



# The Canadian Messenger

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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

---

---

VOL. VII.

AUGUST, 1897.

No. 8.

---

---

## GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST.

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

### The Apostleship of Good Example.



companion of St. Francis Xavier was one day preaching in the streets of a city in Japan, when an enraged pagan drew near him and spat in his face. Without losing his temper, and without showing any signs of resentment, the good apostle calmly wiped his besmeared cheek and continued his discourse. Instantly a heathen broke from the crowd of listeners, and addressing the preacher said: "Your discourse is indeed admirable; but it alone would not have convinced me, neither would it have determined me to take the decisive step. Your behaviour under insult is far more eloquent. Receive me as one of your followers."

Eloquence is necessary for the apostle; but practice and example are necessary in a still higher degree. There is no very great difficulty in dilating eloquently on virtue: the real difficulty lies in its practice. People admire what is

sublime and difficult of attainment, and in turn feel impelled to imitate what commands their admiration.

It is not given to all the faithful to be apostles. Eloquence itself is a gift which God withholds from the many; while the unlettered and the lowly feel that they are not called upon to instruct others. Are they, on this account, to be debarred from every form of apostleship? Surely they are not; they can, as has often been explained in the pages of the MESSENGER, wield by prayer an effective weapon on every field of missionary struggle, even the remotest, and by good example an irresistible one in the more restricted sphere in which they move.

Such, indeed, is emphatically the bounded duty of every zealous member of the League of Prayer in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But even outside their ranks, there is not a Christian who can claim exemption from the common law of charity obliging them to give good example to their neighbour. When St. Paul laid down this great maxim which he gave to the Christians of Rome for their guidance: *Unusquisque vestrum proximo suo placeat in bonum ad ædificationem* — "Let every one of you please his neighbour for his good, unto edification," (Rom. xv, 2.) it is very certain he spoke in general, and made no exception with regard either to condition, rank, or person.

A few general reflections will not be out of place in a matter of such importance for every one of our Associates. The individual man, enjoying his lease of life, is not living for himself alone; he must, over and above, spend himself for the good of society of which he forms a part. Were we to live for ourselves only society would be impossible, and the cravings and needs we experience would be as much devoid of aim as frustrated in their fruition. Now, since we have to live for others, it must needs be by our works and our good example. All men are moved to action by two great levers, word and example. The former, as it is sometimes insincere, is often distrusted. Example on the

contrary can not deceive, and this is why its object lessons carry such weight with them and are so irresistibly convincing.

Among the several motives which should determine us always to set our neighbour a good example the first to be considered is that we are members of the Church of Christ upon earth.

It is an honour and a priceless grace to belong to the Church which our Saviour came into this world to establish. As members of this Mystical Body of Christ, we all have a twofold essential duty to accomplish: we are bound not to dishonour her by a scandalous life, and we are under a further obligation of contributing to her glory, her expansion and her holiness. By leading an exemplary life we fully acquit ourselves of both these obligations.

For, with regard to the Church, what after all are the conclusions to be drawn from the irreproachableness of our lives? It will make manifest to the world that the Church is holy, since her members are living members, and advance apace in the ways of perfection; it will prove that the truths which she teaches are accepted and believed, since those who receive her doctrine are animated by a spirit of faith, firm and unshaken; it will show that the virtues she requires of her children are not beyond human strength, since her faithful ones submit to this yoke without repugnance and set the example of those very virtues which seem the most difficult to practise. Nor is this all, for our good example will encourage the already fervent and thus contribute to their sanctification; it will maintain the fickle in the accomplishment of their duty; and it will bring back to the fold the sheep that have strayed away.

Our duty, in this respect, towards our neighbour is not less imperative than that towards Mother Church. As a member of the communion of Saints we owe this to him, that we help him to work out his eternal salvation: *Sanguinem autem ejus de manu tua requiram.* — "I will require

his blood at thy hand ;" (Ezech. III, 18) ; *Mandavit unicuique de proximo suo.*— " And He gave to every one of them commandment concerning his neighbour." (Eccli. XVII, 12) . But good example is the most efficacious means we have at our disposal to help him to attain this end. Hence, we must ever bear in mind, that there is not one of our actions, observable by our neighbour, which may be classed as indifferent. They are all, without exception, a source either of edification or of scandal in a greater or lesser degree. As for good example, it attracts attention and challenges emulation, so as to become what might be styled " happily contagious. " For, it captivates and hurries others away in its wake. It lords it over reason itself. Its influence is immense ; its effects incalculable for all time present and future, for the generation around us and for generations yet to come. No wonder, then, that our Lord should have laid this injunction on His followers : *Sic luceat lux vestra coram hominibus ut videant opera vestra bona* — " Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works ", (Matth. v. 16). We might all ask ourselves if we are fully convinced of these truths, if we mutually edify each other, and if we seek thus to lead our neighbour to the practice of virtue. Nevertheless we may not pretend to be true Christians, nor to love our fellow men, if we do not obey the precept which obliges us to give good example.

Besides the common law of charity, mentioned above, there are other particular duties and obligations not to be lost sight of, and which modify it in its application. In consequence of the different spheres members of society may occupy, and of the varied relations they bear one to the other, it follows that some are more strictly bound to conform to this law of good example.

Thus, in the order of nature, a parent, because he is a parent, is required to give good edification to his children, and brothers and sisters, of more mature age, to the younger members of the family. So, in the order of Providence, a

master, or whoever is placed in authority, should by his conduct and irreproachable morality, edify those who are subject to him. So also, in the order of grace, priests and ministers of the altar should, by the sanctity of their lives, according to the words of St. Peter, be a living exemplar for the flock of Jesus Christ: *Forma facti gregis ex anino* — "Being made a pattern of the flock." (I. Pet. v, 3). Nor should it be otherwise with those who by profession devote their lives to God's service. In the performance of good works, they should be ever mindful of what is expected of them. They, beyond all others, should show themselves singularly sincere in their piety, and, to the full extent of what is possible, be absolutely without reproach, so as to give no occasion of faultfinding to the scoffers of religion; but rather by their exemplary way of living win them effectually to God's service. The very least that is expected of them is that they be not a cause of scandal and thus turn aside others from the ways which lead to perfection and to God. It was in this sense that St. Paul exhorted even the simple faithful of his time: "And this I pray, that your charity may more and more abound in knowledge, and in all understanding: that you may approve the better things; *that you may be sincere and without offence* unto the day of Christ, replenished with the fruit of justice, through Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God." (Phil. I, 9-11).

In a word, the strong in faith, we mean the members of God's true Church, should, among the weak, that is, among brethren yet separated from them by unbelief, or but recently won over to the practice of religion, comport themselves with the greatest watchfulness, circumspection and self-restraint. All this is perfectly in keeping with the dictates of reason and the plainest precepts of Christian life.

There is another very important point to consider and which should encourage us still more in the work of winning others by our good example: there is a threefold profit to

be derived from it for ourselves. In so ordering our lives as constantly to set our neighbour a good example, we acquire the habit of living virtuously, and the aim we have in view becomes an incentive to greater endeavours. By helping our fellow Christian to work out his eternal salvation, we perform an act of charity most pleasing to the Divine Majesty, and in return are the recipients of an overflowing measure of grace. Finally, we have a share in the good works and merits of those whom our exemplary life has led to the practice of virtue, or maintained therein by its invigorating influence.

Every Christian and still more every Associate of the League must have at heart the glory of God and the triumph of virtue. If they have set these sublime ends before them as the objects of their zeal, they may with confidence anticipate success when they have so shapen their lives as to conform with what the law of giving good example requires. God is glorified by our fidelity to the practice of virtue, by the edification we give, by the number of sincere adorers our example has drawn to the foot of His altars. For Him one single soul is dearer than a thousand worlds, and this conquest we have achieved by an edifying deed. God has derived infinite glory from the conversion of the world to Christianity : to give good example is to perpetuate the work of conversion among men, for this kind of apostleship will always be the most telling in its results.

Good example and the triumph of virtue go hand in hand, for good example disconcerts vice, and brings shame and confusion on its votaries. There is nothing that a libertine dreads so much as the presence of a virtuous man. And while good example holds vice in check it encourages virtue even more by countenancing it, by overawing those who would ridicule it by establishing its credit and moulding opinion in its favour. It emboldens the faltering and the half-hearted, strengthens the weak and actually shames the cowardly into doing good. There is nothing truer than the

saying of St. John Chrysostom : “ *Convincunt magis opera virtutis quam miracula.*” The deeds of the virtuous bear down opposition more effectually than miracles.

It may very naturally be asked in what particular works does God expect us more especially to set a good example to the world around us. The answer may be short but it is very comprehensive : in acquitting ourselves of the duties of our religion, and in fulfilling the obligations of our civil and domestic life. If you are a practical Catholic you should give some signs of it, and unmistakable signs, of a nature not to escape the observation of others : *Ut videant opera vestra bona, et glorificent Patrem vestrum qui in cælis est.*— “ That they may see your good works, and glory your Father who is in heaven.” (Matth. v, 16).

Nor is there any conflict between the above quoted words of our Lord and those recorded in the following chapter of St. Matthew (ver. 6) : “ But thou, when thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret : and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will reward thee.” In the two cases the motives are quite different. The motive the Master proposes to His disciples in the former passage is the glory of His Father ; in the latter the motive He reproves is vainglory to be derived from the praise of men. “ When thou doest an alms deed,” He tells them, “ sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may be honoured by men. Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth : that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. And when you pray, you shall not be as the hypocrites, who love to pray standing in the synagogues and at the corner of the streets, that they may be seen by men : Amen I say to you, they have received their reward.” (St. Matth. vi. 2-5).

In the accomplishment of the common, every-day works

of religion and charity, in the attendance at the public offices of the Church, in the performance of the ordinary duties imposed on all Christians, there is little of ostentation to be feared. In works of supererogation, or such as suppose a higher sanctity, a more perfect self-denial, there may be a lurking danger to be guarded against, and it is here that the rule laid down in the imitation may perhaps be applied : "Those things which are common ought not to be done in public ; for what is private is more safely practised in secret." (B. I. Ch. 19.) However, lest there should be some self-seeking, when we are in doubt whether the good work be singular or not, our safest course will be to consult our spiritual adviser.

It has been said of the child that it is quicker to imitate than to learn, and this holds good in the case of servants and the unlettered. As a consequence, one of the weightiest duties of fathers and mothers is to set a good example to their children and to their servants. These will turn out to be exactly what example has made them. Generations have placed their sign-manual to the adage : *As the father so the son*, and let us add, as the mother so the daughter : *Et sequitur leviter filia matris iter*. And why should it be otherwise in civil life ? Those placed in subordinate positions will imitate those in power, the poor will look up to the wealthy for their ideal, and one citizen will follow in the wake of his neighbour whose influence or social standing may be a little greater than his own.

Oh ! if all our Associates understood well the immense influence they could wield through good example, with what earnestness would they not give themselves over to the practice of every Christian virtue, first in their own eternal interests, then in the interests of those around them !

One single fervent Catholic family, fervent in the observance not merely of a few devout practices, but in the generous, whole-souled accomplishment of all the precepts of religion, has been known to exert an irresistible saving influence over a whole village.

•



On the other hand, the scandal given by a few who called or believed themselves Catholics, has been sufficient to stifle the faith in more than one soul.

The sin of those who blush for Jesus Christ is very despicable, but the sin of those who force Jesus Christ to blush for His followers, who profess to be the standard bearers of the Catholic faith, and bespatter that banner with the mire of their vices, is perhaps of all things the most deplorable.

The Apostleship of Good Example, as we have seen, is most powerful, but the contagion of bad example, especially when given by those who should be the patterns of every virtue to their inferiors, is all but irresistible. Let every member of the League, humbly before God, put these two questions to himself :

Have I been a true apostle in giving good example—in other words, have I conscientiously fulfilled *all* the duties of my state of life?

Have I not, at least occasionally, contributed to the spread of evil by setting an example but little in keeping with my faith as a Catholic?

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 all Catholics avoid scandalizing their brethren and become true apostles by the example of their virtues.—Amen.

---

*League Hymn.*

Com - rades, for - ward march! Com - rades,

for - ward march! Ad - vance! the foe en -

gag - ing. Com - rades, for - ward march! Com - rades,

for - ward march! Christ sees our bat - tle

ra - ging. Com - rades, on - ward march.

War on in - dif - fer - ence in - va - ding! We'll

CHORUS.

stand not neu-tral, for our hearts The

warmth of Je-sus' own per - va - ding, Baf - fle

D. C.

shall all Sa - tan's arts.

- 2.—To Jesu's Name be love unending !  
 Oh ! may we speak its endless praise ;  
 From all profanity defending  
 That blest Name through all our days.
- 3.—On drink and on its evils ever  
 A ceaseless conflict let us wage ;  
 Yea, our very best endeavour  
 Such a good cause should engage.
- 4.—And, undemeath the banner glorious  
 Of Christ, the Lord of Hosts, most High,  
 One in heart, and thus victorious,  
 Let us live and let us die.

5.—Oh! let joy and peace unceasing  
 Be our blest portion evermore ;  
 Sweet Jesu Lord ; our love increasing,  
 Dwell within us, we implore.

6. Dear Mother of our Jesus, hear us !  
 Do thou, when this our life its past,  
 In the dark hour of death be near us ;  
 Bring us safe to heaven at last.

---

### How June Came to be the Month of the Sacred Heart.

There is in Paris a celebrated convent school conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, but commonly known as the convent *des Oiseaux*, because the house had formerly belonged to a wealthy and eccentric lady who filled it and the grounds with birds. The chapel, opened in 1839, is one of the first public churches in France dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

One of the priests, who at that time gave instructions and heard the confessions of the pupils, was Father Ronsin, S. J., who had special devotion to the Sacred Heart and made it the theme of his conferences both to the Sisters and to their scholars.

The influence exercised by him did not pass away when he was removed by his superiors from Paris. The devotion he had propagated so zealously had taken strong root and bore fruit in the changed lives of many of the girls who had before given no little trouble to their teachers. Ernestine d'Augustin, and Angèle de Ste Croix were the first to suggest the method of honoring the Heart of Jesus by dedicating a month to it. They then compiled a manual from the writings of the best authors on the subject.

On May 29, 1833, the Archbishop of Paris visited the school. Angèle de Ste. Croix, on behalf of the scholars, presented a petition. He approved highly of the plan.

"We will offer this new month," he said, "for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of our country, but in order to avoid innovation, we will conform to the custom already established of honoring by 33 days of prayer the 33 years of our Lord's life."

Later on the little volume *The Month of the Sacred Heart* was published with his approbation ; and shortly after the Archbishop recommended by letter the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese to practise each year, during the month of June, a special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Such was the commencement of a practice which has gradually spread over the whole Christian world.

*The League Director, July.*

---

Written for  
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

### STELLA MARIS.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

Star of the Sea ! behold ! the billows rage  
 Fiercer and fiercer round our feeble bark ;  
 Star of the Sea ! the storm-clouds gather dark ;—  
 Mother ! the sailors' hope from age to age,  
 Be near us in the weary strife we wage  
 With hearts that faint for fear : oh Thon, the Ark  
 Of God's blest Covenant, in pity, mark  
 Thy servants' toil, and all their griefs assuage.

Star of the Sea ! oh Mary, Help of those  
 Who seek Thy succor, storm-tost on the deep ;  
 Joy of the mournful heart, to those who weep,  
 In rich abundance, still, Thy solace flows :—  
 Thy slaves who cry to thee, oh guide and keep,  
 Bring to their haven of desired repose.

---



## “THE TONGUES OF INFANTS ELOQUENT” \*

(*Wisdom, X. 21.*)



HE Judge had dined and was enjoying an after-dinner cigar before turning to a pile of papers that lay on the table at his elbow. Yet even as he watched the flickering fire and puffed dreamily at his cigar, luxuriantly in a little relaxation after a hard day's work in a close and crowded court, his mind was busy formulating the scathing sentences in which he intended to sum up a case that had been tried that day. There could be no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, who had been accused of a most impudent fraud, and though it was a first offence, the Judge intended to pass the severest sentence which the law allowed.

The Judge was no believer in short sentences. He regarded leniency to a criminal as an offence against society—a direct encouragement to those who hesitated on the brink of vicious courses and were only restrained through fear of punishment. The well-meaning people who got up petitions to mitigate the sentence upon a justly convicted thief or murderer were, in his eyes, guilty of mawkish sentimentality. There was no trace of weakness or effeminacy in his own face, with its grizzled eyebrows, somewhat cold grey eyes, thin lips and massive chin. He was a just man, just to the splitting of a hair, but austere and unemotional.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him.

Stated briefly, the situation was as follows: The prisoner, Arthur Maxwell, was cashier at a firm of solicitors, Lightbody and Dufton. The only surviving partner of the original firm, Mr. Lightbody, had recently died, leaving the business to his nephew, Thomas Faulkner. Faulkner accused Arthur Maxwell of having embezzled a sum of £250. Maxwell admitted to having taken the money, but positively

\* This story, under the title of “Dorothy,” appeared in the *Strand Magazine*. We take it from the columns of the *Antigonish Casket*, and in adapting it, one paragraph only has been added, which, we trust, will not be found fault with as unlikely in its assumption.

asserted that it had been presented to him as a free gift by Mr. Lightbody. Unfortunately for the prisoner the letter which he had stated had accompanied the check was not produced, and Faulkner, supported by the evidence of several well-known experts, declared the signature of the check to be a forgery. When the checkbook was examined the counterfoil was discovered to be blank. The prisoner asserted that Mr. Lightbody had himself taken out a blank check and had filled it and signed it at his private residence. He could, however, produce no proof of this assertion, and all the evidence available was opposed to the unsupported statement.

There were, however, at least, two who stood out against the evidence of Arthur Maxwell's guilt,—his devoted young wife and their little daughter. But though Mrs. Maxwell's faith in the integrity of her husband was unshaken, she, like all others, foresaw the inevitable issue of the trial, which, she felt would crush out her life for ever. It was a twofold agony: the sight of her husband, whom she deemed worthy of all her love, and that of her little innocent, an only child, just budding into girlhood, but doomed to go through life as the daughter of an imprisoned criminal. God alone could avert the blow, for all research had failed to bring to light the slightest proof in corroboration of Arthur Maxwell's statement. Plunged in grief, under her weight of woe the loving spouse was now crouching, rather than kneeling, before the "Comforter of the Afflicted." She had just acted on a childish suggestion, kissing away her tears she had sent her little daughter on an intercessory errand, a "forlorn hope," and was now beseeching the one, whose help and mediation are never invoked in vain, to bless this last attempt at propitiation, at the very moment the Judge, in anticipation of the morrow, was formulating his sentence:

"Arthur Maxwell," he soliloquized, "you have been convicted on evidence that leaves no shadow of doubt of your guilt of a crime which I must characterize as one of the basest——"

The chattering of voices in the hall brought the soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion. The Judge required absolute silence and solitude when he was engaged in study, and the servants, who stood in constant awe of him, were extremely careful to prevent the least disturbance taking place within earshot of his sanctum. He jerked the bell impatiently, intending to give a good wiggling to those responsible for the disturbance.

But the door was thrown open by his daughter Mabel, a pretty girl of twelve, who was evidently in a state of breathless excitement.

"Oh papa!" she exclaimed, "here's such a queer little object that wants to see you. Please let her come in."

Before the Judge could remonstrate, a little child, a rosy-faced girl of between five and six, in a red hood and cloak, hugging a black puppy under one arm and a brown paper parcel under the other, trotted briskly into the room.

The Judge rose to his feet with an expression which caused his daughter to vanish with remarkable celerity. The door closed with a bang. He could hear her feet scudding rapidly upstairs, and he found himself alone with the small creature before him.

"What on earth are you doing here, child?" he asked irritably. "What can you possibly want with me?" She remained silent, staring at him with round, frightened eyes. "Come, come, can't you find your tongue, little girl?" he asked more gently. "What is it you want with me?"

"If you please," she said timidly, "I've brought you Tommy."

Tommy was clearly the fat puppy, for as she bent her face toward him he wagged his tail and promptly licked the end of her nose.

The Judge's eyes softened in spite of himself.

"Come here," he said, sitting down, "and tell me all about it."

She advanced fearlessly toward him, as animals and children always did in his unofficial moods.

"This is Tommy, I suppose?" he said, taking the puppy on his knee, where it expressed its delight by ecstatic contorsions of the body, and appeared to consider his watch chain in fascinating article of diet.

"I've brought you other things as well," she said, opening the brown paper parcel and revealing a doll of very beautiful complexion, large blue eyes and hair of the purest gold, a diminutive Noah's ark, a white pig, a woolly sheep, a case of crayons, a pen holder, a broken-bladed knife, a small paint box, a picture book or two, and what bore some faint resemblance to a number of water colour sketches. She seemed particularly proud of the last named.

"I painted them all by myself," she exclaimed. The Judge thought it not unlikely, as he glanced with twinkling eyes at the highly unconventional forms and daring colors of those strikingly original works of art.

"Well," he said, "it is very kind of you to bring me all these pretty things, but why do you want to give them to me?"

"I—I don't want to give them to you," she faltered.

The Judge regarded her with friendly eyes. He was used to hearing romantic deviations from the truth from the lips of imaginative witnesses that frankness was at all times delightful to him.

"I'll give them to you, and Tommy, too"—the words were accompanied by a very wistful glance at the fat puppy—"if you'll promise not to send poor papa to prison."



A silence such as precedes some awful convulsion of nature, pervaded the room for several seconds after this audacious proposal. Even Tommy, as though cowering before the outraged majesty of the law, buried his head between the Judge's coat and vest, and lay motionless, except for a propitiatory wag of his tail.

"What is your name, child?" asked the Judge grimly.

"Dorothy Maxwell," faltered the little girl timidly, awed by the sudden silence, and perhaps unconsciously stern expression upon his lordship's face.

"Dorothy Maxwell," said the Judge severely, as though the little figure before him were standing in the prisoner's dock awaiting sentence, "you have been convicted of the most unparalleled crime of attempting to corrupt one of Her Majesty's Judges; to persuade him by means of bribery to defeat the ends of justice. I shall not further enlarge upon the enormity of your crime. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be—No, no, don't cry! Poor little thing, I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm not the least bit angry with you—really and truly—come and sit on my knee and show me all those pretty things. Get down, you little beast."

The last words were addressed to Tommy, who fell with a flop on the floor and was replaced on the Judge's knee by his little mistress.

"This is very like condoning a criminal offence," thought the Judge to himself with a grim smile, and he wiped the tears from the poor little creature's face and tried to interest her in the contents of the brown paper parcel. But the thoughts the tears had aroused did not vanish with them. Arthur Maxwell was no longer a kind of impersonal representative of the criminal classes, to be dealt with as severely as the law allowed in the interests of society in general. He was the father of this soft, plump, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired little maid, who would inevitably have to share, now or in the future, the father's humiliation and disgrace. For the first time, perhaps, the Judge felt a pang of pity for the wretched man who at that moment was probably pacing his cell in agonizing apprehension of the inevitable verdict. A vivid picture started up before him of the prisoner's white face, twitching lips and tragic eyes. He remembered his own emotion when he first sentenced a fellow creature to penal servitude. Had he grown callous since then? Did he take sufficiently into account the frailty of human nature, the brevity of life, the far-reaching consequence that the fate of the most insignificant unit of humanity must entail.

At this moment the door opened and his wife, a slender, graceful woman, considerably younger than himself, with a refined, delicate face, came quietly in.

"Ah," exclaimed the Judge with a sudden inspiration. "I believe you are at the bottom of all this, Agnes. What is this child doing here?"

"You are not vexed, Matthew?" she asked half timidly.

"Hardly that," he answered slowly, "but what good can it do? It is impossible to explain the situation to this poor little mite. It was cruel to let her come on such an errand. How did she get here?"

"It was her own idea, entirely her own idea, but her mother brought her and asked to see me. The poor woman was distracted and nearly frantic with grief and despair, and ready to clutch at any straw. She was so dreadfully miserable, poor thing, and I thought it was such a pretty idea, I—I couldn't refuse her, Matthew."

"But, my dear," expostulated the Judge, "you must have known that it could do no good."

"I—I knew what the verdict would be," answered his wife. "I read a report of the trial in an evening paper. But then there was the sentence, you know—and—I thought the poor child might soften you a little, Matthew."

The Judge's hand strayed mechanically among the toys, and to interest the child he began to examine one of the most vivid of her pictorial efforts.

"You think I am very hard and unjust, Agnes?" he asked.

"No, no, no," she answered hurriedly; "not unjust, never unjust. There is not a more impartial judge upon the bench—the whole world says it. But don't you think, dear, that justice without—without mercy, is always a little hard? Don't, don't be angry, Matthew, I never spoke to you like this before. I wouldn't now, but for the poor woman in the next room, and the innocent little thing at your knees."

The Judge made no reply. He bent still more closely over the scarlet animal straying amid emerald fields and burnt umber trees, of a singularly original shape.

"That's a cow," said Dorothy, proudly. "Don't you see its horns?—and that's its tail, it isn't a tree. There's a cat on the other side. I can draw cats better than cows."

In her anxiety to exhibit her artistic abilities in their higher manifestations, she took the paper out of his hands and presented the opposite side. At first he glanced at it listlessly and then his eyes suddenly flashed and he examined it with breathless interest.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed excitedly.

It was not a very judicial utterance, but the circumstances were exceptional.

"Here's the very letter Maxwell declared he had received from Lightbody along with the check. His references to it, as he couldn't produce it, did him more harm than good; but I believe its genuine, upon my word, I do. Listen; it's dated from the Hollies, Lightbody's private address:

"MY DEAR MAXWELL.—I have just heard from the doctor that my time here will be very short, and I am trying to arrange my affairs as quickly as possible. I have long recognized the unostentatious but thorough and entirely satisfactory manner in which you have discharged your duties, and as some little and perhaps too tardy a recognition of your long and faithful services, and as a token of my personal esteem for you, I hope you will accept the inclosed check for £250. With best wishes for your future, believe me, yours sincerely.

" 'THOMAS LIGHTBODY.' "

"What do you think of that? I'll send it round to Maxwell's solicitor at once."

"Oh, Matthew, then the poor fellow's innocent, after all?"

"It looks like it. If the letter is genuine he certainly is. There, don't look miserable again. I'm sure it is. If it had been forgery you may be sure it would have been ready for production at a moment's notice. Where did you get this letter, little girl?"

Dorothy blushed guiltily and hung her head.

"I took it out of papa's desk—I wanted some paper to draw on, and I took it without asking. You won't tell him, will you? He'll be ever so cross."

"Well, we may perhaps have to let him know about it, my dear, but I don't think he'll be a bit cross. Now, this lady will take you to your mother, and you can tell her that papa won't go to prison, and that he'll be home to-morrow night."

"May I—may I say good-by to Tommy, please?" she faltered.

"You sweet little thing!" exclaimed the wife, kissing her impulsively.

"Tommy's going with you," said the Judge, laughing kindly. "I wouldn't deprive you of Tommy's company for Tommy's weight in gold. I fancy there are limits to the pleasure which Tommy and I would derive from each other's society. There, run away, and take Tommy with you."

Dorothy eagerly pursued the fat puppy, captured him after an exciting chase, and took him in her arms. Then she walked towards the door, but the corner of her eye rested wistfully on the contents of the brown paper parcel. The Judge hastily gathered the toys, rolled

them in the paper and presented them to her. But Dorothy looked disappointed. The thought of giving them to purchase her father's pardon had been sweet as well as bitter. She was willing to compromise in order to escape the pang that the loss of Tommy and the doll and the paint box and other priceless treasures would have inflicted, but she still wished—poor little epitome of our complex human nature—to taste the joy of heroic self-sacrifice. Besides, she was afraid that the Judge might after all refuse to pardon her father if she took away all the gifts with which she had attempted to propitiate him.

She put the parcel on the chair and opened it out. Holding the wriggling puppy in her arms, she gazed at her treasures, trying to make up her mind which she could part with that would be sufficiently valuable in the Judge's eyes to accomplish her purpose. Finally she selected the sheep and presented the luxuriantly woolly, almost exasperatingly meek-looking animal to the Judge.

"You may have that and the pretty picture for being kind to papa," she said, with the air of one who confers inestimable favours.

He was about to decline the honour, but catching his wife's eyes, he meekly accepted it, and Dorothy and the puppy and the brown paper parcel disappeared through the door.

"Well, well," said the Judge with a queer smile as he placed the fluffy white sheep on the mantelpiece, "I never thought I should be guilty of accepting a bribe, but we never know what we may come to."

The next day Maxwell was acquitted and assured by the Judge that he left the court without a stain upon his character. The following Christmas Dorothy received a brown paper parcel containing toys of the most wonderful description from an unknown friend, and it was asserted by his intimates that ever afterward the Judge's sentences seldom erred on the side of severity, that he was disposed, whenever possible, to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

JAMES WORKMAN.

---



### ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES.

The patter of feet was on the stair  
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair  
And said—for weary the day had been :—  
“ Don't let another intruder in.”

But scarce had he uttered the words before  
A face peeped in at the open door,  
And a child sobbed out : “ Sir, mother said  
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead.”

“ And who is Dan? ” The streaming eyes  
Looked questioning up with strange surprise.  
“ Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold  
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

“ The newsboys say that they cannot tell  
The reason his stock went off so well,  
I knew, with his voice so sweet and low  
Could any one bear to say to him “ No? ”

“ And the money he made, whatever it be,  
He carried home to mother and me.  
No matter about his rags, he said,  
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

“ And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and cold,  
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets were sold.  
But he's dead—he's dead—and we miss him so.”  
And mother—she thought you might like to know.”

In the paper next morning, as “ leader ” ran  
A paragraph thus : “ The newsboy Dan,  
One of God's little heroes, who  
Did nobly the duty he had to do—  
For mother and sister earning bread  
By patient endurance and toil—is dead.”

MARGARET F. PRESTON.



## MY SAINT

BY F. M. DRYDEN

**T**HERE are many who think that in this pleasure-loving, luxurious age of ours there are no opportunities to show forth those grand heroic virtues which characterized the saints of past ages. Because the voice of God is not heard by our natural ears commanding the sacrifice of an only son, and because we have not seen an Abraham bringing an Isaac to the altar for that sacrifice, we fear that God has ceased to speak to His servants and that the heroic obedience of those early days no longer exists. Because our natural eyes have not seen the humility of a St. Francis of Assisi we lament that this great virtue has declined among the children of men.

My saint appeared just an ordinary man, nothing more than a poor priest. He seemed a mere nobody. In my prejudiced egotism when I first met him, I thought him intellectually very inferior—he appeared so commonplace I doubt if he often went to bed hungry, he was never repulsively dirty, and I have seen him enjoy a good cigar like any ordinary man. Until you knew him, if any body ever did know him, you would never dream of calling him a saint. Indeed, I am sure he would be offended if he knew I called him one. One had to watch him very carefully and closely to find out wherein he was different from ordinary people, for his was that supernatural life hidden “with Christ in God.”

I had taken my degree very young and was anxious to go in for Orders, then join an Indian mission. My father was the Government Inspector of Hospitals and Dispensaries in a remote part of India. He was decidedly opposed to my taking up theology so young and considered my missionary spirit that of a romantic enthusiast. “Spend two years here in India with me,” he wrote “then decide.” This is how I came to be in India and find my saint.

We were touring together in October and I lost our way among the hills of the Eastern Ghats. After ten hours of rough riding, utterly worn out, and desperately hungry, we came across a large native village containing a church. “Here is some sign of civilization at last,” exclaimed my father. All we could get out of the crowd of villagers who thronged about us was that “Padre” lives “over there.” The Padre proved to be a Catholic Priest, and his house was a hut of mud and sundried brick, containing three tiny rooms! We were warmly welcomed, and soon tea and toast were served, and a room made ready

for us. The Padre told us we were sixty miles from any town containing white people, "three days' journey" he added. He lived here with two assistant priests, natives, and had a congregation of two thousand souls.

"Who can he be?" I said to my father when we were alone. "What a wonderful life for a white man—he must be a queer fish, a fanatic, I expect."

"I seem to have met him before," replied my father, "but where or when I can't remember. At any rate we are lucky to have run across him and I suppose, Dick," he added, "that your Protestant principles will stand contact with the "Scarlet woman" under such circumstances." I felt a little hurt for I was a staunch churchman and my father was—nothing.

Dinner was served at 6 P. M. and our host presided. It was then I detected the signs of gentle birth. My mother used to say one can always tell good breeding at the table. During dinner, I concluded that the Padre was a gentleman at least. After dinner we were smoking on the little veranda when my father suddenly exclaimed: "As I live, Major Roberts of the Royal Artillery, how in the world did you come here?"

I was amazed and for a moment wondered if the sun and hard travel had affected my father's head.

"Yes, Staunton" replied the Padre, "here I am, thank God. I recognized you at once, and wondered if you would recognize me." Then followed an explanation, telling me that twenty-five years ago the Padre was Major in my father's regiment. My father was just out from England and the Major had been very kind to him. He was a churchman in those days, but soon after embraced the Catholic faith and became a priest. When we were alone my father told me that Roberts was from an old Northamptonshire family and on the road to high preferment. He was considered by all far above the average in intellectual attainments. "This is the sort of a missionary I believe in," said my father.

Benediction came at 8 P. M. My father was anxious "to see the show" as he called it, so we attended. There were fully two hundred natives in most devotional attitudes, waiting for the Padre. Soon he entered and as he approached the altar he seemed to me another person. I recognized the military bearing and a majestic air I had not before noticed. The chapel was horribly ugly, decorated with cheap pictures and tinsel, yet there seemed something very peculiar about it; unconsciously both my father and I were on our knees with all those natives.

The next morning we attended Mass and found about five hundred

natives present; there were Brahmins, Banyans, Sudras and coolies, men, women and children.

"Of course," I said to my father, "it is easy for Catholics to gain converts from all castes, for their religion contains so much idol worship,"

"I don't know about that, Dick," he replied. "I met an old woman this morning kissing her crucifix, and I asked her if it was her god. She was horrified at the question and asked me if God could be a piece of brass; then she calmly offered to pray for me."

"Father," I asked, "does the Padre strike you as a different person before the altar from what he is outside?"

"Yes, he does," answered my father. "Dick," he continued, "you may talk of idolatry and superstition among the Romanists as you please, but this man is my ideal of a missionary. To my way of thinking he does vastly more good than your golf and tennis-playing Protestant clergy. I have watched the work of Protestant missionaries for years and I tell you there is something wrong about it. There are earnest men and women among them, they do a vast amount of philanthropic work, but even this does not seem to me to be what is wanted, and as a missionary enterprise their work is a failure. They are not altogether conscious of this, but I do believe the more thoughtful are more conscious than they care to own. I don't want you, my boy, to join them. Your old father is not so much of a heathen as you think. Go and take Orders if you want to, but don't come out here to waste your time and strength in a work that can not last. If there is any religion that will do a native any good it is the Catholic, and if any missionary can make decent men and women of them it is a Catholic missionary. What do you think Roberts' pay is per month?" he continued, suddenly changing the subject. "It is only twenty rupees!" (about eight dollars).

I was silent, for the large salaries and luxurious lives of most Protestant missionaries was "a bone of contention" between my father and myself. He maintained that it interfered with their legitimate work, I maintained that it aided that work.

Like all young people I was curious concerning the Padre and tried to get him to talk about himself. It was of no use, he would only politely answer questions. "Father," I said, "surely this life is very distasteful to you."

"Do you think, my child," he replied, "that my life here can in the least compare with what the dear Lord suffered when He was on earth, yet He called poor fishermen His brothers. These are my brothers and my sisters, our interests are one and how can life be distasteful?"



"You are growing old, Father," I said at another time. "Tell me truly, have you ever regretted having become a Catholic?"

"Once," he replied, "I dreamed I was again a Protestant and it left such a horror in my mind that I was almost sick. Do you think that if I did not realize a joy and happiness that the world can not give, I would remain here one hour; would I not at once go back to my own dear English people if it were otherwise?"

The way in which he said "my own dear English people" revealed to me the sacrifices he had made, while the joy depicted on his face was proof enough of the truth of his assertion.

We visited different departments of the mission and every where saw how much the people loved him and how emphatically he was one of them. There were primary and secondary schools, workshops for boys and girls, an orphanage, a home for the aged, and a neat little hospital. In fact it was a good-sized village, self-supporting. When the time came to leave I told the Father that I had buried much of my Protestant prejudice.

"If you knew more of Catholics," he said, "you could not help loving the Church." My father told me that Father Roberts had been reckless in his youth. "He is a saint, now," I said. After that father always called him my saint.

We heard very little of Father Roberts far over a year. Occasionally he sent my father or me a book. One was *Catholic Belief*. After father read it he declared it was real slander to call Catholics idolaters. Another book was *Introduction to a Devout Life*. It revealed a wonderful life to me, visions of holiness that I had never before dreamed of. That year my father was sent to Neilore, a large European Station and the headquarters of a large Protestant Mission. I was very glad to go there for I hoped to be of use to the missionaries. To my great disappointment there was no opportunity for this. The missionaries seemed a little jealous of me because I belonged to another denomination. There were other troubles also. The mission was divided. Part preferred educational work, part wanted evangelistic, as they called it, to go ahead. These troubles caused serious harm to the work. My father said I had better leave them alone. During that year we had a fearful cholera epidemic. It swept over the whole district. The people died like flies. Whole villages were depopulated. All the Europeans who could possibly get away rushed off to the hills. My father urged me to leave him. Our Government hospitals were overflowing with cholera patients and applications for medicine.

"Why don't you ask the missionaries to help us send out supplies?" I asked. "It will be a grand opportunity for them to gain the affections of the people." Father's face darkened and I saw he was angry.

"The most of them have gone to the hills," he said, "and the few who remain say it would be unwise with all they have to do to risk their lives."

I did not reply, but I felt disappointed. Some days later my father came in and said: "Dick, I have heard from your saint. He is fighting cholera like a tiger; some coolies came in for medicine. They say he works day and night, not only taking care of the sick and dying, but also administering the Extreme Unction in which the Catholics have such faith."

"I am afraid it is superstition, father," I replied. For some days we heard nothing more about the Padre, but I knew my father was anxious. At last a report came. Father Roberts was down with cholera: the messenger, a native priest, said that the whole village and many from the country around were making a novena to the Sacred Heart in his behalf and that: many natives had promised the Blessed Mother to become Christian... she would intercede for his life. A week later we heard of his recovery and a few months later, my father told me those ignorant natives had kept their promise to the Blessed Mother and had been baptized.

Almost a year passed by. I was still with my father, sometimes reading a little medicine, sometimes theology under the direction of the Bishop. My father was half Catholic by this time and I could not decide to go home and enter a divinity school. Protestantism was beginning to appear a failure and I was absurdly afraid of Catholicism. Again my father had to go on tour and I went with him. We were both looking forward to meeting my saint and receiving some instruction from him. At last we entered his village and found him among his people just as we had left him, save he seemed a little older. We were told that he rose at 3 A. M. now instead of at four o'clock. When we asked him why, he laughed and said: "Old men don't need much sleep and the time is not long that I shall be with the children."

There were great changes in the mission. The secondary school had grown into a college and there were more Fathers there now. The girls' schools had increased and a convent was about to be established. The workshops were larger, the homes of the Christians were more comfortable-looking. At Benediction that night more people were present and at Mass the next morning the chapel was crowded. There also appeared a more refined air about the chapel. As formerly. I noticed a great change in the whole man, as my saint approached the holy altar. Then it flashed upon my soul that it was because he had come before the King of kings, the Lord of lords, that here he was the heavenly courtier and unconsciously bore himself as such. And there came into my soul a dim realization of the real presence of our Blessed Lord.

"Father, will you teach us your faith?" we asked. My everyday saint, so full of work, had time to patiently instruct us and hold before us the Bride of Christ in all her beauty. We remained with him as long as possible, and on the last day received holy baptism. My father apologized for having taken up so much time.

"It is what I am here for," he replied, "for me there is no joy equal to that of guiding souls into the Church."

He is not a dead saint. He is there to-day under a temperature that rarely falls to 90°. His eight dollars per month is all he wants. His mud hut is his palace. His people are his children. Only those who have seen his work and heard him talk know that in that far-off Indian village lives a saint, making day by day heroic sacrifices, "for the greater glory of God."

(From *The Pilgrim*, July 1896.)

---

### R. I. P.

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

*Alexandria*: Agnes Macdonald, d. May 2; Mrs. Sarah Cameron, d. May 3; Mrs. Mary Macdonald, d. May 16. *Arthroprior*: Miss Elizabeth Barnett, d. 1 June. *Barrie*: Mrs. Mary Gallagher, d. May 22; Mr. James O'Farrell, d. May 28. *Branford*: Mrs. Hanna Kelly, d. Feb. 6. *Calgary*: Mr. William Carroll, d. May 26. *Darbyville*: Mrs. Lawrence Kilpatrick, d. June 8. *Drayton, Ont.*: John McMonagh. *Grand Falls, N. B.*: Mrs. Mary Forsyth, d. June 10. *Greenfield, Ont.*: Mary Maclean, d. May 30. *Hastings*: Miss Margaret Butler, d. June 4; Miss Marsey Keating, d. Apr. 11. *Kingston*: Mrs. Catherine Swift, d. Feb. 2; Mr. Michael Flanagan, d. June 20; Margaret Jordan, d. May 31; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, d. June 15. *London*: Patrick Downey, d. Mar 21; Mrs. Mary Toohey, d. May 4; Mrs. Cornelius Connolly, d. May 26; Dr. M. J. Hauavan, d. June 1. *Mondon*: Mrs. Peter Keenan, d. May 5. *Montreal*: Mrs. McDonough, d. Feb. 24; Katie Audley, d. Apr. 30; Mary Macdonald; Margaret MacPherson; Michael Merriman, d. June 4; Bernard Taylor, d. May 7. *Mount St. Patrick*: Mrs. Michael Sheedy, d. May 18. *Ottawa*: Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Robillard, d. in May; Mrs. Patrick Hanratty, d. May 20; Miss Sophia Cullen, d. May 26; Miss Agnes Scanlan, d. June 14. *Quebec*: Mrs. William Webb, d. June 11; Miss Nora Hayes, d. June 4; Miss Sarah Ellen McKenna, d. in June. *St. George's, P. E. I.*: Hugh McLellan, d. May 17. *St. John, N. B.*: Mr. Thomas Connolly, d. May 14; Miss Nellie Burke, d. May 18; Miss Cecilia Kelly, d. Ap. 23. *St. Mark's, P.E.I.*: Thomas Howard, d. May 26; Mrs. Samuel McRae, d. in April; Mrs.

Joseph Griffin. *St. Thomas, Ont.* : Mrs. John Amyot, d. May 12 ; Mrs. Stephen Corbett, d. May 10. *Seaforth* : Mrs. Elizabeth Keating, d. May 19. *Strabane* : Mrs. Margery Costello, d. June 9. *Tilbury, Ont.* : Mrs. John McVean, Mr. Samuel Ouellette, d. in June. *Thorold* : John McGovern, Mrs. Catherine McKeague. *Toronto* : John Baxter, d. Apr. 9 ; Mrs. Doyle, d. June 27 ; Rev. Father Krien, d. June 24 ; Emily Powers, d. June 22 ; Mrs. J. Murphy, d. June 27 ; Mrs. L. Judge, d. June 26 ; Mrs. C. Higgins, d. in June. *Trenton* : Joseph Lapointe, d. 11 March. *Warkworth* : Mr. Patrick O'Brien, d. June 19 ; Mr. Patrick Dillon, d. June 8.

### THE LEAGUE AT HOME

ALBERTON, P. E. I., June 28.—The Feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony and religious fervour befitting such an occasion. All the League approached the Sacraments. The Church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and the chief Pastor of the Diocese, whose devise is, *in Corde Jesu*, were observing patronal feast. The decorations were elaborate and in admirable taste. The white marble altar, surmounted by the statue of the Sacred Heart, looked beautiful with its profusion of natural flowers and lights. A solemn High Mass *Coram Episcopo* was celebrated. His Lordship Bishop McDonald, in cope and mitre and holding a golden crosier in his left hand, preached a most appropriate sermon from the altar rails on the text "Son, give me thy heart." The League is greatly rejoiced.

THE SECRETARY.

KILLARNEY, ONT.—On Friday, June 25th, a beautiful ceremony took place when six Promoters of the League received their crosses and diplomas. The altar of the Sacred Heart was beautifully decorated with flowers and burning tapers. Our worthy Pastor, Rev. Father Paquin, then gave a short instruction on Devotion to the Sacred Heart, after which the act of consecration was recited in common. The Promoters then advanced to the altar-rails when each received her Silver Cross and Diploma, after which the ceremony closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

THE SECRETARY.

KINGSTON, ONT.—We had a general communion of about 500 on the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

THE SECRETARY.

NEWMARKET, ONT., June 27.—The Holy League was organized here, and in the other church of this mission, Bradford, in January

1896, and has now 400 members, with 22 Promoters. It is in a flourishing condition, as is shown by the steady increase in the membership, and the fervour of the Associates.

Every First Friday witnesses the edifying spectacle of large numbers approaching our Divine Lord in Holy Communion, offering Him thus the reparation dearest to His Sacred Heart, atoning as far as they can, for the insults and indifference of His wayward children. The children's choir blend their voices with the Priest's during the Holy Sacrifice of the mass, and send up their simple but touching hymns of reparation to the Throne of Grace.

Last year, the League placed a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart in the church. It is indeed a fitting ornament for God's House, and has done much to inspire with fervent devotion, the hearts of those who cluster around it, to meditate on the love which prompted our Blessed Lord to give Himself so utterly to us in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. With that sad, sweet face looking down so wistfully, on the kneeling worshipper, a voice is heard saying again as in years gone by to Bl. Margaret Mary: "Do thou at least, give me the consolation of supplying for men's ingratitude as much as thou art able." What a sublime office for the members of the League!

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed after mass, until Benediction in the evening. All day long the ardent worshippers flocked to the feet of our Blessed Lord to pay Him their tribute of love and thanksgiving.

The altars were beautifully adorned with lights and flowers, and the magnificent stained-glass windows, recently placed in position, lent a charm all their own to the sacred edifice. In the sanctuary, at one side is the window showing the Bl. Margaret Mary in adoration at the feet of the Sacred Heart, and on the other side is our Divine Lord at His Last Supper giving to His Apostles that greatest of all His gifts, the Blessed Eucharist.

The people of Newmarket are indeed favoured in possessing such a beautiful temple of worship, where in the peaceful quiet of the Adorable Presence, the soul loses sight of the world and catches a glimpse of that inner, heavenly life which we hope will be ours for eternity.

THE SECRETARY.

---



## THANKSGIVINGS

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

**ALEXANDRIA.**—For the finding of a lost article. For a friend's restoration to health. For success at an examination. Two, for situations obtained.

**AMHERSTBURG.**—For a favour, through the intercession of St. Ann and St. J. For a favour, through the intercession of St. Anthony.

**ANTIGONISH.**—For a spiritual favour obtained in the month of June. For several temporal favours.

**BARRIE.**—For a great favour, after wearing the medal of the S. H., and promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For a cure, after applying the Badge. For many favours.

**BATHURST, N. B.**—For a spiritual and temporal favour, through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory and St. Anthony.

**BATHURST VILLAGE.**—For two great favours, after praying to the S. H. and the B. V., and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory.

**BELLE RIVER, ONT.**—For the finding of a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony. For many favours, after praying to the B. V. and St. J. For great relief in sickness, by wearing the Badge

**BELLEVILLE, ONT.**—For a temporal favour. For three special favours.

**BRANTFORD, ONT.**—For two temporal favours, through the intercession of the B. V. during the month of May. For the conversion of a mother, after prayers to the B. V. and St. J. For the recovery of a sum of money and a lost document, after praying to St. Anthony. For two special favours, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For a husband obtaining employment.

**BRECHIN.**—For four favours in answer to prayers to the S. H. For the cure of a cold, after using the oil from the shrine of St. Ann.

**BROCKVILLE, ONT.**—Six, for spiritual favours. Four, for employment. Two, for health restored. Nine, for temporal favours.

**CALGARY.**—For a great favour, through the intercession of St. Ann.

CAMBELLFORD.—For recovery from sickness, after making a novena to St. J. For a great temporal favour. For the cure of a bad habit, through prayers to the S. H. For the grace of making a good confession.

CANSO.—For a spiritual favour, after a novena to the B. V. and St. J. For a temporal favour, after prayers to the B. V., St. J. and the Holy Angels.

CORNWALL.—For a temporal favour, through prayers to St. J. For a special favour, after praying to the Souls in Purgatory. For a cure, by applying the Badge. For a temporal and spiritual favour. For two spiritual favours.

DARMOUTH, N. S.—For a temporal favour. For securing a good position, through the intercession of the B. V., St. J., St. Anthony and the Guardian Angel.

DUNDAS.—For the return of two men to the sacraments, after an absence of years.

EGANVILLE.—For the cure of a sore throat, after applying the Badge. For a temporal favour, through the B. V. For success in an examination.

FLOS.—For a favour, after promising to say the Rosary in honour of St. J., and receiving the favour almost as soon as asked.

FORT AUGUSTUS, P. E. J.—For two temporal favours.

FORT ERIE, ONT.—For steady employment for a brother, after a novena to the B. V. and St. J.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—For two spiritual favours. For having completed the Nine First Fridays. For success in examinations, after praying to the B. V. and St. J. For spiritual favours for a family. For a position obtained. For a great spiritual favour for a friend. For recovery from illness of two friends. For the happy death of three persons. For favours granted to a person, after making a novena. For the conversion of a brother to a temperate life. Two, for employment. For fifteen spiritual and temporal favours.

HALIFAX, N. S.—For a temporal favour, through the intercession of the B. V. For hearing from a brother who has been absent for many years.

HAMILTON.—For the conversion of a father who made his Easter duty, after neglecting it for twenty years. For the recovery of a husband after a very dangerous operation. For the recovery of a sister from a severe attack of scarlet fever. For a great favour, through the intercession of St. J. For two temporal favours.

HASTINGS.—For a great spiritual favour for a member of a family.

For a temporal favour received in June, through prayer and going to communion for the Souls in Purgatory. For a spiritual favour for a husband. For employment. For means to pay debts. For a spiritual and a temporal favour, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J.

HYDE, MICH.—For the saving of a child from suffocation from a fish bone which had stuck in his throat, through prayers to St. Blasius.

INGERSOLL, ONT.—For employment for two friends, and several other favours. For a great spiritual and temporal favour. For recovery of health, through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory and the Canadian Martyrs. For the cure of a sore knee, after making a novena to the B. V. and going to Holy Communion. For the conversion to the Faith of a dying father, after promising to promote the devotion to the S. H. by working for the interests of the League. For the cure of a relative afflicted with dizziness, by using the medal of St. Anthony. For recovery of health, by making a novena and asking the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and St. Anthony.

INGLE, ONT.—For a cure, after applying the Badge. For a great favour, after praying to the S. H.

KEARNEY, ONT.—For a temporal favour, after prayers to the B. V., St. J. and St. Anthony, and a promise of masses. For a spiritual favour. For the cure of earache, on two occasions, after applying the Badge.

KILLARNEY, ONT.—For a spiritual and temporal favour, after saying for a month a decade of the Rosary for the Souls in Purgatory. For employment, after a promise of a mass for the Souls in Purgatory.

KINGSTON.—For a person's success in business. For the safe return of a brother, through the intercession of the B. V. For an increase of means. For a special temporal favour, after a novena to the S. H. and the promise of a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For two favours.

LINDSAY, ONT.—For the cure of a sore throat, after prayers to the B. V.

LONDON, ONT.—For news from an absent brother, and for three temporal favours. For the relief of a Member from intense pain, through the application of the Badge. For four favours.

MARYSVILLE, ONT.—For improvement in health, after wearing the Badge. For a cure, by applying the Badge. For many favours. For two temporal favours, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For a cure, by prayers to the Souls in Purgatory. For the cure of a toothache, by applying the Badge.

MERRITTEN.—For the cure of a sore throat, after applying the



Badge. For a mother's overcoming the habit of taking God's name. For the health and prosperity of a family. For the cure of an earache and toothache, after applying the Badge. For health restored to a dear mother. For a brother's giving up a bad habit. For several spiritual and temporal favours. For the cure of a nervous headache, after applying the Badge. For a more lucrative position for a brother. For the cure of a very sore throat. For the cure of a very bad headache, after applying the Badge.

MONTREAL.—For employment, after a novena to the S. H. For a cure, by applying the Badge. For the success of a sale. For relief from pain, after promising three masses for the Souls in Purgatory. For a situation. For a temporal favour. For a special favour, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For a situation, after praying to the B. V. and St. J. For relief from intense pain, by applying the Badge, on two different occasions. For many favours. For relief from persistent pains, by applying the Badge.

NEWMARKET, ONT.—For a temporal favour.

OAKVILLE, ONT.—For the cure of a sore throat, by applying the Badge, and making the Stations for the Souls in Purgatory. For relief from neuralgia, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. Anthony.

ORILLIA, ONT.—For three temporal favours. For three special favours. For recovery from a severe injury.

OTTAWA.—For the cure of a very sore eye, by applying the Badge. For the recovery of health, after a novena to St. J. and St. Anthony. For several favours obtained during the past year.

OWEN SOUND.—For four favours. For the recovery of a sick person. For a person going to Communion at Easter.

PARIS.—For two great favours, after offering a mass and prayers to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. For several spiritual and temporal favours.

PARKHILL.—For recovery from a serious illness after masses for the dead, prayers to the B. V. and a novena to St. Francis.

PENETANGUISHERE.—For the recovery of a mother and of a niece, after praying to St. J., St. Ann and St. Benedict. For having heard from a very dear friend.

PHILPSTON.—For favours, through prayers to the B. V., St. J. and the Canadian Martyrs.

PICTON, ONT.—For the pupils of a school being preserved from diphtheria, after novenas to the S. H., B. V., St. J. and St. Blasius. For a temporal favour. For the cure of sore throat, after applying the Badge. For the members of a family being preserved from diphtheria. For a father's attending mass on Sundays, after having absented himself for several years. For the return of a brother to his duties, after an absence of two years, through prayers to St. J. and

St. Francis Xavier. For receiving good news from a father, through prayers to St. J. and keeping a light burning before a picture of the S. H. For the obtaining of a much desired situation.

PORT CREDIT.—For the cure of a sore throat, after applying the Badge. For preservation from fire, through St. Benedict's medal.

QUEBEC.—For several spiritual and temporal favours. For supernatural strength in time of need, through the intercession of St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory. For the recovery of a sick person. For help to overcome difficulties. For three spiritual favours. For the cure of a sore throat, after applying the Badge. For thirty spiritual and temporal favours. For the reconciliation of friends who were at enmity. For many particular spiritual and temporal favours. For restoration to health. Four, for employment. For the cure of a sore eye. Three, for temporal favours. For help in an undertaking. Two, for success in business. For the recovery of a promoter from a long and dangerous illness. For passing a very successful examination and graduating with honours. For peace of mind and relief from nervousness. For employment and much needed help. For the recovery of a sick person. For the cure of a sore throat, after applying the Badge. For the recovery of a mother. For help and protection for a son. For help in an important matter.

RENFREW.—For a special favour, after praying to the B. V.

ST. ANDREW'S WRST.—For ten temporal and spiritual favours, of which several were through the intercession of O. L. of Victory. For the conversion of a brother to a temperate life.

ST. CATHARINES.—For a temporal favour. For money received unexpectedly, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For a great favour, after having promised a mass for the Souls in Purgatory.

ST. EUSTACHE, MAN.—For recovery from a dangerous illness, after a novena of masses to St. J.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—One, for the grace of a good confession during the mission. One, for the return of a friend to the practice of his religion, through prayers to O. L. of Perpetual Succour. Three, for the return of a mother, brother and husband to the Church, during the mission. One, for the reform of a brother from the habit of cursing. Two, for several persons who made their Easter duty. One, for the safe arrival of a valuable parcel, through prayers to the B. V. One, for recovery from illness. One, for a miraculous escape from a violent death. One hundred and twenty-five, for various favours and graces.

ST. MARY'S, N. B.—For favours received. For the recovery of a young priest.

ST. THOMAS.—For the conversion of a brother, through the intercession of St. J. For the happy conversion of a dying person who had neglected the Sacraments for years.

**SALMON FALLS.**—For two great favours, after fervent prayers to the B. V. and St. Anthony.

**SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.**—For the recovery of a person whose life was in danger from intense pains in the head and for which physicians had prescribed in vain, by using water blessed in honour of St. Ignatius.

**STRABANE, ONT**—For the cure of a severe pain by applying the Badge. For two safe journeys.

**TORONTO.**—For two favours, through prayers to the B. V. For a great favour, through prayers to St. Anthony. For many favours. For the recovery of a friend, through prayers to the S. H. For two spiritual favours and one temporal, obtained through prayers to St. Ann and St. Anthony.

**TRENTON.**—For a cure, after praying to St. Ann. For two special favours, after praying to the B. V. and promising to pray for the Souls in Purgatory and to receive Holy Communion.

**WALLACEBURG, ONT.**—For relief from pain, after an accident, by applying the Badge. For a cure, by having prayers said at the shrine of O. L. of Victory.

**WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT.**—For the recovery of a brother who had been seriously ill for over two years, by making several novenas, having masses said for the Souls in Purgatory, wearing the Badge, and going to confession and communion weekly for a month.

**WOODSLEE.**—For a great favour, through prayers to the S. H. For a great favour, after making the Nine First Fridays.

**WOOLER.**—For a spiritual favour.

**URGENT REQUESTS** for favours, both temporal and spiritual, have been received from Amherstburg, Calgary, Hamilton, Kingston, Lindsay, Marysville, Montreal, Murillo, Ottawa, Quebec, Ste. Brigide d'Iberville, P. Q., St. George's, P. E. I., Toronto, Wallaceburg, Ont.

## TREASURY, JULY, 1897.

### RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	184,749	Pious reading.....	73,954
Acts of mortification....	161,082	Masses celebrated.....	2,991
Beads.....	370,407	Masses heard.....	144,551
Stations of the Cross....	79,627	Works of zeal.....	142,769
Holy Communion.....	39,132	Various good works....	387,924
Spiritual Communion..	457,649	Prayers.....	1,179,208
Examinations of conscience	119,066	Sufferings or afflictions..	76,200
Hours of silence . . . . .	283,201	Self conquests.....	97,773
Charitable conversations.	225,857	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	208,313
Hours of labour.....	346,728		
Holy Hours.....	18,222		
		<b>Total.....</b>	<b>4,593,403</b>



## THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

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



ON Sunday, June 20th, High Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by the Father Rector, in thanksgiving for the blessings which have attended Her Majesty's reign, and for its extension to so long a term of years. In the afternoon, Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., preached from the text, "And Judith was made great in Bethulia, and she was most renowned in all the land of Israel; and on festival days, she came forth with great glory; and all the time of her life there was none that troubled Israel" (Judith xvi, 25-30).

Of those who hear me, many are too young to have other than imperfect recollections of the celebration of the completion of the fiftieth year of Her Majesty's reign in June, 1887. On the Jubilee Day of that year England well deserved her ancient name of "Merry England." Some of us will ever remember it as one of the brightest merry-makings in our lives. To-day there is merriment no less wide spread, no less hearty, yet with some tinge of solemnity, almost of awe. Ten more years are written on her Majesty's brow. Ten years make a great addition to an age already so advanced. We have had store of good things to be thankful for in that time, many and manifold as in any decade of the half-century preceding, but we have come notably nearer to the end of our good things, and the end and termination has ever in it something that makes us wistful.

\*\*\*

But if our thoughts are grown more solemn, and our joy less exuberant, our gratitude is deeper, as we have more to

be thankful for ; and another element is deeper too, I mean our affection. Yes, our affection. For Victoria is more than a Sovereign, she is the mother of the British people. She has seen the vast majority of her subjects grow up from childhood. White-haired men and women have been born under her sceptre. The name of King has grown obsolete among us, except for historical purposes. She seems to us an essential part of our national existence. We hardly know the coin of the realm unless it bears her image. Victoria in fact almost means Britannia. We would fain lengthen out her closing years, as we would those of an aged mother. God has raised up issue to her even to the fourth generation ; we see three yet uncrowned Kings of England on the steps of her throne. We look for her virtues and her prosperity to continue in her royal line. But old association is strong, and strong is ancient affection.

During her reign more than one foreign crown has been disposed of by what is called a plébisite. The name is not English ; the thing is historically a mockery, either a flattery or a fraud : it is part of our happiness never to have known it in this country. But if heaven would promise the accomplishment of the national will, and if the votes of the nation and of the empire could be freely and fairly and fully taken on the question : " Shall we have Victoria for our Queen, to be to us for another sixty years all that she has been to us in the past ? " well, all I need say is, Her Majesty would have to renew the good purposes of her Coronation Day, and prepare herself for a second Diamond Jubilee.

She has not only seen her subjects grow from infancy : the Empire itself has advanced under her rule with a progress almost commensurate with the interval that separates infancy from the fulness of age. Others will tell of the advance of education and culture, of the arts of life, of freedom, of physical comfort, of commerce, of population, of extended dominion, of increased fighting power, and other advances that the Victorian age has seen ; there is still one

progress that it better fits me to speak of in this holy place ; that is the progress of the Catholic Church in England ; that progress I shall treat of very slightly—I hope, not superficially.

\*\*\*

But, first, there is an objection to dispose of—this seems hardly a day for objections, when all England is championing the proposition that Victoria is great and good. But there may lurk in the mind a suspicion—and it had better be brought to light and dealt with—that the advance which the country has made has been due to quite other agencies than that of the occupant of the throne. We admit that there have been many agencies at work, and first and above all there has been the mercy and bounty of God, to whom we gratefully return thanks by praise and solemn sacrifice to-day. But under God, it would be difficult to name anyone, now living, or who has lived in the last sixty years, to whom during that period the Empire as a whole owes more than to Victoria our Queen.

We have had great statesmen, great social reformers, great soldiers—the soldiers have served us on an emergency ; the reformers have redressed a particular grievance ; while, for the direction of the country's policy, we have learned to look to the Prime Minister for the time being. But Prime Ministers come and go : the Queen remains. She has been served by twenty Prime Ministers, counting their several tenures of office ; by ten individual men in all. It is invidious comparing names, especially as Her Majesty would be the last person to dispute the merit of her advisers. Yet, we have reason to think, taking her long reign as a whole, that she has swayed the course of public affairs not less than any one individual among the many that have taken from her the seals of office, and kissed her hand as they started to steer the vessel of state. She has had her eyes on each successive administration, known its proceedings, its deliberations and its aims, even those not submitted to the public

gaze. She has never fulfilled her function in government without being well informed what she was doing and what she was ratifying ; thus availing herself of the opportunities of her high position, she has culled from many an official paper and many an audience a fund of political experience, a treasure of things, old and new, which it has not been within the compass of even the ablest of her ministers to gather. She has been possessed of the secrets of each political party. " A wise King (says the Book of Wisdom) is the upholding of the people " (vi, 27). And the wisdom of the wise Queen Victoria is the upholding of every Prime Minister. It never fetters him unconstitutionally, it never tyrannizes over him arbitrarily, it deprives him of none of his responsibility and freedom of action ; it is as the mother's word of counsel spoken to a son in his manhood.

Again the Scripture says : " We will praise him, for he hath done wonderful things in his life, him that could have transgressed and hath not transgressed, and could do evil things and hath not done them " (Eccles. xxxi, 9, 10). They who know our Constitution best, agree that the throne, to one who will abuse its powers, is a matchless position of advantage for doing evil, from not mere private wickedness, but public mischief. It is one of the lesser praises of Queen Victoria, and yet in itself it is a great praise—it is, as Holy Scripture calls it, a wonderful thing—that she has never stood as an obstacle in the way of the smooth flow of her country's prosperity ; that she has never marred England's happiness ; that she has been above reproach as a woman, and as a Queen, constitutional, patriotic and self-sacrificing. The country under her has known no mean ambition, no palace intrigue. She has borne the sceptre for 60 years with clean hands. And she will hand it over, a sceptre of uprightness (Psalm XLIV, 7), to her successor.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## INTENTIONS FOR AUGUST

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

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1.—S.—St. Peter's Chair. at. gr. Devotion to the Holy See. 123,223 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2.—M.—St. Alphonsus Liguori. Bp. D. Pray for bad Catholics. 16,479 In affliction.</p> <p>3.—Tu.—Finding of St. Stephen's body. Pray for persecutors. 23,814 Deceased.</p> <p>4.—W.—St. Dominic. F. pt. Daily Rosary. 40,020 Special Intentions.</p> <p>5.—Th.—OUR LADY OF THE SNOW. ht. Filial trust in Mary. 1,336 Communities.</p> <p>6.—F.—TRANSPIGURATION. at. gr. Renewal of spirit. 13,563 First Communions.</p> <p>7.—S.—St. Cajetan. F. Pray for doubters. The Associates.</p> <p>8.—S.—St. Peter Faber. S. J. Devotion to the Angels. 17,391 Employment and Means.</p> <p>9.—M.—St. Romanus. M. Soldier. Christian Courage. 2,303 Clergy.</p> <p>10.—Tu.—St. Lawrence. M. Suffer for Christ. 129,285 Children.</p> <p>11.—W.—St. Philomena. V. M. Confidence in the Saints. 15,374 Families.</p> <p>12.—Th.—St. Clara. F. ht. Love of purity. 15,024 Perseverance.</p> <p>13.—F.—St. John Berchmans. S. J. Pray for altar-boys. 6,061 Reconciliations.</p> <p>14.—S.—St. Eusebius. Priest. Spirit of penance. 22,203 Spiritual Favours.</p> <p>15.—S.—ASSUMPTION B. V. M. ht. gr. mt. rt. st. Rejoice at Mary's joy. 23,557 Temporal Favours.</p> | <p>16.—M.—St. Hyacinth. C. rt. Pray for the afflicted. 19,518 Conversions to the Faith.</p> <p>17.—Tu.—St. Mammes. M. Forget self. 15,973 Youths.</p> <p>18.—W.—St. Roch. C. Pray for the plague-stricken. 1,132 Schools.</p> <p>19.—Th.—St. Helen. Empress. ht. Love of the Cross. 11,256 Sick.</p> <p>20.—F.—St. Bernard. C. D. Love for Mary. 2,63; Missions, Retreats.</p> <p>21.—S.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal. F. pt. Pray for nuns. 652 Guilds, Societies.</p> <p>22.—S.—St. Joachim, Father of B. V. M. Pray for fathers. 1,833 Parishes.</p> <p>23.—M.—St. Philip Benizi. F. Love of peace. 25,733 Sinners.</p> <p>24.—Tu.—St. BARTHOLOMEW. Ap. ht. mt. Virtue of patience. 13,510 Parents.</p> <p>25.—W.—St. Louis, King. Love of purity. 2,277 Religious.</p> <p>26.—Th.—St. Zephyrinus. P. M. ht. Respect priests. 1,532 Novices.</p> <p>27.—F.—St. Joseph Calasanzius. P. Pray for children. 1,977 Superiors.</p> <p>28.—S.—St. Augustin. Bp. D. Pray for bishops. 6,773 Vocations.</p> <p>29.—S.—MOST PURE HEART B. V. M. Avoid sinful occasions. Promoters.</p> <p>30.—M.—St. Rose of Lima. V. rt. Pray for America. 33,816 Various.</p> <p>31.—Tu.—St. Raymond Nonnatus. C. Pray for captives. Directors.</p> |
|--|--|

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

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

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