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Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

TO OUR QUEEN.

Oh Queen of May !

Let flowers deck Thine Altars, as is meet,
And let Thy servants gather at Thy Feet
From day to day :

There let them raise,
With one accord, their voices, to proclaim
The glories of Thine ever-blessed Name,
And to sing Thy praise.

Thou, from Thy throne
In the high court of Heaven, wilt attend
The feeble prayers we offer ; wilt defend,
And guard Thine own.

Thou, of our King
The Mother blessed, Mother of our love,
Accept, we pray, in that bright Home above,
The gifts we bring.

Thine are the flowers
 That deck Thine Altars, shedding perfumes rare ;
 Thine all the joy of spring, oh Queen most fair !
 And Thou art ours ;



THE MADONNA
 by Raphael.

PITTI PALACE
 Florence.

And Thine are we,
 All that we have, we are, to Thee we give,
 Asking but only this, that we may live
 For Christ, with Thee ;

In Thee may die,
 Safe in Thy loving arms, in peace serene ;
 Then pass to be with Thee, oh Heavenly Queen !
 With Saints, on high.

FRANCIS W. GREY.



EMIGRATION WORK IN MONTREAL,

PERHAPS some of the readers of the MESSENGER may have heard sometimes of "St. Ann's Home," and may have wondered what St. Ann's was and what work we were engaged in carrying on. Our object, briefly, is to bring young girls from institutions and convent-schools in England and to place them in service in Montreal and surrounding districts, and St. Ann's Home is the receiving home where the girls come to when they first land, and to which they can always return when they are out of place.

It was in July, 1897, that we first took root in a small house in Laval Avenue, but the accommodation thus afforded was found too small, as the parties of girls from England became more numerous and more frequent. So, in May last, we moved to 149 Berri Street, a site more in the French quarter of the town than we could have desired, but still all that offered at the limited prices we were able to give, and here it is that our work is carried on at present. As to what this work consists in may roughly be divided into four heads :

1. Reception and placing of girls on their arrival from England ;
2. Keeping in touch with them while in their places ;
3. Periodically visiting each different case, and reporting to our head office in London ;
4. Keeping the Home open, where the girls may be received at lowest possible payments when ill, or out of place.

All girls emigrated through us are under our guardianship until they are eighteen years old, or if over that age when emigrated, until they have been a year in the country. Some of the older girls are emigrated by convents or other societies or private persons, on condition of repaying the

expenses of their passage by instalments from their wages. For the collection of this money, we, as agents, are responsible, and partly for this reason and partly to ensure a certain sum of money being laid by monthly by every girl, we have made an arrangement by which we receive the wages for the girls, and after handing over to them what they require for current expenses. place the balance to their account in the City and District Saving's Bank The keeping of these various accounts, indeed, forms no light part of our work.

In the course of the last year, fifty-six girls passed through the Home and made a short or long stay, some staying only a day and others as long as three months for one cause or another. Our girls, with a few exceptions only, have had no previous experience in domestic service. They get some training, however, in laundry, kitchen and house-work in their convents before they come out. This training, truth to tell, does not amount to much, and this naturally, because it is so difficult in an institution when everything is done on a large scale, to give a girl a real practical knowledge of the sort of work she will find going on in a small private house. We have tried to supplement this convent training for some of the girls by giving a three months' course of work in the Home, half of which time they spend in house work, and half in kitchen work. This has proved so useful to the girls that we have often been tempted to take a larger house and to arrange part of it as a regular training school in domestic service. But our means are too small, and our time too fully occupied already to allow of this being done. We have often heard it said in the course of our Montreal experience what a great boom a well organized School of Housewifery would be both to employers and employed, so we can but hope that such a real and widely felt want will be soon supplied by some efforts of the Montrealers themselves. Raw material, we and other emigration societies can undertake to supply, only unfortu-

nately it is, as a rule, sadly raw. To the question why should not Training Homes be established for intending emigrants on the other side of the water, we can reply with confidence that this would be undesirable. Not one English person in fifty realizes how widely the conditions of domestic service differ in Canada and the old country. A Canadian servant must be able to turn her hand to anything and everything, and, in consequence, mostly of the climate, there are many details of every day life in a Canadian household which cannot be learnt except on the spot.

Passing on to the class of girls which it is most advisable to bring out, much misapprehension on this point even yet exists in the old country, and, owing to the mistakes thus made, an unfortunate prejudice has been created in the minds of many Canadians as to the character of "immigrated orphan" as he or she is commonly denominated. As a matter of fact, the proverb "Out of sight, out of mind" has been too commonly acted upon, and the time is not long past when anybody who was not wanted at home, was thought to be uncommonly well disposed of by being sent across the seas.

To put a summary stop to this practise of turning the shores of the Dominion into a dumping ground for the rubbish of the mother country has become a first object with every emigration society which aims at conducting its work on sound economic principles. And, speaking for ourselves, it is our constant endeavour to bring no labour into Canada but what Canada can use for its own advantage. In such cases, happily rare, when we have found ourselves deceived in this character of any of our young emigrants, we have lost no time in returning them whence they came, for we hold that to shield an offender is no true kindness to the girl or boy in question, and is a real injustice to others of our children on whom reflected discredit thus falls which they have done nothing to deserve.

We should like to say a few words in answer to a question

which may be asked us, which is : Why when servants are wanted in England, are we at the pains of emigrating them to Canada ? The reason is one which may be given shortly. Owing to the fact that Canadian heads of households take a much more practical interest in questions of domestic management, domestic service of a much better standing is open to quite young girls than would be the case in England where the child servant is usually either the drudge of a poor and crowded lodging-house or is employed in dragging about a baby as big as herself for some impecunious shop-keeper ! Among our own girls, there are many at present in excellent service in Montreal, who, had they returned from their convents to the poor neighbourhoods in which their parents or relations lived, would, humanly speaking, have had but little chance of not drifting from the only miserably paid but honest employments open to them, to join the rank of beggary or vice, and this not from any personal inclination, but from the piteously compelling nature of their surroundings.

To any one who has known the grim atmosphere of sordid poverty, vice and drunkenness of many a London street, the gain to the children of letting the ocean roll between them, and what they would gravitate to, seems, as it is, *incalculable*.

In conclusion, we may add a few words as to the beginning and general work of the Society of which the girls' branch in Montreal forms part. It is now eighteen years since the work of emigrating boys to Canada was first begun by the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas. About five years since he joined the Southwark Catholic Emigration Society, under the presidency of the Bishop of Southwark. All London on the south shore of the Thames belongs to this diocese. But few girls were emigrated until 1897, when the girls' branch of this society was started, of which we have given this short account. Miss A. F. Procter, under whose supervision this work in Montreal is placed, is specially entrusted by the

Local Government Board in London with girls over the age at which they commonly permit emigration, a fact which places her in a position of unusual responsibility, and obliges her to report fully on each case to the English Government. A child emigrated by a Government school is not, in the eyes of the law, the insignificant unit she is apt to appear. Each separate case emigrated is recorded in the archives of the Government Offices in Whitehall, with all the reasons for emigration, and the delegated duties of guardianship of these "Children of the State" are no sinecure.

In this matter of guardianship the new bill on the "Immigration into Quebec of certain classes of British children" which has just been passed by the Quebec Parliament, and is modelled on somewhat similar acts in Ontario and Manitoba, will be of great use to us. It places the power of guardianship in the hands of the Society emigrating the children, until they shall attain the age of eighteen. It defines very stringently the classes of children to be emigrated, and provides at the same time for their proper care and supervision, by compelling the societies to provide a home for the emigrants on their arrival and when they are out of place, and to cause each child to be visited and reported on at least once a year. Arduous and seemingly disappointing as this work of supervision sometimes is, it is one without which no scheme of emigration, when the young are concerned, can be anything but a dismal and well-deserved failure.

Emigration has been often a failure in the past, because of a want of organized supervision on the part of emigration societies. In many ways, however, the results are most encouraging with boys and girls alike.

There are many of Father Douglas' "old boys" now prosperous farmers, owning their own land, who, in England, would have been "hedgers and ditchers," hardly earning bread and cheese, or wretched "casuals" sleeping nights on the benches in Trafalgar Square. with old newspapers in lieu of blankets. The absence of any sort of

girls' clubs, such as we find in London and other large towns, has suggested to us a large room we possess in Berri Street as a club and place of meeting for our girls who assemble there twice a month, alternately, for amusement and religious instructions. We have also started a sewing and cooking class to which some of the girls come on their afternoons out. We have been most fortunate in finding friends who have taken a kind and personal interest in our girls, and given them the only real help which avails, the help which comes from personal individual sympathy and affection.

M. M. MALLOCK.

LEO XIII'S LATEST POEM.

Pope Leo, just before his recent illness, wrote some beautiful hexameters in Latin addressed to nuns, which, translated, read as follows :

THE MAIDENS CONSECRATE.

Lo! Christ is nigh and His delight it is
 To greet you as His spouses — sweetest name —
 Who by a holy pact to Him are pledged.
 Far from the clamor, He has given you,
 Within the peaceful precincts of your cells,
 To lead a blameless life. You blossom there
 Like fragrant lilies in a garden close,
 Let Satan spread his nets and baleful arts.
 And with his frown the timid mind o'erawe.
 Jesus, who ever guards, shall fly to aid
 And make the weakest powerful in the fray.
 Then shall He make your love more ardent glow,
 And shield you closer in His sacred Heart.
 Yours souls with wond'rous sweetness gladdening ;
 And when at length your happy course is run,
 And to you, faithful ones, Death shows himself
 All beaming and with visage mild and kind,
 Our Lord shall give you His supremest gift,
 From your drear exile He shall lead you then
 To the celestial shore, and bid you there
 Be ever blessed with the light divine.



A LETTER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

For the CANADIAN MESSENGER from the French of Paul Féval,
by Mrs. SADLIER.

JEAN resolved to write a letter to the Blessed Virgin. Of this story you may think as you like; it was told to me and I tell it to you. It was not an original idea, that of poor little Jean. He had not read; for he could not read, — but he had heard it over and over, that charming legend of our time, at once so prosaic and so redolent of poetry: "The Letter to the Good God." It had struck him as it strikes you and me, and every one. In the Catholic literature of all ages there is nothing so tender, so touching, so simply grand as the "Letter to the Good God."

Observe that it must be true, all true, for man could have invented nothing so angelic. The pity is that it had to be printed. Once printed, it is still very pretty, but — ah! I should have so liked to see the letter itself going straight from the childish heart! It has happened to me at times to repeat it to myself and to hear it in a dream such as I imagine it, even as one breathes the exquisite fragrance of a perfume.

Jean was six years old, his trousers rent on both knees, his fair curly hair so thick and so rich that it might have adorned the heads of two fine ladies; a pair of large blue eyes that sometimes tried to smile, albeit they had wept so much; a tiny jacket, daintily fashioned, but going to rags, — a girl's boot on the right foot and on the left a boy's shoe, both too wide and too long, and alas! without heels. Inside, he had cold and hunger, for it was a winter evening and he had been fasting from noon the day before, when the thought came to him to write to the Holy Virgin!

It remains to be told how little Jean, who could neither read nor write, got his letter written.

Down there in the *quartier* of the Gros Caillou, at the corner of an avenue and not far from the Esplanades, there was a "writer's" stall. Many were the petitions, requests and appeals addressed then to the Government whether its head was King, Emperor, or President. War-petitioners have no political prejudices. The scrivener was an old soldier of a testy humour, — a worthy man enough and not bright — oh ! by no manner of means ! — not at all rich and having the ill luck to not be sufficiently maimed to obtain admission to the asylum of the *Invalides*.

There is nothing more provoking than that. Jean saw him through the cloudy panes of his stall, smoking his pipe while waiting for customers. He went in and said :

" Good day ! — I come to have a letter written."

" Ten cents," said Herr Bonin.

For this worthy man, who was, per chance, the hundred thousandth part of the glory of a Marshal of France, — was called Herr Bonin. Jean, having no cap to take off, said very politely :

" Excuse me, then," and he made for the door to go away. But old man Bonin thought him pretty and asked :

" Are you a soldier's son, little fellow !"

" No," answered Jean, " I am maman's son and she is all alone."

" Good !" said the scrivener. — " And you have not ten cents?"

" Oh ! I have no cents at all."

" Nor your mother neither ? That is plain. And your letter is to ask for something to eat, little one ?"

" Yes," said Jean, " that's just it."

" Advance ! one will not be much the poorer for ten lines and half a sheet."

Jean obeyed. Herr Bonin arranged his paper, dipped his pen in the ink and traced in that fine quarter-master's hand of his :

“ Paris, 17th January 18...”

Then below, at the line.

“ To *Monsieur*,—

“ What is his name, my little fellow ?”

“ Whose ?” questioned Jean.

“ Why, the gentleman, of course.”

“ What gentleman !”

“ The individual for the soup or whatever it is.”

Jean understood this time and replied :

“ It is not a gentleman !”

— “ Oh bah ! a lady then ?”

“ Yes — no — that is to say —

“ My eyes !” cried Herr Bonin, “ Don't you know whom you are writing to ?”

“ Oh yes !” said the child.

“ Tell it then and be done with it !”

Little Jean grew very red. The fact is it is not convenient to employ public writers for such like correspondence. But he mastered courage to say :

“ It is to the Blessed Virgin I want to send a letter.”

Old Bonin did not laugh. He laid down his pen and took his pipe from his mouth.

“ You little villain,” said he sternly, “ I take it that you do not mean to play tricks on an old man. You are too little for me to slap you. Get out of here in double quick time ! — March !”

Little Jean turned on his heel. ‘ I mean the heel of his foot inasmuch as his shoes had none.’ But Bonin seeing him so meek, looked at him again and more attentively.

“ My word !” he grumbled, “ There is no lack of misery in Paris ! What is your name, little boy ?”

“ Jean.”

“ — Jean what ?”

“ Only Jean.”

Herr Bonin's eyes began to water, but he shrugged his shoulders.

"And what do you want to say to the Blessed Virgin?"

"I want to tell her that maman is asleep since four o'clock yesterday, and if she will be so good to wake her up, for I can't."

The old man felt a tightening of the chest, for he feared to understand. He, however, asked again: "What did you say about food just now?"

"Well!" answered the child, "It is that we want something to eat, for we have none. Before maman fell asleep she gave me the last bit of bread."

"And she — what did she eat?"

"Two days ago she said: 'I am not hungry.'"

"What did you do when you wanted to waken her?"

"Well! just what I always did. I kissed her."

"Was she breathing?"

Jean smiled and his smile was very beautiful. "I do not know," he replied, "Do not people always breathe?"

Herr Bonin turned his head away, because two big tears were running down his cheeks. He did not answer the child's question, but he said in a trembling voice:

"When you kissed her did you notice anything?"

"Yes — she was cold, but it is cold at home."

"And she shivered, did she not?"

"Oh no — she was pale, pale! — her two hands were quite still and were crossed on her breast, and so white! her head was hanging back over the bolster, so that although her eyes were half closed, you would think she was looking up to heaven."

Old Bonin thought: "I have envied the rich, I who eat well and drink well. Now, here is one who died of hunger — of hunger!"

He called the child to him; he took him on his knee and said very gently: "Little one, thy letter is written — and sent — and received! — Take me to your mother?"

"That I will. But why do you cry?" asked Jean with surprise.

"Nay, nay," replied the old soldier clasping the little fellow in his arms and bathing his face with tears, "why should men cry? It is thou who hast cause to cry, poor dear little Jean!—Ah! I had a mother once, — very long ago, for sure, — but I can see her now, from your description, as she lay on her bed of death, saying to me before she left me: 'Bonin, be an honest man and a good Christian!' There was a two-penny print of the Blessed Virgin hanging beside the bed, — it smiled down on me then and I loved it and took it into my heart. — I have been an honest man, it is true, but a good Christian — alas! no!"

He stood up with the child still clasped in his arms, adding: "There now, old mother, there now! — be content! — Friends may scoff at me if they will. Where thou art, I want to go and I will bring with me to you this poor little angel who shall never leave me, because his rogue of a letter, not even written, has struck double: it has given him a father and me a heart!"

Now that is all. I do not pretend to convey to you a half-quarter of the simple charm of this gem of deepest pathos the thought of which has often bedewed my eyes with tears. The poor mother who died of misery and want, never revived on earth. Who was she? I know not. What was the long martyrdom of her life? I know not! But there is somewhere in Paris a man, still young, who is a "writer," not in a stall like Bonin. He *writes* eloquent things and you all know his name. Let us call him *Jean* for shortness as of old.

Bonin is now a cheery old man, always honest and, moreover, a good Christian. He enjoys the glory of the "little one" as he still sometimes calls his illustrious son by adoption, and he says — for he it was who told me this story without beginning or end: "I know not what postman it is that delivers such letters, but they never fail to reach their address in heaven?"

MARY, QUEEN OF MAY.

Chorus.

S: Hail Vir - gin dear - est Ma - ry, Our love - ly Queen of

May. — O spot - less blest - ed La - dy, Our

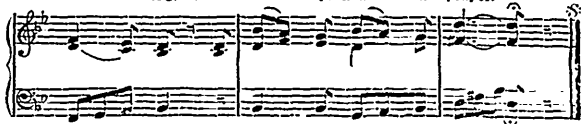
love - ly Queen of May. — Our love - ly Queen of May. —

Solo.

Thy chil - dren hum - bly bend - ing a -

round thy shrine so dear — With heart and voice as -

end - ing, Sweet Ma - ry, hear our prayer.



2. — Behold earth's blossoms springing,
In beauteous form and hue ;
All nature gladly bringing,
Her sweetest charms to you.
Hail, Virgin, etc.
3. — We'll gather fresh, bright flowers,
To bind our fair Queen's brow ;
From gay and verdant bowers,
We haste to crown thee now.
Hail, Virgin, etc.
4. — And now, our blessed Mother,
Smile on our festal day ;
Accept our wreath of flowers,
And be our Queen of May.
Hail, Virgin, etc.

EDAX RERUM

Old Father Time, if he have a heart, must be the happiest of God's creatures, for it seems to me his one great business is the drying of tears and the healing of wounds, and the promising of better things to come. Some people accuse him of wearing out friendships, but I don't believe that and don't like to hear him badly spoken of. I look upon him as a friend and a very kind one. Does he not render us a service no other friend can, drawing us so gently, so imperceptibly towards the brink of Eternity that, almost before we notice it, we shall again be face to face with all the loved ones that ran on a little ahead of us.

— *From a letter. Paridaens, Belgium.*



THE PURPOSE OF RITUAL

THE Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport, Wales, treats in the following lines of a subject which is now of special interest :

The controversies and discussions which perpetually agitate all religious bodies outside of the Catholic Church sometimes make themselves felt even within the Church's fold. It is at one time doctrine, at another time ceremonial, which furnishes the object of contention. The truths which they have carried away in their secession from Catholicism are sure, sooner or later, to be attacked and undermined ; and the ritual observances which express dogmatic truths, which embody sacramental realities, and which explain and guard the faith, cannot fail to share the fate of the beliefs themselves. They are debated and fought over with equal violence by those who believe little and those who believe a great deal. The former consider them superstitious, and the latter uphold them as ancient, pious and salutary ; and as neither party owns any real authority, such discussions are sometimes bitter, and always endless ; or if they cease, and one side obtains the victory, such victory is only obtained by the slow movement of public opinion—a tribunal whose decisions are generally in the direction of indifferentism, and which, in any case, has never been recognized as having any authority on religious matters.

Within the Catholic Church there is authority, and a living, articulate voice. That voice can and does speak decisively on both doctrine and ritual. But the faithful require more than decisions. In the Church's decisions there is both law and history. It is very useful for Catholics to follow doctrine to its sources, and to trace its exposition down the stream of time. It is very useful to know

the origins of ceremonial, to learn the meaning of holy rites, to be possessed of the significance of the names, the vestures, the places, the actions and the language which have grown up around the creeds and the solemn observances of the Church during the many centuries of her history. A few words, therefore, on Ritual will not be out of place at the beginning of the holy season of Lent.

Any outward function connected with religious worship is called a rite or a ceremony. The two words mean almost the same thing, but the word rite signifies something more elaborate, or more dignified, than a mere ceremony; and a rite may consist of many ceremonies. Let us begin, then, by saying that, in a certain sense, there is not in our holy religion, any absolute necessity for any rites or ceremonies at all. True no one can either preach, sacrifice, or confer a sacrament without external acts and words. But setting aside the mere essential words and gestures, these things might all be done without any of what is generally called ritual. The Apostles wore no special vestments. The primitive celebration of the Holy Eucharist, that is the Mass, was probably confined almost to the offering, the words of consecration and the communion. Baptism was only the pouring of the water with the words of the form. The place of assembly was an ordinary room. For a long time there were neither lights, nor incense, nor even chant. But in saying this we cannot help seeing at the same moment the reason of the natural and inevitable rise of ritual proper. It is natural to man to surround august institutions and important acts with expressive and dignified forms. The court, the army, and the bench of justice have all their appropriate outward ceremonial. The striking and unusual vesture, the dignity of architecture, the gradation of attendants, the barriers of observance, the forms of reverence, the solemnity of decree and of sentence—all these are good and suitable for man, as he is made and as he is formed. It is not to the point to insist that sovereigns are sovereigns even without

their crowns and robes of state, that a judge could pronounce sentence as well in his own office as in court, and that a soldier's handsome uniform does not make him shoot straighter or march better. Any one can see the fallacy of this line of thought. The ritual or ceremonial of any institution is not of the essence of that institution, but it adds to its efficiency. Law and ordinance might go on without it, but the human beings for whom they are intended would miss their full effect, or indeed, in many cases, miss them altogether.

But to the Church — to the Kingdom of Christ upon earth — these considerations apply with especial force. In the Christian dispensation such as it has been left to us since the Spirit was given at the great Pentecost, we have a Kingdom which is both visible and invisible; which yields powerful spiritual force on the one hand and is recognizable by the eye and the ear on the other. To mistake the Church's spirituality and to deny her visibility are equally un-Catholic and equally disastrous. It is most important, therefore, that every means should be offered to the unstable and easily-distracted intelligence of men, whereby they may be helped to keep before their minds that which is out of their bodily sight, and at the same time to maintain a steady and practical grasp of that continuation of Christ's earthly presence which remains with us in the sacramental system. Thus we require ritual in order to impress the heart, to teach the mind, and to stimulate devout emotion.

First, to impress to mind. All outward worship tends to remind us of the invisible God. Still more forcibly are we reminded of Him when we join in worship with other men, and when the sight and the sound of untied prayer testify to the common belief of many hearts. But with the Incarnation, new and more impressive methods of realizing God have been vouchsafed to us. In Jesus — in His human acts, words and traits — we read the infinite solicitude, the boundless mercy, and the unwearying friendliness of the Almighty God; we read these things translated into

a tongue that our intelligence can follow and take in. Moreover, Jesus, although He is now at the right hand of God, has left us His human life, His priesthood, His sacrifice, His sacraments, and out of all these there has been fashioned a glorious ritual, full of His presence, full of His thousandfold impressiveness, which continually proclaims to the unheeding hearts of men the nearness of their God. The great liturgical action of the Mass is much more than united or public worship, in the ordinary sense of the word. It gathers us round Jesus — round Jesus in His most awful and royal act. It gathers us where the redeeming blood is known by us to flow as upon Calvary. Can we forget God as long as we are faithful to the Mass? Can we readily forget Him as we frequent His temples, see His priest, use His Sacraments, honor His blessed Mother? Can we forget Him when we behold the holy name of Jesus blazoned everywhere, when we read it in every page of our prayer-books, and when we hear it reechoed in the history of every saint? There are men, Christians, too, who will refuse to admit that any of this external activity of a believer's faith is needful or profitable. They will tell you of private contemplation and of worship of the heart. But we must speak plainly and say, taking men as they are, and taking human history as it is, that man does not remember God unless he enters into the Christian ritual. And we cannot but suspect that those who decry that ritual are those who are content with far more scanty, far more fragmentary, worship of the Almighty Creator than Catholics have been taught to think His right.

Next, we require ritual in order to teach the mind. Christians are taught by the Word of God, delivered to them by the pastors of the Church. It is this continuous and divinely-protected teaching, handed on from age to age, which constitutes Catholic tradition. To this teaching the child is brought as soon as it can understand, and to this the intelligence of mature age is prepared to submit as long as life shall last. But words are assisted by outward

sings, acts and symbols. Thus, the outward reverence which is paid to the Holy Eucharistic Presence is a perpetual lesson in faith. The sanctuary, the tabernacle, the veil that hangs upon it, the ever-burning lamp, speak to the heart in a way that every one of us can readily understand. The ritual of the Mass, and more especially the august and historical ceremonies of solemn Mass, express with unmistakable clearness Who it is that descends upon the Christian altar, Who it is that is offered, Who it is that communicates Himself, in that great act of worship. The ritual of the Sacraments enforces the salutary doctrine of the grace of Christ. The Sacraments, it is true, are much more than mere rites or ceremonies. They truly and really convey grace. But the ceremonies which we use in conferring them are deeply instructive. In the imposition of hands we read the lesson that all our trust must be in the grace of our Redeemer, without which we can do nothing. In the water, the chrism, the bread, the wine, we see the various offices and effects of that all-necessary grace—how it purifies, illuminates, strengthens and gives spiritual health. In the priestly robes we realize that it is not man who operates, but Christ the God-Man, working by means of His minister. In the touching ritual of the Sacrament of Penance, we are conscious that the approach to the confessional, the bowed head, the humble confession and the ministerial absolution bring home to the intelligence better than any words of doctor or of preacher that Christ is ever ready to pardon sin, but that sin before it is pardoned must be acknowledged, detested and confessed. The various colors of the sacred vestments and ornaments, the images of holy persons, the symbols of holy things, tell the worshipper of the Christian seasons, the Christian mysteries and the Christian life; whilst the very structure of our churches, and the distinctive robes of Bishop and priest and deacon, are eloquent of that hierarchical institution, and that authority to teach and to rule which Christ has given for the good of the immortal souls for whom He died. Thus

the Church's outward presence, her garb, her gesture, her expression, everywhere and constantly proclaim and enforce those points of the Divine revelation and dispensation which it is chiefly essential that the Christian should be acquainted with.

And, finally, ritual is intended to excite devotion. By "devotion" is not meant mere feeling, excitement of the sensibility, emotion or tears. These things may sometimes accompany devotion, but they are not devotion itself; and devotion may, and does, exist without any of them. Devotion is firmness or intensity of the heart towards God, and the fulfilling of His holy will. Its basis is not feeling, but the rational human will. Grounded upon the will's earnestness and steadfastness, it rises to God in love, adoration, contrition and good resolutions. Devotion, thus understood, is helped and promoted by sacred ritual. For whatever reminds the soul of God, of Jesus, of His Blessed Mother, and of His loving gifts, will naturally draw the heart to God. Whatever proclaims the wondrous solicitude of His infinite mercy will naturally intensify the heart's desire to love and serve God. If I am likely to be moved to praise God by a sermon, so also shall I be moved by the silent eloquence of the things that pass before my eyes. Then, it must be remembered that every rite, every ceremony, every outward expression of the Christian faith, every action of religious ministrations, is an occasion for the devout elevation of the heart. That is a very important consideration. Without occasions and opportunities, few would be really devout. A good many would say, if they were asked, that they were prepared to do God's will; but they would get no further; that is to say, they would never lift up their heart to God with any continuousness or any great warmth. In other words, it is not enough to have a vague and general intention of serving God, but it is a Christian duty to worship, love, ask, thank and implore pardon with more or less frequency and earnestness. To provide occasions or opportunities for doing this is a

grand and admirable function of our holy Catholic religion. A man who follows the Mass, frequents the Sacraments, attends church and falls in with the outward life of the Church, cannot fail to be a man of devotion. He cannot fail to converse and commune with his God, by those acts of the heart which God justly expects from him. When he enters a church, he thinks Whose house it is ; when he beholds the tabernacle, he adores Jesus ; when the priest enters, he thanks God for the priesthood of Christ. As the sacred ritual of the Mass goes on, he joins in every part and follows every point. When he approaches Holy Communion or Confession, every action suggests a prayer or act of the heart ; and whether in the church or at home, by the crucifix, by the rosary, by the use of the blessed water, by holy medals and scapulars, by the sound of the bell, by holy pictures, by each of the numerous practices and objects which are sanctioned by Catholic authority, he finds himself reminded and assisted to offer to his Creator the incense of prayer or the holocaust of love. But it is chiefly when before the altar that his powers are moved and lifted up to heavenly energy. There, amid the impressive silence, or when the sweet and devotional chant deepens recollection — when the symbolic tapers glow and the mystic incense floats upward — there can hardly be a soul possessed of faith which does not find it easier to give itself up to God. If the heart feels, if the soul melts, if the tears flow — who shall reprove or blame ? These things are not “devotion,” but they may result from it, and they often foster and prolong it. And if here and there we find a disposition and a temperament which can love and serve God more effectively without external prompting or opportunity, yet still human nature will remain human nature, and He who became man that He might the more easily and completely draw our affections to Himself, will allow and approve that the multitudes should try to turn the stream of human feeling and emotion to nourish heavenly hope and love.

Such are the principles which lie at the root of Catholic ritual. It is needless to say that rites and ceremonies must be carefully watched by Church authority. Ritual is capable of being both foolish and misleading ; it may minister to superstition on the one hand, and to misbelief on the other. It must always rest on doctrine ; it must always be suited to the needs and the opportunities of the hour. Hence it varies and alters from age to age ; it is sometimes suppressed altogether when the Church is persecuted ; it is often curtailed when means fail ; and it is at other times gloriously amplified when faith holds her rightful place. Without a governing authority ritual must lose its opportuneness, as doctrine must lose its distinctness. Without an authority, it must be by turns redundant and defective, sometimes a mask without a face, at others a needless challenge and defiance. For us who believe and obey, there is peace and joy in the thought that we are as the flocks of the Psalmist, who are led into the places where the pastures are, and guided by the rod and staff of the Good Shepherd. Therefore should we welcome instruction, study the Church's open book, love her festivals, and attune our hearts to enter into her divine and salutary life.

TREASURY, APRIL, 1899.

RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	181,041	Plous reading.....	80,578
Acts of mortification.....	160,058	Masses celebrated.....	1,974
Beads.....	258,185	Masses heard.....	111,187
Stations of the Cross.....	46,659	Works of zeal.....	71,200
Holy Communion.....	97,152	Various good works.....	538,049
Spiritual Communion..	273,793	Prayers.....	1,137,303
Exams of conscience	79,093	Sufferings or afflictions..	77,193
Hours of silence.....	256,508	Self conquests.....	186,473
Char' able conversations	171,459	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	137,216
Hour of labour.....	326,159		
Holy Hours.....	26,804	Total.....	4,118,084



JOAN OF ARC AND THE VOICES

Fresco by LENEPVEU.

Panthéon, Paris.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY.

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

The beatification of Joan of Arc.

IT was in the year 1429. By successful warfare and the alliance of the powerful Duke of Burgundy, who held Paris, Henry VI of England had become master of the whole of France, saving only a small portion of the central provinces.

The circle was closing in : the important city of Orleans was besieged ; Paris, Reims, where Clovis and his successors had been crowned, were in the enemy's hands ; the days were dark for France and well nigh hopeless.

It was then that God raised up for the saving of France, a shepherd maid of some sixteen years, by name of Joan of Arc. Joan was born of peasant parents, in 1412, at Domrémy, which lies on the common boundary of Lorraine and Champagne. She grew up unlettered, pious and industrious, but otherwise unnoticed among the village girls. Like them she tended the flocks or plied the spinning-wheel.

However, her piety went beyond the ordinary. She loved prayer ; to assist at mass and at the offices of the Church was her unfeigned delight ; she could spend hours in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Her kindness, charity, obedience did not belie her devotion to holy things. It is no marvel that Heaven should come very close to such a soul, nor that, one summer's day, the Archangel Michael should speak to her, exhorting her in these earlier communications to piety, prayer and the more perfect practice of virtue. Later, St. Catherine and St. Margaret manifested

themselves to her and a vast army of angels, whom she called her "brothers of Paradise."

It was only afterwards that the matter of her mission was broached to her: — She was to deliver the Dauphin Charles from his enemies and conduct him to Reims, there to be crowned. "But" quoth Joan, "how, can I, who neither ride a horse or handle a sword, do this thing?" "God will help you," answered the Angel.

For three years she heard the Voices. They were becoming more preremptory in tone and definite in detail as time went on. From them she came to understand the desperate straits to which France was reduced and to know that all hopes were gone if the siege of Orleans were not speedily raised and the English, so long victorious, driven away. Timid maiden that she was, she hesitated, proved much, nor yet could she free herself from the dread of an enterprise so vast. "Haste," urged the Voices, "haste thee, child of God, haste to Vancouleurs, there to find the Lord Robert de Beaudricourt, who will get thee audience of the King. Haste thee, Orleans is hard pressed."

At length, in obedience to the Voices, she set out in company with her uncle. The grizzled veteran, Robert de Beaudricourt, grown old in harness, smiled in derision upon the dream-like projects of the shepherd-girl of Domrémy. Once again, after a long interval she attempted to win over the old Chatelain to her side. This time she succeeded, for in the interval, her unostentatious piety, her honest speech, her steadfast confidence in her mission and the pictures she drew of the woeful state of France, had gained her many partizans.

It was in February, 1429, that Joan, henceforth calling herself *la Pucelle*, that is *the Maid*, set out to have audience of the king, and after much hesitation and delay was admitted to his presence.

She had promised to recognise and single him out of all the Court. In spite of his being disguised and his

protesting that she was making a mistake, she straightway addressed him : " God grant you long life, gentle Dauphin. " I am Joan, the Maid, sent by the King of Heaven to tell you " that you will be anointed and crowned in Reims to be the " Lieutenant of the King of Heaven who is the King of France."

A commission of grave and learned divines was named to examine into her case, to find out if there were anything in her character, habits, devotions, visions or past history that could in any way invalidate her claim. Truly it was a case



for cautions and mature deliberation : the honour of France was at stake, for she asked to be entrusted with military command ; the honour of God was concerned, for she declared that she held her mission of God. When the commissioners first came to her house, she said to them : " You come to examine me ; now, I know " neither A nor B, but I " do know that I am sent " by the King of Heaven " to raise the siege of Or-

leans and conduct the king to Reims, there to be crowned." After six weeks of investigation and deliberation the judges declared they could find no flaw in Joan, and, that in view of the marvels that attended her, it would be resisting the Holy Ghost to refuse her what she required to carry out her mission.

Thus was the seal of the Church set upon the virtue of Joan and upon the reality of her mission.

Neither the space allotted to this notice nor its scope

admit of any detailed account of the successes of the French arms under the leadership of the Maid. The siege of Orleans had lasted seven months, in seven days it was raised, and on the 17th July, Charles VII was crowned in Reims.

She had much to contend with: the great captains could scarcely be brought to trust her military capacity; the king was irresolute, broken in spirit by long continued reverses. But the Voices spoke to her and success never failed to wait upon their counsels; whereas, when, as often happened, other counsels prevailed, disaster invariably followed. Though armed and in the forefront of the fight she never would shed blood. Not that she thought herself invulnerable she even knew from the Voices, and announced it three weeks before, that she would be wounded under the walls of Orleans. It was an arrow that pierced her shoulder and shewed six inches beyond. The blood flowed fast and she began to weep, for she was but seventeen. Then she hears the consoling Voices, and with her own hand pulls out the arrow. How these tears do affect one, they bring the Maid closer to us, she is of ours; it is the touch of nature that makes us all-akin.

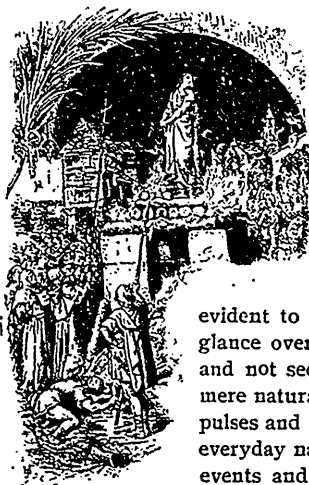
The Maid had now accomplished all she had promised, all that the Voices had assured her would come to pass. Her task had not been easy, but she fulfilled it to the last detail in spite of the disadvantage of taking up a losing cause, in spite of the jealousy of the great ones who saw their influence waning before that of Joan, in spite of the wretched devices of court politics, in spite of the scarce acknowledged dissatisfaction of the king, that the action of heaven through the Maid should supplant his own personal initiative in the deliverance of his Realm. But henceforth, these ignoble passions and disastrous influences will have their way. Henceforth, there are no more promises; God will not save France, unless France is willing to be saved; her enemies are not always to be worsted, and, one St. John's Day, 1430, they do so well, that Joan falls into their

hands a prisoner. Five weeks before the Voices had foretold it. She was captured by the Burgundions, from whom, on payment of an enormous sum, the English got possession of their arch-enemy, the little Maid, who had been the means of turning the high tide of their success. Three months she lay in prison with chains riveted about her, subjected to interrogatory after interrogatory, one more captious and cunning than the other, that she might be caught in her words and give occasion for the pre-arranged condemnation which awaited her. The chief of the council selected for this purpose was Pierre Cauchon who, on account of his devotedness to the English cause, had been presented to the Bishopric of Beauvais. Alas! for the times when princes could reward their favorites with ecclesiastical preferment and force their candidates upon the Church! This Bishop of Beauvais was not only traitor to his country but also to the Pope (Eugenius IV), whom he had refused to recognise. Besides he had a personal grudge against the Maid, because of her having secured the adherence of the people of Beauvais to the national cause, and so forced him out of his episcopal city. His colleagues on the commission were divines drawn from the University of Paris. Thus did Bedford and the English Council of Regency shelter themselves and mask their murderous intent behind the forms of an ecclesiastical tribunal!

In spite of their persecution, amid snare and threat, the Maid held firm to her declaration that her mission was of God, and appealed to the Pope for the justice she could not hope to obtain at the hands of her foresworn judges. But why tarry: she was condemned and handed over to the secular arm to be burnt at the stake for heresy. All along she prayed and listened to the comforting Voices, and so prepared, brave and resigned, she faced her awful death. She confessed and received Holy Communion, and on the 30th of May, 1431, being then only nineteen years old, she stood bound to the stake. From out of the cruel flames,

with the heavens opening above her last words were heard :
 " My saints have not deceived me, my mission was of God !
 " St. Michael, St. Margaret, St. Catherine, come ye to my
 " aid ! Jesus ! "

In the usual dispensation of Divine Providence, there commonly appears some proportion between the means and the end. At times, however, for the uplifting of men's hearts above the petty shifts and resources of this world, and for the strengthening of their trust in the all-seeing



God, He does manifest his power by using the weak and small to confound the strong ones and the mighty. Sometimes His instruments are the blind forces of Nature, or again the free but divinely guided energies of men ; and, though sometimes, the interposition and the lesson are not at the moment

evident to all, still it is hard to even glance over the chronicles of the past and not see something more than the mere natural evolution of human impulses and the undisturbed action of everyday natural laws in the march of events and shaping of history. We have the advantage that years and

centuries have dissipated the mists of prejudice that masked for a time the Divine Hand ; much as the beautiful lines of some fossil shell are revealed on the weather-worn surface of a limestone cliff. So it is with the saving of France by Joan of Arc. The rivalry of race and the lust of conquest are passed away, and France and England unite to do her honour. In that oneness which is of

the household of the Faith, we see in Joan of Arc a maiden who obeyed with childlike docility a command the most marvellous in its nature and perilous in its execution that ever God laid upon maiden ; a virgin who, amid the wantonness of the camp and the temptation of the court, maintained herself good and pure above all suspicion ; whose one purpose it was and high emprise, that Jesus Christ should reign in the realm of France and be Lord above the King ; who used her influence and her power for the observance of God's laws and to banish wickedness from the armies she commanded ; whose heart, strengthened by prayer and the Sacraments enjoyed the peace of heaven in the midst of a stormy career ; who accepted with resignation reverses, sharp imprisonment, unjust judgment, and endured the woeful death at the stake with a martyr's heroism. But now, thank God, the smoke of the death-fire is wreathing itself into the nimbus of the Saint, for the iniquitous judgment of Rouen has been solemnly reversed. This Joan, whom a twice-perjured bishop declared a heretic, the Church will soon, let us hope, proclaim a saint ; and the aim and purpose of these lines, an aim sanctioned and blessed by the Sovereign Pontif, is to secure the earnest prayers of the Associates for a prompt and happy ending to the process of her Beatification.

Recalling the story of Joan of Arc, while we feel that we are dealing with an episode where, as in Old Testament days, God has interposed, our awe of the Presence is lifted from our hearts and our sympathies are aroused, when we contemplate the instrument of His power : not a stern unbending blood-stained Joshua, but a mild and simple maiden. We count all the more surely on many pious, urgent prayers for this General Intention because it appeals to our manhood. Warlike courage, masterful leading, high and steadfast purpose, kindly ways, womanly tenderness, intimate union with God, and in the end, the pathos of failure and heroic suffering, all united as in Joan of Arc,

go to make up a type that appeals to every heart, and that is good to contemplate: for her story reminds us how close God is to us in His Providence, and teaches us what great things we can do and suffer under the influence of accepted grace.

I. J. KAVANAGH, S. J.

Daily prayer during this month.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day, in reparation for our sins, and according to all the intentions for which thou sacrificest Thyself continually on the altar. I offer them, in particular, that the Venerable Joan of Arc may be speedily honoured with the glory of Beatification.

Apostolic Resolution: Pious recourse without public cult to the Venerable Joan of Arc.

Written for the
CANADIAN MESSENGER.

MARY.

There is joy in the air when the first timid blossom.
Awakes to the song of a rapturous bird,
And throbs of delight in each care-haunted bosom
When songs of the May and of Mary are heard.
Oh! beautiful May, 'tis the name of our Mother,
Which blesses thy days with a sunshine more rare,
That makes every hour seem more sweet than another,
And touches each breeze with the perfume of prayer.

When Nature resplendant high festival holding
Unfeters the ice chain of rivers and rills,
And paints, the soft clouds in the tender blue folding,
Tis Mary's dear name that we hear on the hills.
On strength of his delicate pinion relying
We watch the young bird as he floats to the sky,
Our spirits take wing too—but soar past him sighing
Her Name till it reaches the Seraph's on High.

For Mary is blessed! her own lips prophetic
With clearness of clarion and sweetness of song—
Have spoke—and the nations with fervour magnetic,
Rejoice at her Anthem as time rolls along.
From the wide spreading earth to the limitless heaven,
Wherever the Name of the Saviour is heard,
An eloquent glory, to Mary, is given,
Men bow, and the wings of the Angels are stirred!

BELLELLE GUERRIN.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX

WE take the liberty of reproducing an extract from the Lentin Circular of His Grace Mgr. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax, to his Clergy :

In fulfilment of your pastoral duties, impress upon the faithful, during this holy season of Lent, the eternal truths that should govern their lives, and see that they all approach the Sacraments humbly and sincerely. To promote the frequentation of the Sacraments, encourage pious Sodalties and Confraternities. Especially would I recommend the *Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*. The abundant fruits produced by this League, wherever it has been established, is proof of its great efficacy for good. The conditions of membership are easy of fulfilment ; the spiritual benefits derived from the regular and frequent recurrence of a day specially dedicated to the consideration of our Divine Redeemer's agony — to say nothing of other advantages — will purify and strengthen the souls of the members themselves ; and the example of those, however few at the beginning, who will devoutly approach the Sacraments every month, will soon extend the influence of the League, and draw God's special blessing on the Parish. Wherever the League already exists, let the Pastor earnestly foster and promote it ; and where it does not exist, let steps be taken to establish it.

All information and papers for the establishment of the League can be obtained from the Diocesan Director, Rev. Gerald Murphy, St. Patrick's, Halifax.

We pray God that the Archbishop's hopes may be abundantly realized, and confidently trust that the Blessings promised the promoters of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart may never fail him.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

CYRVILLE. — On the day appointed for the solemn reception of new members, a large and recollected congregation filled the church, which was decked as on days of high festival.

The League which was established in Cyrville seven years back, stood in need of a revival, and thanks to the efforts of the zealous Pastors of Cyrville, its condition now is most satisfactory. Fifteen sections of fifteen Associates with a Promoter at the head of each were

formed in a parish that does not number over 100 families. Two special Leagues, also soon organized, the League of Men and the League of the Children of the Sacred Heart, and both had their respective banner. All the Associates were then convoked for February 5th, the very day the church was celebrating in the diocese the solemnity of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

We had a solemn mass with deacon and sub-deacon, during which the Children of the Juvenile League sang their beautiful hymn: "O Sacred Heart! Sweet Sacred Heart!" The ceremonies of the solemn reception began immediately after mass.

After the Cadets had sung their martial hymn: "En avant, marchons!" the Rev. Father Vice-Director preached a short and very pathetic allocution in French and in English. All hearts thrilled with emotion and enthusiasm. Then our priests proceeded to the reception of the new members; the Cadets came after and knelt down at the rails, and finally the men, in order to receive their respective badges.

What a beautiful scene, to see those men of all ages standing up without any human respect, and going to receive on their breast the Badge of the Sacred Heart, in public token of their consecration and of their promises.

The ceremony was closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After the singing of the *Tantum ergo*, a representative of each League read the respective formula of consecration to the Divine Heart of Jesus; the Cadets loudly proclaimed that they would be faithful to their promises in answering all together the three questions addressed to them by the Rev. Father Vice-Director.

The whole Congregation joined in singing the *Magnificat*, to thank God thereby for all the heavenly favours conferred on them at the occasion of this solemnity in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

And now we hope that the League is in a prosperous way. Every one is delighted with the name and office of "Apostle of Prayer." The Promoters display much zeal and fervour in enrolling new members; the Sacred Heart of Jesus is *King of all Hearts* in Cyrville. May He ever reign therein and confer His choicest blessings on our beloved priests and upon all the souls entrusted to their care!

A WITNESS.

HOCHELAGA CONVENT. — The League of the Sacred Heart was definitely organized among the pupils of the Convent of the Holy Names, Hochelaga, by Rev. J. B. Nolin, S. J., Nov. 25, 1888. Since then it has been working admirably, and has produced marvellous results.

There is a notable increase of love for the Holy Eucharist, manifested

by frequent Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, acts of reparation and other practices of devotion. Mortifications of various kinds, greater ardor for study, submission to the rules of the establishment, and fidelity in contributing to the Treasury of Good Works prove that the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord permeates the lives of the pupils, elevating, transforming, sanctifying their most ordinary actions.

O. GLADU, Pres.

M. A. BRAUCHAMP, Sec.

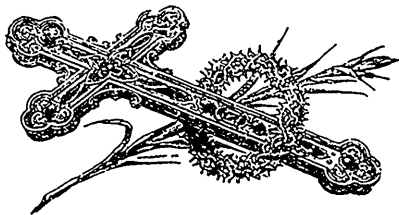
IN MEMORIAM.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them. Heb. XIII. 3.

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

Alexandria : Alexander McIntosh, d. Mar. 1 ; McAllan McMillen, d. Mar. 14 ; Alexander Kerr, d. Mar. 15. *Arnprior* : Mrs. Margaret Sargeant, d. Mar. 19 ; Joseph Heath, d. Mar. 30. *Barrie* : Mrs. Mary Lashpell, d. Mar. 6 ; Mr. Miles Murphy, d. Feb. 7. *Bathurst* : Mrs. Mary Leahy, d. Jan. 17 ; Mr. Antoine Blais, d. Jan. 15 ; Mrs. James Landry, d. Feb. : Mrs. Joseph Pitre, d. Mar. *Berlin* : Michael Ward, d. Jan. ; Isabella Gles, d. Nov. *Cornwall* : Mary McPhaul Fraser, d. Mar. 18 ; Mrs. Margaret Garmon, d. Mar. ; James Marcellin, d. Mar. *Dundas* : Miss Mary Collins. *Eganville* : Mrs. Margaret McDonald, d. Dec. 29, '98 ; Julia Stafford, d. Mar. 16. *Freeton* : Mrs. Anthony McGowan, d. Feb. *Galt* : John Leyse, d. Feb. 17 ; Miss Mary Kelleher, d. Mar. 9 ; Miss Mary Collins, d. Mar. 21 ; Miss Kate Barry, d. Mar. 21. *Glen Robertson* : D. A. McDonald, d. Nov. '98 ; Samuel McDonald, d. Sept. 29, '98 ; Mme Victoria Jeneau, d. Mar. 2 ; Alexander D. McDonald, d. May 22, '98. *Goderich* : Chs. A. McDonald, d. Feb. 18. *Grand Falls, N. B.* : Louise A. Pelletier, d. Mar. 4 ; Napoleon Martin, d. Mar. 5. *Guelph* : Mrs. John Carroll, d. Jan. 15 ; Mrs. Maurice Feehan, d. Jan. 19 ; Margaret O'Donnell, d. Jan. 20 ; Edward Lynch, d. Jan. 21 ; Mrs. Joseph Herringer, d. Jan. 23 ; Hugh Brunton, d. Jan. 29 ; Sister Mary Perpetua Heffernan (St. Joseph's), d. Mar. 8 ; Annie H. Mulroney, d. Feb. 13. *Hamilton* : Mrs. Michael Murphy, d. Mar. 5 ; Jeremiah Keroney, d. Feb. 26. *Hastings* : James McMahan, d. Mar. 17. *Heatherlon, N. S.* : Mrs. W. C. Chisholm and Mary McDonald, Mrs. O'Neil, d. Apr. 1 ; Mrs. Ann Mulcahy. *Ingersoll* : Mrs. Mary Comiskey, d. Jan. 3 ; Miss Alvenia Deleiney, d. Aug. 18, '98 ; John Henderson, d. June 6, '98. *Iroquois* : Archibald Alexander Macdonald, d. Feb. 26. *Kingston* : Mrs. Cath-

rine Rigney, d. Feb. 1; Mrs. Sara Marie Germain, d. Feb. *Lakeville*: Mrs. Joseph McPhee, d. Feb. 16; Mrs. Ronald Ford, d. Feb. 10; Mr. James McDonald, d. Mar. 10; Mr. Ronald McDonald, d. Feb. 14; Mrs. Ronald McEachern, d. Feb. 13; Miss Mimie Holland (Promoter), d. Feb. 12. *London*: Mrs. C. O'Connor, d. Mar. 21; Mrs. Margaret McTennan, d. Dec. '98; Wm. Debb, d. Jan. 18; Mrs. Alice Murphy, d. Jan.; Mrs. John Wright, d. Mar. 18; Miss Mary Tierney, d. Mar. 12; Miss A. Crough, d. Aug., '98. *Moncton*: John W. Trites, d. Mar. 19. *Montreal*: Mrs. Luke Cove, d. Feb. 13; Mrs. Michael McKeachney, d. Mar. 16; Mrs. Patrick Smith, Mrs. Emma Lamont, d. Mar. 26. *Orillia*: Mrs. Kiely, d. Feb. *Philipson*: Mary Gallagher, d. Feb. 3. *Port Lambton*. Mrs. Cadot, d. Jan. 22; Mrs. N. Murphy, d. Feb. 19. *Renfrew*: Mrs. James Burke, d. Nov. 3, '98; Mrs. D. Cullane, d. May, '98. *Rolls Bay, P. E. I.*: Mr. Simon Deagle, d. Jan. 21. *St. Andrew's*: Mary Ellen Waters, d. Mar. 7; Michael McAlear, d. Mar. 13. *St. John's*: Rosanna McGovern, d. Feb. 28; John Quinn, d. Feb. 11; Johanna Dustin, d. Feb. 10; Hugh Rooney, d. Dec. 20, '98; John Duffy, d. Feb. 5. *St. Mary's*: Mrs. Nora Hickey, d. Feb.; Ed. O'Neil, d. Mar. 8. *Simcoe*: Miss Sarah Kelly (Promoter), d. Mar. 19. *Trenton*: Harry Barnard, d. Dec. 4, '98. *Wallaceburg*: James Clear, d. Dec. 29, '98. *Anonymous*: Mary Enright, d. Mar. 6. *Little Judique, C. B.*, Angus Beaton, d. Mar. 10. *Montreal*: Andrew Phelan, d. Dec. 31, '98; Mrs. J. Hoolahan, d. Mar. 8.





MESSENGER ITEMS.

Reports of events connected with the local working of the League will be gladly received by the Editor ; some already arrived are unavoidably held over.

* * *

As the Reverend A. E. Jones, S. J., has been assigned to an important task in his special line of historical research, he has been succeeded in the Editorship of the CANADIAN MESSENGER by the Reverend I. J. Kavanagh, S.J., St. Mary's College, to whom such communications as are above referred to must be henceforth addressed.

* * *

In the case of requests for prayers for the dead, we find it very hard to stand by the rule, which requires that matter for publication arrive before the first of the month. As some inconvenience attends the insertion of obituary notices which are behindhand, we sincerely hope that our piety towards the dead will not be imposed on.

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Omissions and mistakes in our Thanksgivings, Obituaries, or Intentions are usually traceable to the fact that these various matters come in written on the same sheet of paper, instead of being written on different sheets.

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We strongly recommend the use of the printed cards for lists of Intentions or Good Works ; the postage is only one cent, and the subsequent classifying and summing of contents is much facilitated.

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It is scarcely to be believed how many lists come in without any name or locality. The locality ought to be written upon each list, otherwise they cannot be credited to the proper centres.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

IT was a veritable house that Jack built, as he, Jack, would show you, with honest pride, if you were to take the train any fine morning at Montreal, and go out, somewhat past the village of St. Anne de Bellevue, on the Lake St. Louis Road. He had done it all himself or, at least, carefully superintended every detail of the doing. He would bring before you in review the bricks of the foundation, and the bricklayers, who had placed them, scientifically, according to the rules of their craft, and the masons and the carpenters who had put up the walls and attended to the woodwork, and the plasterers who had followed upon their heels, and glaziers and painters and plumbers, in short, all who had a hand in the house that Jack built.

Perhaps, had you asked him he might have shown you a cow, with a crumpley horn, amongst the cattle in the barn, but so far could display no "maiden all forlorn," nor had he ever yet asked for the matrimonial good offices of "a priest, all shaven and shorn." Jack remained a bachelor, absorbed in the house which was built or that which he had built. It did not concern him, in the least, that certain wealthy magnates from Montreal had come and erected dwellings upon the borders of that magical lake, which quite obscured by their grandeur, his own modest structure. It was happily at a sufficient distance to prevent odious comparisons.

It was only when all was done that Jack had any eye for the beauties of nature. And yet he was in their very midst. After "the meeting of the waters," at a point below, where the Ottawa mingles with the St. Lawrence, the former

stream widened out. No Como, nor Maggiore of them all could exceed in exquisite softness and repose that stretch of water, catching glories from the homely Canadian sunset, unsurpassed by the transdescent glow of the Italian heaven. Sometimes gleaming with jewel-like brilliance upon the face of the waters, or fading tremulously into opalescent tints, or burning with intenser fires of purple and crimson, the sun by its dying effort crowned the glories of a long, shining day. Beyond in the distance green shores lay, a soft, hazy line between lake and sky, whilst below the locks opened an 'skut all the busy day, to let past barges and rafts, these latter anchoring, at evening, and with fires enkindled, made spots of gloom in the darkness. All these beauties, Jack began to observe with the pride of proprietorship. He had never been a great lover of nature. He was not gifted with the poet's eye, which beholds "the splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower," but it was a different matter when such immaterial blessings could be regarded as appendages to the house that Jack built.

Not a poet of them all could wax more eloquent than he, over that vast and often infinitely silent sheet of water, so calm under the moon's rays, so turbulent under the sway of the wind, so laughing in the morning sunshine. He also sought whatever of historic or romantic interest attached to the place and its surroundings. The old fort down there upon the grounds, the property of a deceased gentleman :

"Once Prime Minister of this Dominion, Sir!"

And the house where Moore had slept overnight, when he wrote at "St. Anne's his parting hymn." And the point of land around which the Iroquois had swept in their war canoes. Yes, every gem of historic lore that the owner could find was set in the house that Jack built.

II

People began to tell Jack that he ought to marry. He began to think so himself. It would be for the advantage

of that wonderful structure, of which he had made a species of idol. The daughter of a neighbouring farmer seemed to answer all Jack's requirements. She was tall, rather good-looking, extremely neat, best of all, rumor said, a perfect housewife. Jack was not and had never been, he thanked heaven, a romantic man; there was no greater waste of human energy in his eyes than *that*. The girl would do. Knowing the etiquette of the neighbourhood, he therefore dressed himself in his best clothes, one Sunday afternoon, and stepped out from his dwelling.

He could not help turning back to survey it, triumphantly. It gave him great confidence, too. Apart from the delightful self-complacency, inherent in the Englishman, the typical lord of creation, he felt convinced that no sane woman could refuse "the House that Jack built." The mistress of that establishment would rank only second to the wives of the city magnates.

Nature was at its best on that spring day, and Jack glared with contentment, as he passed briskly along that country road, bordered by the fresh green of the new grass and the fields redolent of spring, and the birds, overhead singing in the dainty, primal verdure. He arrived at his destination, a farm-house, small, and which had been a long time standing, as the broad leaves over the gallery showed. There were flowers in the window and a vine upon one of the walls; Jack disapproved, so bad for the stone. Many things impressed him "as behind the age" and with symptoms of poverty, too. He felt a lofty sense of superiority, as he took off his hat to the grandmother, who sat, rocking, on the sunniest corner of the gallery, where she had played as a child. She returned the salute with quaint courtesy. She was very bent and wrinkled. She also said some words, but Jack had never bothered his head learning French.

At the door, he met the mother of his intended bride. She regretted that her husband was absent and invited him to enter with that true and fine politeness which belongs to

a generation, fast passing away in Canada. Jack explained that he had not come to see her husband, but her daughter, Miss Angelique. Madame looked embarrassed, her face changed and she did not fly to summon the young lady with the eagerness he had expected. In fact, she conversed till her husband came. She said a few words to him in French, and immediately the same air of constraint and embarrassment was reflected on his countenance. She said :

" You desire to see our daughter. She is upstairs, but, if you will explain.....

" I particularly want to see your daughter ! " said Jack, though with a shade less of self-confidence. " I want to ask her. To be brief. My house is built and I am looking for a wife. If Miss Angelique will have me."

The mother's face here shone with pleasure. She was no stoic. What an elevation for her daughter to be mistress of that fine dwelling. Every one would envy her. They were poor and had a good many, and Angelique was none too young. All at once, her face clouded and showed the gravity, which had remained as a cloud upon that of her husband.

" Sir, I am much grieved," said the father, " it is for my Angelique, a great honour. But to consent, it is not possible."

" And why ? " cried Jack, flaring up, " is there anything against me ? "

" But one thing," answered the old farmer, " and it is a very great thing. You are a Protestant."

Jack's breath was taken away. He had thought but little of religion and had had no time with his building and other cares to go to church. But he was undeniably a Protestant and gloried in the fact. It made him so true a Briton. The British had brought the Bible with them everywhere and enlightened all peoples.

" Of course, I'm a Protestant," he said, " but what difference does that make ? "

" Ah," cried the mother, timidly, " if only you could convert yourself."

He stared at her a moment.

" That's impossible!" he said brusquely.

There was offence in the motion. Could he, in his superiority embrace a faith, which he had always held to be for " poor folks."

" May I see Miss Angelique?" he asked. " I suppose if she agrees, you can't prevent the marriage. I would rather she become a Protestant, to be sure. But if you hold very much to it, why she can do as she pleases. I don't care what religion my wife's got, if she suits me."

The mother was deeply shocked by this confession and the father said with increasing gravity :

" That is the more to be deplored. But I will let you see our Angelique. I am sure of my child. Were it not so, I might not grant you to see her."

These people came of a sturdy Breton stock, too rare now-a-days in Canada. Never, from generation to generation had there been any tampering with their faith. Proudly one after another, they had gone to meet their God, with the stamp of absolute fidelity upon them.

Jack felt uncomfortably conscious of the sacred pictures upon the walls, which he had not before observed and iconoclast as he was, in what religion he had, he was drawn powerfully by the face of the Virgin Mother. He was also aware of a much increased anxiety that Angelique should consent to marry him. He did not like defeat. But he comforted himself with the reflection that the younger generation were getting over these prejudices.

Presently, the girl came in. Why, she was actually handsome, in her Sunday frock, straight as a willow and with earnest, steadfast eyes of deep black. She saluted him and the colour rose a little to her cheeks, even before her father explained. Sunday afternoon was by excellence courting-time. A Sunday visit to a girl meant much. As

her father spoke, she was plainly pleased, deeply moved even, but when he had finished she did not hesitate :

"It is impossible," she said, "that I should ever marry with one who is not Catholic."

The father, with a satisfied smile, went forth to the gallery and stood beside his old mother's chair, with tender deference. Jack left to his own resources, pleaded long and earnestly. He do not know that he could have striven so hard to win a woman. But it was all of no avail. Angeliqne looked at him with almost a tender light in her eyes and smiled gravely :

"I must save my soul, is it not?" she declared, simply, "and for your house. It is beautiful. If I might live there forever, well it might be that I would marry you."

Jack left her at last, downright angry. As he passed through the gate, he understood French enough to catch the mother's :

"It is a pity!"

And the almost angry question of the grandmother.

"Would you have her to marry a heretic?"

"God forbid!" the younger woman had answered, "but it is a pity."

Jack took many strange impressions home with him. The lively faith of these people ready to sacrifice so much for their convictions, amazed him. And Angeliqne's words kept ringing in his ears :

"Your house is very beautiful, if only I could live there forever!"

What did the girl mean? He was angry that she should thus associate death and uncertainty of tenure, with that house, which he, Jack, had so laboriously built. What did these absurd people, ignorant, superstitious, bigoted, he called them in his anger, want him to do? He could never be a Catholic.

(To be continued)



THANKSGIVINGS

For special favours received from the SACRED HEART, published in fulfilment of promises made.

(N.B. Thanksgivings intended for publication under this heading should reach the editor before the first of the month preceding publication. General Thanksgivings for favours received throughout the month or the year, or vaguely expressed as "several" or "many" are not here mentioned.)

ALEXANDRIA. For success in business, through St. Anthony's intercession. For many spiritual and temporal favours. For recovery of a lost key, through St. Anthony. For the cure of pain. For restoration to health, after prayers to St. Anthony and for the Souls in Purgatory. For temporal favours, after Novenas to the Sacred Heart and St. Ann. — **ALLISTON.** For three temporal favours, after praying to St. Anthony and a Novena to St. Joseph. — **ALMONTE.** For work obtained for friend, after prayers to St. Anthony. For cure of a sore throat, through prayers to St. Blaise. — **Amherstburg.** For special temporal favour, after praying to St. Anthony. For several favours, through intercession of St. Anthony. For cure of two persons, after praying to St. Anthony. — **ARNPRIOR.** For success at two examinations, and two other favours, after making a Novena to Jesus, Mary and Joseph and through the Souls in Purgatory. For several favours received, after praying to St. Joseph and having two masses said for the Souls in Purgatory.

BATHURST. For favours received. For favours received, after praying to the Blessed Virgin and St. Ann and receiving on the feast of St. Ann. For success in examinations, after prayers to the B. Virgin, St. Ann and St. Anthony. For favours, after praying to Our Lady and St. Joseph. For favours received, through the intercession of the B. Virgin. For several favours. For a cure, after applying the Badge. For favours, through the intercession of St. Benedict. For a cure, through a Novena. For favour received, through St. Ann and St. Benedict. For lost article, through St. Anthony. For two favours received, through St. Anthony. — **BRANTFORD.** For a safe journey, and success in an undertaking, through prayers to the B. V., St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For favour granted, after Mass for Souls in Purgatory and prayers to Our Lady of Sorrows and St. Ann. For temporal favours, after Novenas to St. Joseph and St. Francis Xavier.

CORNWALL, ONT. For two temporal favours, after praying to Sacred Heart and Suffering Souls. For recovery of person suffering from a disease naturally incurable, after making Novena to the Suffering

Souls. For restoration to health, after a serious illness. — CHRYSLER, ONT. For speedy relief from a malady which otherwise would have entailed a serious operation.

EDMONTON. For a temporal favour, after having prayed to St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin and using Holy Water. — EGANVILLE. For cure, after applying Badge.

FAIRVILLE. For a husband's return to his religious duties. For a favour, through saying the Thirty Day Prayer to B. V. M. For special temporal favour, after recommending the intention to the League S. H. A spiritual favour. For grace to conquer a temptation, through devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Way of the Cross. For a temporal favour. — FOURNIER. For special favour, after praying to Sacred Heart.

GEORGETOWN, P. E. I. For favours received. For a cure, after applying the Badge and saying the Rosary. — GLEN ROBERTSON, ONT. One conversion, after prayers to Precious Blood, and three recommendations to prayers of Holy League. For improvement in Health, after Novena to the Precious Blood and prayers to St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. For child's return to health, after applying the Badge of the Sacred Heart and prayers to St. Joseph. — GODERICH. For a temporal favour, after having Mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For a conversion. — GRAND FALLS, N. B. For cure of a severe pain, after praying to Blessed Virgin. For a temporal favour. — GUELPH. For great favours received, after many prayers, Novenas and Masses.

HALIFAX. For the cure of a severe pain. For spiritual favours. For success in an examination. For situation obtained. For many favours. — HASTINGS. For restoration to health, after praying to Blessed Virgin. For the cure of a pain, after applying the Badge. For spiritual favours. For seven temporal favours. For the recovery from sickness, after praying to St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory.

INGERSOLL. For several favours obtained, after praying to Blessed Virgin and the Souls in Purgatory. For a favour, after praying to the Souls in Purgatory.

KINGSTON. For restoration to health, after Novenas to St. Joseph and St. Francis Xavier.

LASALLETTÉ. For a temporal favour, after promise of Masses for Souls in Purgatory. — LINDSAY. For request granted. For a position, after three Novenas to St. Anthony and prayers to Our Lady. For the cure of a sick child. — LONDON. For great favours received.

MARYSVILLE. For a temporal favour, after prayers to B. V. M.,

St. Joseph, St. Benedict and St. Ann. For brother's steady employment, after prayers to Blessed Virgin, St. Ann, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For the cure of a pain, after prayers to St. Benedict, and applying medal. — MONTREAL. A mother wishes to give thanks for the conversion of her son. For the cure of a pain, after praying to Sacred Heart, and applying the Promoters' Cross. For a special favour, after making a Novena to Our Lady.

NIAGARA. For the recovery of three friends from serious sicknesses.

OLD ROAD, GUYSBORO'. For a temporal favour. — ORILLIA. For many favours, after praying to St. Anthony and the B. V. M. For a Father's recovery from illness, after saying three Litanies of the B. V. M. and having a Mass said. For two spiritual and two temporal favours — OTTAWA. For the cure of a severe pain, after applying the Badge of the Sacred Heart and medal of St. Ann. For the cure of a pain, after having Mass said, and prayers to St. Anthony. For having obtained work. — OWEN SOUND. For a son's journey to a foreign land, after placing him under the protection of the Blessed Virgin and the Souls in Purgatory. For a situation obtained, after making a Novena to the Holy Name of Jesus. For the cure of a sore face, through prayers to St. Anthony and applying the Badge of S. H. For favours received, through the intercession of the B. V. M., St. Anthony, St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory.

PHELSTON. For recovery from illness. — PORT ARTHUR. For the conversion and happy death of a sinner. — PORT HAWKESBURY. For brother's restoration to health, after going to communion and offering prayers to St. Ann.

RENFREW. For a conversion. For finding a sum of money and other articles, after prayers to B. V. and St. Anthony. — RIVIÈRE AUX PINS. For the cure of a pain, after a Novena of Beads. — RIVIÈRE OUELLE. For two great favours received, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory.

ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE. For work, after prayers to the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony. — ST. ANDREW'S. For two special favours. — ST. CATHERINES. For a favour received, through St. Ann. For work obtained. — ST. JOHN. For employment and means, through the B. V. M. For perseverance, through the S. H. For the cures of certain deceases, after prayers to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. For the restoration to health, after praying to the Bl. Gerard. For articles found, after praying to St. Anthony. For employment, after burning light before the S. H. statue. For the conversions to the Faith. For special favours, through the B. V. M. and St. Anthony. For obtaining a sum of money due. For favours obtained, through St. Joseph. —

ST. LOUIS. For favours obtained. — ST. THOMAS. For the recovery from illness. — SHAFORTH. For the settlement of an important difficulty. For the success in an examination, after praying to the Infant Jesus of Prague. For the relief from a severe pain. — SMITH'S FALLS. For a position obtained, after praying to the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony and the Suffering Souls.

TORONTO. For the restoration to health. — TRENTON. For a great spiritual favour.

VANLEEK'S HILL. For the cure of a sore arm and the blood poisoning. — VICTORIA, B. C. For having an article found, after praying to the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony.

WALLACEBURG. For special favours received, through prayers to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory. — WOODSTOCK. For a great temporal favour, after saying daily, for two years, five Hail Marys, in honour of the Sacred Heart, and one Our Father and Hail Mary, for the Holy Souls.

ZURICH. For the recovery from an illness, through the Sacred Heart and the Infant Jesus of Prague. For the rescue of a boy from death, in a serious accident.

ANONYMOUS. For partial success, after praying to B. V., St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory. For the cure of a sore knee, after application of the Badge and saying Rosary in honour of the Sacred Heart. For a favour, through the devotion to the Souls in Purgatory. For several signal favours.

URGENT REQUESTS for favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Amherstburg, Cobourg, Ont., Cornwall, Ont., Dundas, Ont., Edge Hill, Edmonton, N.W.T., Kearney Ont., Larxy's River, N. S., London, Ont., Marysville, Ont., Memramcook, N. B., Montreal, Renfrew, Ont., Rivière des Pins, Seattle.



INTENTIONS FOR MAY

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

GENERAL INTENTION BLESSED BY THE POPE:

The Beatification of Joan of Arc.

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| <p>1.—M.—SS. Phillip and James, Ap. dt. m. j. Candor. 28,038 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2.—Tu.—St. Athanasius, Bp. D. Resistance to error. 12,708 in affliction.</p> <p>3.—W.—Finding of the Holy Cross. rt. Sign of the Cross. 27,304 Departed.</p> <p>4.—Th.—St. Monica, W. h. t. pt. Persevering Prayer. 23,803 Special.</p> <p>5.—F.—St. Plus V, P. C. at. ct. gt. rt. Devotion to Rosary. 1,662 Communities.</p> <p>6.—S.—St. John before the Latin Gate. Meekness. 7,410 First Communions.</p> <p>7.—S.—St. Stanislas, Bp. M. at. ct. gt. rt. Charitable admonition. League Associates.</p> <p>8.—M.—App. of St. Michael Victory over the Devil. 12,638 Employment, Means.</p> <p>9.—Tu.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp. D. Mildness. 2,549 Clergy.</p> <p>10.—W.—St. Antonius, B. C. rt. Almsgiving. 43,251 Children.</p> <p>11.—Th.—ASCENSION. dt. gt. h. t. m. t. r. t. st. Thought of Heaven. 23,813 Families.</p> <p>12.—F.—SS. Nireus and Comp. MM. gt. Good example. 9,225 Perseverance.</p> <p>13.—S.—Bl. John B. de la Salle, C. Silence. 3,607 Reconciliation</p> <p>14.—S.—St. Boniface, M. Repentance. 21,600 Spiritual Favours.</p> <p>15.—M.—St. Isidore the Ploughman. Conversen. 29,257 Temporal Favours.</p> | <p>16.—Tu.—St. Ubaldo, Bp. C. Confession. 15,296 Conversion to Faith.</p> <p>17.—W.—St. Paschal Baylon, C. Humility. 19,790 Youth</p> <p>18.—Th.—St. Winand, M. h. t. Care of the young. 1,014 Schools.</p> <p>19.—F.—St. Peter Celestine, P. C. gt. Contempt of the world. 21,285 Sick or Infirm.</p> <p>20.—S.—St. Bernardine of Siena, C. Reverence. 4,136 Missions or Retreats.</p> <p>21.—S.—VINTSUNDAY. dt. gt. m. j. rt. Love of God. 722 Works, Societies.</p> <p>22.—M.—St. Julia, V. M. Devotion to the Holy Ghost. 1,249 Parishes.</p> <p>23.—Tu.—Bl. Andrew Babola, M. S. J., Custody of the tongue. 31,351 Sinners.</p> <p>24.—W.—St. Vincent of Lerius, C. Obedience to Grace. 16,945 Parents.</p> <p>25.—Th.—St. Gregory VII, P. C. h. t. pt. Victory over the world. 2,048 Religious.</p> <p>26.—F.—St. Phillip Neri, C. Cheerfulness. 1,688 Novices, Ch. Students.</p> <p>27.—S.—St. Mary Mag. de Pazzl, V. Courtesy. 1,053 Superiors.</p> <p>28.—S.—TRINITY SUNDAY. dt. m. j. nt. Adoration. 3,807 Vocations.</p> <p>29.—M.—Our Lady, Help of Christians. Confidence in Mary. League Promoters.</p> <p>30.—Tu.—St. Felix, P. M. Magnanimity. 22,827 Various.</p> <p>31.—W.—St. Angela de Merici, V. Longanimity. League Directors.</p> |
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When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2nd Degree; d=Apostolic Indulgences; g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Hora; n=Sodalities of the Agonizing Heart of J.; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgences for each intention offered for these intentions.