



THE MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

HOW fitting that the Month of the Sacred Heart should end in the month of the Precious Blood! Does not the Blood that flowed from the Saviour's side tell us as naught else could tell how the Sacred Heart of Jesus loves us? It is St. Thomas Aquinas who describes that tender Heart as wounded for our sins, and pouring out through the opening in the side of Christ its Precious Blood, to testify the excess of His love and to inflame the tepid hearts of His disciples. That Precious Blood is the price which the Heart of Jesus paid for our redemption. And what a price! Blood was demanded by God in all time as satisfaction for sin. "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission." The Blood of a Man-God was the infinite price demanded by the infinite justice of God in atonement for the infinite malice of sin. "Men," says St. Augustine, "were held captive by the devil, enslaved to the demons. They sold themselves, they could not redeem themselves. The Redeemer came and paid the price; He shed His Blood, and ransomed the world. The blood of Christ is the price. What did it purchase? The whole world." Aye, one drop of that Precious Blood could purchase the world and a thousand worlds. Yet

He shed it unto the last drop, to show the excessive love of His Sacred Heart, and that there is "with Him plentiful redemption."

That Precious Blood tells us our own worth, the real value of life and the use we ought to make of it. Not the whole world could stand in comparison with a soul, nor could all its riches buy a life. "Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold or silver, but with the Precious Blood of Christ as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled." "For you are bought with a great price, glorify and bear God in your body." Soul, body, life, all have been bought by Him. All are His by the clearest and dearest of titles—purchased by His Blood. All must be used and employed for His service. And yet how many useless, aimless, frivolous, empty lives! Alas, how many sinful lives for whom that Blood was spilt in vain? And would it were only in vain!

Finally, the Precious Blood tells us the boundlessness and the intensity of the happiness in store for us. The splendor and magnificence of the mansion must be an equivalent of the price paid for it. How could the bliss purchased by the most Precious Blood of an Immaculate Lamb be but such as eye of earth hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived! Short the trial, the struggle, the suffering; eternal the reward! "These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and the Lamb shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away the tears from their eyes."



GENERAL INTENTION FOR
JULY, 1891.

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

CATHOLIC DOCTORS.

HATELY we have had occasion to speak of men who turn literature, science and art into sources of moral corruption. More guilty than the mixer of the fatal cup, they make it their profession to poison souls and strangle the life of peoples. We have this month to speak of a profession which, not indeed amongst ourselves, but abroad, figures in the foremost ranks of the anti-religious and anti-social war so fiercely raging in countries suffering from a decline of faith. In those countries it is the unenviable privilege of the medical profession to carry the banner of dogmatic materialism, which, by denying the very existence of the spiritual substance of the soul and the operations of spiritual life, cuts away the foundations of faith in God and a future state, and of

all moral responsibility. Because they cannot reach the soul with their lancets, dissecting knives and chemical agents, they deny the reality of its existence! as if forsooth our grasp of necessary truths, self-consciousness, free-will and the world of facts within us, which transcend all the forces of matter, were not enough to set beyond doubt the existence of the soul, its wondrous capacities, its immortal destiny, and those obligations which make the world within the most real and awful of realities.

Ruinous as are their principles to faith, who can tell the ravages on the holiness of Christian morality that doctors devoid of faith and the restraining power of religious convictions are capable of? Who can count the number of their victims even among the guileless and the innocent? "I declare," said Joseph De Maistre, "I prefer infinitely the highway assassin against whom one can go armed, or call for help, and who is sometimes-caught and hanged, to the immoral physician."

Without going so far, we have only to reflect on the consequences of irreligion, indifference and ignorance of Catholic faith and practice on the part of the Doctor, to realize what an immense mischief they must cause to souls. The Christian, enlightened by the teachings of faith, sets the first importance on the timely reception of the last sacraments as helps over the dread passage to eternity, and considers timely warning the most pressing duty of all who are around the sick bed. To defer what in so many cases are the only chances of heaven, till the last chance of earth is beginning to vanish, is the extreme of rashness and sheer cruelty. How often is not the eternal as well as the temporal life of the patient in the physician's hands? How often has he not to fulfill the office of priest as well as of physician? Should he make light of the soul and its future state, set the interests of time above eternity; should he, to flatter or

to please, to spare feelings, and avoid what he might consider needless alarm, conceal the danger; should he, to kill physical pain, benumb the faculties of the soul in its death wrestle with the powers of hell, or extinguish them amidst the graces which fall thick and fast around the deathbed, and which demand a whole-souled co-operation; should he, from sheer drugging, send the soul in a frenzy of intoxication before its Judge, who can weigh the responsibility?

No wonder the medical profession should always have been considered a kind of sacred calling. After the priesthood and religious vocation none can be compared with it for its beneficent action on souls and devotion to the highest interests of men. Health of soul and health of body are so intimately related! Are not pain and sickness, under all their forms, the consequences of sin, or its penalties, or the sensible images and proofs of its hideousness? Father Faber remarks on St. Luke, who was a physician before he became an Apostle and Evangelist, that there was something in his profession which predisposed and prepared him for proclaiming the mercy of God to sinners. Thus we have from him all those touching traits of the mercy and goodness of God portrayed in parables and examples like the Prodigal, the Lost Sheep, the Good Samaritan.

But what above all else enhances the dignity of the medical profession in the eyes of faith is the fact that the Son of God, coming from heaven to save men, stood in their midst a physician as well as a priest. He assumed our infirmities and bore our sorrows, that He might the more effectually heal them. "He went about preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and every infirmity among the people." Two classes of people He considered had special claims on His

time, patience and compassion,—sinners and the sick. “They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the just but sinners to penance.” He joined in himself both offices, of priest and physician, to save the whole man sickened by the fall, to make the cure of the body the preparation for the cure of the soul, to set in His own life an example of the zeal, devotion and compassion which will render the Christian doctor, while healing the ailments of the body, instrumental also in procuring the eternal welfare of souls.

The Church also has ever shown her high regard for the medical profession by special marks of her solicitude and protection. She has made the teaching of medicine one of the chief functions of her Universities, in order that young men who have chosen that profession might drink the knowledge of it from pure fountains, and learn to practise it according to safe methods. Thus she has preserved it from becoming a source of corruption and death, not only to souls, but also to human society itself, the preservation and well-being of which is so closely bound up with the purity and honor of the medical profession.

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 Catholic doctors, that, walking in the path of truth, zeal and devotion, pointed out by Thee, the Divine Physician, they may, while healing the ailments of the body, also promote the welfare of souls.—Amen.

THE BADGE OF THE LEAGUE.

DLACE it on thy breast with gladness, let it
show and shine,
Better than all earthly honors is that holy
sign,
For it tells that love hath bound thee to the
Heart Divine!

Lay it o'er thy heart with fervor, it will guard and shield;
Harmless is thy foe's endeavor and the arms they wield
'Gainst thine armor, which, enchanted, does not bend or
yield.

Let it wave upon thy banner, let its margin blaze
In the sunlight and the starlight, through life's varied
ways,
Till at last His "Kingdom" coming shall be thine
through endless days.

BELLELLE GUERIN.

THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

IS IT INTENDED FOR SINNERS?

"**S**INCE your explanations, the Morning Offering
and its bearing on Catholic life seem pretty
clear. Now, I have only to put it in practice.
But just here I must own to a misgiving. I
am afraid, Father, you have been soaring
rather high, taking me all the while for a friend of the
Sacred Heart, something like a saint, whereas in truth I
am nothing of the kind. If I get to heaven at all, I am
satisfied it shall be by the sinner's path. The League

that will help me is a League of sinners, not of saints,—sinners, I mean, who are somewhat in earnest about saving their souls, and desire at least to keep their heads above water.”

I see, dear Associate, you are one of those diffident Catholics, who are not altogether freed from the leaven of Jansenism. You hide it from yourself under a varnish of false modesty and humility, which is in truth but the vice of pusillanimity, the very opposite of the manly virtue of fortitude and the Christian virtue of hope and confidence in God. It is a vice which the devil turns to account, if not directly to destroy souls, at least to keep them back on the road to heaven, to damp all ardor and enthusiasm in the spiritual fight, to prevent anything like an aim at noble achievement and high attainment, to stifle every thought worthy of “the glory of the hope of the sons of God.”

In truth, to be an earnest and sincere friend of the Sacred Heart, it is not necessary to be a saint, nor anything of the kind. Every man who is in sanctifying grace, free from the guilt of mortal sin, which is the state of all who have made an ordinary good confession, is the friend of his God and his Saviour. Sanctifying grace, even in its lowest degree, is the divine link that knits his soul to his God, his heart to his Saviour's Heart. A true and sincere friend of the Sacred Heart is precisely your man who desires to keep his head above water. Because of that heavenly friendship, the Holy Ghost, dwelling in his soul with sanctifying grace, is unceasingly imparting to him his actual graces and aids, first, that he may not go under and sink again into sin; secondly, that he may practise the Christian virtues proper to his state of life according as opportunities will come in his path; and, thirdly, that he may further the interests and glory of his divine friend and the

Church his spouse. In fact, it is not we who have chosen him, but He who has first chosen us for His friends. He came all the way to earth to seek our friendship, 'to find,' in His own words, "His delights among the children of men." He offers his friendship to all. He has placed it within the reach of all. He invites all to enter into the holy compact, and draw waters in gladness from their Saviour's fountains. "Come to the waters," says He, "all ye who are thirsty." "If thou didst know the gift of God," said He to the Samaritan woman, who was nothing like a saint, for she had had five husbands, and the man she was then living with was not her husband, "if thou didst know the gift of God....thou, perhaps, wouldst have as'ed of Him and He would have given thee living water.... springing up into life everlasting." "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." And not only does he offer us the life of grace itself, but all the gifts and virtues that accompany it, all the good things of the present life that will not prove obstacles to its increase and continuance, all the favors and presents and kindnesses that friends are wont to lavish on friends. "Come to me all you that labor and are heavy-burdened, and I will refresh you." "Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full." You see, He came to offer His friendship to all, on the cheapest terms,—to make Himself *common*. The price, the only condition is that, heeding His urgent invitations, we desire it and dispose ourselves to receive it. Even the sinner, plunged in the waters of evil, can rise to the friendship of the Son of God if he wills it.

"Father, you seem to insinuate that even sinners can and ought to become members of the Holy League."

Most certainly, especially if they show any desire, and give hope of leading a better life and fulfilling their Cath-

olic duties. The Holy League will draw them gently but powerfully under the influence of the Devotion or the Sacred Heart, that is, under the influence of the light and mercy and love of the Saviour. It will initiate them to the practice of prayer—make them take up again old habits of prayer long neglected, and, perhaps, add a few new prayers. God is so good to the soul that prays, and so exceedingly good to the soul that prays a *little more*, that there is nothing it may not hope for. "Hitherto you have asked nothing," says He; "ask, and you shall receive, that your joy may be full."

Prayer is the first response to the invitation of the Divine Friend. "Behold," He says to the sinner, "I stand at the door and knock." Prayer, if it will not instantly admit the Divine Friend, at least goes to open the door, and lets in the light of His countenance, the voice of His pleading and His reproaches. Or to go back to our former example of a drowning man to whom the Son of God reaches down a helping hand, by prayer, the sinner, whilst exclaiming, "Lord save us, for we perish," lifts up his hand and places it in that of his Saviour. What is prayer but the elevation of the soul to God to ask his help?

"I understand the Holy League must prove a great boon to the sinner, since it gives him a share in all its prayers, merits and privileges; but how can he in return give it the benefit of his prayers and merits? The sinner is incapable of meriting, and all his prayers he needs for himself; how can they, then, be of any avail to advance the interests of the Sacred Heart and the intentions of the League, which is an Association of Prayer for the intentions of the Sacred Heart and of the several members?"

I answer by another question: Has not the sinner's own conversion a place among the intentions of the Sacred

Heart, and is it excluded from the intentions of the Associates? Does not the fact of his being a member give him a fresh claim on the mercy of the Sacred Heart and on the charity of his fellow-Associates? Then there is the grounded hope that he will sooner or later rise from sin to the friendship of his Saviour, when his prayers and good works shall merit all the more in proportion to his repentance and his fervor. "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much," said Our Lord, of Magdalen.

Thus, the Church, so full of the spirit of the Saviour's mercy, does not exclude sinners from her communion. Though dead members, they carry, as if smouldering under the ashes, the spark of faith, which, under the breath of the spirit of God, obtained by prayer, is enkindled once more through repentance into the flame of charity. It is the very aim of the Holy League to make the wind blow—to help the faithful "to enkindle in themselves and others zeal for prayer." It is therefore intended for all,—for the friends of the Sacred Heart, that by association they may work more efficaciously for the interests of Jesus; for those who are not His friends, that betaking themselves to prayer they may rise to His friendship. Neglect no opportunity, dear Associate, of enlisting the faithful in the ranks of the Holy League.

THE CROSS OF ST. HILAIRE.

[Mgr. de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, being forced into exile by political intrigues in his own country, came to America and entered upon a missionary career in the United States and Canada. He assisted at the deliberations of the Fourth Provincial Council of Baltimore, 1840. On his return to France he founded the Association of the Holy Childhood. He was a member of the Order of St. Sulpice.]

AND the Bishop, Forbin-Janson,
 Had come across the sea
 From the troubles that were raging,
 In France and in Nancy.

Preaching, teaching, he had trav'led
 Through this land from east to west,
 And from north to south he wandered,
 A missionary blest.

And in each Canadian village
 The crosses yet are seen
 Which Bishop Forbin-Janson
 Placed along the waysides green.

And the Bishop, as he labored,
 Marked with ever new delight
 A group of tree-clad mountains,
 Touched by ev'ry changing light.

To his soul an inspiration,
 Like a flash of lightning, came—
 He would plant the sacred symbol
 Just where sunset's glories flame.

On the Belœil mountains' summit
Should arise the holy sign,
Speaking to all these countries
Of the love of One Divine.

So the Bishop Forbin-Janson
Set a Cross colossal there ;
A hundred feet it measured
As it rose o'er St. Hilaire.

It shone above the city,
And it shone above the town,
The seamen on the water
Felt its glory falling down.

The peasant in his village,
As he pointed up on high,
Showed the Cross of Forbin-Janson
Outlined against the sky.

Said the busy townsman, pausing
As the sign shone in mid-air,
'There's the Cross of Forbin-Janson,
On the heights of St. Hilaire.

Years have passed, Salvation's emblem
Has vanished from the heights ;
No more its gleaming surface
Reflects the changing lights.

But still the story lingers,
How with blessing and with prayer
The holy Bishop Janson
Raised the Cross at St. Hilaire.

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS.

IN Rome it is not difficult to believe that holy spirits are near one, that the heroes and heroines who sanctified the soil by shedding their blood for Christ upon it still watch over the Eternal City, and sometimes whisper holy and happy thoughts to those who come with affection and reverence to visit their shrines. At best I shall always think that it was one of those spirits who led us to the Catacombs on St. Cecilia's day.

We were on the Corso looking at the pretty shops, dazzled by the brilliant jewels, the gleaming white statuary, and the glowing colors of the many-hued Roman scarfs which are so temptingly displayed in the windows, when we called a cab, with the half-formed intention of going to St. Paul's. "To the via Appia," we said to the driver, and away we went, a distance not measured by miles but by centuries. Yes, driving back into the remote past it seemed to be, for although the two high walls, which for a mile or so you pass through, seem uninteresting enough in themselves, the very air is laden with poetry and prayer; and the stones are whispering to listening ears tales of hero hearts and of valiant deeds. On either side we met the tombs of Roman nobles, huge masses of rock which once were gorgeous sepulchres, but which time has entirely disfigured, and, alas! for the vanity of an epitaph, most of which are as nameless and unknown as the humble mound where a stranger lies in a village churchyard.

After we had proceeded a couple of miles, we saw a number of carriages stopped on the roadside, and people were entering a wide-open gate. We inquired what it meant, and were told that this was the entrance to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, which was illuminated to-day in honor of St. Cecilia. Delighted at our good fortune to find ourselves

here at such a moment, we alighted and entered too. A venerable monk, to whom we addressed ourselves, assigned to us a guide, and, in a moment, we had left the sunshine behind, and were descending the narrow stone steps which lead to these sacred recesses. If it could be possible for a Catholic to enter here with levity, a notice reminds you that it is a hallowed spot—"It is forbidden to remove anything from the Catacombs under pain of excommunication." Behold, the Church throws her mantle around the resting place of her Saints. No desecrating hand must approach them, for they lie within the shelter of her arms.

My knowledge of the Catacombs had been chiefly derived from "*Fabiola*," read for the first time at an age when every page was lived through with eager enthusiasm or studied out with tear-blinded eyes, and remembered afterwards with almost the vividness of personal experiences. Perhaps it was for this reason that, as I descended step after step, the present seemed to recede from me, and in these dimly lighted narrow passages I found myself with trembling reverence among the early Christians in the first ages of the Church. Methought that away in the gloom I could see Cecilia, the beggar girl, in her brown garments, the strange nuptial wreath upon her brow, her dark sightless eyes beaming with love and gladness as unconsciously she came forward, with lamp upraised, and disclosed her presence to the cruel soldiers. Oh! gentle, patient Cecilia, what kinship bore you to the noble Roman lady whose festival is to-day being celebrated? Verily, and indeed you were sisters in Christ.

Half in a dream, I walked along. At intervals lamps had been placed which gave just a little more than twilight radiance to the place, but which made those corridors that branched off seem to be plunged into deeper than midnight gloom. All along the walls we saw the spaces which had been cut out of the rock, and in which the

bodies of the martyrs had rested. Most of the relics have been removed and given as treasures to churches all over the world. Our guide-book told us that here fourteen Popes and about one hundred and fifty thousand Christians were buried, and here, during the persecutions, they assembled to celebrate the mysteries of religion and dedicate themselves to prayer. In the little chapels you see the small altar, and, if you raise a light above you, you perceive the painting which decorated it, but in a dreary state of decay. The relics of St. Cecilia are now venerated in the church which bears her name; but the tomb which first received her body after martyrdom was in one of these chapels. And here, after many long years, it was found in a state of perfect preservation. An artist, the sculptor Stefano Maderno, made an exact copy of the beautiful form as it lay in death, the pathetic grace of which touches the hearts of all who behold it.

But hark! what sound is that which approaches? Is the song of praise still echoing here? Behold the procession in honor of the day is nearing, and we stand aside to let it pass. "Santa Cecilia," sing the white-robed priests and choristers. "Ora pro nobis," respond the faithful who follow, carrying lighted tapers. Oh, holy Saint, did you yourself once tread this path with hymns of love springing from your pure heart and filling these gloomy galleries with music that angels loved to listen to? Was it here, at this altar, that you knelt to receive the Bread which gave to your timid woman's heart a strength and courage such as Roman generals, in their wildest moments of daring, never dreamt of! "Omnes Sancti Martyres," and along the narrow thread of light the response flows, "Orate pro nobis." All ye holy martyrs, ye strong men and gentle maidens, how near we seem to you here. Your human hearts, centuries ago, throbbled and struggled, loved and suffered just as ours do to-day, and now forever-

more you bear the palm with rapturous rejoicing in the glory of God's presence, beneath the light of Mary's eyes!

Even while we watched, the sound of prayer was hushed, the people began to disperse, and so we too ascended once more to the light and life of the world above. Could we return without a little more love, a little more strength, a little less of the nerveless languor of our century? The short winter day was drawing to a close, and in the light of a beautiful moon which had arisen in the clear sky, we drove back to the city, but the spell of the holy hour we had spent was still upon me. Above the hum of Italian voices in the noisy streets, above the clatter of horses' hoofs on the old stones, above the cheer which was greeting King Humbert, as he threw a handful of coins among the people before passing into his palace gates, I still heard that litany resounding, "Omnes Sancti Martyres," and my heart answered with deepest fervor, "Oh guard well and guard forever the sacred treasures of your holy Rome."

BELLELE GUERIN.



AM I REMEMBERED IN HEAVEN?

[The following pathetic narrative was sent to the MESSENGER as a May-offering and a thanksgiving. It came, however, too late for insertion in the May number and has been kept over for July.]

—, ONTARIO, April 15, 1891.

SOME time ago a small party was assembled in the house of a Catholic lady, a fervent member of the "League." Among them was a man, somewhat past the meridian of life, possessed of many good and attractive qualities; but who, sad to say, for many, many years, were it not for an occasional attendance at mass, had lived in total neglect of every religious duty, and led a life anything but edifying. Yet he was the son of good Catholic parents, and had, in his early manhood, been a model Catholic himself and a fervent client of Our Lady; but unchristian associates and unchristian reading had done their work in his soul. The lady at whose house we find him always prayed and hoped for his return to God.

On this particular evening he seemed restless and gloomy, and after one of the company had sang McGee's

"Am I Remembered in Erin?" he turned towards his hostess and said in a low tone:—

"I wonder if I am remembered in heaven?"

"Can you doubt it?" she quickly questioned; then added pleasantly, after a moment's thought: "Put your feelings on the subject into rhyme, and I promise to find a delightful answer to your query."

Meeting him next morning on the street she asked smilingly for the rhyme.

"Here," he said, tearing a few leaves from his notebook, and, lifting his hat to her, he passed quickly on. A few evenings afterwards he was again at her house. After he had taken leave of her husband, she accompanied him to the door, and said: "I have put your verses under Our Lady's feet, on her altar; her answer will surely come. Now, do me a favor," producing a badge of the Sacred Heart, "wear this for her sake, and say once every day, 'Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for me.'"

He laughed constrainedly, and, in a tone that strove to be mocking, said, "I delight in *short* prayers; I'll say it."

Three weeks after, in the dusk of one Saturday evening, the lady entered the church, and, to her intense delight, saw him kneeling in earnest prayer before Our Lady's altar. He was making his thanksgiving after confession.

Afterwards he said to her: "Your badge burnt like fire, I was forced to make my confession."

"Your question is fully answered," she said.

"Yes," he rejoined, "fully and kindly;" then he added, "I am very thankful to God and to *my* Mother," dwelling tenderly on the "*my*."

He is proving that he is thankful.

Laus Deo!

Am I remembered in Heaven?
Will some pitying angel say ;
Am I named in prayer, or blessing,
In that bright land far away ?

Do the lips of the spotless Mother
Ever murmur the sinner's name,
Who far from her Heart has drifted,
And revelled in depths of shame ?

O Mary, Mother Mary,
Many hearts were pledged to you,
Since the Blood from Calvary's Altar
Dyed with red your mantle blue !

Some whose souls ne'er lost their whiteness,
Some that well retrieved its loss,
" Fought the good fight " long and bravely,
'Neath the standard of the Cross.

Then, dare I hope to cherish
The dream that I shall be
Yet a victor crowned, fair Mother,
With that palm-decked company ?

Yes, fair, though faint, sweet Mother,
Dawns again that hope, once bright ;
Even now, I feel it lure me
From the shades of sin's dark night.

And though my best resolves lie broken,
And life's low descending sun
Warns me that the night is coming,
And my task is all undone ;

Yet, most true of all fond Mothers,
Be my Advocate once more ;
Though late, I'll gird me to the battle,
And wear thy lily, as of yore.

THE SACRED HEART IN OTTAWA.

MRS. SADLIER.

DURING a two weeks' sojourn in our Canadian Capital, I took especial note of everything appertaining to our Holy League and the interests of the Sacred Heart in that rapidly-growing city. As I know it cannot fail to interest the readers of the *Messenger*, we are going to give them a brief account of what has been and is being done.

The first sanctuary of the Sacred Heart established in Ottawa was the chapel of the Grey Nuns' Convent, Rideau street, where the devotion is being carried on with great fervor and exactitude. The convent itself with its large boarding and day schools are dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The chapel is singularly beautiful, with groined roof and richly-stained windows. Above the high altar is a fine statue of Our Lord with His Sacred Heart exposed. The Guard of Honor as well as the Arch-confraternity of the Sacred Heart are established here.

In the Cathedral Church of Ottawa, familiarly known as the Basilica, a handsome altar on the Gospel side of the nave is consecrated to the Sacred Heart and surmounted by the Divine Image.

The Convent of the Good Shepherd, St. Andrew street, is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. In the Community-chapel, within the cloistral grating, is a full-length statue of Our Lord, typifying the great devotion. "Oh!" said the Reverend Mother Superior, in answer to our inquiries, "All here is consecrated to the Sacred Heart—our chapel, our community, and all!"

St. Patrick's Church, I am glad to say, is one of the great centres of the devotion in Ottawa. The zealous and energetic pastor, Father Whelan,—may he long be spared!

—is a fervent apostle of the Sacred Heart. His beautiful church is even now a stronghold of the Sacred Heart, although the League has been but recently established there. We learned with very great satisfaction that in two weeks after its inauguration in St. Patrick's Church, no less than 1,050 members were enrolled, with 65 lay promoters and 200 associates of the Men's Temperance League. Father Whelan informed us that many more promoters had offered to make up circles, but he deemed it better not to form too many all at once until the work was more solidly established and better known. While listening to the animated description of the glow of zeal pervading the St. Patrick's congregation in regard to the Holy League, we could not help recalling some words of Denis Florence McCarthy's beautiful ode on the Consecration of Ireland to the Sacred Heart :—

Where'er beneath the Saving Rood
 The nation kneels to pray,
 A holy band of brotherhood
 Unites us all to-day ;
 From north to south, from east to west,
 From circling sea to sea,
 Ierne bares her bleeding breast,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

• • • • •
 She consecrates her dark despair,
 Though brightened from above—
 She consecrates her Patrick's prayer—
 Her Bridget's burning love—
 Her Brenden sailing over seas
 That none had dared but he—
 These, and a thousand such as these,
 O, Sacred Heart, to Thee !

Yes, it is fitting, indeed, that our long suffering, much-enduring people should be foremost in devotion to the all-sustaining Heart of Jesus!

In the Dominican Monastery, about eight years^o in existence, the altar on the epistle side of the church is dedicated to the Sacred Heart and surmounted by the statue of Our Lord.

In St. Ann's Church, the lateral altar on the Gospel side is consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

In St. Joseph's Church, Wilbrode street, the altar on the epistle side of the nave is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The statue of Our Divine Lord, with His Sacred Heart exposed, which stands above the altar, is extremely touching and most devotional. Near by is a little shrine of the Holy Face, before which a lamp is kept ever burning.

It was in St. Joseph's Church that we had the happiness of receiving Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His love on the first Friday of the month consecrated to His gracious mother. There was a crowd of communicants, although it was the last mass, and it is to be presumed that each of the earlier masses had also a large number. In the evening there are always in St. Joseph's the devotions proper to the first Friday of the month, and in the afternoon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Sacred Heart Chapel of the Grey Nuns, where, on a side altar, we saw displayed the lovely banner presented by the ladies of the Arch-confraternity, bearing the legend,

SACRÉ CŒUR DE JESUS, SAUVEZ LE CANADA.

• • • • •
We have purposely kept for the last the crowning glory of the Sacred Heart, the new French Church on Theodore street, now in progress of erection, and which promises to be one of the finest in Ottawa. Only the basement is yet

completed, but it is already used as a church for the large and ever-increasing French population. Above the high altar, in a niche, is a large and very impressive statue of Our Divine Saviour pointing to His Sacred Heart and looking benignly on the throngs of devout worshippers who do now, and will in the after time, receive the life-giving Bread of that altar.

Here there is also a shrine of the Holy Face, to which there is great devotion in Ottawa.

In this church of the Sacred Heart, destined at no distant day to worthily represent the faith and piety of French Canada on the soil of Ontario, there are already altars to St. John the Baptist, the great patron of the French-Canadian race, and the Holy King, St. Louis of France, for all time the model of sovereigns.

When completed, this sacred edifice will be a grand and noble monument to the Divine Heart, pointing heavenward from the banks of the swift-rolling Ottawa, the "Grand River" of the earlier colonists.

From these few facts it will be seen how the great devotion of our time, to which so many promises are attached by Our Lord Himself, is flourishing like the green bay tree in the Capital of the Dominion. Who can tell what mighty proportions it is destined to assume over all the land in the years that are to come? And may we not hope that as our capital city is doing such great things for the honor of the Sacred Heart, Our Lord will fulfil, in regard to the far-stretching regions of this great northern nation, His own consoling promise:—"I will pour out abundant benedictions on all their undertakings."

M. A. S.

FREDDIE'S DEATHBED.

I.

IT had been a lovely day, and the dusk of evening was falling on a fair and picturesque town on the border of Lake Ontario. The sweet spring notes of the robin were hushed, and the children, whose young hearts were glad, now that winter had departed and they were free to bound in and out without waiting to muffle up, were preparing for the night's repose.

Around one house in a quiet street on this particular night a dead stillness reigned. Death's angel had touched with his wings the brow of a sweet child, and bade him leave earth's vale of tears for a land where all was sunshine and sorrow unknown. Let us enter the house of mourning. There, propped up with pillows, lies a boy of scarcely ten years, his face sweet to gaze upon, the brown hair clustered low around his forehead, and large brown eyes, widely open, fixed intently on the face of his father, who is sitting near his bedside. But little Freddie is leaning forward, and in a voice scarcely audible—alas, soon to be hushed for evermore—says: "Papa, I am soon to die, and will meet mamma; what will I tell her about you? Oh, papa, promise me you will not get drunk again when I am gone. I cannot die until you promise me."

The father, hardened man as he was, found this too much. He rose and paced the floor. Five years before, his second wife had died, leaving only Freddie, who was lovingly cared for by the children of her former marriage. The poor mother on her deathbed called her daughters, and bade them for her sake to be good to their stepfather and their little brother. Little Freddie resolutely clung to them, and would not hear of a separation when a year afterwards George Huntly sought a home for himself in a comfortable house he had built with his

own hands. Besides caring for the child, they interested themselves in the father, and were much grieved to find he scarcely ever attended mass, and at times drank very freely. Poor man, the world had gone hard with him, and fortune had shewn herself fickle. Though once wealthy, he saw himself, by no fault of his own, forced to earn his daily bread. God afflicts in this life those whom he intends to pardon and spare in the next. Woe to the sinner on whom fortune smiles. His short-lived prosperity is like the good cheer served by the gaoler to the sentenced criminal pending the day of execution.

The news of his boy's fatal illness and fast approaching end was the crushing blow of George Huntly's misfortunes. He fondly loved the child, and was building great hopes upon him. Often he was heard to say that as soon as his property was cleared he should make a deed of it in favor of his darling. Alas, for the hopes of this life, how soon they crumble! Before he arrived at the child's deathbed, little Fred had been instructed by his sisters to extract from his fond father a promise to reform his life.

II.

The father had paced the floor for about five minutes, when the voice of his child called him again to the bedside.

"Papa, you have not yet promised me, and I so want you to come to us when you die. You know," and here the young speaker's eyes sparkled, "Sister has told us so often in school: Heaven is very beautiful, and if people are not good, ca. Lord will not let them go there. I know mamma must be there, and I will soon meet her. Papa," continued the child, raising himself on his elbow, "don't you want to be with God when you die?"

"Yes, my child, yes."

"Then you will not drink any more, and will go to mass every Sunday, won't you? And when you are dying

I will come to meet you." The child must have been inspired, for he talked on and on in a manner that astonished all who heard him. His eyes the while were steadily fixed upon his father's face, which clearly betrayed the agony he felt. Long slumbering faith began to awaken, till at length the father gave his dear but earnest child the asked-for promises. Thereupon, Freddie, with a smile, raised his eyes to the picture of the Sacred Heart hanging beside him, and directing his father's attention to it said: "He heard you, and all will be well,"—when the doctor entering gave the child only until midnight.

III.

Half an hour later George Huntly left the house, and walked on for about ten minutes, when he stopped and turned to enter the church which was still open. It was the first time he had been in it for many months, and was attracted to a statue of the Sacred Heart, around which many lights burned, for it was the first Friday of the month. Approaching as near as he could go, he buried his face in his hands, and implored "the infinite ocean of mercy" to pardon his many sins. There he remained; others came and went, but he heeded them not. His soul and heart under the influence of grace were stirred to their lowest depths, and he promised God in all sincerity that if his child was spared, he would educate him for the priesthood, and consecrate him forever to His service, taking care, however, to utter at the end of his prayer, "Lord, not my will but Thine be done."

A few days after little Freddie was laid beside his mother in the cemetery, whither he was borne by four boys of his own age. From that day George Huntly was a sadder but wiser man. His little son's death had done more for him than perhaps the longest life could achieve; and when the last of his numbered days had come, Freddie must have kept his promise, for the father's closing eyes beheld something which made him smile even in death.

K. N.



THE LEAGUE ABROAD,

New Zealand.

FROM THE ENGLISH MESSENGER.

Jack at Sea.

To the Editor of the Messenger.—I must tell you that my sister sends the *Messenger* to me every month; and as there are about forty Catholics aboard this ship, they nearly all read it in turn, and they look forward to the mail that brings it every month; and it would gladden the hearts of their parents to see how some of them that were at one time rather slack in going to their religious duties now go to them as often as they get the chance. I have a suggestion to make: If all the Catholic communities were to distribute all their out-of-date religious papers to ships on foreign stations, I think it would do some good, as we hardly ever get anything of the kind, unless our relations send them to us, and, as a rule, most likely they do not trouble about us in that way. Now the Church of England Mission sends to every man, once a month, a large parcel of books and papers; and it is natural that Catholics, not having anything of their own, should read them. Then some of them through doing this get lukewarm, and very often fall away altogether. I think it is a standing disgrace to the Catholics of England, that they cannot do something for us in the way of good sound *moral* literature. Perhaps you will think I am rather impertinent, but I have just recovered from

sickness, and the doctors had given me up. The only religious book I had to read when I was getting well was the *Messenger*, and it did me good to see that a blue-jacket is not always forgotten. I think if all the Catholic sisters who have got brothers in the navy were to send one to them every month, it would do good in reminding them of their future life.

BLUE-JACKET.

“Jack must not judge his fellow-Catholics too hastily nor too hardly, though it is easy to see that a bitter feeling may arise in a poor fellow's heart, as he sees his Protestant mates so well looked after, with an abundance of handsome journals and interesting books, while he has for his only companion while getting well his little old copy of the *Messenger*.

The reason of it, however, is not want of *will*, but want of *means*. Not exactly that we are too poor, we do not mean that, but we know so little how to set about it. If it were a want of the Church of England men, the thing would be so easy. The Lord Mayor would call a meeting in the Egyptian Hall; several noblemen and charitable people would make speeches; a committee of admirals would be appointed, with an office in Pall Mall, and a secretary at three, four or five hundred a year. *He* would soon have every information at his fingers ends, we may be sure enough.

We have none of these good things; but we have a Messenger Office, and many thousand associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, and the *charity of Christ presseth us*. Jack ought not to be left to clamor in vain, nor be tempted to think that his fellow-Catholics forget him.”

So far the English *Messenger*, but we have hundreds of “*Jacks*” on land without going to sea as far as New Zealand in search of them. How many in hospitals, asylums,

prisons, penitentiaries, mines and wood camps, who have no sister to send them a *Messenger*. How many families in the outskirts of our large cities, in nooks of farms and woods remote from the church, in Protestant towns and hamlets, who never hear a sermon nor an instruction, nor read a religious book, not even a *Messenger*.

We have not only a League and a Messenger Office but an organized army of Promoters reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have in each local centre a *responsible* staff of councillors, whose position surely was intended to be something more than *ornamental*. "The charity of Christ presseth us." It is time to go out of the *gilded circles*, and carry the consolations of the Sacred Heart to them for whom they were first intended—the wretched, the abandoned, the broken-hearted. "*To the poor He hath sent me, to heal the contrite of heart.*"

United States.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

I have received the Canadian plan of the League. I must say it is very good, more like a sodality than ours. It provides a means for keeping them up to it, that I always saw was wanting here. We have not, I am sorry to say, the general communion for men, and consequently no meeting except for Promoters. As a matter of course those who do not read the *Messenger* after a while forget all about it. I wish to have it well established here when there is a chance of a mission.

LOCAL DIRECTOR OF LEAGUE.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.**Galt.**

Father Slaven, whilst pastor at Oakville, witnessed the beneficent effects of the Holy League on the religious life of a parish, and on his transfer to Galt thought at once of making it a new centre. That all might be disposed to enter and adopt the practices, he had a mission given in the quaint parochial church, that sits so gracefully on one of the picturesque hills encircling the busy manufacturing town. The exercises were followed throughout a whole week with exemplary piety and punctuality. The large number of beautiful and refined children, evincing the care taken of them by parents and teachers, who attended the children's exercises and approached the sacraments, prepared the way for the adult portion of the congregation by forming a Juvenile League.

When time came for the inauguration of the Ladies' Branch, there was no lack of cultured and zealous ladies who could command leisure sufficient to fill lists and provide Promoters for the different mills and factories. They organized and set to work with great enthusiasm, with what results the following extract from the secretary will tell :

"The League promises to be quite a success here, the work of organization is progressing, and soon we hope to have every member of the parish enrolled."

On the closing day of the mission a Men's Temperance Branch was started, into which nearly all the men of the parish entered. Father Slaven is in a fair way to the realization of his brightest hopes of seeing the Sacred

Heart of Our Lord become the bond of union of his parishioners. Scattered as they are among a frigid though honest Presbyterian population, the atmosphere of their lives is a chilling one, and they will find in the Sacred Heart of Our Lord the warmth and glow of devotion to maintain the fervor of their piety and insure its perseverance.

Hespeler.

Hespeler is a busy progressive little town, rather too much so for the best interests of its inhabitants. The steam-whistle every morning at half past six summons the young people and even children to begin their day of toil in the noisy mills and factories, favored by the magnificent water supply from the lake. Through the long day till half past six at night they continue their busy labor.

Yet the mission, carried on from Galt, was well attended, and there were very few who did not receive the sacraments.

The idea of the League was taken up with ready enthusiasm. The Catholic families scattered among an overwhelming Protestant majority, having Mass but once a month, and left without sodality or association, were beginning to be drawn into the many attractive Protestant associations of the town. Awakening to their own and their children's danger, they took hold of the League as a plank of salvation. Here, too, enlightened and zealous promoters were found to lead and conduct the organization. The League, by means of its organization, will serve as a bond of union, and by its practices, meetings, and *Messengers* will keep alive the spirit of faith and piety.

St. Patrick's, Hamilton.

It was only a few weeks since the Holy League had been established in this flourishing parish, and the precious benefits reaped in so short a season were manifest at the time of the mission.

Not a few of the many who had for years abandoned the practice of their religion were brought back through the influences of the Holy League. They had given their name and made promises to some Promoter, and had received *Messengers* and read them, and now they desired to begin—to leave their evil or neglectful ways, and to become devout clients of the Sacred Heart. They attended the mission constantly, and made their peace with God, and had already tasted the first fruits of piety and devotion.

The mission extended the work already begun. New Promoters took out lists, and new circles were added. Quite a number of fresh recruits entered the ranks of the Men's Temperance League, and pledged themselves to the General Communion five times a year.

Dundas.

Vicar-General Heenan, edified at the results achieved by the Ladies branch of the League, for some time in operation, took advantage of the mission, which opened on Pentecost Sunday, to establish a branch of the Men's League. At the meeting on the day appointed, sixty men organized and adopted the practices. Here, too, were made manifest the powerful influences of the Holy League in bringing back sinners to the path of duty.

Montreal.

At a meeting of the Men's League held in the basement of the Gesu Church, on Friday, May 29th, which was largely attended, Dr. James Guerin read a very learned and interesting paper on Hypnotism, its effects and manifestations. After a vote of thanks, steps were taken to organize for the procession of *Corpus Christi*. It was decided that all the members should march barehead, in black attire, with the ornamental silk badge of the Sacred Heart. In the grand procession of the 31st, they occupied a place in the ranks immediately in front of the students of St. Mary's College, the same as in preceding years. This public act of faith of so many men of standing and influence produced a most edifying impression on all observers.

St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

Quebec Daily Telegraph.

Yesterday a very imposing and beautiful scene was witnessed in St. Patrick's Church after Divine service, when the consecration of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus took place, which commenced with a procession around the church, in which the Blessed Sacrament was carried. The following societies took part:—Children who made their First Communion this year, St. Bridget's Orphan Asylum children, Holy Family cadets, members of the young men's sodality, married men of the Holy Family and members of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Rev. Father White, C.S.S.R., carried the *Host* underneath the canopy borne by the trustees of the Church. The consecration ended with the benediction.

The League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was organized recently in St. Patrick's congregation by the Rev. Father Oates, C.S.S.R., rector, and already numbers 2,500 members.

Various Centres.

Hamilton.—"I wish to fulfill a promise I made to the Sacred Heart six weeks ago, at the time of the mission at St. Lawrence, that if my eyesight was restored I would have it published in the *Messenger*. I thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for His goodness to me."

Windsor, Ont.—In fulfilment of my promise, I return thanks through the dear *Messenger* for a position I have obtained by the aid of the Sacred Heart.

Montreal.—A gentleman of the Men's League thanks the Sacred Heart for enjoying since he became a member the blessings of good health and plenty of money.

Lindsay, Ont.—Vicar-General Laurent writes that "the roll of members is lengthening quietly and steadily."

New Aggregations.

Galt, Hespeler, St. Helen's, Toronto, Caledonia, Ont, Binbrook, Ont., Vancouver Diocese, Windsor Mills.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

The vacation season is not unfrequently a time of distraction and dissipation. Associates going to enjoy themselves in the country often leave their League practices behind with the furniture. Promoters have to use their zeal and put themselves to a little trouble not to lose the fruits of so many months of devotion. They should know the whereabouts of their associates, with whom the regular and timely arrival of Rosary tickets and *Messengers* will prove a strong reminder of their obligations and a motive of fidelity to them.

There is no reason why the vacation should not be a season of more than usual activity in the work of the Holy League. It will furnish so many occasions to Promoters and Associates who have the true spirit. The meeting of old friends, the forming of new acquaintances, the contact with strangers, who, perhaps, should be so glad to enter the League, if they only knew what it meant and *what to do*, will be so many precious opportunities. How many are living on farms and hamlets far from priest and sermon, to whom the League and its *Messengers* would prove the greatest possible blessing? "The charity of Christ presseth us." A ticket of admission and *Messenger*, which will be sent from the *Office* to any address, will be enough to make an enlightened member.

Not many weeks ago a gentleman boarded a waiting train, and was struck by the deep silence that reigned. Looking around, he saw "little red pamphlets" in all hands in process of being devoured. There happened to be two Promoters in the car returning from meeting, with *Messengers*, which they simply passed to all who seemed curious to know what they meant. The cover with its *print* and table of contents awakened their curiosity first and attention afterwards. They opened and had to go through.