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MESSENGER ITEMS.

In Churches and Oratories in which special exercises of piety are held in honor of the Divine Heart, with the Ordinary's approval, on the morning of the First Friday of each month a Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart may be added, with *Gloria, Credo* and one prayer (Decree March 20, 1890), provided there occurs on that day no Feast of our Lord, nor double of the first class, nor a privileged Feria, Vigil or Octave.

The *unica oratio* of the decree excludes even the *oratio imperata*. The reason is that the *oratio imperata* is to be omitted in solemn Votive Masses celebrated *sub ritu primæ classis*. The Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart here referred to, if not a solemn Votive Mass, is still to be celebrated as if it were.

Questions are asked from time to time with regard to the First Friday Mass, hence we publish the substance of the Papal Rescript and of the Decree given by the Sacred Congregation in relation to the rite of the Mass. Nothing has been determined concerning the "special exer-

cises of piety" which are to be performed, the choice of them is left to the discretion of the pastor.—*American Messenger.*

Some of our Local Secretaries are not yet aware that the Intention and Treasury Reports should be added up, and only one sheet sent to this office. We have been receiving lately all the private intentions of several parishes, just as they came from the Intention boxes. This method may lighten Secretaries' duties, but it adds more to our work than we can reasonably undertake.

And Local Secretaries should kindly see that the names of their respective centres are written on the reports sent to us. Very often, the only clue to the centre whence a letter comes is the postmark on the envelopes, and when that fails us, though the Intentions are recommended to the prayers of the League, receipt cannot be acknowledged in the "Correspondence" columns.

The Promoters and Associates of an important Ontario centre earnestly ask the other members of the League in Canada to aid them in making a success of a novena in honor of the Canadian Jesuit martyrs, Fathers Brebeuf and Lallemant, who were killed for the faith by the Iroquois, in the neighborhood of Penetanguishene in 1649. A very special favor is asked for; if granted, the readers of the *Messenger* will hear more about it.

How pleasing it would be to the Heart of Jesus if our little Promoters and Associates, leaving convents and schools, would keep up the work of the Treasury during the holidays, and bring back with them a record of "Masses heard," "Prayers recited," "Acts of charity," etc., for the September Treasury of the MESSENGER.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY.

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

Catholic Guilds for Masters and Workmen.

TOWARDS the close of the last century the impious framers of the *Declaration of the Rights of Man* had in the same breath sanctioned the silly formula of Turgot. "The root of the evil lies in the very faculty granted to the craftsmen of a same trade to assemble and coalesce in a body corporate." This allegation was the very reverse of the truth, and implied an infringement of the Natural Law. But as tradesmen's guilds were then organized under the parental authority of Holy Church, and would have barred the way of the Revolution in its career of crime, it must be acknowledged that, under the circumstances, the leaders of that political and social movement were perfectly consistent. They annihilated therefore with one stroke of the pen those magnificent organizations of guild and wardenship of trade-corporations which, for six hundred years, stood guard over the prosperity, peace and domestic honor in every tradesman's home throughout the breadth of the land. And what then befell the working classes in those countries which followed in the wake of the revolutionary movement? As Mr. Gauthier

asserted in the French Chamber of Deputies, on June 12th, 1883: "The Revolution, after compassing the ruin of the time-honored corporations, set up nothing in their stead. Social up-heavals followed, and strikes were of frequent occurrence." All this ended disastrously, especially for the workmen. In the greater part of modern workshops and factories of countries once Catholic to the core but now honeycombed by secret societies, the tide of immorality rose to such a height that the Free-thinkers themselves stood aghast.

Is it then to be wondered at that in European Catholic countries, after the dismal experience of a whole century, an irresistible impulse impels the world of labor to reconstitute those beneficent and needful societies, without which the toiler, too weak in his utter isolation to cope with the capitalist, is ground down and worked on the "sweating system" by his unchristian and unfeeling master?

Freemasonry, which in France, in 1791, ruthlessly wiped out the workingman's guilds, so intermeddled in their reorganization as to control them and use them as a lever against society and religion.

Serious-minded men, instinct with purely religious considerations, and who have mastered the details of this question of the hour, will readily see how imperative the duty is to come to the relief of the workingman, and to rescue him from the tentacles of the monster.

In England the charters of many guilds dated back to the tenth century. In fact, during the Anglo-Saxon period the whole laboring population was virtually banded together in one vast system of guilds. But it was under the second Henry that they reached the height of their power, and celebrated their festivals with all the pomp and pageantry borrowed from royalty itself. Their members figured at coronations and state festivities robed in gaudy liveries. Nor was their importance to be

gauged merely by outward show as occasion offered, but they enjoyed political privileges which ranked them among the powers of the land.

At the time of the so-called Reformation they, like other institutions cradled in their infancy by the Church, lost their distinctive Catholic character, and little by little their power waned, until, in 1835, legislation wrested from them the most powerful means of protecting their members against competition in trade, by cancelling their exclusive privileges of close-corporations.

Since that period in England, as on the Continent, their place has been taken to a great extent by trades' unions. With the latter we are more familiar, and know how cautiously the Church has acted when appealed to to extend to them a formal approval.

Leo XIII has mapped out for us our course: "A helping hand," the Pontiff says, "must at any cost be extended to those who painfully earn their livelihood by their daily toil. They should be enrolled in lawful associations, lest they be enticed into evil ones. We earnestly wish that everywhere, under the auspices and patronage of Bishops, associations and guilds be re-established, and adapted to the wants of these later times."

And to guide us in this needful work of adaptation, the Pope himself, with marvellous wisdom, in his recent masterly Encyclical on the *Condition of Workingmen*, has sketched the main outlines we are to follow.

It is well to be reminded that already elsewhere a great number of masters and workmen have reaped from these revived corporations such marked advantages that they find all their painstaking endeavors as pioneers in this meritorious crusade repaid a hundred-fold. But, we repeat, every good Catholic should take a more or less active part in the work: the clergy, secular and regular, the upper classes and those whose labor is their only capital,

the craftsmen themselves and their masters. Even pious women are in a position to promote the work.

Let each carry cheerfully to the rising structure his brick or stone or handful of sand if nothing more. There should be no drones, but all should be busy about the hive.

Count De Mun, the great champion of Catholic interests, at the Liege Congress, sounded the true note: "The social question," he said, "is not to be solved by mere formulas; a generous and persistent effort is needed, and this effort is a true devotedness,—otherwise, the giving of one's self to the task."

Now, since the recently constituted guilds everywhere rally—and we note it with supreme satisfaction—round the standard of the Heart of Jesus; since Catholic masters have already, and in great numbers, formally consecrated themselves to the Divine Heart in His sanctuary at Montmartre; since, in fine, this work of modern regeneration has been honored with the title of *The Social Crusade of the Sacred Heart*, it behooves our beloved Associates and Promoters to march in the van and to distinguish themselves by their doughty deeds.

Let them speak to the masses, in season and out of season; for, as a master-mind has well put it, "the people are with the one who speaks to them, and they heed every utterance which wells up from a heart in touch with the Heart of Christ."

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that Catholic guilds for Masters and Workmen may obtain greater extension throughout the world. Amen.



FOR LOVE'S SAKE.



SOMETIMES I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care ;

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art ;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day just like another !
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah ! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife !

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
 That time is flitting away
 With the self-same round of duties
 Filling each busy day,
 It comes to my spirit sweetly,
 With the grace of a thought divine :
 You are living, toiling, for love's sake,
 And the loving should never repine.

You are guiding the little footsteps
 In the way they ought to walk,
 You are dropping a word for Jesus
 In the midst of your household talk ;
 Living your life for love's sake,
 Till the homely cares grow sweet—
 And sacred the self-denial
 That is laid at the Master's feet.

ANON.

Assuredly, the method of instruction which proposes to deal with the knowledge merely of natural things and ends of this life, of society on earth, by this very fact withdraws from truth revealed by God, and must, of necessity, glide into a spirit of error and of lies. And the education that, without the help of Christian doctrine and of the Catholic discipline of morals, would train the tender minds of youth and their hearts which, without these supernatural aids, are like melted wax, ready to be stamped with vice, cannot fail to bring forth a progeny that will be moved only by depraved appetites and selfish motives, to the overwhelming disgrace both of private families and of the republic. Therefore youth are exposed to the greatest dangers unless their instruction is coupled by the closest tie with religious teaching.—PIUS IX, Letter to the Archbishop of Friburg.



A BUNCH OF JUNE ROSES.

A. T. S.

A bunch of June roses, heavy with fragrance, rich, ruby red in coloring, stood upon a table in a gorgeously appointed drawing-room. Their perfume filled it with exceeding sweetness, mingling with the odorous breath of flowers and trees, which came in through the windows opening on the veranda. Costly trifles were everywhere displayed about the room, Turkish rugs covered the parquetted floor, and reclining upon a couch, propped by luxurious cushions, was a woman, whose wasted form and pallid face bespoke, one would fancy, the near approach of death. Her eyes were closed, yet she seemed to listen to the words spoken by a man, who sat in an arm-chair close by. His voice was grave, and his face wore an expression of anxiety, even of suffering.

"Isabel," he said, "you can hardly fancy the pain it gives me to tell you that my resolution is unalterable. I must refuse your request."

"You have the heart to refuse me *now*, Maurice, to refuse me *now*," said the woman, opening a pair of beautiful violet eyes, and fixing them upon his face, "when death is probably so near me, when I shall be leaving you for ever; and after all, it is but a trifle."

"A trifle! My God, Isabel, can you call such a matter a trifle. Heaven knows I am, I have been indifferent enough. But this is a case wherein my conscience will

not allow me to yield. Our daughter must and shall remain a Catholic."

"Must and shall, Maurice," she repeated, awed nevertheless by his earnestness. "These are strong words. Now, as far as I am concerned, I have no deep-rooted religious opinions, but it would be decidedly more advantageous, socially, at least, for Beatrice to be brought up in the Church of England. She can be as High Church as you please, and then her aunt will leave her her fortune."

"To sell my child's soul for a fortune, for respectability! no, Isabel, never."

She looked at him curiously, as he went on:

"I am not a religious man, I have given you, I fear, very poor example; but oh, Isabel, it grieves me to the heart to hear you talking in such a manner, when, there is no disguising the fact, you are in actual danger of death. Can I do nothing, Isabel? Is there no way I can help you from this darkness to light?"

He was surprised at himself. Long afterwards, he was wont to ascribe his fervor upon this occasion to a Badge of the Sacred Heart which his sister, a nun, had lately made him promise to wear. His wife lay quite still, looking at him with the same half-wondering expression. Handsome, gay and worldly, a favorite at clubs, on the race-course, in ball-rooms, at the dinner table, this Protestant wife, when he had married, never dreamed of the deep current of living faith which had remained under the cover of an apparently callous worldliness. She had heard Maurice excel in witty repartee, in the refined badinage of the drawing-room, in the good story at the dinner table, but she had never heard him speak with such force and feeling and directness before. These Catholics were curious people, she reflected, and something like a half-formed wish arose in her heart that Maurice had talked

this way sooner and oftener ; a half-formed wish that she, too, could believe and feel.

The sound of a light pattering step upon the threshold and over the floor, and Beatrice stood beside her, glowing with excitement, her childish face flushed with pleasure, her blue eyes actually dancing with delight.

"I have been over to the nuns, and they were so kind, and they gave me this for you. They said for you to put it on, and that perhaps it would make you well, or that anyway it would make you love the Sacred Heart."

She thrust into her mother's hand as she spoke a tiny Badge of the Sacred Heart, at which the sick woman looked long and earnestly, without speaking.

"Oh mamma, I wish you could see the chapel to-day," continued Beatrice, fairly breathless in her haste to describe the beauties she had seen ; "it is so lovely. It is the 1st of June, and so there are lots of flowers and lights, and a red lamp burning before the altar and a picture of God—the Sacred Heart. And the nuns were singing there a hymn to the Sacred Heart, and everybody was saying prayers, and——"

The child's eyes, roaming restlessly around the room, caught sight of the roses in the bowl upon the table.

"Now, I would like to bring some of those roses over to the chapel and put them before God's picture," she said earnestly. "They are red, just like the Heart in the picture."

"Bring me the bowl, dear child," said the mother, gently, and she chose the most beautiful cluster, and gave them to Beatrice.

"Take them over to the nuns," she said, "and tell them to put the roses before the picture you are so fond of."

The child, kissing her mother, darted out of the room to fulfill the welcome commission. The father, who had attentively observed all that had passed, said quietly :

"Isabel, would you really wish that child to become a Protestant?"

And his wife, after a moment's struggle, said softly: "Perhaps it is best as it is. We will let her aunt's money go."

II.

But she could not let go from her mind, as she lay there alone, after her husband had gone, the scene which her little one had conjured up, and the look upon the child's face as she spoke. The childish imagination, so pure and true, had added a glow to the landscape, and given to the crude sketch a subtle depth and truthfulness. The chapel, with its lights and flowers, the Tabernacle wherein these people, including her husband and child, believed that a God reposed, the light burning before it, and the picture of the Sacred Heart. It haunted her, do what she would. She looked at the pictures on the walls, the water-colors, engravings, etchings, which had cost such an amount of money. She looked at the carvings and decorations, at the curious chairs, at the rare china, at the Venetian mirror. These things represented almost every land under the sun. They reminded her of mornings in Rome, of sunsets in Florence, of dawns upon the Alps, of moonlight nights on the Lagoon at Venice. They told their tales of journeyings in Palestine and sails upon the Bosphorus, of ancient Spanish cities and of drives in the Bois de Boulogne. But they told her nothing of that world towards which she might be hastening—the world, to her so dark and mysterious, beyond the grave. A strange anxiety took possession of her, and at the same time an intense desire to see that convent chapel and the picture of the Sacred Heart. If ever she were well enough—but there was little chance—she would go there, she would hear the nuns singing and watch the people praying. The scent of roses would somehow be inseparably con-

nected henceforth with all that the child had told her, and she felt a curious satisfaction that some roses sent by her were actually breathing out their fragrance, spending their sweetness, as it were, over there in the convent chapel.

III.

June was at its close. Its warm, bright days and long exquisite nights were presently to give way to sultry July. Its roses, its sweet sounds and sights and smells would soon be of the past. In the gorgeously appointed drawing-room were gathered once more together husband and wife and child. Isabel, no longer reclining upon the couch, moved about the room, with just enough of the languor of an invalid to serve as a reminder of her late serious illness. Great changes had taken place in that little family. The husband, once so worldly and careless, had become an earnest, practical Catholic.

Ever since the memorable conversation upon the subject of their child's religion he had striven to impress his wife by the strongest of all arguments,—good example. He had become a regular frequenter of the Sacraments, had caused his name to be inscribed as an Associate of the League, at the same time asking prayers for his wife, and had proudly displayed his Badge whenever opportunity offered. Meanwhile, the lessons of that first afternoon of the month of the Sacred Heart had sunk deeply into the wife's heart. It had forcibly impressed her, that her husband, so worldly and careless, should upon a question of faith be willing to make so great a sacrifice. She knew it had pained him to refuse what she then had believed to be her dying request,—he who had never refused her anything.

Then the child had come with so sweet an expression upon her face, and had told her that simple child-

story which had so lingered in her imagination. She had pondered over the strangeness of it all, that this child of hers, who had never been anywhere, who had lived her whole life in Canada and spent her time principally with her Catholic governess and the nuns, should know many things of which she, the accomplished, the travelled mother, was ignorant.

Then there had been the episode of the roses repeated every day, a bunch of most beautiful crimson ones being sent each afternoon for the altar of the chapel; and the wearing of the Badge. She had worn it, and to its application, as well as to the constant prayers offered up by the nuns, and to the prayers of the League, both she and her husband ascribed the change which shortly took place in her health.

On this particular morning, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the invalid had gone out, almost for the first time, and had knelt with her husband and child at the altar, in the convent chapel, to receive her First Communion. Some changes had been made in the drawing room as well. A statue of Our Lady had replaced one of the finest bits of sculpture, and where the choicest water-color had hung was a picture of the Sacred Heart, before which Isabel had just placed, where the sunlight brought out their warm red color, a bunch of June roses.

Within a century after the death of St. Patrick the Irish seminaries had so increased, that most parts of Europe sent their children to be educated there, and drew thence their bishops and teachers. By the ninth century, Armagh could boast of 7,000 students, whilst Cashel and Lismore vied with it in renown.—BISHOP NICHOLSON.



LAST VOYAGES AND DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

(CONCLUDED FROM THE MAY MESSENGER)

COLUMBUS was still haunted with the idea that his mission was not yet accomplished, and that other lands remained to be discovered. On the 30th May, 1498, he set out on his third voyage. Before leaving the port, he made a vow to honor with the name of the Trinity the first land he might discover. On the way the sailors were horrified to find their supply of water almost exhausted. Whilst the Admiral was invoking the Blessed Trinity for aid, a servant by mere accident descried from the masthead far away to the East the summits of three mountains. It was the land which Columbus so long desired to find. What appeared most remarkable was that the three peaks seemed in a mysterious way to symbolize the Blessed Trinity, whose name he had pledged himself to give to the first land he would discover.

They were now near the delta of the Orinoco ; but before reaching the shore, the Admiral was attacked by a serious disease, which prevented his enjoying the happiness of being the first to land in the newly discovered country. This honor was reserved for his pious and trusted captain, Peter de Terreros.

But the joy Columbus experienced in discovering this new land was sadly changed when he learned of the state of affairs in the Spanish colony of Hayti. Crowds of

greedy adventurers had flocked into the Island, who, by cruel injustices, excited the natives to revolt. These disorders gave the enemies of Columbus at home apparent grounds for accusation, which finally brought about his ruin. The king, who was never his warmest friend, listened readily to the stories, but the queen still remained faithful. At length, a number of natives were taken captive and sent as slaves to Europe, without the knowledge of Columbus. This was contrary to the queen's express command—not to take his liberty from any native. She did not feel she could conscientiously defend a man who had openly disobeyed so sacred a command, so she consented to have Bobadilla sent to America with all the powers previously conferred on the Admiral.

From the moment of his arrival Bobadilla persistently refused to see his rival, and at once established a kind of court, before which the charges against Columbus were examined. All kinds of witnesses were admitted—Spaniards whose greedy and avaricious designs Columbus had thwarted: discontented natives, who thought it an opportunity for wreaking revenge on the Europeans by maligning their chief—all flocked to the mock trial, and the testimony of each was received without demur. Columbus was denied the right to speak in his own defence. After some time spent in this parody of judicial procedure, he was declared guilty of a capital offence. Bobadilla, not wishing to take upon himself the responsibility of having him put to death, ordered him to be sent a prisoner to Europe.

In the month of October, the great Admiral, who had done so much for Spain and for humanity at large, was placed in chains on a Spanish vessel. On the 25th of the following month, he who a few years before was received on landing with almost royal pomp, who was hailed with

applause such as had never before been equalled in Spain, found no one to welcome him, and could count on nothing but the tokens of blackest ingratitude from those to whom he had rendered such eminent service.

When the news of his arrival reached Grenada, where the king held his court, the latter ordered a sufficient sum of money to be sent to enable him to present himself becomingly. Both king and queen expressed the deepest sorrow on hearing of the unworthy treatment to which the Admiral was subjected. They promised to have him re-instated as Chief Admiral; but owing to political intrigues, Ferdinand refused to confirm anew all the privilege he had formerly promised him.

Instead of wasting time in trying to regain his former rank, the Christian hero humbly reconciled himself to his degraded position, and henceforth thought only of how he could best spend the few remaining years of his life in promoting the glory of his Heavenly Master. He wrote to the people, asking permission to choose collaborators for the work of spreading the Gospel in the boundless regions which he had discovered during his last voyage.

On the 9th May, 1502, Columbus, with a convoy of four vessels and a force of one hundred and fifty men, set out on what was destined to be his last voyage to America. The indignities heaped upon him by the upstart officials who had taken his place were too numerous to mention. He pardoned all, and with the love of God burning in his heart set to work to devise suitable means of spreading the Gospel among the natives. Whilst engaged in this work, everything seemed to conspire to defeat his object. Unwholesome and insufficient food brought on disease, and to this were added the savage attacks of the Indians. When he seemed about to yield to despondency, he was aroused one day from sleep by a voice chiding him for his

want of faith and courage in his efforts to serve his God. "O man!" it said, "how slow to believe and to serve the Lord your God. The Indies have been given you with leave to do with them what might seem to you best. By the difficulties you have surmounted you have become famous among Christians. God has done more for you than he did for the people of Israel in leading them out from the land of bondage, or than he did for David in raising him from the lowly condition of a shepherd to that of a king. Turn towards Him then, and lament your pusillanimity, for His mercy is boundless."

"I listened," he said, "as one without life and without strength to reply; I could only bewail my short-comings, while the voice continued: 'Do not fear, have confidence, all these trials are graven on marble and are not sent without good reason.'"

The days of Columbus were now all but numbered. The great work God had intended him to do was accomplished. Before starting for Spain he learned the death of the great Isabella, whom he mourned less as a faithful friend than as a Christian and Catholic sovereign. He arrived at Palos on the 7th Nov., 1504. In spite of the eminent services he had rendered to Spain, he found himself without a home and with scarcely means to purchase the bare necessaries of life.

What afflicted him most was not his poverty nor the neglect which was shown him, but the barbarous treatment which was inflicted on his beloved Indians, whom he hoped by mercy and Christian charity to win over to Jesus Christ. He saw the Holy Sepulchre, which he had so ardently longed to rescue, abandoned to the Mussulmans, and the holy places desecrated which had been consecrated by the presence of Jesus Christ.

With saddening thoughts at the abiding profanation weighing heavily on his mind, the great servant of God

felt his end approaching. On the 20th May, 1506, in a small room of an obscure inn, surrounded by his family and a few of his friends, he lay in the throes of death. Before breathing his last he asked to be clothed in the robe of a monk, and a few moments after receiving the last sacraments of the Church, he expired.

Thus ended the life of the greatest man of his time—one who had done more for his country and mankind in general than any who were to come after him. What rendered his character especially admirable were the noble Christian sentiments that actuated him in all his undertakings. He spent his life in doing good to his fellow-men, and, like his Divine Master, whom he so faithfully served, was rejected and spurned by them in the end. But the voice which assured him that his deeds were written on marble, and that they would render him famous throughout Christendom, have been amply verified by the verdict of history. To-day his name is known and honored in every civilized country; his praises are being proclaimed by countless eloquent tongues.

The New Continent which he discovered invites the Old to join in celebrating his great achievement, which stands out unrivalled in its all important results in the history of mankind. An achievement which was destined to profoundly modify the destinies of whole nations, and eventually to redound, through the expansion of the Catholic Church, to God's greater glory upon earth.

T. G.

LINES ON A DECEASED PRIEST.

Breathe not his honored name,
 Silently keep it.
 Hushed be the saddening theme,
 In secrecy weep it.
 Call not a warmer flow
 To eyes that are aching :
 Wake not a deeper throe
 In hearts that are breaking.

Oh! 'tis a placid rest ;
 Who could deplore it ?
 Trance of the pure and blest,
 Angels watch o'er it !
 Sleep of his mortal night,
 Sorrow can't break it ;
 Heaven's own morning light
 Alone shall awake it.

Nobly thy course is run ;
 Splendour is round it.
 Bravely thy fight is won,
 Freedom hath crowned it.
 In the high warfare
 Of Heaven grown hoary,
 Thou art gone like the summer sun,
 Shrouded in glory.

Twine, twine the victor's wreath,
 Spirits that meet him !
 Sweet songs of triumph breathe,
 Seraphs that greet him !
 From his high resting-place
 Who shall him sever ?
 With his God, face to face,
 Leave him forever.—CALLANAN.



A LITTLE NEWS GIRL.

I.

“**W**HAT paper to-day, sir?”



“Same as usual, my dear. No,” with a smile, as the child was about to return the change, “keep it. The *Telegraph* is worth a nickel to me.”

“Thank you very much, sir.”

Katie had never quite understood Mr. Crosby. To pay five cents every time you bought a three cent paper! If it were the *Ledger*, now. People had to buy that to find out who was dead. It seemed very strange.

Mr. Crosby was Katie's best customer.

“He'll never get rich if he keeps on that way,” she predicted. “But I guess he's well enough off already.” She looked admiringly after the carefully-dressed, handsome man. Then she thought of her father, and sighed.

Mr. Crosby practised law on Sixth Street below Walnut. Across the way was Washington Square. Here the bright, clean, cool grass; the giant shade-trees, in which birds sang blithely; the clear-voiced, rosy-checked, romping children made a pleasing picture.

Near the Locust Street entrance to the square, morning and afternoon, rain or shine, Katie Kernan stood selling newspapers. It was wearisome work, and she had little heart for the trees or the grass. The graystone coping

dividing them from the sidewalk was well enough to lean against when she grew tired, or wanted to count her unsold papers; that was all. She did not dare to go home before she had "sold out."

To-day was particularly trying. Late afternoon, and there had been only two or three buyers. "Pop will be in a bad humor to-night, too. His wages are always gone by Friday. I might as well make up my mind to stay here till dark." She touched the string of her scapular, and said a prayer for protection to the Help of Christians,

Katie looked down at her shabby shoes. "I wish I could get a new pair, but I can't. The baby's to be christened Sunday a week, and he'll need a cloak and a cap. Nothing's too good for him." Katie's pretty face lighted up at the thought of the chubby little brother at home in his mahogany cradle. "I guess he's napping about this time."

But what was this at her feet? She stooped and picked up a thin book bound in pink paper. Who could have lost it? She soon learned: on the front cover "Maurice Crosby" was written in a bold hand.

"It's Mr. Crosby's. He's dropped it in his hurry. I'll keep it for him till to-morrow. 'The Sacred Heart Almanac.' I didn't know he was a Catholic."

Katie turned the leaves of her "find." Everything interested her. She read our Lord's Promises to Blessed Margaret Mary again and again. Could she have expressed her feeling, she would have said that the Ninth Promise had something personal, something precious for her: "I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored."

Katie clasped her hands, and a wistful look came into her blue eyes: "Oh, I wonder would He—would Jesus help Pop and Mom? I could take the money to buy the picture out of my 'bank.' There's twenty-five cents. I guess that would get one."

II.

It was nearly dark. In the square a grass-scented, bluish mist began to rise; fireflies (Katie called them "lightning-bugs") shone and faded among the tree-shadows. The frolicking children, with their hoops and roller-skates, had all gone away.

The Help of Christians never forgets. Katie had disposed of her last paper, and felt very thankful. She dreaded the streets after nightfall. Didn't terrible men, wearing rubbers so that you couldn't hear them, push boys and girls into chloroformed canvas bags, and sell them to the Jefferson Medical College? And no one ever heard of you afterward.

Katie, shuddering, hurried homeward. She lived in — street. At that time two thirds of its dingy, tumble-down houses were occupied by vicious and criminal whites and blacks. Here and there was a family the head of which earned his living by honest labor. A strangely chosen place for self-respecting people, the majority of whom—God pity them!—were Irish Catholics. But so it was.

A buxom colored woman, wearing a purple print gown and a bright bandana, stopped Katie at the entrance to the street. "Yo' be car'ful, honey. Yo' paw's been beatin' yo' maw agin. She hollowed murdah, an' all de little tackahs (children) run ovah to my house. Yo' paw taken de Bible out wid him. Yo' maw she fainted. Yo' kin come ovah wid de othah tackahs ef yo' gits skeered. Walk right in widout knockin'."

Katie had become very pale. "O, Mrs. Royer! I was afraid Pop would. The police couldn't have heard Mom holler, do you think?"

"No, honey, I reckon not. Don' yo' be skeered 'bout dat, dough, so long's yo' paw wa'n't taken up (arrested). But de law! heah I'm keepin' yo', an' yo' maw 'spectin' yo' ebry minute!"

Katie thanked her kind-hearted informant, and in fear and trembling went up the gloomy, ill-smelling street. She found her mother waiting for her in the door-way.

"You're cryin', darlin'. What's the matter?"

"O Mom! Mom!" Katie sobbed. "Emeline Royer's just told me about Pop. Where has he gone?"

Mrs. Kernan drew the child in and closed the door. "I don't know. God forgive him! He took the Bible with my marriage certificate in it. In a South Street pawnshop it is by this time." She broke into violent weeping. "O Mother of Jesus! Did I ever think I'd live to see this day? Him that has a good trade,—the builders say there's no better bricklayer in Philadelphia,—to sell the Word of God for drink! The Book blessed by Father Barbelin,—Lord have mercy on his soul! And to be livin' in this den of thieves out of pure contrariness, because I said it was no place to bring up children! And him raisin' his hand to me whenever the fit takes him! Ah! it's punished I am for neglectin' my duties. No confession from year's end to year's end. And 'tis the same with him. Look at the five of you children. Never a decent shoe to your foot nor a rag to your back for Mass or Sunday-school. Sure, it's heathens we've been,—the pair of us,—and it's comin' home now." She covered her tear-stained face with her hands, and wailed despairingly.

"O Mom! don't! don't!" pleaded Katie, tears dimming her own eyes. "Sit down here in the rocking chair. I've got something to tell you."

"That I will, darlin'. Sure, if I hadn't my Katie to comfort me my eyes would never be dry. But first, you run over to Emeline's for the young ones. I'll get them to bed before your father comes in,—if he does come. They've had their supper. I'd go myself, but I don't want her to see my black eye."

Katie was soon back with the little ones,—two sturdy

boys and two fair girls ranging from three to nine years. They trooped obediently up-stairs after their mother, and speedily forgot their fright in sleep. When Mrs Kernan came down, Katie nestled in her lap and drew forth Mr. Crosby's almanac. She read aloud our Lord's Promises to Blessed Margaret Mary. When she had finished the Ninth, Mrs. Kernan, thrilling with a new hope, cried eagerly: "Say that over again, darlin'."

Katie did so. "Why couldn't *we* try it, Mom?" she asked softly.

Mrs. Kernan kissed the questioning young face. "How did you guess *my* thought, darlin'? Sure, you're sensible past your twelve years. Yes, we'll get a picture, and may the Sacred Heart help us! And now, you go to your bed, pet. I'll wait up for your father."

Katie left her mother telling the beads of her rosary. Mrs. Kernan's conscience had been awakened at last—doubtless by a quickening ray from the perfect Heart which she had just invoked.

It was after twelve when Kernan came in. Frequent potations had not improved his temper. He leered at his wife aggressively, "Drunk again, Cass." He waited for reproaches. There were none.

"I think I'll go to bed, Mike. Do you want anything?"

His eyes followed her in unjudgin surprise. Hadn't he struck her only a few hours back? and here she smiled at him! That was what a fellow might call friendliness, and no mistake. "You're a brick, old woman." He offered her his hand.

Mrs. Kernan touched it gently.

"I can't make you out to-night, Cass. Something's the matter."

"Never mind, Mike dear. We'll talk it over to-morrow."

Kernan staggered upstairs.

An impulse she could not resist constrained Mrs. Kernan to prayer. She knelt in her narrow kitchen till the warm June dawn flushed the East.

III.

A balmy, cloudless afternoon. Katie's heart beat lightly. She was thinking of the Ninth Promise. She knew a cheap Catholic bookstore. As soon as her papers were gone, wouldn't she have one of those pictures! What did she care now for the troubles of yesterday? Of course, she felt sorry for her mother; for her father, too. But hadn't she said the Litany of the Blessed Virgin last night, and wouldn't that set everything right? Her heaven-born child-faith whispered "Yes." The Bible,—that wouldn't be lost, either. And forthwith, for the twentieth time, she sent up a fervent petition to St. Anthony.

Here came Mr. Crosby! Katie took the Sacred Heart Almanac from its tissue-paper wrapping. "You lost this yesterday, sir," she said, handing it to him.

Mr. Crosby handed it back. "Thanks, my dear. You may keep it. I have another."

There was something else to speak about. Katie hesitated. Would he think her forward? Her mother had not objected to her asking him.

Mr. Crosby noticed her embarrassment. "What is it, Katie?" he inquired kindly.

"Why, Mr. Crosby, why"—Katie blushed at her boldness—"there's a little baby at our house. He's a boy. He hasn't been christened yet; he hasn't any name; and I thought—we'd like—if you wouldn't mind—to call him—to have him christened Maurice."

Mr. Crosby smiled. "Why, Katie, I wish you would. That will be all right. If you do, I hope that he will be a better man than his namesake." He slipped a bank note into her hand. "Tell mother to buy the little fellow something nice with that."

Katie drew back in dismay. "It—it's five dollars, sir! Thank you very much; but Mom wouldn't like me to take all that."

"Then," warned Mr. Crosby, with assumed seriousness, "you mustn't name Baby after me."

Katie was not convinced, but before she could make further remonstrance Mr. Crosby was out of sight.

That evening Katie bought the Sacred Heart picture, had it blessed by one of the Fathers at St.—'s, and straightway set it on the "parlor" mantel.

IV.

A week passed. Mrs. Emeline Calantha Royer remarked over the back fence to her next-door neighbor that the world must be coming to an end. "Lemme tell yo' why, Solferina Bildew Jones. Dat Mike Kernan's been sobah dis heah hull week. Don' tell me people can't let rum alone ef dey wants ter. An' Mis' Kernan she 'gimmin' ter luk real peart;—dat is," qualifying, "she will when her black eye goes."

Solferina Bildew fingered the brass handle of the hydrant meditatively. She was deep in a big "wash,"—for "one ob de mos' ristercratic fam'lies on Walnut Street," she proudly informed Mrs. Royer. "Hit's cert'n'y quare, Emeline. Dere's Mis' Hergdon—dis wawsh is her'n. She's a *strick* Cat'lic. Her son Percy he iuk ter drink. Cook tol' me. His maw got a Cat'lic pickchah—I fo'git de name—an' put it in Mars' Percy's room. Hit change like cunjerin' (conjuring). He done stop drinkin'. Hates liquor now."

Emeline laughed,—her guess truer than she dreamed: "Reckon Mis' Kernan mus' ha' got one, too. Whatevah 'tis, I'se mighty glad. She's a clevah woman, an' her Katie's jis' sweet."

V.

"Well, Cass, I've found a nice little house for us," Kernan said that night,—the first Saturday in years that he had been sober. "Please God, we'll be out of this rat trap, by Wednesday next. It's down near Tenth and Dickinson."

Mrs. Kernan gave him a grateful look. "Anywhere, anywhere, Mike, away from this." The forgiving, kindly Jesus! How quickly He had rewarded the setting up of the little picture! "Let us begin over again, dear. We haven't lived as we should; we ought to have had a 'Sacred Heart' to start with. There's no luck where there's no God."

"I know it, Cass. Something has made me see things differently the past week. I've been a brute to you. You might have dressed in your silks if I had done what was right."

Mrs. Kernan's lips quivered. "Never mind, Mike. We'll forget all that. We're not old yet. And haven't we the children? We'll send Katie to school now, too, Mike,—the poor child, with her feet out of her shoes! She'll not be wanting things after the baby is christened. I know that"

Kernan leaned over and kissed her. "You're too good for the likes of me, Cass," he said, huskily.

Mrs. Kernan smiled through her tears. "Don't say that, Mike dear. Sure," gayly, "I wouldn't have let you put the ring on my finger if I had been."

Mr. Crosby misses Katie's winsome face and sweet voice, but is glad to know that she is at the head of her class in the parochial school.

Master Maurice has developed into a fine-looking tyrant with a few teeth and many yearnings to talk.

His mother, happy in her new home, feels that she will ever associate his baby-days with the blessed presence and providing of the Sacred Heart.—*John Acton in the Pilgrim.*



SUM AND SUBSTANCE OF THE APOSTLESHIP.

FROM FATHER RAMIERE'S APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The very name of this work, the League of the Sacred Heart Apostleship of Prayer, sufficiently declares its main-spring, its chief means of action, the sword with which it arms all who enlist in the holy crusade that is to hasten the triumph of God's cause in the world—it is *prayer*.

But prayer here requires a power which the fervor of each separate Christian taken alone would not give it,—the power which must come from *association*.

Such association has need of some bond of union. This league of prayer must have a leader. Who can be the leader of a crusade undertaken for the salvation of the world? What can be the bond of union among hearts united together in order to bring down grace by their prayers unless it be the Heart of Jesus, Who without ceasing prays in the Holy Tabernacle that divine grace may come down to us from Heaven?

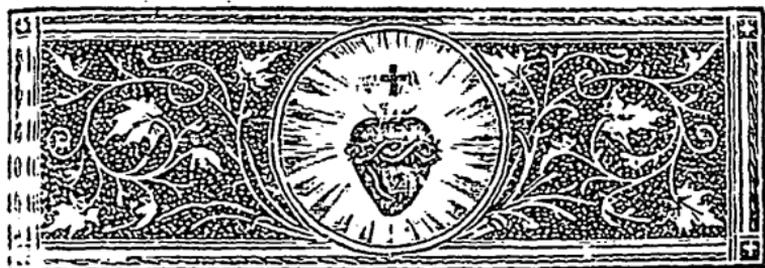
Thus, *prayer*, as the chief means of action; *association*: as the prime condition of the power of prayer; *union with the Heart of Jesus*, as the life-spring of association: these are the elements to which this Apostleship owes its strength.

What did St. Paul ask so urgently from the first faithful, and in their person from Christians of the coming

ages? Prayers for the salvation of all men. And does he ask that these prayers shall be offered up to God by individuals separately? No, they are to be prayers in common—prayers issuing forth from all hearts, uttered by all lips, and mounting up to Heaven like those vapors which rise up all together from each point of the ocean, to shower down fertility on the dried up fields. But again, is this prayer in common to be merely human prayer? No, it is to be the prayer offered through the only Mediator between man and God, and become divine by passing through His Heart. These are the desires of the Apostle. The Apostleship of Prayer is simply the realization of these desires.

In the Holy League there must be distinguished two Apostleships, and consequently two separate companies, as it were, though closely united under the same discipline. These are the Associates and the Promoters.

The rank and file of simple Associates practise the Apostleship of Prayer by uniting their daily supplications with the unceasing pleading of the Heart of Jesus in heaven and in the Tabernacles. This is the Apostleship of *intercession* in union with the Divine Heart. The staff of Promoters, over and above this, practise the Apostleship of the Sacred Heart by spreading its life and devotion among Christians. This is the Apostleship of *action* for the interests of the Heart of Jesus.—*American Messenger.*



PAUL DE MAISONNEUVE.

FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

Part II.—(*Concluded from the May number.*)

The destinies of Montreal had been confided to no ordinary man. A Christian of exalted sanctity, a soldier of unusual prowess, M. de Maisonneuve united in himself those qualities of firmness, of self-command, of prudence and of fortitude, which enabled him to fill well and nobly the onerous post assigned him and to endure the toils, the vicissitudes and the perils upon which he was now to enter.

Ville Marie at first consisted of some rude huts, palisaded as a means of defence. But, in the course of a few years, numerous buildings were erected: a house for the governor and other dwellings, an hospital, a school, and various fortifications, such as that of *Ste. Marie* and others, which bore the names of saints, one also, called "*The Redoubt of the Infant Jesus.*"

A chapel was early erected,* where the Jesuits, who,

*The temporary chapel, half hut, half tent, had been erected in May, 1642. The Blessed Sacrament was borne to the new permanent chapel (about ten feet square), on the feast of the Assumption of the same year. It was a frame structure, adjoining Mlle. Mance's hospital, and was used both for conventual and parochial services. In 1657, a new stone church (50 x 24 feet) was commenced, and was ready for divine service towards the close of 1658. This one also was used by the sisterhood of the Hôtel-Dieu,

for the first fifteen years of the colony's existence, were its spiritual pastors, said mass and administered the sacraments.

The residence of the Jesuits at Ville Marie was called that of the Assumption, and there two of their Fathers constantly ministered to the growing needs of the settlers as well as to the Hurons and Algonquin neophytes, as is related by Father Ragueneau in a letter to his Superior, dated 1651. On the same occasion he bears witness to the little difficulty they found in dealing with the French colonists. "Never," he says, "did minds seem more sympathetic, so cordial are they in their dealings with us and we with them. Father Claude Pijart, the meekest of men, and wholly devoted to God's service, is Superior there, and succeeds admirably in his office."

The Register of the parish of Montreal, from 1642 to 1657, gives the names of the following Jesuits, who acted as its pastors:—Fathers Joseph Antoine Poncet, Joseph Imbert Duperon, Ambroise Davost, Gabriel Druillettes, Isaac Jogues, Jacques Buteux, Paul Le Jeune, Adrien Daran, George d'Eudemare, Jean Dequen, Pierre Bailloquet, Charles Albanel, André Richard, Simon LeMoyno. Claude Pijart.

In the ranks of these first pastors of Montreal were two martyrs, the illustrious Father Jogues, martyred by the Indians in 1646, and Father Jacques Buteux, who also died by their hands, May 10th, 1652. Others amongst

to whom it belonged, and by the parishioners. The first parish church, properly so-called, was begun in 1672 and was completed by November, 1678. It was built of stone, and stood on the Place d'Armes. In 1830, it was demolished to make room for the present vast structure, Notre Dame Church.

Bonssecours Chapel, the second of the name, was the first stone sacred edifice built on the island of Montreal. The first, in wood, dates as far back as 1659; the second was blessed in 1673; and the third, still existing but restored, on the 30th June, 1773.

them had endured captivity, torments, ill usage at the hands of the savages. All had with rare generosity exposed their lives for the faith.

Meanwhile, as the Jesuits labored at Montreal for the spiritual welfare of the white settlers no less than for the aborigines, and Maisonneuve continued his care for the temporal interests of the colony, the assaults of the Iroquois became more and more furious. These assaults, indeed, marked the history of Ville Marie from its beginning.

"The Indians," writes Father Ragueneau, "do not care much about making it their abode, as the settlement is too much exposed to the attacks of the enemy, who is constantly hovering around."

Nothing but the courage and invincible determination of the Governor could have saved the settlement from destruction. During the long struggle with the Iroquois, fiercest of all the tribes, many were the feats of valor performed, such as those of Lambert Closse, Dollard, and that of Maisonneuve himself, who, issuing from the Fort with a small detachment of men, put to flight some two hundred of the enemy, killing the chief with his own hands.

Nor are martyrs wanting. The heroic Father Leonard Garreau, a Jesuit, who came to Canada in 1650, while proceeding to the Upper country to preach the Gospel to the savages, was, on the 30th August, together with his party, waylaid by the Iroquois at the Lake of Two Mountains. A musket ball shattered his spine, and in this condition he was carried back to Montreal, where he died on the 2nd of September. His obsequies were performed the next day by Father Claude Pijart, and his remains laid to rest in the burying place set apart for priests upon the grounds of the old Hôtel-Dieu.

Many years later, on the 24th June, 1661, M. Jacques

LeMaistre, a Sulpician, who had come to Canada in 1659, while heroically endeavoring to divert the attention of the Iroquois from the laborers, whose work he had been directing, was slain, and his head carried off into the Iroquois country.

In October of the same year, M. Guillaume Vignal, also of St. Sulpice, was killed by the Iroquois at Isle St. Pierre, to the regret of the inhabitants of Ville Marie, by whom he had been greatly esteemed.

During all these troublous times, Maisonneuve had his moments of despondency, such as that, wherein, going to Europe to seek for aid for the colony, he declared that he would never return unless he could bring it relief. While in France he applied for aid to the munificent Duchesse de Bouillon, who had been already the patroness of the Hôtel-Dieu and other holy foundations in New France. Maisonneuve gives the following account of the colony. Here are his own expressive words:—

“The country,” he says, “is a great one, and Montreal a strong island, suitable to be a frontier. It would be a deplorable necessity for us to be compelled to abandon these extensive countries, leaving none there to proclaim the praises of Him who is their Creator. However, that land is a place of benediction for all who go there. Its solitude combined with the peril of death, where war is ever imminent, causes even the greatest sinners to live there in a manner most edifying, being models of virtue.”

Ville Marie was, in fact, on the testimony of the Recollet Father Leclerc, called “the holy colony.” By the wise and prudent regulations of the Governor, which he drew up in ten ordinances, the good dispositions of the inhabitants and the unremitting labors of the clergy, vice was almost entirely banished thence, and men and women lived with monastic fervor.

"The Governor," says Father Rousseau, "ever ready to take the initiative, responded to every fresh evidence of growth by new institutions, encouraging progress, vigilantly preserving the purity of morals, rigorously repressing scandals which proceeded from without. An upright judge, he regulated disputes, maintained peace and concord, watched over the honor of families, and by his wisdom and the impartiality of his judgment making exception of none."

His visit to France was so successful, that he returned with a contingent of eight hundred men, at a time when the country at large was reduced to the last extremity, by the fury of the Iroquois. His arrival was made the occasion of public rejoicings at Quebec, where he was hailed as the "liberator of the country."

He continued thenceforth to pursue his policy of internal improvements, devoting attention to agriculture and husbandry. By his wise and conciliatory tactics he strove to maintain good relations with the savages, particularly the Algonquins and other tribes, who were amenable to kind and generous treatment.

In 1657 the Sulpicians first came to Montreal, four of them accompanying De Maisonneuve on his return from France, whither he had gone once again in the interests of the Colony. The vexed question of spiritual jurisdiction was brought to a happy conclusion by the letters patent of the Archbishop of Rouen, dated March 30, 1658. He recognized both the Abbé de Queylus and the Superior of the Jesuits as his Vicars General. To the former he allotted the Island of Montreal, the Superior to retain the city of Quebec and the Missions as previously.

Father Chaumonot of the Society of Jesus established the confraternity of the Holy Family, which has since spread over the whole of Canada. Such was one of the works accomplished by this veteran laborer in the evan

gical vineyard. He died at the age of eighty-two, having spent fifty-four years of his life as missionary to the savages of Canada.

Very early in the history of Ville Marie the existence of the town was threatened by floods, which continued with increasing violence, until the Governor made a vow that if the waters subsided he would plant the cross on the summit of Mount Royal. His prayer being heard, he prepared to carry out his promise with religious ceremonies. The whole town being assembled, it was on the Feast of the Epiphany, following the arrival of the colonists, Maisonneuve was solemnly installed as "first Soldier of the Cross." He took upon his own shoulders the heavy Cross, and whilst a band of pioneers cleared the way, he proceeded, followed by the clergy and almost all the inhabitants, the latter bearing an altar and other articles necessary for divine worship, to the very summit of the mountain. Hymns and canticles were heard as the procession passed along. On the heights Father du Perron, the Jesuit, said Mass, and all received Communion. The Cross was planted upon the summit, and there remained until it was torn down by the Iroquois. It was a darling project of M. de Maisonneuve to build a chapel afterwards upon this site, to replace that Cross, so long a place of pilgrimage, and to be dedicated to Our Lady, to whom "these countries belonged."

This is an instance of the picturesque incidents which abounded in those days so full of faith, and in a career so replete with heroic detail as that of de Maisonneuve. Not the least glorious page in his own personal history is that of his withdrawal from the post of Governor. Through blind and unreasoning prejudice, as it now appears, he was retired, as incapable of commanding at Montreal. He never questioned the rigor of the sentence nor the terms in which it was couched. He regarded it

as an indication of the will of God, and retired to France, where he lived, obscurely, for eleven years, in a modest dwelling in the Parish of St. Etienne du Mont, Paris. He took nothing with him, even making over to the Hôtel-Dieu a debt which was owing to him. At first, he accepted a modest stipend from the Seminary of St. Sulpice, but shortly devoted this likewise to charity. Once, when Canada was in dire distress, he raised one hundred men at his own expense, who, on the testimony of the Marquis de Denonville, proved the salvation of the country. This was his final service to the colony to which he had rendered so many services. The news of his death soon after went over the seas to his beloved Ville Marie. His mission as "founder of Montreal" ended with his seventy-five years of devoted labor, but the historian remarks, that "it is difficult to understand how the Marquis de Tracy could have deprived himself of his enlightenment, his experience and intelligent and intrepid co-operation on the very eve of an expedition against the Iroquois." For he possessed, in truth, all the finest qualities of the soldier, with the prudence and wisdom of the tactician.

A model of disinterested virtue, Maisonneuve was worthy to have belonged to the knightliest age of Christian chivalry. Having, under the direction of Father Lalemant, S.J., and, it is said, by the advice of the inspired Marguerite Bourgeoys, taken a vow of perpetual chastity, he gave his whole life, with all its aims, its interests and its powers, to the noble end of serving God and country, and of aiding in the evangelization of the natives. The twenty-five years of his rule have been happily called "the golden age" of Ville Marie. Well may the inhabitants of Montreal raise a monument to the first, as he was the greatest, and holiest of all its Governors, "the knight without fear and without reproach," Paul de Chomodey de Maisonneuve.

A. T. S.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Catholics of Winnipeg presented an address to the bishops who were on their way to the Pacific coast. In his answer, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel congratulated them on their courageous assertion of their rights, and informed them that the University of Ottawa had conferred the degree of LL D. on Mr. J. E. Barrett, as a grateful acknowledgment for the services he had rendered to the Catholic cause



The new edition of St. Ignatius Loyola and the Early Jesuits, by Stewart Rose, is a sumptuous book. The illustrations have been made especially for this work. They are an integral and beautiful part of a beautiful book, and merit a special study as they give a special delight of their own. Perhaps no better estimate could be made on the text than that which came from the critic of the *Times*, who seems to have read the work conscientiously. He declared it was not a life of St. Ignatius at all, but a piece of fiction in which a beautiful and powerful man was put forward in place of the diabolical genius known to Protestants as the first Jesuit. It never occurred to the critic that perhaps the Protestant conception of Loyola is the wrong one.—*Cath. Review*, N.Y.



The "Freedom of Worship Bill" which was passed lately by the New York legislature, will prove an inestimable boon for the poor little Catholic waifs picked up by the proselytizing sects, and hurried off to Randall's Island, there to be brought up as Protestants. Children of even well-to-do Catholics were sometimes kidnapped, and for years lost sight of by their sorrowing parents. When once committed, they were denied the help of the

sacraments, as no priest was allowed to perform any distinctive Catholic function within the precincts of that bigoted institution. As far back as the beginning of the seventies, upwards of 900 Catholic children were there incarcerated. The New York Catholic Union thereupon commenced its agitation in view of their emancipation. Year after year bills were presented at Albany, but without success until the present session of 1892. This tardy act of justice puts an end to a great iniquity; though the defeated bigots have declared their intention of carrying the case into court. The prayers of the League are asked for most earnestly that their discomfiture may be complete, so that the Sacred Heart may find grateful worshippers among these poor little persecuted Catholics.

THE LEAGUE'S PROGRESS.

Dartmouth, N.S.

The Holy League was recently established in Dartmouth, N.S., at the close of a mission given by the Jesuit Fathers. About forty ladies of the parish were enrolled as promoters. The preliminary meeting was held in St. Peter's Church, on Sunday, May 22nd. The pastor, Rev. Chas. Underwood, presided. The election for officers took place with the following results:—Mrs. Paul Farrell, President; Miss Maggie Downey, Secretary; and Mrs. Durney, Treasurer. No better choice could have been made. The well-known devotedness of these ladies to every good work, the untiring zeal of the pastor, who since his advent to Dartmouth has worked such wonders for religion in this important parish, are the best guarantees for the spread of the devotion of the Sacred Heart and for the ultimate success of the work of the League.

St. Patrick's, Montreal.

As an outcome of the great Paulist mission held during the last weeks of Lent, the League of the Sacred Heart was introduced into this parish. The enthusiasm with which it was received proves how happily inspired were the reverend Sulpician Fathers. They have taken the best means to keep up the spirit of piety in their flock revived during the magnificent lenten mission. Father McCallen's zeal is producing excellent results; and the *Messenger* extends felicitations.

Brighton and Wooler, Ont.

The League found its way into these two parishes during the month just past. Wooler took advantage of the establishment to make a General Communion, and thus inaugurated with unusual pomp the Third Degree of the Apostleship. The zeal of the pastor, Father McCloskey, is responsible for this happy state of things.

Moncton, N.B.

On Tuesday, May 29th, at the close of the Jesuit mission, the first meeting of the promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart was held in Moncton. Rev. Henry Meahan, the zealous pastor, took the chair, and about thirty-five ladies expressed the desire of becoming promoters. The following ladies were elected officers of the Moncton Branch: President, Miss Hamilton; Secretary, Miss Lottie O'Neill; Treasurer, Miss Annie Hamilton. The League material was distributed, and the good work of enrolling associates begun.

Everything augurs well for this enterprising centre. Fruits of zeal and piety shall soon gladden the hearts of both pastor and people.

St. Michael's, Toronto.

There was a very impressive ceremony at St. Michael's Cathedral last evening. In spite of the hot weather, the church was crowded, and his Grace the Archbishop presided at the ceremony. Fifty promoters of the Men's League of the Sacred Heart received diplomas of office and crosses of honor at the hands of Archbishop Walsh. Each of these promoters presides over a band of fifteen members, thus making the Men's League a very strong Catholic organization.

Father Ryan preached the sermon of the evening, and the Archbishop, who had already held two confirmation services in the city during the day, after blessing and conferring the crosses and diplomas, delivered a most impressive and eloquent address to the officers and members of the League. "This is the age of organizations," the Archbishop said; "the various classes, professions and trades combine for their respective ends. All such combinations are legitimate and praiseworthy when their objects and their means are lawful; but even the best of such organizations aim only at things of earth, and end with time. This magnificent Catholic organization of the League of the Sacred Heart is united for the greatest cause that can enlist the thoughts and sympathies of men—the salvation of souls and of society. Two great powers contend for the mastership on earth—Satan seeks the ruin of souls and of society, whilst Christ the King sets His Heart on the resurrection and the salvation of both. United with that Sacred Heart of the Saviour of men, this organization of the League in its glorious apostolate continues the work that the Master began." The Archbishop hoped to see this great society of the League established in every city and parish of the diocese. Vicar-General McCann and Father Ryan assisted the Archbishop at the ceremony of blessing and conferring the diplomas and crosses.—*Toronto Globe*, June 13.



IN THANKSGIVING.

ACTON.—A lady thanks the Sacred Heart, according to promise, for the recovery of a mother and brother.

BRANTFORD.—In fulfillment of a promise made, I desire to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a special favor received.

FALLS VIEW.—Special thanksgiving for a lawsuit settled and a position obtained.

KINGSTON.—Thanks returned to the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained.

LONDON.—Thanks, according to promise, are returned to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a person who was dangerously ill.

MONTREAL.—Special thanksgiving for the conversion of a young man who was addicted to drink.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart through the *Messenger* for a brother's recovery from a serious illness.—Also for the grace given to two young men to make the Mission.—Thanks through the *Messenger* for having sent my brother a better situation.—Thanks for the recovery of a valuable document.—A lady Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for three very special favors received, with promise to publish in the *Messenger* if granted.

ST. THOMAS.—Thanksgiving for a great favor received, with promise to acknowledge it in the *Messenger*.

POINT ST. CHARLES.—I promised, if I obtained a situ-

ation, I would publish a thanksgiving in the *Messenger*. I began a novena to the Sacred Heart; on the sixth day I got what I was looking for.

WINNIPEG.—Thanks for five favors received.

SWANTON, VT.—In token of our gratitude and fulfillment of a promise, we desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a Protestant brother-in-law, after twenty-five years of seemingly unanswered prayers and three years of monthly recommendations to the prayers of the League.

He was attacked by a serious illness, and we made a Novena of Reparation of daily Communions for his conversion, promising another of thanksgiving of Nine First Fridays, and to publish it in the *Messenger*. Before the end of the Novena he made his profession of Faith, and received the Sacraments of Holy Church. He is now a fervent Catholic, thanking the Sacred Heart for the inestimable graces conferred upon him.



Urgent requests for prayers for special favors have been addressed to the Central Director from Swanton, St. Thomas, Quebec, Parkdale, Windsor Mills, Burlington, Almonte, Owen Sound, Kingston, Toronto, Granite, Mont., Montreal, Penetanguishene, and Prince Albert.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

PETERBORO.—Holy Angels, Brighton, Ont.

“ St. Alphonsus', Wooler, Ont.

HALIFAX.—St. Peter's, Dartmouth, N.S.

ST. JOHN.—St. Bernard's, Moncton, N.B.

TORONTO.—Precious Blood Monastery, Toronto, Ont.

INTENTIONS FOR JULY

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

- 1.—F.—*The High Priest Aaron*. Seek God Always. 21,196 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—S.—*Visitation B. V. M.* Care in choice of Companions. 12,5,6 Afflicted.
- 3.—S.—*The Most Precious Blood*, a. † g. † r. † Value your Soul. 7,933 dead associates.
- 4.—M.—*S. Valentine, C.* Freedom from sin. 13,166 special intentions.
- 5.—T.—*S. Michel de Sanctis*. Pray for Schismatics. 1,788 communities.
- 6.—W.—*S. Isaias, Prophet*. Love of Candor. 19,742 1st communions.
- 7.—T.—*S. Cyril and Methodius, Bp.* MM. h. † Horror of worldliness.
- 8.—F.—*St. Elizabeth, Queen*. Love the poor. 9,744 Employment and means.
- 9.—S.—*SS. Zeno and Comp.* MM. Guard the Tongue. 3,814 Clergy.
- 10.—S.—*Seven Brothers*, MM. Pray for Piety. 45,700 Children.
- 11.—M.—*St. Pius I, Pope, M.* Spirit of Sacrifice. 22,446 Families.
- 12.—T.—*St. John Gualbertus, Abbott*. Love your enemies. 16,395 perseverance.
- 13.—W.—*St. Anacletus, Pope, M.* Loyalty to the Holy See. 6,553 Reconciliations.
- 14.—T.—*St. Bonaventure, Bp. D.* h. † Love of Jesus. 31,404 Spiritual Favors.
- 15.—F.—*St. Henry, Conf.* Trust in prayer. 15,755 Temporal Favors.
- 16.—S.—*Our Lady of M. Carmel*. Wear the Scapular. 12,168 Conversions to the Faith.
- 17.—S.—*St. Alexius, Recluse*. Shun boasting. 26,923 Youth.
- 18.—M.—*St. Camillus of Lellis*. Pity the Sick. 6,180 Schools.
- 19.—T.—*St. Vincent of Paul*. Charity in all. 11,650 sick or infirm.
- 20.—W.—*St. Jerome Emilian, C.* Fear the Judgment of God. 34 Missions.
- 21.—T.—*St. Praxèdes, V.* h. † By God's Mercy. 75 Spiritual Work.
- 22.—F.—*St. Mary Magdalen*. 21 Sorrow for Sin. 1,519 Parishes.
- 23.—S.—*St. Apolinarius, Bp. M.* Renew the Morning Offering. 34,879 Sinners.
- 24.—S.—*St. Christina, V. M.* Pray for Canada. 20,838 Parents.
- 25.—M.—*St. James, Great Ap.* b. † Love of our Lady. 4821 Religious.
- 26.—T.—*St. Ann, Mother B. V. M.* Pray for Christian Mothers. 1,972 Church Students.
- 27.—W.—*St. Pantaleon, M.* Frequent the Sacraments. 1,549 Superiors.
- 28.—T.—*St. Nazarius and Celsus* MM. h. † The Daily Decade. 5,672 Vocations.
- 29.—F.—*St. Martha, V.* Help pious Works. 10,009 Promoters.
- 30.—S.—*SS. Abdon and Sennen*. Love the Sacred Heart. 29,940 Special Intentions.
- 31.—S.—*St. Ignatius, F. S. I.* Seek the Great Glory of God. The Directors.

†=Plenary Indulg. · a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard Honor or Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Merit; p=Promoters; r=Rozary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

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