



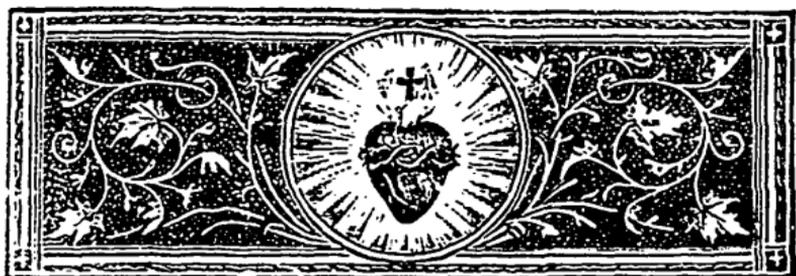
THE RESURRECTION.

HIS sepulchre shall be glorious had sung Isaiah, and the lifeless but divine body of the Saviour had not long been laid in the fresh hewn rock when glory was shed around it. His blessed soul returning from Limbo mid the praises of the redeemed entered once more its mangled and disfigured habitation, and lo! all is changed! Where there was stillness, bruises and dereliction, now there is almighty power, bliss and majesty. *According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart, thy comforts have given joy to my soul.* Now the floodgates of the Godhead, which not even in death had departed from soul or body, are opened, and that Sacred Humanity living once more is bathed in the overwhelming glory of the divine perfections. The mortal hath put on immortality and death is swallowed up in victory. No eye of earth could gaze on that vision; but a reflected ray was caught by the angel, and forthwith his countenance became as lightning and his raiment as snow, and the guards, at the sight of him, were struck with terror and became as dead men. Before the great mystery, though accomplished on earth, let us adore in silence and admiration, or

if we give expression to our joy, let it be in the words of Mother Church: *We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory.*

Nay, we too have our share in the glory of this day. It is *the day which the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad therein* for our own sake. It is for evermore the Lord's day which He hath made for us in place of the Jewish Sabbath. The empty elements and symbols of the Old Law are abolished for the full life of truth and grace in the New. Our Life is risen from the sepulchre. He rose to-day the first-born of the dead among many brethren, that where He is we also may be. To each of us in Him *the Lord hath said, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee.*

Not only so, but as *He died for our sins so He rose for our justification*, to be the exemplar and pattern of our resurrection from sin and of that risen life of grace which is the special fruit of the Paschal sacraments. After the penance of Lent and the partaking of the Redemption, we awake on Easter morning the risen life of grace within us. Happy we if it bears the characters of the Saviour's: if it is *true* and not apparent; if it is *glorious*, that as Christ is risen from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also may walk in *newness of life*; if it is persevering and undying, knowing that Christ rising again from the dead *d' th now no more*. Mother Church bids us to rejoice and be glad, and to prolong our gladness for forty days, that the joy of the Resurrection be to us a source of holiness not less than the fast of the Lenten season.



GROWTH OF PIETY IN THE YOUNG THROUGH THE SACRAMENTS.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY.

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

IT cannot be doubted that the enemy which the Church of Christ has to meet at the present day is not so much Pilate and the soldiery crucifying her spouse, as Herod and his satellites seeking the life of the child. There are indeed countries in which the faith is openly persecuted unto the shedding of martyr's blood, but a world-wide battle is raging against her for the possession of the child. Education is the great question of the day. It is absorbing the deepest thought of kings and statesmen, of parliaments and churches. The powers of darkness in high places are straining their utmost to capture the young and strangle in their souls the supernatural life of faith and Baptism. The universal tendency is to withdraw the child from the parent, who is answerable before the tribunal of God for its eternal as well as temporal welfare, to hand it over to an irresponsible State quite indifferent if not openly hostile to its reli-

gious interests, and, Herod-like, jealous of all Church influence and interference.

It is not enough that the child be protected from attacks on its faith, from infidel or heretical books, teachers and companions, but as the Holy Father teaches in his beautiful Encyclical on the Christian Life, the springtime of its life must be sown with plenteous seeds of such truth and virtue as will grow up and ripen into its one immortal and supernatural destiny. No State education can reach this end. The life of the child may be taken by a starving as well as a strangling process. There is not a civilized country to-day but has its system of education sanctioned by law, and there is scarcely one which does not in practical working, if not in principle, hamper the parent and the priest in the most important work of the Christian education of youth. Thus the love of the Sacred Heart is defeated, and the work for which the Saviour of mankind gave His life and His blood is thwarted if not frustrated.

State education, however, is not the only danger lurking in the path of the young. There are besides, examples, associations, art and literature, amusements and all the corrupting influences of a civilization gravitating more and more to pagan ideals.

Yet the Saviour who said for all times: *Suffer little children to come unto me*, has provided for them a safeguard against every snare. Even as His own young life was preserved by the angel's whisper to Joseph in his sleep, even as the youth of the first centuries of Christianity, exposed as they were to the frightful corruption of

ancient paganism, found in the Church a safeguard and a remedy, even so the young of the nineteenth century can abide in her protection and eat the fruit of a tree of life which will preserve the bloom of their spiritual youth ever fresh and renewed like the eagle's.

We read in *Fabiola*—that beautiful story of the illustrious Wiseman, which alone would make good his title to live in the memory of the Church—how the Christian youths of the second and third centuries were brought up not only strong in resisting the temptations to evil that surrounded them, but also brave and courageous in seeking and bearing away the martyr's crown. They waited every morning to Heaven their petition : *Give us this day our daily bread*, and more than that, they really partook of the daily bread which the Heavenly Father has provided for all His children in the Eucharistic banquet, and which the parents of their souls took care to distribute to them each morning before the bread of the body. No wonder after eating this bread of the strong those youths and tender maidens should rise from the banquet like lions, breathing fire and terrible to the demons ; that on the way to school they should throw away parchments and tablets, and run before the tribunals of the tyrant judges to confess the faith of Jesus, and lay their youthful necks on the block and under the axe of the executioner !

The bread which they partook of, the tree of life within, strengthened them with heavenly fortitude against every assault, and conferred upon them the glory of a perpetual youth, such as made the inspired Seer exclaim with ad-

miration: *O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory: for the memory thereof is immortal: because it is known both with God and with men.*

Modern civilization with its boasted material progress is lapsing back into paganism, and Jesus reaches forth His arm once more to draw the child and the youth closer to His Heart. The icy tracks of the heresy of Jansenius, which strove specially to keep away the young from the banquet of the Saviour's love, are fast melting before the flame of devotion enkindled by the manifestation of the Sacred Heart. The fountains of supernatural life—the confessional and the Eucharist—are daily becoming easier of approach and more frequented.

Would that all true friends of youth, who have their real welfare at heart, parents, teachers, pastors, confessors, were practically convinced of the supreme efficacy of the Sacraments both for the education of the child that has reached the use of reason and for the manly growth of the youth at the critical age when passions are beginning to stir within and occasions to multiply without, and the will has need of a divine energy that can come only from the bread of the strong! The more abundant the inflow of sacramental life, the easier shall it be for the young heart to triumph over its foes and change their attacks into victories.

True, for a fruitful communion, besides not being conscious of mortal sin, it is required to have the goodwill and sincere desire to use the given grace. Yet these conditions are more perfect or more easily acquired in youth

than in an older age. The sweet Providence of God has disposed that the bread of the soul, like that of the body, is eaten by the young with greater appetite, with more sensible effects and richer nourishment. Innocence still abides or is easily regained ; the truths of faith make deep impression ; enduring habits of practice are more easily formed ; conscience is tender, and faults are the effects of waywardness of temper rather than of malice or a depraved heart.

What a recompense will priest and parents reap for the trouble it costs to awake the desire and form the habit of frequent communion ! The trouble can bear no comparison with the good resulting, since it is Jesus himself who by His sacramental grace *ex opere operato* unfailingly works in the heart. How easy for a Christian mother by her gentle words and example to draw her child to frequent communion, how much more so when the influence of her example is strengthened by that of the father ! Their children will grow up, preserved to them, to be their joy and solace, because they have taken care by frequent communion to place them in the Saviour's bosom, close to the Heart of Him who said for all times and perils : *Suffer little children to come unto me, forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

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 for all who, in these perilous times, are charged with the Christian training of the young, that they may induce them to receive frequently and piously Thy Holy Sacrament. Amen.

A MAY-DAY SONG.

THE south wind softly whispers
 Murmurs of musical mirth,
 Chasing the long, long winter,
 And waking the sleeping earth.
 Herald of dawning summer,
 A message of hope it brings,
 Speeding o'er field and forest,
 With the sunshine on its wings.

'Tis Nature's great Alleluia,—
 A blithe and joyous refrain,
 As, glorious and triumphant,
 She rises to life again;—
 And while the world re-echoes
 Sweet Spring's harmonious lays,
 Our grateful hearts are singing
 Another glad hymn of praise.

Immaculate Queen of Heaven!
 We welcome the happy day
 Which calls us round thy altar
 To open the month of May.
 The angel's salutation
 Our lips from our hearts repeat,
 The while we lay our homage
 With reverence at thy feet.

Accept our deep devotion
The tribute of heartfelt love,
And send us this fair May-day
Blessings like dew from above.
Again glad Easter anthems
Vibrate on the morning air,
Thy joy, O Queen of Heaven,
Let thy faithful children share.

Our Lord is truly risen,
Help us, Mother, too, to rise
And lightly tread the pathway
Which reaches beyond the skies,
Till we win a place in Heaven,
And sing 'mid God's angels fair
A May-day song unending,
For 'tis Spring eternal there.

AGNES.

THE MUSIC OF THE LITTLE BIRDS.

One day in the springtime the Curé of Ars was going to see a sick person. The bushes were full of little birds that were singing with all their might. The good priest stood for a moment to listen to them, and then said, with a sigh: "Poor little birds, you were created to sing, and you sing. Man was created to love God and he does not love Him." O my child, love God with your whole heart.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

3RD ADVANTAGE OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.

I

“OW, Father, can our good works, poured every morning like so much gold into the great treasury of the League, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, obtain for ourselves growth in divine friendship and increase of merit? Are they not offered in an apostolic spirit for the intentions of the Sacred Heart, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls? Is not the League an *Apostleship of prayer*?”

Most certainly ; but you seem, dear Associate, not to be aware that our prayers, actions and sufferings, especially when united to the Sacred Heart, besides increasing our love for God and adding to our reward in heaven, have another great power—in one sense the greatest of all, because it is equal to the omnipotent power of God, namely, that of obtaining or impetrating all good things, temporal and eternal, both for ourselves and for others. It is this pleading power that we may throw into all our actions and our whole life which makes them an apostleship of prayer.

This power of intercession, far from impeding the growth of divine charity or absorbing the personal merit of our actions, adds to them immensely. We never grow faster in the love of God and build more rapidly our mansion in heaven than when we offer our prayers

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actions and sufferings in union with the Sacred Heart, in an apostolic spirit, for the salvation of our neighbor—his converser—perseverance, spiritual and temporal wants, for all the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We thereby add to their other merits that of a special exercise of the highest of all virtues, charity and zeal for souls.

“But how can you say that the intercessory power of prayers and actions is equal to the *omnipotent power* of God? Is not this one of your pious exaggerations?”

If there is any exaggeration it is not mine, but the Saviour's own, who tells us: *All things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive: and they shall come unto you.* Not only so, but all things can be obtained by all, for *every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.* God can do all things by His omnipotent will. He can move a world as easily as a grain of sand. He can change obstacles into helps; and he chooses rather little things as the instruments of His greatest designs. All that God can do by His omnipotent power the Christian can do by prayer. Though the divine omnipotence is without limit, yet it is not without rule. There can be no conflict between it and the Divine Wisdom. The omnipotent power of prayer must follow the same rule as the divine omnipotence, since it is the latter borrowed.

Now, the rule according to which the Divine Will essentially acts is the glory of God and the felicity of His rational creatures. God will do nothing in answer to

prayer which will not be for His glory and the true happiness of him who prays. Otherwise He would be, instead of the good Father giving good gifts to His children, [the mocking and cruel parent, who when his child asked him for bread reached a stone, and for a fish gave him a serpent. Thus we, blind and perverse children, ask for stones—the riches and honors of the world that will prove obstacles in our path to eternal bliss; or serpents—the pleasures of life that will poison the soul with their venomous sting. Our heavenly Father is too good to grant our prayer without correcting it. He gives a true loaf—patience in tribulation which, like gold tried in the fire, will purchase true and endless felicity, a real fish—His grace that will strengthen and nourish our souls.

We pray according to the rule of divine wisdom and omnipotence when we ask for actual helps to preserve and increase sanctifying grace, to overcome temptations, to persevere unto the end, when we ask for temporal favors in so far forth as they will be helps and not obstacles to our eternal happiness, when we ask the grace of conversion for others, either to the faith or to a better life. No prayer of this kind can be rejected by God, for it is the loaf and fish that the heavenly Father cannot withhold from His children. Our prayer, however, must be a real prayer lest we should “ask amiss,” as St. James says.

The second rule which the divine omnipotence follows is to act with creatures according to the nature which it gave them. If they are gifted with reason and free will it does not force them, but it requires their free consent

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and co-operation. It will require of them to use their efforts to do what they can, and it will do what they cannot. Hence our prayer, to be omnipotent, must be an earnest prayer springing from a real *desire* to obtain something from God. It must be a prayer of *faith* in the infallible word of Him who said: *All things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive and they shall come unto you.* Heaven and earth may pass, but that word of Truth shall never pass away. Our prayer must be *persevering*. Our earnestness and efforts must be tested, and thus called forth the more and developed till the measure of co-operation required by God is filled. We must ask until we receive; we must seek until we find; we must knock until the door is opened, as opened it infallibly shall be.

Prayers thus offered for ourselves are infallible in their effect. Not so intercessory prayer for others, since it is in their power to reject the proffered grace which we obtain for them or to withhold co-operation. Nevertheless we must rely on the goodness and mercy of God to give them such graces as will carry the victory. In this manner whatever we ask for ourselves we may hope to obtain for our neighbor, and we should pray without ceasing and with all confidence and perseverance according to the example of the saints.

This pleading and intercessory power of our prayers and actions, especially when united to the Sacred Heart, in certain respects far outstrips merit. Only the just in sanctifying grace can merit, but all, even sinners and

infidels, can prevail: *every one that asketh receiveth.* The merit of an action is proportioned to the degree of sanctifying grace and fervor, but its pleading power has no other limit than the divine omnipotence reaching *all things whatsoever.* The merit of a prayer or action is strictly personal, and we cannot renounce it in behalf of another, but its whole pleading power we can give away by intercessory prayer for the benefit of our neighbor.

Do not, dear Associate, lose sight of the distinction between the merit of good works and their pleading and intercessory power, nor of the conditions required to render the latter omnipotent.

ST. MONICA—May 4th.

ST. Monica is a type of Christian womanhood, which affords to many a wife and mother a subject for imitation as well as for deep consolation.

To conform to the wishes of her parents, Monica married Patricius, a pagan, much against her natural liking. The union of a Christian maiden with an idolatrous husband, however strange it may appear to us, was not prohibited by the Church in the early centuries, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times. In those days of Christian fervor, such marriages usually resulted in the conversion of the husband to Christianity. Monica overcame her natural dislike for Patricius in order to gain his soul to God.

A piety less than hers would scarcely have borne all the discomforts and weariness of such an ill-assorted union,

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but she bore them in such a way as to merit a place among the Saints.

Her husband, besides having a disagreeable and passionate temper, was a man of dissolute life and failing in the fidelity he owed to his gentle wife. Great, however, as his excesses were she never reproached him, but ever treated him with a sweet and tender affection. She resolved to win him to better ways by a life of perfect conformity to his wishes, wherever her duty to God did not interfere.

Passionate as he was, he never ill treated her, much to the astonishment of many of her young friends who often bore the marks of their pagan husbands' anger on their disfigured visages. "Blame your own tongues for it," she always said to them when they complained to her of injuries received; she herself never reasoned with her husband until his anger was over.

For seventeen years Monica prayed for the conversion of Patricius. She "spoke little, never preached, loved much and prayed always," and at last her patience and perseverance were rewarded, and he received Christian baptism. A few months afterwards he died and she mourned him long and deeply, forgetting his faults and remembering only the loving sympathy which had existed between them since his conversion.

St. Monica had three children: Augustine, the great saint and doctor of the Church; Navigius, who led a pious and exemplary life; and Perpetua who also walked in the footsteps of her saintly mother.

Augustine, however, was for many years the source of deepest sorrow to his mother. The eldest of her little family, talented far above the ordinary level of youths, she saw him plunge into every excess of vice and error. But she never ceased imploring the divine mercy, and after countless prayers and tears for her erring son, she had the

happiness, seventeen years after the death of her husband, of seeing Augustine reconciled to God and commencing that life which was to place him foremost in the army of the saints and the Church's champions. Now Monica's life-work was over, and she was soon called to receive her eternal reward. Oh, you, who sorrow over the errors and excesses of a dearly-loved husband or child, remember that God can refuse nothing to patient, persevering prayer! Pray in silence and perseverance until God rewards you as he rewarded Monica!

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

III.

HOME AGAIN: MORE VOYAGES.

WHILE the ceremonies of the solemn taking possession were going on, a crowd of natives gathered on the shore, hesitating between fear and curiosity to approach. They gazed in silent wonder at actions and persons so strange. The ships especially, which they took for huge swans that had come from the sky and lighted on the water, excited their admiration. Columbus did his utmost to inspire them with confidence; he gave them beads and trinkets and other articles which they valued.

He continued his stay a few months, exploring the islands. He had the misfortune to lose his flagship, the *Santa Maria*, which ran aground, whilst the *Pinta*, with her crew, had forsaken him, to rejoin him again on the return voyage. Everywhere he lauded he erected the cross, and taught the natives to reverence it.

Early in January, 1493, he set sail for Europe, where, on account of violent tempests, he did not land till the 14th of March.

On arriving at Palos, Columbus, accompanied by his officers, went in processional march to the Church to thank God once more for His signal protection in so many perils. A few days were then spent at the Monastery of Rabiça, where he fixed on his map of the globe the lines of demarcation which would in after years prevent any conflict between the Spanish and Portuguese. He asked and obtained from the Pope the privilege for the Spaniards of introducing Christianity and civilization in the newly-discovered regions.

He next set out for the royal city of Barcelona. On the way he was greeted and hailed with an enthusiasm such as had never been equalled in Spain. The people poured in from all sides to catch a glimpse of the procession and of the hero who was receiving the honours of a triumph. Villages and hamlets vied with one another in the splendor of their decorations. What attracted all eyes and roused enthusiasm on every side was not the group of Indians in their fantastic costumes, nor the curious articles they had brought from the new world, but the noble figure of Columbus mounted on a beautiful steed and dressed in the richest attire. As he passed, the men gave him their applause and mothers held their children over the heads of the crowd to see him.

The admiral entered Barcelona on April 15th, 1493. When news of his approach reached the city, the king sent a number of courtiers to meet and conduct him into his presence. With great ceremony he was given a seat near the throne. There, in presence of the king, queen and royal household, he gave a full account of his voyage. He began by ascribing all the success to God, and after Him to the piety of the sovereigns and their zeal for the

Catholic faith. He spoke of the thousands of souls living in ignorance and superstition who only awaited instruction in the Gospel to become good Christians. Afterwards he referred to the beautiful scenery, the rich soil, the abundance of precious metals, in terms which conveyed the idea of a terrestrial paradise. When the recital was over the whole assembly knelt down and sang a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God. The crowd outside took up the refrain and made the palace walls re-echo with the hymn.

Columbus now thought only of another voyage to the New World. This time crowds gathered around him to solicit a share in the enterprise, some led by love of adventures, others by the desire of glory, and many more by the hope of acquiring wealth. Having chosen his crew he set sail on September 25th, 1494. The voyage was a prosperous one, but those who had hoped to find a terrestrial paradise were doomed to cruel disappointment. The settlement he had left at Hayti was dispersed and all its inhabitants massacred. In his absence his followers, by their cruelty and rapacity, had brought upon themselves the terrible vengeance of the natives.

Historians have unanimously proclaimed the God-like charity that animated Columbus in all his dealings with the natives.

It was his heroic and persistent opposition to his country men, who wished to turn the newly-discovered regions into a field for greed, rapine and ambition, which brought on the persecutions and trials that hastened the end of his days. His complaint to the Queen of Spain of the contempt shown for the rights of the Indians lays open his inmost soul on this subject. "The souls of the Indians and not silver and gold are the riches we ought to seek after in India." Alas! all did not follow the example of his disinterestedness.

On his second voyage out took place the famous Battle of the Arrows. Fourteen of the principal natives had conspired to massacre all the Spaniards. Columbus on being apprised of their intention, though worn from sickness and fatigue, hastily called together his two hundred men. Five thousand armed savages uttering their frightful war-cries came rushing on the handful of Europeans. Columbus seeing from a neighboring hill the imminent peril of the latter, raised his hands to Heaven in earnest prayer. He begged God, who had already vouchsafed him so many marks of signal protection, not to abandon him in this the greatest of his trials. He called likewise on the Immaculate Virgin, whose name he had given to the plain, to intercede for his followers so sorely destitute of help. Scarcely was his prayer ended when a violent wind sprang up which swept the enemies' arrows back and rendered them harmless to the Europeans. A miracle ! cried the Spaniards, and they rushed on the enemy. Soon the whole army of Indians was flying in disorder.

Meanwhile enemies were plotting his downfall at home. He was represented to the king as selfish, ambitious and cruel, his enterprises as rash and unprofitable. The king was so far influenced as to consider himself released from further obligation towards him. Columbus set sail at once back for Spain, and on his appearance at court with aspect so calm and dignified all the charges melted away and he was treated with honor.

To be Continued.

T. G.



OUR LADY'S MAY-DAY GIFT.

IT was a very humble home that in which little Mary Lacy sat sewing on a fine spring morning, some ten years ago, while her grandmother, aged, but still hale and healthy, bustled about from one thing to another, making the little house neat and tidy for the day. The dwelling had but one story, divided into a kitchen, which was the living-room of the small family, and two sleeping-rooms at one end. The furniture was of the plainest, none too much even at that; but still there was a look of comfort and cleanliness all about, that, with the spring sunshine streaming in through the small window, made the place home-like and restful. Conspicuous amongst the furniture of the half-kitchen half-sitting-room, where Mary sat, was a picture of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, about nine by twelve inches,—nothing to boast of as a work of art, and framed in common dark wood, yet evidently highly prized by the dwellers in that cosy little home. A bracket, fashioned by some rustic hand, was under the picture, and on the bracket some of the earliest blossoms of spring, from field and meadow, bloomed fresh in a glass of water before the sacred images of the Mother and Son.

“Granny,” said Mary, a fair, pretty girl of seventeen or thereabouts, as she suddenly dropped her work on her

knee, and looked up, "Isn't it very lonesome here since Willie left us? I can't feel as I used to do, and I'm always, always thinkin' about him, and wonderin' what he's doin', and if he often thinks of us here, all alone by ourselves."

"Well! it *is* lonesome, Mary," the old woman replied, as, having finished her morning house-work, she took her knitting and sat down in her usual place. "It's a folly to talk, but I do miss Willie more than I ever thought I would."

"Somehow or another," said Mary, in a dreamy voice, a far-away look coming into her soft eyes, "I'm a'most sorry he ever left us."

"Come, come, Mary," said the old woman, with an effort to appear cheerful, "you mustn't let down your heart that way. You know Willie would never come to anything if he staid here all his life long as his poor father did before him, an' we all thought it best for him to try what he could do in the city. A bright, smart boy like Willie, an' with the good schoolin' we gave him by dint of savin' and pinchin' and hard work from your father. God rest his soul! and all of us,—he ought to be something better than a common day-laborer. And so he will, please God!" she added, hopefully. "Mind my words, Mary, he will."

"God grant it!" said the girl, wearily; "But do you know, granny, I do be thinkin' at times that maybe he'd have been better with us, after all."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense! You'll make me angry with you, if you go on like that," said her grandmother, in an impatient tone. "It's thankful you ought to be when you know that your brother is already earnin' good wages as a clerk in a store, and it's able to help you and me he'll be in no time at all. That's what he said, you know, in his last letter, and a beautiful letter it was, too!"

"Well, but, granny," said the gentle, pleading voice, "it's about his soul. I'm fearful. You see, he's amongst Protestants, and he says himself he doesn't go to church as regular as he did at home. And he hasn't been to his duty since he left us six months ago."

A serious look came over the old woman's face. "Well, Mary, there's truth in what you say. It's a bad thing for a boy of his age to be thrown amongst Protestants. It's a bad thing," she repeated, shaking her head slowly. "Maybe if you were to write to the priest to look after Willie. You're a good scholar yourself, and I'm sure you could write that letter."

"Well, I suppose I could, granny," said Mary, brightening up at the thought, "and it's lucky that Willie told us in one of his first letters the name of the priest in the parish where he is. I'll do it this very day."

II.

So the letter was written carefully by Mary, "with the skill which the good Nuns taught her" in the Parochial School to which the girl had walked two miles each way for all the days of her short school-life,—was duly posted, addressed to "His Reverence Father White," in the city and parish where Willie dwelt.

In due time the answer came, and it was so far from being satisfactory that it cast a deep gloom over the little home of Granny Lacy.

"I am sorry," said the priest, "that I have no very good account to give of your brother, William Lacy. At first he came regularly to mass, and I noticed him there as having such a good, honest countenance—a fine looking lad altogether—and having made some inquiries about him, I learned that he had no relatives in the city and was thrown exclusively amongst non-Catholics. So I made it a point to see him, and asked him to come and

see me at my house. He came two or three times and I talked with him each time. He promised me from time to time to come to confession ; but, I regret to say, he has not yet done so. Let us hope and pray, for there is much reason to fear.”

This was sad news for the two lonely women. At first they could only weep and lament. All at once, however, Mary started up, a bright smile lit her tear-stained face—“Why, granny,” she cried, with nearly all her wonted gaiety, “what are we crying for this way like a pair of fools? Didn't the priest tell us to hope and pray, and we're doin' neither one nor the other. Haven't we the Sacred Heart of Our dear Lord and Our own Lady of the Sacred Heart to look to for help. And while there's life there's hope, you know! See Our Blessed Mother up there, how she's smiling down on us, and Our Lord Himself as well.”

The old woman dried her eyes and brightened up instantly. “Well, glory be to God, child, it's you that has the good thought ever and always. Sure, I often heard it said from my young days up—all's not lost that's in danger. We'll begin a Novena this very day to Our dear Lady of the Sacred Heart. Isn't she our mother and Willie's, too?”

So the daily work was resumed in the house and the Novena began that very day.

III.

Meanwhile, Willie Lacy was so much engrossed with the duties and the pleasures of his new life, and the friends, so-called, with whom his leisure hours were spent, that he thought but seldom of the waiting ones at home whose every thought was given to him far away.

Being a good-humored and good-looking young fellow, Willie was somewhat of a favorite among the young men

of the large store wherein he was employed and the many others with whom they made him acquainted. He had fair wages, too, and as he persuaded himself that he had none to spare for sending home to Granny and Mary, he had always some to spend with his gay companions. He had been several times to the theatre with one or another, had attended Sunday lectures, in some of which the usual covert attacks were made on Romanism, Old-World Superstition, etc., etc. At first, Willie resented these attacks and resolved to keep away from such lectures in future; but, when his friends laughed at his objections, which they treated as a capital joke, he soon began to laugh himself at what the others called his narrow-mindedness and his old-womanish notions, generally, and was easily persuaded to go his way as before—not, indeed, rejoicing, for deep down in his heart there was a voice ever saying that the way he was going was the wrong one.

Of course, if poor Willie had been in the old-time habit of approaching the Sacraments once a month or so, and attending Mass on Sundays and holydays, this would never have come to pass. But these helps were wanting,—not only were the Sacraments neglected from the first, as the priest had written to Mary; but, after a while, the Sunday mass was rarely, if ever, attended, and so Willie was, perhaps, unconsciously drifting away into the dreary regions where religious indifference and world-worship alone prevail. Even his morning and evening prayers were no longer said as of old, for he found it more than he could do to kneel down and bless himself before the three others who occupied beds in the same room. When he did attempt it, missiles of various kinds were thrown at him; and roars of laughter greeted him. Not only that, but his "devotions" were made the subject of continual amusement for the other young men in the house, described

before him in the most ludicrous way, so that at length he himself joined in the laugh, and was fain to content himself with an "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," said low to himself when, half asleep, he stretched himself on his bed. Fortunately he kept even so much of his home-life and home-training. Had Willie been possessed of more moral strength or stamina of character he would either have held his ground against all odds, as many other young men do, or sought safety amongst his co-religionists, as the priest advised him to do; but he was *not* morally strong, and could not bring himself to seek a more congenial home. So things went on from bad to worse and Willie Lacy,—the son of pious, God-fearing parents, brought up in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere where the simple faith and heart-warm fervor of his race were the rule of life all day long and every day,—was gradually changing in the deadly blight of evil communication into a very indifferent Catholic.

The days of the Novena passed on peacefully and hopefully in the lonely abode of the Lacys. Mary had sought the powerful aid of her former teachers and constant friends, the dear Nuns, who eagerly promised to join in the prayers of the Novena. "And it will just end on the first day of May," said Sister Rosalie, "so, you see, Mary, we begin it in a good time."

IV.

It was the last day of the Novena, the 1st of May, so dear to the lover of ancient song and story. Evening had come, and the twilight shades were gathering while the pale crescent of "the young May moon" was sailing up the eastern sky.

Granny Lacy and her pretty grand-child were kneeling before the beloved picture. The Rosary was finished—the Joyful Mysteries, for the day was Thursday—and

Mary was just reading the Litany of Loretto from a prayer-book, her grandmother fervently making the responses.

Suddenly another voice joined in the oft-repeated "Pray for us!" Through the open door a figure entered, a shadow fell on the faint moonlight on the floor; some one knelt beside Mary, and an arm was thrown around her neck, and then around the old woman's. Their hearts told them who it was. The wanderer had come back to them.

"Go on, Mary," said Willie, soft and low, and Mary went on and the Litany was finished, Willie joining more fervently in the responses than had been his wont in his boyish days.

The prayers being over, the joy of the meeting was given free vent to.

"Thanks and praises be to God, Willie!" cried Mrs. Lacy, while Mary held her brother's hand and gazed with moist eyes upon his beaming face. "What does this mean? How did you get here, and in time for the close of our Novena, too!"

"And just because of the Novena, granny!—I see it all now," said the young man, with unusual solemnity. "For some days past I began to feel restless and uneasy. Night and day the thought of death and judgment and hell was continually in my mind, and the words that I so often heard in the Mission were constantly running through my head—'What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—Then I began to see what a dangerous way I was in, and what do you think I did? All at once this picture of yours—of ours—came into my mind, and I prayed as I never prayed before to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and she heard my prayer."

"Glory be to God!"—"And to Our Blessed Lady!" cried the listeners in one breath. "And what did you do then, Willie, dear?"

"Well! I just went straight to Father White and told him all. He took me into the church and I went to confession then and there. He advised me to leave Moore & Armstrong's employment, and said he knew of a place I could just have in a good Catholic house. So I just came home, like the Prodigal Son, to rejoice with you here over my conversion—for conversion it really is. I'm ashamed now to recall how far I had already gone in the way of indifference. And it frightens me, granny, indeed it does, to think of the precipice over which I stood. From this time forth I'm resolved, with the help of God and Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, to turn over a new leaf."

And he kept his word. After spending a few days at home, he went back to the city. Father White had the new place and the new boarding-house all ready, and he entered at once on the new way, or rather on the old way of his earlier youth. It is needless to say that, after that, some of his earnings were regularly sent home to Granny and Mary.

When next he visited his home, he made glad the loving hearts of the dear ones there by the happy news that he had not only become an Associate of the League of the Sacred Heart, but, furthermore, a Promoter. All his circles, he said, were clerks, like himself.

TO MARY, QUEEN OF MAY.

O Mary, Queen of Heaven,
Thy praise the Angels sing,
O Thou, high-throned in glory
At the right hand of the King.

Thy form is full of beauty
As thy soul was full of grace,
And we lowly bend before thee
As the purest of our race!

The Refuge of the sinner,
O Mother most serene,
The Angels, Saints and Martyrs
All hail thee as their Queen!

For, borne adown the ages
Is the sweetness of thy name,
And nations yet unborn
Shall magnify thy fame!

When in the vesper hour,
The time of peace and prayer,
We kneel before thine altar
And twine thy roses there.

And in the solemn silence
Our hearts find voice to pray,
That Thou wilt love and bless us,
O radiant Queen of May!

O kindly Star of Ocean,
Guide us o'er Life's dark sea
Until we reach thy haven
And dwell with God and Thee!

J. A. S.

PAUL DE MAISONNEUVE.

FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

“**I** KNOW a worthy gentleman from Champagne, who will answer your purpose.”

The speaker was Father Charles Lalemant, late Superior of the Jesuit Missions in New France; the person addressed was M. de la Dauversière, so intimately connected with the destinies of Montreal; “the worthy gentleman from Champagne” was Paul de Maisonneuve; and the purpose to be answered was the procuring of a suitable Governor for the Colony of Ville-Marie, then in contemplation.

All his biographers unite in declaring M. de Maisonneuve a valiant soldier and high-minded gentleman. At the age of thirteen he had already distinguished himself by his prowess in the wars in Holland. It is recorded that he led an austere and strictly Christian life in the turmoil of camps; as a chronicler quaintly puts it, “he learned to play upon the lute, that thus he might avoid unprofitable society.” “His virtue,” says Father Rousseau, “was the fruit of a manly and generous will, and of an obstinate struggle against frequent and dangerous temptations.”

But to Paul de Maisonneuve came the desire to leave behind him all this brilliant soldier-life of the great capitals, and to seek greater perfection in some distant settlement. He had an inspiration that New France was the field of labor which he sought. He opened his whole heart to Father Lalemant, who spoke the words above mentioned, and so impressed M. de la Dauversière that he went to lodge in the same house with our hero, that he might study his true character.

“I have no interested motive,” said M. de Maisonneuve. “My income is sufficient for my maintenance;

most heartily will I employ my fortune and my life itself in this noble enterprise. I am ambitious of no other honor than that of serving God and the King in the profession of arms."

Little wonder that M. de la Dauversière, M. Olier and their companions, who had been inspired to undertake the same project, looked upon the soldier of Champagne as a special help from God. Preparations were set on foot, and negotiations were entered into for the purchase of the Island of Montreal. Through the good offices of Father Lalemant, the Company of Montreal most unexpectedly obtained possession. This being confirmed by the King, Paul de Maisonneuve was appointed Governor of the colony about to be founded at Ville-Marie. A contingent of men, mostly unmarried, all capable of bearing arms, and many of them practical farmers or mechanics, was raised. A vessel was despatched from Dieppe; two others sailed from New Rochelle—one bearing the Governor, the other Jeanne Mance, who, with one or two companions, was to devote herself to the care of the sick and wounded.

The vessel in which the Governor had sailed met furious tempests, and was compelled to put into land. It was the last to reach Quebec, where it arrived on the 20th August of the year 1641. It is said that efforts were made at Quebec to dissuade Maisonneuve from attempting a settlement in the very midst of the Iroquois tribes; but the dauntless Governor of Ville-Marie replied: "What you suggest is good, if I had been sent to choose a post; but the Company has decided that I am to go to Montreal. My honor is at stake, and I must proceed thither to begin a colony, should every tree on that island be turned into an Iroquois." However, he deemed the lateness of the season a sufficient reason for remaining at Quebec, where some generous friends provided for the wants of the adventurous band, until the following spring.

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On the 8th of May, 1642, they sailed from Quebec; on the 17th, the first sight of Mount Royal was greeted with shouts of joy, hymns of thanksgiving and salutes of cannon. On the morning of the 18th, they touched the shore at Pointe-à-Callières, said to be near the present site of the Custom House. Leaping upon the land, M. de Maisonneuve fell upon his knees. His example was followed by all the others. The Jesuit missionary, Father Vimont, intoned the *Te Deum*, in which all joined with full hearts. Their hymns of thanksgiving disturbed the great stillness of that desert place. An altar was at once erected, and decorated by the loving hands of Jeanne Mance and Madame de la Peltrie, who had accompanied the party from Quebec.

As no oil could be had for lamps, small phials of clear glass, and little sconces, surrounded by a net-work, enclosing fire-flies, were hung before the tabernacle. "At night" says Sister Morin, "they gave forth a radiance similar to that produced by a number of little tapers burning together. Father Vimont having intoned the *Veni Creator*, said the first Mass in Ville-Marie, after which the Blessed Sacrament was left exposed during that first day of the city's life; "thus," says the chronicler, "putting our Lord in possession of these countries," which, indeed, had been already consecrated to God and Our Lady by the pious Associates of the Company of Montreal, assembled in Notre Dame de Paris.

On the 18th of the present May, two centuries and a-half shall have passed since that memorable day. Over the silence of two hundred and fifty years can be heard the solemn voice of Father Vimont, as he thus speaks to the new settlers in words which can now claim to have been prophetic: "What you see here, gentlemen, is but the mustard seed. Sowed by hands so pious and imbued with the spirit of zeal and of religion, doubtless, Heaven

must have great designs upon it. I am convinced that this seed shall produce a mighty tree that will accomplish great marvels—that will grow and extend everywhere.”

Such was the birthday of Montreal, and the opening in New France of the career of Paul de Maisonneuve.

A. T. S.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

 rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Still there may be much and very much in a name. The Holy Catholic Church recognizes this by giving her children in Baptism only the names of her saints, that they may imitate their holy patrons and enjoy their protection.

Of all names surely the name of Mary, the August Queen of Heaven, must be an auspicious one, as the following true sketch well help to show.

I.

“Reuben,” said Mrs. Grant, “baby’s nearly three weeks old and we haven’t thought of a name for her.”

“What would you like to call her?”

“Well, I’d like Mary.”

“*Mary!* Why there’s not one of your family or mine named Mary. My mother was named Naomi and her mother before her was Ruth, while your mother bore the good old Bible name of Dorcas. What put *Mary* into your head?”

“I’ll just tell you, Reuben, only don’t laugh at me. I was reading in the Testament on last Sabbath about the Mother of Christ. *Her* name was Mary, and the angel told her that she was “full of grace.” I thought what

a lovely woman she must be. Then when she was at the marriage at Cana, she was so kind to notice soon that they needed more wine. I like a woman to be kind and thoughtful, and there's an old superstition that children grow up like those they're named from."

"Well, that's pretty good reasoning, Esther. But for goodness' sake don't tell any of the neighbors whom you named her from. They'd think you'd turned Papist. The Papists believe that those saints they name their children after protect them from danger."

"I'm sure if such a thing is possible, the Mother of our Saviour would protect our child. She was so kind when she was on earth."

So the matter was settled and Mrs. Grant's baby was christened Mary. While the young mother looked at her sleeping babe the thought of the other Mary often occupied her mind and at length her longings took this shape: "If it is true that those in heaven can help us on earth, may the Mother of Christ protect my little one!"

II.

"Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Grant, putting her head in at the door of her neighbor's kitchen, "Reuben and I are going to prayer-meeting this evening. Will you just have an eye to baby? If your little Jessie is home she could run in and look at her now and then. I don't think she'll wake, but she might."

"Certainly, Mrs. Grant," said Mrs. Smith, who occupied a couple of rooms just opposite the Grants on the same flat; "I'll see that nothing happens her."

Esther and her husband set out, and after assisting at the prayer-meeting were returning home when they were startled by the cry of "Fire!"

"Oh, Reuben! what if it should be Gray's tenement? And the baby——"

"No fear, Esther. It seems to be further north, judging by the speed of the crowd." But further north it was not, and when they turned the next corner they saw flames pouring out of roof and windows of the tenement house in which their home was.

They quickened their pace to a run, and just as they neared the burning building they met Mrs. Smith, her little children clinging to her skirts in terror.

Esther grasped her arm. "And baby?" she shrieked.

"We just escaped with our lives," said Mrs. Smith hurriedly. "I carried my little boy and gave your baby to Jessie. She carried it safely down two flights, but on the third she slipped and fell and a fireman dragged her out insensible. She must have dropped——"

Esther waited to hear no more. She rushed forward and plunged into the burning building in spite of cries and warnings from the crowd and from the firemen, who were just abandoning the doomed house as the walls were about to fall. Just then a great piece of burning timber came down with a crash, while the remainder of the roof disappeared and the flames redoubled their intensity.

Meanwhile what had become of poor Esther Grant? She rushed in through the ruined doorway and groped along the hall. The burning staircase gave her enough light to distinguish the smallest object.

"Mother of Christ!" she cried, "she is named after you, save her!" Her eyes lighted on a little white bundle at the foot of the stairs. Just then a mass of burning timber fell, hiding it from her view. She sprang forward and thrust aside the blazing fragments, regardless of blistered hands, and picking up the precious bundle clasped it to her breast, then flying through the little passage she emerged from the doorway and fell unconscious to the ground.

A dozen hands raised her up and carried her to a place of safety, while the walls of the old building fell in with a crash.

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When Esther recovered consciousness her first thought was for little Mary, whom she found to be unhurt, and still sleeping peacefully, although the small blanket in which it was wrapped was scorched and discolored.

Even Reuben was somewhat impressed, although he did not altogether share his wife's enthusiasm about the evident grace attached to the child's name.

III.

"Mother," said Mary Grant one day as she ran in from school, "is it a sin to pray to the Virgin Mary?"

"Why, Mary?"

"Our teacher said to-day that the Catholics were idolaters because they pray to the Virgin Mary. Katie Rourke told me that she prayed to the 'Blessed Virgin,' as she calls her, every day. Do you pray to her, mother?"

Mrs. Grant rose and went to a little chest in a corner of the room and drew forth a baby's blanket, faded and discolored. Then she told Mary the origin of her name and the fate from which she had been saved. "I prayed to her that time, dear," she said, "and I never felt like an idolater." Mary sat thinking.

"Mother," she said at last, "don't you think when the Blessed Virgin did that for you and me that we ought to belong to the Church that honors her?"

This was a new thought, but that evening Esther took her daughter to Mrs. Rourke's to find out just what they thought about the Mother of Christ, as Esther always called her. Mrs. Rourke's explanation satisfied her so well that she undertook to get further explanations from the priest, good Father O'Donovan, and a few months later, when the May chimes were ringing out in honor of Our Lady, two Marys, mother and daughter, were placed forever under the protection of that dearest of Mothers, by the Sacrament of Baptism.

Reuben offered no objections, and later on he, too, became a member of the Church that honors the Mother of God.

S. M. C.

THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Rome.

LETTER OF CARDINAL PAROCCHI TO THE DIRECTOR
GENERAL.

Rome, Feb. 24th, 1892.

Very Reverend Father,

His Holiness accepts with much pleasure the homage of the Apostleship of Prayer; make it known to the whole Association.

I do not doubt that the Holy Father will as soon as possible give a Protector to the Apostleship worthy to succeed the lamented Cardinal Simeoni.

Meanwhile His Holiness sends his apostolic and paternal blessing to you, Father, to your helpers and to all the Associates of the Apostleship of prayer.

Your devoted servant in Jesus Christ,

LUCIDO-MARIA,

Card. Vicar.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Two speeches were lately delivered on the Temporal Power which have had echo throughout the Catholic world, one in England by the secretary of the Catholic Union. He considered the question of an independent sovereignty for the Holy Father as one of the dead past and fallen from the sphere of practical statesmanship. The English Protestant press at once took up the note and called forth a prompt and decisive answer from the Vatican semi-official publications. They expressed great surprise that a public man who called himself a Catholic should express and defend an opinion on

such a subject quite the opposite of that maintained by the Pope, also that he should hazard a public discussion of a question on which Catholics were united, and on the details and circumstances of which he was in ignorance.

The other speech was delivered by Judge Dunn in New York at the workmen's demonstration. The Archbishop who was present said: "It is the ablest, clearest and most elegant exposition of the subject which I have ever heard." He compared the Catholic Church spread over the world to the United States of the Union: each diocese like individual States is sovereign under a general government like that which exists at Washington. Who can form an idea of the amount of business done in a city in which is carried on the administration of over a *thousand* such sovereignties, each having its official tribunals, councils, boards with correspondence, appeals and visits far surpassing anything similar in any State of the Union? Now if the supreme government at Washington, in its own country, dealing with its own people, and a democratic people, insists on having a little tract of country to itself, the District of Columbia, which does not belong to any particular State, and over which it exercises full and independent control even in civil matters, giving its people no voice in the government thereof, what shall we say of the centre of administration in the Catholic Church, and of the right to insist on territorial independence not only from particular churches over which it holds jurisdiction, but much more from temporal and foreign sovereigns; also its right to govern, independently of the voice of the people, in that territory? It affects the interests as well as the honor of the particular churches and nations that she enjoy this right, especially since she possesses it on the most undisputed titles.

Germany.

As it had been foreseen, the Education bill so favorable to the Catholic principle of free religious education met with an explosion of hostile criticism from the atheistic, liberal and Protestant broad church schools. The Emperor and cabinet, notwithstanding outspoken declarations, have been forced to a back-down. The measure is withdrawn for the present, and non-sectarian school education will hold the field till further uprisings of socialism and anarchism will compel the government to come to terms again with the Centrists. The day is not far distant, judging from the recent outbreaks of European anarchism.

Norway.

Norway was one of the earliest countries torn from the Church by the Reformation, and so complete and lasting was the break, so severe the penalties excluding Catholicism, that only recently missionaries have been able to enter. It has remained like a glacial region withdrawn from the genial influence of the sun. Protestantism like a carcass was preserved whole by the ice in which it was frozen. But the light has at last penetrated, the light of preaching, of learning, of history, of religious inquiry, and with it the warmth, and behold the black monstrous form is beginning to give evidence of decomposition. "The number of Catholics has doubled in five years; Catholic marriages may be solemnized without the intervention of the civil authority; Catholics are partially relieved from taxes destined for the maintenance of the established church and schools. The Catholic churches are crowded with Protestants, the multitudes that flock to hear a Dominican Father lecture on religion cannot find standing room; Protestants subscribe enthusiastically to the support of the Sisters of Charity, and earnest Lutherans begin to despair of arresting the advance of the ancient faith."

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Ireland.

An Irish Education Bill lately introduced into Parliament bears proof that the powers of darkness are casting a wistful eye at the youth of the land of faith. One section regarding money distributions takes no account of the schools of the Christian Brothers, with the intention no doubt of freezing them out. They are thoroughly Catholic and thoroughly national—the outcome, in fact, of the genius and circumstances of the Irish people, consequently intensely popular. Another section introduces compulsory education for children of a certain age and class like that which prevails in England. Its trend is, as the Archbishop of Dublin has pointed out, to substitute state for church influence, the supervision and regulation of the police for the watchfulness and care of the parent and priest. His Grace maintains that the average school attendance in Ireland is far above that of England and Scotland, and that the influence of the clergy will prove far more effective than the interference of the distrusted and hated police.

Rev. Father Cullen, S.J., Central Director of the Holy League in Ireland, has published a Penny Temperance Catechism of 70 pages. It is perhaps the most complete treatise on the subject that has appeared, containing, besides the teaching of theology and science, the declarations of Bishops, Councils and medical men of note and lessons of experience. Address Rev. J. A. Cullen, "Messenger" office, 5 Great Denmark street, Dublin.



THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

Toronto, St. Michael's Cathedral.

At a bound Toronto is gone to the fore, distancing all our Canadian League centres. A Men's League of *seven hundred* with every prospect of soon reaching a thousand, a Ladies' branch of — we had better not give the number for fear of discouraging centres that have hitherto thought themselves something.

This consoling result is to be attributed to two causes—first the recent Lenten Pastoral of Archbishop Walsh, in which His Grace devoted a whole section to a full theological and historical explanation of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, exhorted his people to practice it, and strongly urged the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart in every parish of the archdiocese, "*for this Holy League of souls, banded together to promote the love of Jesus and the sanctification of souls, cannot fail to be an abundant source of God's choicest gifts to each parish.*" The second cause was a very successful retreat of a fortnight's duration, given by Father Francis Ryan, in St. Michael's Cathedral. At the close of the first week, for the men, says the *Catholic Review*, "nearly seven hundred men, mostly young men, gave in their names and addresses, received certificates and marched up to the altar rails to be decorated with neat Canadian badges.

"His Grace the Archbishop was exceedingly sorry he could not attend this most impressive ceremony.

"Much of this splendid and consoling success was also due to the very efficient aid of the officers of the League.

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the gentlemen Promoters. The intelligent interest and energetic zeal shown by them in enrolling members during the mission gave promise of excellent work in the future.

"When this splendid organization gets into working order, under zealous and active officers, it can easily and effectively be directed to any and every good work that concerns the physical, mental and moral improvement and progress of the young men of the Cathedral parish, and indeed of the city of Toronto. Such is one of the ways the Catholic Church practically and effectively answers the question: What shall we do for our young men?"

At the close of the second week's retreat, for women, Vicar General McCann took in hand the inauguration of a Ladies' Branch, which, of course, from the outset, far exceeded in number that of the men. The work of enrolling is progressing rapidly. Let us hope that the Toronto Cathedral Branch, by its efficient organization under zealous and active Promoters, will continue to hold its commanding position.

Alexandria, St. Margaret's Cathedral.

The League of the Sacred Heart was established in the Cathedral of St. Margaret at a mission given here last fall by the Oblate Fathers. Since that time it has made steady progress, and to-day counts sixty Promoters with circles, thanks to the encouragement it has received from His Lordship Bishop Macdonell, and to the active zeal of Father McKinnon. The *Messenger* is read with eagerness, and contributes much to the interest which Promoters and Associates take in the work.

On the evening of the 20th April, the day of blessing for the new magnificent convent of the Rev. Sisters of the Holy Cross, the Rev. Central Director preached a doc-

trinal sermon on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. Though the weather proved very inclement, the stormiest of the season, there was a full attendance of the Associates of the town and a considerable number of Protestants. All followed the preacher with the closest attention and interest. If any came with the belief that God created some to damn them they must have gone away with views considerably altered after hearing the object of the devotion explained.

His Lordship Bishop Macdonell presided at the ceremony, which closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Rev. Local Director of St. Raphael's officiating. The altar shone resplendent with myriad lights, and the music at evening as well as in the morning was of rare excellence.

PROMOTER.

Ottawa, St. Patrick's.

From the time of its establishment the League of St. Patrick's has not failed to be productive of the best results. This has been chiefly due to the edifying regularity with which exercises have been held and meetings attended. On the first Friday of the month, there are from three to four hundred communions besides the Communion of Atonement in sections on the different Sundays. In the evening the Rev. Local Director holds the general meeting of Associates, at which he preaches on the monthly intention and gives benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. By this time rosary tickets and *Messengers* are delivered and every Associate is provided, thanks to the meeting of Promoters held on the previous Sunday, the last of the month, when Promoters receive their supply of one rosary set and three *Messengers* for every circle. The intentions dropped into the box at the door of the Church are taken

out at the end of the month and the sum is sent to the Central office after being read at the first Friday meeting. One of the greatest fruits gathered at St. Patrick's is the amount of good done by the Promoters on their monthly visit to their Associates. It gives them occasions for the exercise of all the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, which they are not slow to profit by.

Since the recent mission this centre has shown greater activity than ever, six new Promoters having been received into the Promoters' Council. The Men's League also have added largely to their ranks, bringing the number up to about five hundred. The men of St. Patrick's would not hear of a League that was not a temperance association. Hence they exact, besides morning offering and five communions, an anti-treating pledge in case the total abstinence pledge was not already taken.

Father Whelan has united under the simple and effective organization of the League all the works and devotions of the parish, that being in fact the only organization infusing its life and energy into every institution.

Montreal, St. Gabriel's.

JUVENILE LEAGUE, APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

Academy of St. John the Evangelist.

Oh, dear Rev. Father, the little *Messenger* and the League do much more good than we had ever expected they could. Our young Promoters are very zealous, and all are faithful to the Three Degrees. The children are longing each month for their "Sacred Heart story." It gives me much pleasure to send you the Treasury from the English Department of our Academy.

REV. SR. SUPERIOR C.S.C.

PROMOTER'S PAGE.

“**I**F we could only place a bunch of real flowers before the Blessed Virgin's statue every day this month, I should be so glad,” said one of the prattlers in a Messenger May story. Well, it is in the power of every Promoter with a little exertion to lay at the feet of the real Queen of Heaven every day during the coming month a wreath of the most precious and delightful flowers. The Holy League has its form of devotion to Mary in the 2nd Degree or Rosary decade, and in the union of fifteen such decades or mysteries in a perfect crown.

It ought to be the care of Promoters to complete lists, fill up vacancies, distribute Rosary tickets and use their influence with associates, that every day the wreath may go up full and entire. Of course each decade or mystery has its value independently of the others, just as every flower has its own fragrance; but surely the Promoter who arranges the flowers, giving to each its appropriate place, and entwines them in a wreath of perfect beauty, will win from the Queen a smile of special favor.

From the 2nd Degree results the simple but effective organization of the League. It is not a crowd which one joins, but an immense praying army in which the members are carefully enlisted and disciplined to duty, and distributed in companies and detachments under worthy and skillful officers, themselves subject to direction. Each soldier has a place in the ranks assigned every month by the Rosary ticket, and receives the word of command from the Chief to attack and carry some fort or defend some position described in the Monthly Intention.

This organization may promote other good works taking care, however, to keep itself disentangled from their special organizations, burdens, practices, etc. A League Promoter may promote a parochial library, she cannot, however, make subscription to the library a condition of admittance to the League or to her circle.