



ST. ALOYSIUS, PATRON OF YOUTH.

TERCENTENARY DAY, 21ST JUNE, 1891.

IN the long chaplet of the year, each day of which is illumined by the graces and virtues of some patron saint, ever and anon we stop with more than usual reverence to contemplate a beautiful life, or lay our homage at a favorite shrine. The month of the Sacred Heart is one long festival—the air is teeming with the sweetness of opening flowers and the fragrance of the incense from the altar, and when our souls are most filled with delight in Him whom we adore, lo ! here we meet the feast of St. Aloysius, just as we might expect to find the angel saint himself in the very centre of the Sacred Heart. It brings us but nearer to Jesus to stop for a moment and rest our eyes upon the unsullied whiteness of this life's story ; to bow our heads with reverence before one who lived upon the earth without seeming to tread upon it, who passed among men borne along upon the wings of innocence and love.

Oh favored Catholic youth to have such a Patron ! Come and behold the gentle light which the Church holds up to lead your faltering footsteps !

Only twenty-three years upon earth. A child—a student—and an humble novice and scholastic of the Society of Jesus. No great heroic deeds that the world would wonder at mark the short career; yet, when the world's heroes shall have passed away and their names be forgotten, that of Aloysius shall still be honored upon the altar, and the memory of his virtues shall fill young hearts with emulation as it does to-day, three hundred years after his thrice happy death.

A child like other children, and yet how unlike! Consecrated to God from his earliest infancy by a pious mother, we find him at the age of seven renewing that consecration, aspiring to Christian perfection, and devoting himself to long hours of prayer. At nine, before an altar of Mary in a little church in Florence, his heart filled with admiration and zeal and filial love for the spotless Virgin, he makes to her his first religious vow. How tenderly our dear Mother must have looked upon this holy child, how carefully she must have guarded this pure heart, until at last she led him to the altar to receive her Divine Son for the first time.

The first Communion of Aloysius shines out resplendently in his life. The first Communion of an angel! Only he was an angel with a human heart, for it is to man alone that Jesus gives Himself in the Bread of life. Oh blessed Aloysius, the rapture of the Seraphim was thine; it shone upon thy brow and beamed from out thy holy eyes! Those pure beings who surrounded thee, who cast no shadow about them, and through whom the radiant

smile of God shines with eternal splendor, must have gazed with envy and awe and admiration at this miracle of love and grace! Yet if we saw our saint only in the delight of God's embraces, we might hesitate before his example, for we all know that though Heaven is to be found within the sacred precincts of the altar rails, beyond them stretches the greyness and gloom of the life of every day. Into these shadows St. Aloysius passed with a strong heart and firm will. We see the student bent over his books, plodding the same dreary, weary way along which all must plod to attain knowledge. Endowed with a rare intelligence and remarkable talents, he applied himself with such energy and zeal to the tasks before him, that his progress in piety and learning went hand in hand. His life, we are told, was one continual penance, the self-denial of every wish, the martyrdom of every moment, long painful vigils, austere fasts, the cross, always the cross, but with the light from the sanctuary shining ever upon it, for fervent prayer seems to have been his daily bread.

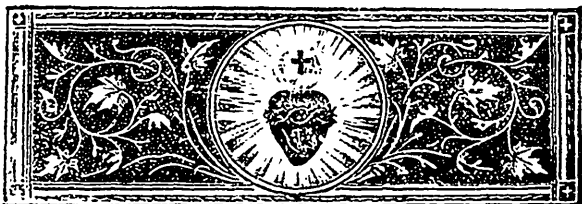
As the flower of his youth unfolded, the world smiled upon him. He was heir to a noble name, with all the qualities of mind and heart which would add new lustre to it. The hopes of a proud father were centred in him; but in the midst of the magnificence and royal pomp of a court he had already renounced vain joys, and decided to give himself to God in the illustrious order which bears the Sacred name. Behold, the sublimity of sacrifice is here attained! Beyond the portals before which he stands

and seeks admittance neither self nor the world can enter. Home, parents and friends are parted with forever—humility, poverty and abnegation are the Jesuit's lot. Thank God that the light of their intellects, the renown of their virtues, and the example of their lives] penetrate space and time: and now as then the world is elevated, hearts are softened, and souls are saved by the gentle ministering of the sons of Ignatius.

It was as a novice that the holiness of Aloysius shone most radiantly. The humblest offices were his delight, perfect obedience his blessed guide, and the love of his Divine Master so ardent, that no one could approach him without feeling revived by the sacred flame. The Heart of Jesus, which responds to every feeble effort of the poor hearts that He has created, poured down blessings illimitable on the angelic youth, and in transports of rapturous prayer he already had a foretaste of the joys that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." Jesus chose him to be the model of young lives—innocence and penance are his prerogatives—but they are set like gems in the burning gold of a worshipful love of the Divine Person. Oh, throbbing, glowing, fresh young hearts, love Jesus! love Him, and you shall not neglect His glory!

On this tercentenary of the angelic saint who also bears the glorious title of "Saint of the Sacred Heart," a litany will arise from all the world. "St. Aloysius, pray for us," will be sung by treble voices in every tongue. Let the memory of his virtues awaken our enthusiasm, let innocence and self-denial be our motto, and our prayer will be borne to heaven on the outspread wings of rejoicing angels, and will be sweet to the Heart of our Saviour, sweet as the song of the ever-adoring Seraphim!

BELLELLE GUERIN.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1891.

Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all the Associates.

PRACTICAL WORSHIP OF THE CROSS.

IN the Catholic Church everything points to the cross, and the cross points to heaven. It is the sign of redemption, the symbol of faith, the pledge of salvation. And so it has ever been. From the day it was first uplifted on Calvary it has not ceased to draw to itself all that is greatest and best on earth, the best minds, hearts, lives and nations, the flower of science, art, literature and civilization. To the Jew a stumbling-block, to the Gentile a folly, "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It has been the love of the good, enkindling their hearts with the enthusiasm of devotion and self-sacrifice even unto martyrdom. It has been an object of hate to the wicked, "a sign of contradiction" and persecution. The only religion not a sham religion is the religion of the cross.

This is the explanation of the singular love and veneration the children of the Church have always shown for the cross. Tertullian, the great witness of the traditions and customs of the Western Church of the third century, says: "Whatever we do, we make the sign of the cross. Whether we go to table, or light a lamp or fire, all our actions we begin by signing our forehead with the cross." "Yes," exclaims St. Ephrem, one of the most illustrious Fathers of the Eastern Church, "let us paint and grave this sign on our doors, our foreheads, our eyes, on our mouth, on our breast and members; for it is the conqueror of death and the hope of the world, it is the light which illumines the earth to its farthest limits. It is the sign which opens to us the gate of heaven." We were born children of God and members of the Church of Christ through the sign of the cross in Baptism. Each sacrament we receive through life, every religious rite, all acts of public worship are administered and performed in the sign of the cross. Happy we, if we die with the sign of the cross!"

But what signify all those external and visible crosses on our foreheads, churches and institutions, if the cross is not planted in our heart and soul, if it is not graven on our life. In true religion what is outward and visible has worth and meaning only so far forth as it is the expression of the interior and invisible, or is conducive to it. This is the adoration "in spirit and truth," with which Our Lord in the Gospel tells us all "true adorers shall adore the Father." There are false sects and counterfeit religions that outwardly make much of the cross, but inwardly "deny the power thereof." They erect the cross on the top of their churches, but within they worship their private judgment; they harbor a spirit of disobedience and rebellion; they are devoid of the spirit of self-denial in judgment, will and actions;

the very opposite of St. Paul, who desired to know but "Christ crucified," and who always bore about in his body "the mortification of Jesus."

Even though we have the happiness to possess the true religion of Christ, the gauge of its depth, its sincerity and earnestness must ever be the practical love of the cross. If the religious life of the Catholic world to-day is at a low ebb ; if faith is weak ; if morals are lax ; if ideas are perverted and tastes depraved, it is because we have departed from the practical worship of the cross, to strain after the good things of this life and thus practically deny the value of suffering. The cross to us, instead of being the power of God whose almighty arm no power on earth can stay, is become as of old to Jew and pagan a stumbling-block and a folly, a sign of contradiction from which we turn, if not with hate, at least with repugnance or fear or pusillanimity. It would sever us from the satisfactions of sin and deprive us of the enjoyment of our creature-comforts ; it would thwart our pet schemes of ambition and worldly aggrandizement ; it would prove an obstacle in our way to posts of advancement. We forget that "from the days of John the Baptist *until now*, the Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence, and only the violent carry it away."

This is why the Vicar of Christ so strongly appeals to all Christians to turn to the cross for salvation and for the remedy of the evils which weigh on the world. After declaring that it is the essence of a Christian life to reject the corruption of the world and to oppose constantly any indulgence in it, imitating "the author and finisher of faith," who "having joy set before him endured the cross," he adds : "Wherefore let men understand this, specially, that it is most contrary to Christian duty to follow in worldly fashion pleasures of every kind, to be afraid of the hardships attending a virtuous life, and to

deny to self nothing that soothes and delights the senses. This is not a counsel but a duty, act of those only who desire a more perfect life, but clearly of every man." "No man can be high-souled, kind, merciful or restrained who has not learned self-conquest and a contempt for this world when opposed to virtue." The cross therefore is to-day what it ever has been, the salvation of the world, the only hope of individuals and peoples. If they return to it by practical worship and love, they shall find in it a remedy and health.

God in his fatherly Providence has made this return smooth and easy by the manifestation of the Sacred Heart. The devotion to the Divine Heart is inseparable from devotion to the cross. It sprang from the cross; it was revealed with the cross; and ends by planting the cross in the heart. On the cross the Heart of Jesus was opened by a lance, that we might draw from the inexhaustible treasures of its love, and find a refuge in life and death. When Jesus manifested his Heart to the Blessed Margaret Mary, and through her to the world, it was surmounted by a cross and encircled with a wreath of thorns. He asked of us the consecration of our hearts to His, by the devotion of self-conquest and zeal for His interests. He asked for reparation by the union of our atonements with the atonement of Calvary, that thus we might fill up what was wanting to His sufferings. There can be no atonement except through the cross. "In Him it hath well pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell, and through Him to reconcile all things in Himself, making peace through the blood of His cross."

The League of the Sacred Heart renders the practical worship of the cross sweet and easy, by leading us to view it in a blaze of light and a flame of love bursting from out the Saviour's Heart. It leads us near the furnace of that love which is "stronger than death," and

which enkindles a corresponding flame in all hearts that approach it. "Let me suffer or let me die," said St. Teresa, a client of the Sacred Heart and a lover of the cross. The love of the Sacred Heart, after consuming all sinful attachments, will infuse a strength that will enable us to take up our cross and follow our Saviour with loving patience and resignation. No sorrow can come to us that has not been first felt in that human heart of deep and broad and tender sympathies, that has not been blessed, that has not been sent to us accompanied by the grace to bear it with loving patience.

This month of June we are celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of one who was a Saint of the Sacred Heart and a Saint of the cross. His pictures represent him absorbed in prayer with the crucifix in his hands. Though a seraph of purity and devotion, his life on earth was a continuous self-crucifixion, stamped with the practical and ardent love of the cross. Thus has it deserved to be set up as the pattern life of Christian youth. Let us this month offer up our prayers to Jesus and Mary through the saintly Aloysius, that he may obtain for us, and especially for all Christian youth, a practical worship and love of the cross, and the spirit of atonement that comes from the cross.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular that all Catholics, renewed in the practical worship of the cross, may thence derive the spirit of atonement.



THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

MORNING OFFERING.—*Continued.*

“**I**F I mistake not, Father, you told me in our last interview that the Morning Offering was something more than a mere intention animating all the actions of the day. You ascribed to it a real praying power, and made of it a kind of philosopher’s stone, that converted all it touched into the gold of prayer, for our own intentions and the intentions of the Sacred Heart. And it is precisely this pleading power of our actions which you told us constitutes the capital of the Apostleship of prayer.”

“Assuredly, what is prayer of petition but the desire to obtain some favor from God, and the direction of this desire to Him by an intention of the will? If we keep our desire in the will without expressing it, it is mental prayer; if we express it in words, it becomes vocal prayer; and if in action, it becomes what I might call prayer of action. Now, it is our actions and sufferings transformed by the morning offering into so many prayers, and elevated infinitely by union with the Heart of Jesus, always living to intercede for us, and the appropriation of his intentions, the highest and best possible, it is this which makes up the stock-in-trade of the Holy League.

“Bear in mind that the two most excellent prayers ever offered,—that of the Man-God on Calvary, by which He obtained the salvation of the human race; and its continuation in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, by which the

fruits of Calvary are applied to our souls,—were prayers of action. When we perform a good action redounding to God's glory and in conformity with His will, accompanied with the desire or intention of obtaining by it some favor from God, what wonder is it that we should obtain that favor? On Calvary, Christ, to please His Father, became obedient unto death, "and being consummated He became to all who obey Him the cause of eternal salvation." As His obedience so pleased His Father as to move Him to grant to mankind abundant means of salvation, so our obedience—*i.e.*, all good works performed in conformity with His will—shall move Him to bestow upon us all the graces conducive to our salvation. Christ could have done nothing more pleasing to His Father, and consequently more beneficial to us. He is still living at the right hand of the Father and in our tabernacles, "to make intercession for us," offering the merits of His passion and death, dying over and over again in a mystic manner for us, that the fruits of His first death might not be lost on us. It is ours to appreciate them by desires and good actions, by entering into the intentions of His divine Heart, by uniting our heart with the Heart of Jesus, and thus feeling in ourselves that which Jesus felt according to the injunction of the Apostle. Thus shall we make up "what was wanting to the sufferings of Christ "

"You understand, therefore, dear Associate of the Holy League, that every reasonable action, on account of its innate power of pleasing God, may be directed to Him by an intention of the will to obtain some favor, and thus be transformed into prayer. Furthermore, by being directed to Him through the Sacred Heart, and for His intention, the best possible, its pleading power is immeasurably enhanced. Now, this is precisely the effect of the Morning Offering fervently made, to infuse into all the work, intentions and sufferings of the day the spirit and efficacy

of prayer in union with the Heart of Jesus and for His intertions. Is the matter getting clearer?"

"Yes. I understand more clearly now how our daily actions may be sanctified by the Morning Offering. But there is something else that is not so clear. I am really puzzled at that maze of intentions which the Holy League sets before its associates every month,—intentions of the Sacred Heart, of the Pope, of the associates, general, particular, monthly, daily. What man of a busy life like mine could attend to all those?"

"A very easy matter, dear friend; but a word of strong advice. You cannot over-estimate the importance of intentions. The intention is the soul of the action. It makes what is indifferent, good; what is good, better; what is merely natural, supernatural; what is of ordinary merit, an act of the highest charity. If one man after death barely obtains a footing inside the gate of Peter, and another like the youthful Aloysius is elevated to a dazzling height of glory, it mainly depends on the intention that animated their actions in life.

"Now, this is the great advantage of the Holy League. It breathes into all we do or suffer the highest and best intentions possible, namely, the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Sacred Heart is the furnace of divine charity, from which alone an adequate hymn of praise and worthy prayer, as well as an acceptable oblation, ascend as an odor of sweetest incense to the Divine Majesty. That prayer is ascending in our behalf in heaven and in the tabernacle, where Jesus 'is always living to make intercession for us.' It is directed by an infinite wisdom, a knowledge that takes in the whole universe at a glance, and extends itself with the utmost distinctness to every minutest detail. Each individual heart lies open to it, its wants—temporal and spiritual, its dispositions, the correspondence it will give to grace or the resistance it will oppose to it, the ties

of kinship and friendship, of justice and charity that bind it to others. This divine knowledge of the Sacred Heart is accompanied by the experience of human life which the Saviour stooped to, that we might 'not have a High Priest who cannot have compassion on our infirmity, but one tempted in all things like as we are, without sin.'

"Every good and rational intention, therefore, that man can pray for is comprised in the intentions of the Heart of Jesus. Our intentions are His intentions. That Sacred Heart is the meeting point of all holy desires, upright purposes, honest claims and pious petitions. Not only so, but it well knows how to apportion to each a due measure of its merits, graces and helps. In no heart is the word of David so well verified, 'He has ordered charity within me.' By no way, therefore, can we render our life more full and efficacious than by appropriating the intentions of the Sacred Heart, and breathing them into all our prayers, actions and sufferings. They shall thus acquire not only surpassing merit for ourselves, but a pleading power that can suffer neither loss nor waste.—nay, that will be intensified immensely by union with the pleading of the Heart of Jesus. Whatever deposit we entrust to that bank of spiritual treasures, we shall draw with interest a hundred-fold. A feeble electric current from a simple pile by transmission through the silken coil acquires a prodigious energy; so our feeble prayer by union with the pleading of the Heart of Jesus will be omnipotent with God, and open the door of His treasures to ourselves and to our neighbors."

"In that case, Father, we may as well dismiss all particular intentions from our prayers, and content ourselves with the simple offering for the intentions of the Sacred Heart."

"Absolutely speaking, yes; and hence it is that we attach such importance to the Morning Offering, and

admit it as the fundamental and only essential practice of the Holy League. Nevertheless, we can derive great help from particular intentions, and to neglect all of them or scorn them would be the greatest of illusions. The intrinsic worth of a petition for a favor is proportioned to the intensity of the desire that prompts it, to the earnestness with which we arouse our will and apply it to prayer. It is necessary to do violence to the will, excite it, move it, animate it, if possible, with our feelings, else it remains cold, heavy and motionless. Now, creatures of sense as we are, the feelings and the will are not much affected by what is general and vague. There must be something definite and palpable with which their sense of pleasure and pain is bound up, to excite, to touch and to move, else motives will fail of their effect. This is why we pray more earnestly for temporal favors than spiritual graces. A woman will shed tears, asking the conversion of a drunken son or husband; but she will not feel the same concern at all about his privation of Catholic faith or his neglect of religious duties, though the latter state is unspeakably more deplorable. We are the friends of our Saviour, and take His interests to heart, and pray for His intentions, and all the more fervently because we belong to a world-wide association praying with us for the same intentions. 'When two or three are assembled in my name, I am in the midst of them,' is the divine promise. What a praying power is an association of so many millions united in the Heart of Jesus! But let the Vicar of Christ, His visible representative on earth, name one of the intentions that is uppermost in the Heart of Jesus, some pressing want of the Church His spouse, and set it forth for a whole month to be the special object of the united efforts of millions that make up this immense army, and shall not their loyalty be aroused to an enthusiasm of devotion that will increase immensely the earnest

ness of their prayers? Whenever I say the *Our Father*, I pray for all men without exception; but when I meet a man who has given his name and his word of promise to the Holy League, and who has offered this very morning his day in a special manner for me and my intentions, shall I not be excited and aroused to be faithful to my word of promise given in behalf of him? Thus, particular intentions are necessary for the fervor and efficacy of our prayers for more general ones. They bring the latter home to our feelings, and thus excite the will to prayer, when otherwise it would remain cold and inert. Therefore, dear associate of the Holy League, never lose sight of the general intentions of the Heart of Jesus; but be always provided also with some particular intention to render your prayers more earnest and fruitful, and pay particular care to the monthly intention named by the Sovereign Pontiff."

THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

GOOD WORKS OFFERED FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE LEAGUE.

Acts of Charity, 157,738.—Beads, 268,732.—Stations of the Cross, 384,079.—Holy Communions, 35,474.—Spiritual Communions, 269,436.—Examinations of conscience, 47,904.—Hours of labor, 291,301.—Hours of silence, 284,246.—Pious readings, 39,543.—Masses heard, 73,670.—Acts of mortification, 21,083.—Deeds of charity, 31,083.—Works of zeal, 22,155.—Prayers, 465,615.—Hours of recreation, 98,220.—Sufferings, 95,822.—Self conquests, 56,113.—Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 40,888.—Other good works, 371,967. Total:—2,745,982, contributed by the various local Centres.

An Indulgence of 100 days, applicable to departed Souls, is attached to every good work offered for the intentions of the League. Use the *Daily Handbooks* or the *Treasury Sheets* to mark down your works.



A SEPARATE SCHOOL-BOY.

ANNA T. SADLER.

I.

HOW good it is of you, Emily, to remember all these little devotions!" said Mrs. Watson, patronizingly. She was leaning back in a comfortable arm-chair, leisurely observing Mrs. Rowan, who was busy arranging a bunch of June lilacs before her picture of the Sacred Heart.

"Oh, this is my special devotion," said Mrs. Rowan, pointing to the picture; "and just now, I am asking a great favor."

Mrs. Watson smiled a dubious sort of smile.

"You were always a good creature, Emily," she said, carelessly; "and how young you do keep to have five big children."

"When I told you I was asking a great favor of the Sacred Heart," said Mrs. Rowan, sitting down on a low seat near her friend, "I was thinking of the children, especially of Paul."

"Yes," said Mrs. Watson, with very mild interest.

"You know, Our Lord made such beautiful promises," said Mrs. Rowan, "in behalf of those who are devout to His divine Heart, and one of them is, 'I will be their secure refuge during life and above all at the hour of death.' Now, I have betaken myself to the Sacred Heart all these years for the grace to educate my children really well, and

especially Paul. Boys are a so much greater responsibility."

Mrs. Rowan had spoken a little shamefacedly. It is easy to profess one's faith to outsiders, but hard to speak of things spiritual to an indifferent Catholic. But Mrs. Watson answered promptly and warmly the latter half of the speech: "Of course, one is always anxious about a boy's education. I lie awake half the night thinking how George is to be pushed on, and what advantages we can give him."

"I do not mean exactly that," said Mrs. Rowan. "I want him to be a good, well-principled man, a truly good Catholic."

"Let the priests attend to all that. I send him to church regularly; but I see by your face there is something on your mind."

"I am so troubled, because Mr. Rowan wants to take Paul from the Brothers and send him to a public school. He thinks he will learn quicker, and that it will be a help to him in business. He says that if we were wealthy he would put Paul at a Catholic college, and leave him there till he could take a profession. But, as it is, he will not believe what I tell him so often, that the Catholic schools are at least as good, if not better, even apart from religion."

"But, perhaps, the class of boys is not so good."

"I do not care in the least for that, even if it were the case," said Mrs. Rowan, warmly. "I shall never, never consent to see my boy taken away from religious influence."

"What a little bigot you are, Emily," laughed Mrs. Watson; "if you had been married to a Protestant as long as I have, you would have learned something of the policy of conciliation."

"A Catholic must be one thing or another," said Mrs. Rowan, stoutly. "Why, even the very Protestants despise

and distrust a weak-kneed Catholic. And well they may, for there is nothing so despicable. I would not for the world see Paul grow up to be half-hearted in his religion."

"I have never heard you talk so much, Emily," said Mrs. Watson; "you are positively eloquent."

"The subject is near my heart," said Mrs. Rowan. "Paul shall remain at a Catholic school."

"Why, look at me," said Mrs. Watson, complacently. "I was never at any other but a Protestant school. I met Jim Watson on commencement-day; his sister was in my class. Now, no one could be more rigid about the essentials of my faith than I am."

Mrs. Rowan sighed. The illustration was not an inspiring one.

"Let me give you a word of advice, dear," added Mrs. Watson, rising to go, "follow your husband's judgment. It does not do for a man to be *too* religious, and these public schools are not sectarian."

"So much the worse," murmured Mrs. Rowan. "I would almost rather have them out and out Protestant."

"Then you will not be so much shocked at me, you good little soul. I am going to send George to the Protestant college at ——. His prospects are so brilliant, I must not mar them by letting him associate with an inferior class of boys. Do be wise, and let Paul grow up with broader views than yours. Forgive me, dear, but they do not answer in this work-a-day world."

Mrs. Watson, gathering her wrap gracefully about her, made a sign to her coachman, and was soon driven to that aristocratic portion of the town in which a prosperous marriage had domiciled her.

Two months later, Paul Rowan entered a Catholic Boys' Academy, and George Watson began the autumn term at ——.

II.

"What a comfort that young man is to his mother?" said Paul Rowan's employer, pointing to where the latter was walking on the opposite side of the street, with his mother beside him.

The old gentleman, as he spoke, sat near the open window of his library, in conversation with a friend.

"This Rowan," he went on, "is a treasure to us. He has excellent principles, his honesty is incorruptible, and he has had a splendid training in arithmetic."

"You are enthusiastic," said the friend, quietly.

"And well I may be. The boy has worked himself up in the course of seven years to be our head man. Why, if he continues, he's bound to be in the firm before long."

"Is he married?"

"Not he. His mother was left a widow some years ago and he keeps a roof over her, and sends two or three sisters to the Convent."

"He seems young."

"Twenty-five; but he made a good start. A word in your ear, my friend: There's something in these Separate Schools after all. I mean to employ youths educated there, and no others."

"They may not all turn out so well."

"True, but they have a better chance. The system is better, and I'm not going to have any of these free-thinking chaps about me."

"I hope the fellow doesn't talk religion."

"Never a word. But I know that he attends his church regularly and his religious duties I think they call it."

The worthy man was rather vague as to what these duties were. He could not have explained that Paul was a monthly communicant, being a member of the League, and he belonged to a parochial society as well.

"What does he do with his evenings?" asked the friend; he inquired thoughtfully, as one working out a problem.

"Oh, they're all right. He belongs to some kind of a society for young men, [not a secret society. I abhor those. It's an affair got up by his clergyman, the parish priest Rowan calls him, and, by Jupiter, it keeps a lot of lads out of mischief."

"You are half a Papist, my dear sir."

"I am a whole one for business purposes. I want Separate School-boys for clerks, and I'd like them all to join their church societies."

III.

"Paul, dear, be careful," said Mrs. Rowan, following her son to the door; "it is such a wild stormy night."

"I'm always careful, mother dear," laughed Paul, "and I wouldn't go out to-night, only I promised to look into a business matter for the firm."

"I shall be anxious till you come back."

"I have given you a lot of anxiety, I am afraid," said Paul, looking half earnestly, half merrily at his mother.

"You have more than repaid me, dear," said the mother, warmly.

"And if God spares me, I will try to repay you more and more. Good-night and good-bye, little mother."

Crossing the track that dark lowering night, Paul Rowan saw a train coming on. He made a hasty leap on to the other track, and as he did so felt a sudden wrench. His foot had caught in a frog. The effort he made to extricate it only tightened it the more. The whistle of a locomotive, followed by the flash of a light around a sharp and not very distant curve, awakened him to a sudden and awful sense of his peril. He cried aloud for help, but the howling of the wind and the rolling, clattering

noise of the dashing train drowned his voice even had any one been there to answer. The worst is come. In the swift realization of his approaching end, his life flashed before him as in a mirror—home, only a few paces distant,—sisters—his mother,—till eternity seemed to open and his thoughts hurried to his *God*. There was no long dark void to be filled up between them. He had been to his monthly communion of Atonement the Sunday before. But he had learned in his school days the supreme importance of prayer and act of perfect contrition in case of accident, and summoning all his energies, he asked with a fervor intensified by the awfulness of the moment, that the Sacred Heart through Mary might give him that grace—one good heartfelt act of contrition such as he had often made in his life.

In spite of natural terror, his faculties seemed to concentrate themselves marvellously. How strong is faith—and all the while he relaxed not in his struggle for life to loosen his foot. Another cry—a whistle—and on came the terrible engine of death, its light flaming like the eye of some great beast. “Jesus, Mary, Joseph”—the cow-catcher struck him and hurled his mangled body beside the track. Eager hands lifted him tenderly, willing feet sped swiftly for a doctor; but the dying man with returning consciousness said only:—

“A priest! quick!”

How graces accumulate around the dying just! The priest came, his own dear parish priest. A suppliant glance of the eye and motion of the hand, the unmistakable confession of a penitent heart was followed by absolution. Then came Extreme Unction, and a last message.

“Tell my mother that I thank her for my Christian faith and education. Tell her how I died.”

IV.

"My dear," said Mrs. Watson, when she came to make a visit of condolence, some two months after her friend's affliction, "you need not sorrow for Paul."

"That's what our good parish priest tells me," said Mrs. Rowan sadly, "and I tried hard to be resigned; but when I knelt at his grave, if it were not for the daily Mass and my Communion, I feel as if I could not live. Ah, such a son."

"Yes, that's just it, such a son. As for mine"—Mrs. Watson paused, then added hurriedly, "I wish from my heart that I had been a little more bigoted, for my wretched boy is a failure even in worldly affairs where Paul was a success."

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all else will be added," thought Mrs. Rowan, but she only pressed her friend's hand warmly. There was a sorrow deeper than her own.

"Good-bye. Emily," said Mrs. Watson, departing. "You were right, there is nothing so miserable as a bad Catholic."

Going upstairs, Mrs. Rowan paused before her picture of the Sacred Heart. On it were inscribed the Promises, and opposite to the first the mother had written—Paul's dying message. That was the fulfilment thereof for him and for her. "He was their secure refuge in life" and above all for him "at the hour of death."

AN IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE REVEREND DIRECTOR GENERAL.

WHEN in parishes there is but one priest, or in large parishes where there are several, it is practically impossible to hear all the confessions for one monthly general communion of all the Associates. The question has been asked and referred to the Rev. Director General of the Holy League, whether the Plenary Indulgence for going to communion in a body on the day appointed by the Local Director can be gained by sections of the Associates on different days, as, for example, by the men Associates on the first Sunday of the month, by the women on the second, by the children on the third, to suit the convenience of pastor and people. The Rev. Director General has answered in the affirmative. The Local Director can appoint separate days for different sections of the people, so that all may gain once a month the Plenary Indulgence granted by the Holy See.

It was further asked whether, on the day appointed by the Local Director, the Plenary Indulgence can be gained at *any* mass, if there be several, or only at the *one* appointed? The answer has been given in the negative. The Indulgence can be gained at only *one* mass, as it was granted by the Holy See for the sake of the edification given by all approaching Holy Communion together in a body.

Associates who are prevented from attending the Communion Mass may gain one of the several Plenary Indulgences granted monthly, on a day of their choice, to all who fulfil the conditions of the Holy League and Roman Archconfraternity, as stated in the Handbook.

FRIENDS OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE PLAGUE OF 1847.

BY MRS. JAMES SADLIER

NOW the waves of Time wash away even the deepest foot-prints of past events—once such stern realities! Looking back into Ossian's "dark brown years," we of the generation passing away see many things that would startle the world of to-day, so strange, so weird, so solemn, like the ghosts of the long-buried dead.

One of these, a mournful phase of Montreal's chequered story, arises now before me. I refer to the awful visitation of what was then called "ship fever," but more correctly named "the famine fever,"—first brought to our Canadian shores from famine and plague-stricken Ireland in the dismal year of 1847.

Rumors of famine in Ireland had been coming all the winter and spring, and charitable efforts were, as usual, being made here and elsewhere to relieve the suffering people of that much-tried land. Then came pitiful tales of fever, following on the famine, in many districts of the fair and most fertile island. This was sad news for people everywhere who had near and dear ones in the old land. But sadder still was to come, and the terrible pestilence was itself the messenger!

The people of the plague-stricken districts began to fly in thousands and tens of thousands to the sea-ports of Ireland, and take passage to America, hoping thus to escape the famine and the fever that were making their beautiful island one ghastly desert. Of this mournful exodus, our own McGee plaintively sang in those gloomy days:—

“ Where are the swift ships flying
Far to the West away?
Why are the women crying
Far to the West away?
Is our dear land infected,
That thus o'er her bays neglected,
The skiff steals along dejected,
While the ships fly far away?”

* * * * *

“ They are flying, flying like northern birds over the
sea for fear,
They cannot abide in their own green land, they seek
a resting here.”

Alas for them, poor self-made exiles, they did not escape the plague themselves, and they brought it to those friendly shores where they fondly hoped for “ a resting !”

On the 8th day of May in that saddest of years, when the rich verdure of the northern spring was mantling the shores of the St. Lawrence, a ship called the “ *Urania* ” arrived from Cork at Grosse Isle, the quarantine station below Quebec, freighted with emigrants, very many of whom were, by that time, after a six weeks' passage, sick or dying of the famine fever. These sad first fruits of the plague's dread ravages on Canadian soil were literally dragged ashore dead or dying, to find one common grave on the barren coast of Grosse Isle ; but few were saved in the temporary hospitals hastily prepared for the local physicians and the Canadian Government, alike taken by surprise, and brought suddenly face to face with such an awful calamity, were at first bewildered and confounded.

Alas ! the ill-starred “ *Urania* ” was but the first of many death-bearing ships destined to carry consternation and terror to this northern land of ours ! In less than a month, that is to say, by the first days of June, no fewer

than eighty-four ships, laden with Irish emigrants, were driven by easterly winds into the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence. Each vessel, as it came, deposited its fearful freight of sick and dying and dead men, women and children. To receive this multitude of fever patients there were at first only some sheds remaining since the cholera of 1832. The mortality was frightful, and it was computed that some 12,000 fugitives of all ages from Ireland were laid to rest in the arid soil of the Quarantine Island. Of these, 5,000 were registered as "names unknown!"

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From that island of death and doom the plague sped onward, ever onward, up the great river, with the rushing tide of flying emigrants. Few of our river or lake ports of any importance but were visited in turn all that woeful summer by the all-destroying plague. In the space at my command I can only speak now of the ravages of the fever in our city of Montreal.

Never were the all-embracing charity of the city of Mary more gloriously manifested than in that dread time of public calamity, extending over great part of two years, 1847-8. Quebec, our sister city, had done nobly when once she recovered the first shock of the fearful visitation, of which she had borne with magnanimous courage and devotion the first crushing blow. The then archbishop and his clergy, the religious communities and the citizens generally, did all that was possible to alleviate the sufferings of the poor victims while yet alive, and to give them Christian burial when death ended their misery.

In Montreal likewise the whole city was in a glow of fervent charity for the plague-stricken exiles. Trade and commerce languished, business was more or less neglected, and a fall-like gloom rested on the city. In the fever sheds at Point St. Charles many hundreds of

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the sufferers were constantly being cared for, but alas! few they were who escaped with life from that dismal lazar-house.

The priests of the city were night and day in attendance. Eight of their number fell victims to the plague; of the priests of St. Patrick's, only two escaped, Rev. P. Conolly, who afterwards died in Boston, and Rev. James McMahon, for many years past the honored pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York. Father McMahon had been stricken down by the fever, but happily recovered.

The venerable Bishop of Montreal, the saintly Monseigneur Bourget, seeing the ranks of his city clergy so sadly reduced, called in the aid of priests from the country. The appeal was nobly responded to; even from the quiet homes of learning some of the reverend professors came to aid their over-taxed brethren in the plague-sheds at Point St. Charles. The Bishop himself would not be deprived of the mournful privilege of ministering to "the faithful Irish," as the sufferers were affectionately called by their French-Canadian brethren. Alas! his ministry was not for long; he was seized in mid-career by the deadly fever, and his life was saved as it were by miracle, in answer to a novena made by a multitude of his people to Our Blessed Lady of Montreal in her ancient sanctuary of Bon Secours.

Soon after this, four Jesuit Fathers arrived from New York to replace the dead priests of St. Patrick's Church. One of these, Father Dumerle, S. J., was among the latest victims of the plague.

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During all this time the religious sisterhoods of the city were at their arduous post, caring the sick and preparing the dead for burial, amid the fetid air and heart-sickening scenes of the fever-sheds. First came the Grey

Nuns, who gave themselves heart and soul to the fearful labors of the vast lazar-house. But even their large community was soon exhausted, their many institutions of charity requiring so many at home. Thirty of these devoted ladies were seized with the fever, and of these, thirteen died, amongst them Sister Lacroix, the secretary of the house, a most valuable member of the great community, who, still young, possessed the then rare advantage of being equally conversant with English and French, a woman besides of great intelligence.

Then the Sisters of Providence, also daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, took their places beside the coffin-like wooden beds of the fever patients in the sheds, working as such heroines of charity only can work. When these two large communities were found inadequate to take care of the ever-increasing multitude of the sick, a thing came to pass that struck the whole city with admiration, The cloistered Hospitallers of St. Joseph, whom the citizens of Montreal had never seen except behind the grating of their chapel or parlor, or in their own hospital-wards, petitioned the Bishop to dispense them from their vows of life-long seclusion, that they might go to the aid of their dear sister communities in the pestilential atmosphere of the fever sheds.

The permission was freely given, and the strange sight was seen day by day in the streets of our ancient city, of the close carriage that conveyed the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu from their quiet old-time convent to the lazar-house at Point St. Charles. People pointed it out to each other with solemn wonder, as the writer well remembers, and spoke with hateful breath of the awful visitation that had brought the cloistered nuns from their convent into the outer world, in obedience to the call of charity!

We have in Montreal a large picture of the interior of the fever-sheds, showing with painful reality the rows of

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plague-stricken patients with the clergy and religious in attendance on them. In the far back-ground the good Bishop himself is seen in purple cassock, ministering to the sick. The picture was painted by order of Monseigneur Bourget, in gratitude for his recovery from the fever through the intercession of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. It hung for many years in her famous shrine, a touching memento of a time for ever memorable in the annals of Montreal. It is now to be seen in the spacious sacristy of the Bon Secours Church.

One of the priests who fell victim to the ocean-fever, Rev. Father Richards, of the order of St. Sulpice, an early convert from Methodism, preached in St. Patrick's Church one Sunday when the plague was at its worst. An aged man, with long gray hair, and calm, earnest face, he spoke with touching fervor of the sufferings and death of the faithful children of Ireland, the tears rolling down his cheeks as he spoke. He told of the faith, the piety, the resignation with which they suffered and died. "O my brethren!" he said, "grieve not for them; they did but pass from earth to the glory of heaven. It is true, they were cast into the earth in heaps, their place of sepulture marked by no name or epitaph, but I tell you, my dearly-beloved brethren, that from their ashes the faith will spring up along the St. Lawrence, for they died martyrs as they lived confessors of the faith."

A few days after and the holy old man was seized with the dread disease, and speedily succumbed to its deadly blight. A thrill of sorrow went through the entire city when the news of his death went abroad among the people.

* * * *

Nigh half a century has passed away since that mournful episode of Canadian history threw its shadow on the shores of the St. Lawrence. Two generations have come

and are well nigh gone, and the memory of that time is waxing dim. But to those yet lingering by the way who witnessed its miseries, its horrors, it is still fresh and vivid. Many incidents and details come up from those long past years, but must be passed over. Two only I would fain to place here on record: the tender charity wherewith the French-Canadian people, dwelling on the shores of the St. Lawrence, at the suggestion of their beloved pastors, adopted the thousands of poor orphans left in their midst by the terrible ocean-plague, receiving them as gifts from Heaven, and cherishing them as their own flesh and blood, thus bringing them up in the faith of their martyred fathers—an act of charity never to be forgotten. The other fact worthy of note is the rude but substantial monument erected at Point St. Charles over the graves of *six thousand* half forgotten victims of the plague, by the workmen employed on the construction of the great Victoria Bridge. Surely such facts go far to redeem the character of our fallen race from the charge of selfishness and cold indifference to the woes and wants of others!

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THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

Dear Messenger,—For two years now the Holy League has been advancing with rapid strides in the Ambitious City. The Promoters have worked with untiring zeal to propagate this beautiful devotion, and have succeeded far beyond the most sanguine expectations in encircling the Heart of our Beloved Redeemer with a phalanx of worshippers. To appreciate the marvellous good it has wrought in our Cathedral parish, one should see the multitude of people, men and women, who approach the Holy Table on the first Sunday of each month.

Sunday the 3rd was a day of celebration for our Centre. At the regular monthly meeting of the Associates held in the Cathedral, it was announced to the Promoters by Rev. Local Director that their long cherished desire would be gratified by the solemn conferring of the diplomas and crosses, to which every Promoter, after due probation, is entitled. His Lordship Bishop Dowling had kindly consented to preside at the ceremony, and the Rev. Central Director would be present, and preach the sermon for the occasion.

A dense assemblage, for the most part Associates, thronged the Cathedral at the evening service. The choir executed the vesper chants in best form, after which Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., preached an able and eloquent sermon on the love of God for man as manifested in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. At the end, addressing the Promoters directly, he said that the Church, ever grateful for the assistance she received from her zealous lay-children, was about to open to them her treasury in recognition of their services spreading a work so dear to her heart and productive of such immense good. She was

going by the hand of her Pontiff to bless and confer upon them the insignia of her approval and her praise with a large share in her indulgences.

The sermon over, His Lordship the Bishop proceeded with attendant clergymen to the altar-rail, where he solemnly blessed the crosses. Then a long line of Promoters, counting sixty-two, advanced and received their cross on bended knee. The choir and organ discoursed the sweetest music. This first solemn reception of Promoters in our city made on the minds of all who witnessed it an impression that cannot be easily effaced.

After crosses and diplomas had been distributed, the Bishop briefly addressed the congregation, expressing his delight at the deep root which the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart had taken among his people, and also at the sight of so many of the good and zealous of the laity coming forward to help the clergy in their onerous task. He hoped that their diplomas and crosses, with indulgences annexed, would be a fresh incentive to their devotion and their zeal.

The ceremony of reception was followed by a solemn benediction, at which the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart was read.—A PROMOTER.

St. Patrick's, Quebec.

St. Patrick has become of late an active Promoter, as evidenced by the large and influential congregations claiming him for their protector, who have entered the ranks of the Holy League. In addition to St. Patrick's, Hamilton, and St. Patrick's, Ottawa, we are happy to be able to record this week the parish of St. Patrick's, Quebec, in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. Rapidly as the Holy League spreads among the children of Ireland and

their descendants, in ordinary circumstances, it was only to be expected that, under the sons of St. Alphonsus, it should make greater progress still. Not only was St. Ligouri one of the bulwarks raised by Almighty God to oppose the invading heresy of Jansenism, but every page of his beautiful writings breathes the spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart. It was a rich legacy he bequeathed to his children.

No wonder, therefore, that the Holy League, beginning as a little spark amongst the parishioners of St. Patrick's, Quebec, should spread like one of those great conflagrations for which the historic citadel town is so famous. Especially, when Father Oates set to work, there was no bounds to the ardor and enthusiasm. At a preliminary meeting, more than seventy prominent ladies took out Promoters' lists. Demands for League material came in quick succession, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, two thousand admission tickets; thirty, fifty, seventy rosary sets; Messengers, twenty, forty, sixty, one hundred.

This was only the ladies' branch, but Father Oates never does things by halves. Men Promoters are under appointment, and it is rumored there will shortly be organized at Quebec a branch of the Men's League, that will outnumber anything of the kind in the Dominion, and even much farther South. Father Oates is acting on the conviction that the Holy League will be an incalculable blessing to Quebec, not only by spreading more widely and deeply the devotion to the Sacred Heart, but also by uniting together and strengthening the flourishing societies and sodalities that already exist under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Patrick's.

Cobourg.

The Holy League is progressing with steady pace in the University town of Cobourg. Since the bulk of the Catho-

lic population entered its ranks at the time of the mission, six circles have been added. The children, too, under the Sisters of St. Joseph, fervently observe the practices. The number of subscriptions to the *Messenger* has reached one hundred.

Campbellford.

The work of organization is still in progress. Several new circles have been lately completed, and about a hundred *Messengers* are in circulation.

Cornwall.

There is no bounds to the enthusiasm displayed in this recently formed centre. Seventy ladies attended the last Promoters' meeting, and twenty new lists have since been taken out. The number of subscriptions to the *Messenger* has gone up to 250.

Chapleau, Ont.

This little town, young and ambitious, is nestled away among mountains and primeval forests, six hundred miles west of Montreal, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was there the Sacred Heart planted its standard last month, in the little white church seated over near the Lake. An enterprising secretary is engaged in increasing the number of Associates, forming new circles, propagating the *Messenger*. Her letters to the Central Direction are brimful of zeal, and show that she is active in pushing the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart in the midst of those western mountains.

St. Lawrence's, Hamilton.

The *new* parish promises to surpass all centres in fervor. On the first Sunday of the month, nearly two hundred

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took part in the General Communion of Reparation. A new sanctuary lamp, worth \$100, the present of an Associate, is soon to be suspended by Father O'Sullivan, before the High Altar, as a symbol of the devotion of St. Lawrence's parish to the Sacred Heart.

St. Patrick s, Ottawa,

The work of organization is progressing apace. Soon one hundred lists shall be completed. Two hundred and thirty *Messengers* are read monthly.

Windsor, N.S.

Reports from the land of Evangeline state that the Associates are still in their first fervor, and that the *Canadian Messenger* is highly appreciated.

IN THANKSGIVING.

MONTREAL, May, 1891.

Dear Messenger,—In fulfilment of my promise, I wish, through your pages, to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for having, through the intercession of Saint Joseph, obtained a temporal favor.

INGERSOLL, April, 1891.

Dear Messenger,—In accordance with a promise made, I want to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a fond parent, whose cure was very doubtful.

I also promised the Sacred Heart, were I successful in a certain study on which much depended, I would acknowledge it through your pages. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, I have obtained my request over and above what I anticipated.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., May, 1891.

Dear Messenger,—I promised the Sacred Heart that if I succeeded in entering religion, I would acknowledge my thanks in your pages. I now come to fulfil my promise.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

Dear Messenger,—Please be so kind as to answer the following questions: "Are the badges to be blessed and distributed to the Associates from the altar-rail, or is it only the men's badges that are thus blessed and distributed? Can Promoters receive the badges at their meeting, and then give them around to their Associates? Have I to collect in all the badges I have given to my six circles of Associates, and after getting them blessed give them out again?"

We answer, it is not necessary that the badge be blessed to gain the indulgences attached to it. It is sometimes blessed and conferred for sake of solemnity when a large number gather in the church to join the Holy League, as is usual at the close of a *Triduum* or *Mission*, when the people are well prepared. It is thus blessed and given at the altar-rail to the men at the inauguration of a branch of the Men's League. In all cases, those who have thus publicly received the blessed badge have to give in their names to a regular Promoter and receive a certificate of admission, if they have not already done so.

A solemn blessing of the badges may conveniently take place at the ceremony of reception of Diplomas and Cross by Promoters. The Associates have only to come to church with badge visibly worn, and stand up in their place while the priest reads the blessing and sprinkles the holy water.

2. The resolution for the month of June, this year, ought to be to help the rev. Local Directors to celebrate the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius, by securing a large attendance, especially of men and boys, at the General Communion of the 21st, and at the evening ceremony and Act of Consecration, also at the *Triduum* or *Novena* preceding it, which is necessary for the special Plenary Indulgence. Promoters may gather and hand to the local Secretary the names of children to be enregistered in the lists to be deposited in the tomb of St. Aloysius at Rome.