON, ONT. For two spiritual and two temporal favours.

GALT, ONT For finding a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony. For a temporal favour, after praying for the Suffering Souls. For a great favour, after having mass said for the Suffering Souls. — GODE RICH, ONT. For a great favour received, through the intercession of St. Joseph. For an extraordinary spiritual favour granted, after five years of prayer in honour of the B. Virgin and for the Souls in Purgatory. — GUELPH, ONT. For several favours. For success in an examination, after prayers to B. Virgin, St. Ann and St. Anthony.

HARBOR AU BOUCHE. For the recovery of a child from illness. For a temporal favour. — HASTINGS, ONT. For a very great favour, after prayers to the Bl. Virgin and saying the Thirty Days' prayer.

For two temporal favours. For the cure of sore hands, after prayers in honour of the Five Wounds of Our Lord.

INGERSOLL, ONT. For the recovery of two articles, after making novenas to the Bl. Virgin and St. Anthony. For several favours received, after praying to the Bl. Virgin and for the Souls in Purgatory. For a special favour obtained, through Bl. Virgin.

KEARNEY, ONT. For several spiritual and temporal favours. — KILDARE, P. E. I. For news from absent brothers, after prayers to St. Ann and promise to publish. — KINGSTON, ONT. For work obtained, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For two cures, after applying the Badge and with promise to publish. For two favours. For two temporal favours, after praying to St. Anthony and making a novena to St. Joseph. For employment obtained, through Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Holy Communion was received and the request granted the same day.

LA SALETTE, ONT. For the recovery of a sister from a severe illness, after prayers to the S. H. and with promise to publish. For a great favour received, after prayers to the S. H. and the Bl. Virgin, and with promise to publish. For a temporal favour, after saying one decade of the Rosary, being the means of a person attending mass, and with promise to publish. — LONDON, ONT. For the sale of property to pay debts. For having obtained an instrument as a means of holihood. For five great temporal favours.

MAIDSTONE, ONT. For a cure, after applying a relic of the Bl. Virgin and promising two Litanies. For the relief of a severe pain, by applying the Crusader's Medal and saying a Litany. — MEDONTE, ONT. For a special temporal favour received, after a novena to the S. H. and with promise to publish. — MONTREAL. For a temporal favour received. For safe arrival, after a long journey. For favours received, through the intercession of the Bl. Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For two spiritual favours, after a promise to publish. For saving valuable machinery during a fire. For a great temporal favour, after praying to St. Anthony. For the success in an examination, after promise to publish. For the cure of a violent pain, after having applied the Badge of the S. H. For a situation obtained, through prayers to the Bl. Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and Souls in Purgatory, with promise to publish. For very special favours, after making Stations of the Cross five times for the Souls in Purgatory.

NEWCASTLE, N. B. For favours received.

ORILLIA, ONT. For three spiritual and four temporal favours. — OTTAWA. For employment obtained, through the S. H., St. Joseph and St. Anthony. — OWEN SOUND, ONT. For relief of toothache, after applying the badge and with promise to publish. For two per-

sons returning to their religious duties. For two favours received, through prayers to Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

PARIS, ONT. For a special and for two persons having obtained situations. For success of a sister in an examination, after prayers to the Souls in Purgatory. For health and blessings to a family. —

PENETANGUISHERE, ONT. For the success of a brother in his examinations, after making novenas to the B. Virgin, and St. Joseph, with promise to publish. For the success of a brother in his examination, through the intercession of B. V., St. Joseph, St. Ann, S. H. and the Souls in Purgatory. — PORT CREDIT, ONT. For relief from pain, after applying the Promoters' Cross, and saying fourteen times the Our Father, Hall Mary and Glory be to the Father, with promise to pub'ish. — PRESTON, ONT. For having received good news from a friend, after making a novena in honour of the B. Virgin.

URGENT REQUESTS for favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Alberton, P. E. I., Amherstburg, Ont., Fort Erie, Ont., Galt, Ont., London, Ont., Marysville, Parkhill, Ont., Pictou, N. S., St. Marks, P. E. I., St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I., Seaforth, Ont., Streetsville, Ont., West Huntley, Ont., Wyoming, Ont., Zurich, Ont.

NEW BOOKS.

Crown Jewels — A Brief Record of the Wives of English Sovereigns from A. D. 1066 to A. D. 1897 with a preface by Lady Herbert of Lea. London, Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, E. C.

This is an interesting book, all the more so as it condenses into short chapters details of our English Queens, which, if found at all in our English histories, are so diluted with other matter, that the Queen is often entirely lost sight of by the student.

Besides, any addition to our English literature which will present ideals of true womanhood, should be very welcome to those who have the welfare of mankind at heart. History is there to prove the influence that women can and do exercise over the destinies of man, and it is as idle for men to ignore it, as for the champions of the gentler sex to claim rights which have no existence but in their own discontented and fretful imaginations.

If their influence then is so real and so great, it would be well to provide that this influence be always for the best; and there is no more powerful means of assuring this, than to keep them always —

from their youth upwards — on the path that noble women have ever trodden, and with their eyes steadily fixed on the same bright visions of true womanhood

Biographies, like "Crown Jewels," do this better than guilds and associations, where much energy is spent in idle cacklings about "our rights," and precious hours thrown away, while homes and children are neglected, and the despot-of-a-husband's temper is sorely tried.

The influence of biographies is all the more potent as while encouraging by the sight of what other women have done, it, at the same time, points out the way in which they did it, and enables the reader to see how very much all lives resemble one another in the power of doing good. If the gentle Philippa of Hainault could by her very gentleness calm the fierce and warlike spirit of the Third Edward, so that he "did her sweet will and never turned a deaf ear to her gentle pleadings," mothers and wives may learn the immense power they too may wield over sons and husbands, not by angry complaints or surly murmurings, but by patience and prayer, by the practice of those womanly virtues, which in their way do more than anything to influence men's hearts. And that is a precious lesson and well worth the learning.

"Crown Jewels" has a preface by Lady Herbert of Lea, and any book whose "style and English" are to her taste needs no further recommendation to lovers of good English.

Saint Anne d'Auray, by a Benedictine. London : Burns & Oates, 1898.

We have received from Messrs. Burns & Oates a booklet of some fifty pages, on the shrine of St. Anne d'Auray in France.

It consists of a brief history of the devotion to St. Anne, which, in Brittany, dates back to the earliest times; together with a description of the miraculous events which led to the discovery in 1625, of a statue of St. Anne buried for well nigh a thousand years, and the founding of a modest sanctuary, which, in the course of time, has developed into the present magnificent Basilica.

This narrative should prove of special interest to Canadians, as St. Anne d'Auray is the mother-shrine of our own beloved St. Anne de Beaupré.

Orders for these two works may be sent to Dame Mechtilde Bergh, O. S. B., St. Mildred's Convent, Tenby, South Wales, England.

INTENTIONS FOR JULY

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

GENERAL INTENTION BLESSED BY THE POPE:

The Apostleship of Daily Intercourse.

- 1.—S.—Octave of St. John the Baptist. Sobriety. 16,978 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—S.—VISITATION B. V. M. Benevolence. 9,324 In affliction.
- 3.—M.—MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD. nf. Gratitude 21,107 Departed.
- 4.—Tu.—St. Bertha, W. Kindness. 51,224 Special.
- 5.—W.—St. Anthony Zaccaria, C. Piety. 1,434 Communities.
- 6.—Th.—Octave of SS. Peter and Paul. hf. Intrepidity. 5,597 First Communions.
- 7.—F.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bpp. af. of. gf. Energy. League Associates.
- 8.—S.—St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Q. W. Peacemaking. 12,308 Employment, Means.
- 9.—S.—SS. Zeno and Comp., MM. of. rf. Mutual encouragement. 2,959 Clergy.
- 10.—M.—SS Seven Brothers, MM. Concord. 37,252 Children.
- 11.—Tu.—St. Michael of the Saints, C. Respect for holy places. 12,419 Families.
- 12.—W.—St. John Gualbert, Ab. rf. Forgiveness of injuries. 9,792 Perseverance.
- 13.—Th.—St. Anacletus, P. M. hf. Christian burial. 4,530 Reconciliation.
- 14.—F.—St. Bonaventure, Bp. D. Good books. 18,705 Spiritual Favours.
- 15.—S.—St. Henry, C. Liberality. 15,833 Temporal Favours.
- 16.—S.—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Devotion to Scapular. 8,427 Conversations to the Faith.
- 17.—M.—St. Alexius, C. Contempt of the world. 13,732 Young People.
- 18.—Tu.—St. Camillus of Lellis, C. Care of the Sick. 1,025 Schools.
- 19.—W.—St. Vincent de Paul, C. Charity to the poor. 6,469 Sick or Infirm.
- 20.—Th.—St. Jerome, J. Erilliani, C. hf. Care of Orphans. 3,367 Missions or Retreats.
- 21.—F.—St. Praxedes, V. Encouragement. 316 Works, Societies.
- 22.—S.—St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent. Sorrows for sin. 1,537 Parishes.
- 23.—S.—St. Apollinaris, Bp. M. hf. Temperance. 12,390 Sinners.
- 24.—M.—St. Christina, V. M. Strength in weakness. 14,330 Parents.
- 25.—Tu.—ST. JAMES THE GREATER, Ap. hf. Perseverance. 3,115 Religious.
- 26.—W.—ST. ANN, Mother B. V. M. Earnestness. 1,931 Novices, Ch. Students.
- 27.—Th.—BB. Rodolphus and Comp., S. J., MM. hf. Fidelity. 437 Superiors.
- 28.—F.—SS Nazarius and Celsus, MM. Cordiality. 7,579 Vocations.
- 29.—S.—St. Martha, V. Domestic duties. League Promoters.
- 30.—S.—SS Abdon and Sennen, MM. Self-denial. 27,772 Various.
- 31.—M.—St. Ignatius Loyola, C. hf. Zeal for God's glory. League Directors.

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

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

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgences for each action offered for these intentions.