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The Poverty of Italian Nuns.



ONE of the first acts of the sacrilegious usurpers of Rome was to confiscate and sell at auction most of the property belonging to contemplative sisterhoods. This had been, for many years before 1870, the constant policy of the Piedmontese government. But the effects of this wholesale spoliation became still more outrageous after the forcible occupation of the Papal States, where so many fervent communities of women were consecrated to a life of prayer and silent labour. Then it was that the venomous hatred of the holiest Catholic institutions, which is so characteristic of Italian Free-masonry, found vent. That secret power behind Victor Emmanuel's and Humbert's throne could now wreak its mean revenge on defenceless women, and it did so with a refinement of cruelty that stands as a model for its servile imitators in France and Ecuador.

While other Masonic governments brutally suppressed at one stroke or expelled religious orders, the Italian tyrants proceeded with a more devilish astuteness. Their plan was to starve the nunneries to death and seized upon their property on the hypocritical pretext of benefiting the commonwealth. In exchange for the large booty they had thus secured, they granted to such nuns only as were professed in or before 1870 a miserable annual allowance. Those who had not yet taken their vows received no pension. All contemplative sisterhoods were strictly forbidden to admit any more novices. Still more strictly was the acceptance of any dowries forbidden. In this way, in proportion as the older members of a community died off, the aggregate of the pensions dwindled away, and no novices could be received without bringing the whole religious community within measurable distance of starvation.

Before seeing with what heroism this diabolical persecution was faced, let us pause for a moment to consider the injustice and iniquity of the spoliation itself, that we may the better understand the virtues of its victims.

The Italian Government, which is always diplomatic and urbane, even when it assassinates, could not perpetrate such wholesale robbery without giving forth to the world some plausible excuse. This time it manufactured several or rather refurbished them out of the old armory of Voltairian and Mazzinian sophisms.

The first and best known objection to religious orders, especially the contemplative ones, was that they were utterly useless. We grant, of course, that they are not money-making concerns. Were the driving of shrewd commercial bargains the be-all and end-all of human existence, a life of meditation and self-denial might well be deemed wasted. But the most elementary Christian principles point to a higher destiny for mankind, one which is wrought out chiefly by keeping God's holy will ever in view, and this is precisely the main object of religious orders, more particu-

larly when those orders are devoted entirely to the worship and praise of the Almighty Lover of souls. Hence their first surpassing usefulness is that they supply and make amends to Divine Righteousness for the culpable neglect of a paramount duty on the part of their maligners. That very neglect furnishes an excellent reason for the holy life of contemplative sisterhoods, acting as a makeweight in the scales of God's justice and inclining Him to mercy towards those erring politicians who have no mercy on their own immortal souls. Unless civil society is content to be atheistic, it ought to be grateful that it shelters within its confines whole communities consecrated to a work of such vast and far-reaching utility as is the exercise of the nobler virtues and the imploring of heavenly blessings upon the rest of the people.

Moreover, if we consider the women themselves who are dedicated to the exclusive service of their Creator, their vocation provides an eminently useful outlet for energies and capacities that would elsewhere rust and be blighted. In so-called Christian communities where there are no religious sisterhoods, how many women drift into a dreary, companionless old age ! Many of them never feel any inclination for the married state, and dread for themselves its possibilities of physical and moral suffering. Such persons would hail with rapture, did they but realize it, the security and peace, the regular alternation of labour and rest, of companionship and solitude, the freedom from bickerings and slander, above all the solid spiritual comfort and the ever-strengthening hold on eternal bliss which the religious life ensures. These, together with the higher motive of self-sacrifice, that loftiest satisfaction of womanly generosity, are the divine allurements that sweetly attract to the cloister the most gifted maidens on whose charms of person and character the seductions of a delusive world smile in vain.

The fact of the matter really is that, far from being use-

less, contemplative sisterhoods renounce the world in order to be thereby more useful to society at large. Their life of self-abnegation is a strangely eloquent example, indefinitely more eloquent than any personal preaching. Even in these days when a gullible public accepts as gospel truth whatever a John Stuart Mill or a Tolstoi chooses to tell it of his autobiography, example has lost none of its unapproachable eloquence. An ounce of it is still worth a ton of words. Our Blessed Lord knew the deepest springs of the human heart when he "began to do" first of all, and, only after he had given the example, "to teach." He never so much as told his disciples to write his biography. He simply lived and died the perfect life and death, and his example transformed the world. So it is with these heroic women. They busy themselves in convents where their friends severely refrain from visiting them. Perhaps those friends would fain forget them ; their life is such an uncomfortable protest against the worldliness of those same friends ; but the "still, small voice" keeps continually reminding the worldlings of the noble life the cloistered objects of their half-hearted piety are so bravely leading ; these silent reminders gradually produce salutary shame, then sorrow for sin, then unworldliness, then complete conversion to God. To be sure, this is not always the case ; too many there are who succeed in stifling the voice of conscience ; but it is, nevertheless, the story of many a wandering soul brought back to the realities of eternity by the mere thought that such and such a one has given the splendors of her youth to God.

Just here we cannot refrain from reproducing, in proof of the supreme usefulness of religious sisterhoods, a trace of protests sent by communities of women to the National Assembly of France, when that body proposed, in 1789, to suppress all convents. Though these protests are only two out of hundreds of similar import, they give us a glimpse of the inestimable benefits conferred on society by the nuns of France at the very time when they were about to be dis-

banded, because, forsooth, they were said to be degenerate and corrupt. The following quotations are taken from the first volume of Taine's monumental work, "La Révolution," an arsenal of priceless facts concerning the religious, political and social history of France at the end of the last century. The Annonciades of Saint-Amour write to the National Assembly : " With 4,400 francs of net revenue, we live together, thirty-three nuns, choir sisters and white-veiled sisters, without costing anything to the public or to our families..... If we lived in the world, our expenses would be at least three times as great," and, not content with paying their expenses, they gave alms to the poor. Another community writes : " Our infrequent intercourse with the world is the reason why our happiness is unknown. But it is none the less real and solid. Among us there are no distinctions, no privileges ; our joys and griefs are common. Having but one heart and one soul,we protest before the nation, in the face of Heaven and earth, that no power has the right to tear from our hearts the love of our vows, and this protestation we utter with still more fervour than we uttered it on the day of our profession "

Not satisfied with impugning the utility of religious orders, the Italian government circulated assiduously another objection against them, which, while attacking their very means of subsistence, served to justify, in the eyes of the thoughtless public whom it hoodwinked, the wholesale plunder of their property. The official pillagers argued that religious communities, being merely moral associations, without any physical bond of union such as the investment of capital supplies, had no right to the ownership of property. Were this principle true, viz., that the investment of capital is necessary to ownership and that mere moral union of many persons in one corporate body excludes the right of ownership, then civil society as a whole could claim no property at all, since the great majority of its members have invested no capital in the state. The objection is too absurd

to call for any labored refutation. However, as it has some currency with contemporary sciolists, it may be well to point out its shallowness.

Every individual has a natural right to ownership. This right obviously precedes the possession of any actual capital. Now the mere fact of his joining with others to form an association, far from destroying or impairing that right, really strengthens it, not only because the blending of many individual rights must necessarily issue in a stronger collective right, but also because every society naturally needs some property in order to its maintenance and conservation.

Riccardi states the case very plainly. We translate from the original Italian : "The combined right of many persons united together cannot be less than the right of one person, just as the right of a religious cannot be less than that of a layman. What you are pleased to call a moral body is made up of physical men, of social citizens like any others. The college, the chapter, the convent, the so-called moral body is but a legitimate and honorable gathering of so many private citizens who carry into that body their natural rights. Before the law their union neither adds to nor takes away from the right which they severally had ; only, the right of the individuals is merged and lodged in the body. The combined right of all the religious constitutes that of the community, the rights of all the communities constitute that of the Church, as if she were one single person, and she is so in fact through her union with Christ and with the Sovereign Pontiff who represents Christ. So reasonable is this principle that not only it could not be impugned, but it is even confirmed by the most learned jurists of heresy itself, the deadly enemy of all the rights of the Roman Catholic Church. Gisbert Voët affirmed this very principle when he said (*Polit. Eccl. de pecul. eccl., c. I.*) : 'The Faithful are members of Christ and are with him one mystical body.... Therefore Christ and the Church constitute one mystical person, as Thomas (Aquinas) says,...and hence it is that

property bestowed on the Church or the members of Christ is said to be given to Christ.' If then this property is given to Christ, who forms one of the same person with the Church, the property belongs entirely to that sacred person, viz., to the Church, in whom is bound up and reconstituted the right of each member thereof. Wherefore, the Church alone can legitimately dispose of this property by means of the Superiors of the different corporations, by means of the Bishops according to the canons of the same Church, above all by means of and in submission to her first universal Head, the Roman Pontiff." (1)

Such being the inviolable right to ownership in pious sisterhoods we can now measure, by contrast with the sublime origin of that right, the depth of wickedness in the men who despoiled them of their property. And we shall presently see that this spoliation is as useless as it is wicked. The Italian Government may, indeed, reduce the poor nuns to starvation, but it cannot reduce their numbers. Novices, undeterred by such abject poverty, still swell the ranks of these heroic spouses of Christ. The magic magnetism of the cross overcomes all obstacles. Taine himself, who was a freethinker most of his life and who in his declining years, when he turned to God, never got farther than Protestantism, notes this stubborn fact : " It is useless," he says, " to persecute (nuns); in vain will the rough hand of the legislator strive to crush them; they will grow up again of themselves, for they are in the blood of every Catholic nation. Instead of 37,000 nuns (suppressed by the Revolution), there are now in France 86,000, that is to say, out of 10,000 women, 55 instead of 28." (2)

We have now, we venture to think, the proper perspective from which to view the privations and heroism of Italian nuns, and that view cannot be better presented than in the words of Dom Francis Chamard, Prior of the Benedictine

(1) *Gemiti della Chiesa di Spagna*, p. 33.

(2) *La Révolution*, t. I, p. 216.

Abbey of Ligugé, in France. Some six months ago he wrote to the *Vérité*, of Paris, the following letter :

"The Italian Government has been more audacious and more violent than that of France. It has expelled from their convents, which have been sold at auction or transformed into barracks, most of the nuns devoted to a contemplative life. Their property, as in the days of our great Revolution, has been confiscated, and a slender annuity has been given in exchange to each of the professed nuns. Now, as this spoliation took place in 1870, all the convents that have had the courage to continue the cloisteral life soon felt their poverty more and more keenly according as death reaped the nuns pensioned by the State.

"Those who have dared to defy the persecutors' prohibition and receive novices, have thereby exposed themselves to still deeper penury, since they are forbidden to receive any dowry. To devote one's self to religious life, especially to the contemplative life under such conditions, is evidently to accept martyrdom through love of an institution which is essentially divine.

"God only knows all that the Benedictine nuns of Italy have suffered these last twenty-eight years. The martyrdom of these generous souls is all the more meritorious in that it is unknown and sometimes sneered at by men."

Dom Chamard then goes on to say that in June, 1898, he received a letter begging him to assist the Benedictine nuns of the monastery of St. Agatha, in Spoleto. The venerable prior, being himself very poor, though profoundly moved by the hidden sufferings of these good sisters, could only scrape together twenty francs. This sum he sent them through the parish priest of the metropolitan church of Spoleto, who takes a paternal interest in the convent of St. Agatha. The latter replied as follows :

With great joy did the poor daughters of St. Benedict received your precious gift. Believe me, Reverend Father, your money, which you consider so very little, has been to them like manna falling in the

wilderness. They have been able to buy a little oil to season their evening salad, the only dish for that meal, which they generally eat with vinegar alone.

At the sight of such appalling distress, Dom Chamard made another great effort and forwarded thirty francs to the destitute nuns. A grateful answer from the parish priest, with some more details of peculiar interest came back.

I find no words to thank you as I ought. Being but little acquainted with the French language, I am obliged to leave to God the reward you deserve for all your kindness.

The good nuns look upon this as almost a miracle. *This very day* the Mother Abbess had to pay 50 francs to the butcher for meat used by some sick sisters ; for the community eats meat only on Sunday, and even then only when they have the pennies wherewith to buy it. This butcher was threatening to drag the abbess before the Justice of the Peace, when your welcome donation came. You can imagine the joy of the good Mother Abbess : "Oh !" she exclaimed, " how blessed a thing it is to hope in the good God ! "

Let me tell you, Reverend Father, that I do not know how religious can be so faithful to their vocation in the midst of such terrible privations. We cannot deny that their holy Patriarch visibly protects them and not without cause ; for if there is, in this town, a monastery that faithfully observes its rule, it is that of these true daughters of St. Benedict, the poorest and the most forsaken of all.

They were well enough off formerly, but the Italian Government has despoiled them of everything. It has given a pension of fourteen *sous* a day, but only to those who had taken their vows before the 20th September, 1870. There are only *four* of these Sisters left, so that the revenues of the community, *now consisting of thirty-five persons*, amount to *2 francs and 80 centimes a day* !! (1) Ah ! the Italian Government ! what an account it will have to render to God ! Meanwhile these gentle victims suffer, patient and always resigned to suffer. They ward off from us the wrath of the Almighty. In their greatest destitution their faces are always cheerful, always stamped with filial submission to the will of their Heavenly Father.

As may readily be supposed, these touching details nerve^d Dom Chamard to still greater exertions. Unable to contribute suitably himself, he had recourse to a charitable lady

(1) This is equivalent to about one cent and a half a day for each person.—L. D.

who first sent fifty francs and, soon after, fifty more. The good Pastor of Spoleto Cathedral replied with a perfect explosion of gratitude. He said that all the nuns exclaimed : "Blessed to God!" Then, to show the value of their prayers, which are now drawing down blessings on Dom Chamard and his Lady Bountiful, he relates how he owes to their intercession with God the restoration of a small church confiscated fifteen years ago by the Government. During those fifteen years he had solicited in vain the restitution of that church. Lately, the Mother Abbess of St. Agatha suggested to him the intercession of St. Benedict. The Archbishop of Spoleto allowed him to celebrate in honour of the Patriarch of the Monks of the West a solemn triduum in the convent chapel of the Benedictine nuns. On Saturday, the third day of the triduum, the long lost church of St. Lawrence was restored to him. After this striking proof of the intercessory power of the Benedictine nuns of St. Agatha, the parish priest continues :

Those whom you have benefited are not ungrateful. They will give you back in progress, sacrifices and penances the material alms you have bestowed on them. You call them *victims of the religious life*. So they are. But had you, as I have, the happiness of being near them, you would ask yourself if this convent is not the vestibule of paradise. Never a complaint, ever the joy of suffering for God. Their motto is : *The Rule and Heaven*.

Their clothing is so poor that even the Mother Abbess' habit is covered with patches. I do not speak of the lay sisters in whose habits it is impossible to detect the original stuff. They are made up of patches sewn together very neatly, it is true, but as old as they are neat. But the nuns, far from complaining, show in their beaming faces the joy with which their hearts are filled.

Sometimes I say to them : "You do not observe your holy rule, for St. Benedict prescribes *two tunics and two cowls, so that they may be washed*, and you have only one." Oh! they answer : "Our Holy Founder, saint though he was, did not foresee that some of his children would be dispoiled of everything, even of their clothes. However, we are now the less happy. Besides, we have in reserve one common habit which each Sister puts on when she has to mend or wash her own.

No wonder our Holy Father Leo XIII could say of these heroic Italian nuns whose spirit even hunger and that the most dire want of clothing cannot break, "They are the flower of the Church." His Holiness, anxious to relieve their distress, has charged Father Raphael Ballerini, one of the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, to organize a relief committee, so that these admirable nuns may not die of hunger. According to the latest report presented to the Pope by Father Ballerini, the donations hitherto made, not only by Italian Catholics, but by strangers and even by poor missionary countries, have enabled the committee to assist more than four hundred monasteries in Italy. Think of the supernatural virtues thus encouraged. But, as the distress increases with the unhappy financial condition of Italy, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, a revue directed by Jesuits in Rome, and specially patronized by the Holy See, has made a fresh appeal in favour of these unfortunate victims of the Revolution.

This work is particularly dear to His Holiness, who said to the Reverend Director of the committee : "After Peter's Pence, there is no alms more meritorious than that." Let us at least see to it that these brave spouses of Christ have a spare tunic and cowl.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, 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, in order that thou mayst have pity on the distress of the poor nuns in Italy.

Apostolic Resolution : Help these venerable victims by our alms and prayers.



Never Forgets His Own.

Do you think that the Lord forgets you
Because you must fight and pray,
And reap the sorrow-harvest
You've sown from day to day?
Do you think that He lets you suffer
And never heeds your moan?
Ah, no! for the dear Lord Jesus
Will never forget His own.

Do you think that because your heart aches
With a bitter, cruel pain,
And your life's sweet, happy sunshine
Is shadowed by storm and rain,
And the music is hushed and silenced
Till you hear but the undertone,
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?
He never forgets His own.

Do you think that because the sorrow
All human hearts must know
Has come to you or the darling
You loved and cherished so,
And things you want have vanished,
The things you would call your own,
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?
He never forgets His own.

And we're all His own dear children,
And He holds us all as dear
As you do your own dear wee one
Who creeps to your heart so near;
And if we will only listen
We can hear His tender tone:
"Oh, rest in peace, My children:
I never forget My own."



CATHOLICS IN NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES

 N account of the importance of the subject and its masterly treatment, we reproduce the following address delivered by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., to the alumni of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., November, 2, 1898:

Mr. Chairman: — As you have intimated in your letter to me, there is a danger confronting the Catholic colleges at the present moment which is causing considerable anxiety, but which, it is hoped, the zeal and energy, especially of their devoted alumni, may diminish in part, or possibly cause to pass away altogether. It is the neglect or desertion of Catholic colleges by Catholic students in favor of their more richly endowed competitors in the work of education.

I am under the impression, though perhaps a mistaken one, that the number of these deserters is exaggerated, but the matter is serious enough to call for our earnest consideration.

The explanation of these defections is, first of all, the splendor and magnificence and apparently boundless wealth of these non-Catholic institutions. It is doubtful if even in the times when colleges and universities were backed by the munificence of kings, such limitless generosity was displayed in the cause of learning as by private individuals to-day, many of whom have had little if any educational advantages themselves. Millions are but trifles in the open hands of these benefactors, and it is not surprising that many of our people are dazzled by the display, and hasten to gather up the treasures which are thrown so lavishly before them.

—The second is the sometimes unblushingly expressed desire of social advancement, which is supposed to be attain-

able by means of these colleges. They are regarded as the open doors by which one may be ushered into what is assumed to be the best society, and as affording a half guarantee of future business and professional success through acquaintances formed in the lecture halls or on the football fields of these institutions. In other words it is a business venture, coupled with a humiliating admission of inferiority.

The third originates in a growing spirit of insubordination, and a desire of freedom from the discipline and restraint which Catholic colleges impose. On the part of the boys it is the first great change in their moral standard ; on the part of the parents it is the first great abdication of their authority. There are few of us who have not felt pity for the weak-willed and almost weak-minded grey-haired father and mother dictated to by an ignorant, silly, and sometimes stupid boy as to where he shall go to receive what is amusingly called his education.

The main pretext, however, which is alleged, and which sometimes serves as a cloak for those we have just referred to, is that Catholic education is not calculated to fit a man for the work which the world expects him to perform. These self-constituted censors are not qualified to judge, but they have no hesitation in expressing that opinion.

We shall make short shrift of these unworthy objections. The first originates in a vulgar admiration, not to say adoration, of wealth, and it is questionable if any education whatever would affect a mind so constitutionally sordid and malformed.

As a business speculation it is on a most unsubstantial basis, for sentimental college associations do not count for much in hard-hearted commerce, and social recognition is likely to be withheld, for the reason that our better class, being new-risen themselves, have a fine scorn for a parvenu. We have seen it achieved sometimes, but at the price of spiritual shipwreck.

With regard to the third, viz., leaving to a raw and

undisciplined lad the option of choosing his course and place of studies, it ought to be sufficient to say to the boy, that defiance of one's obligations by doing as one wishes, is not manhood, nor manly; and to the parents, that the renunciation of their sacred rights by the concession of such an unchristian and unnatural assumption on the part of their offspring, is inviting a curse on themselves and their children alike. Nothing can ever repair a wasted youth.

As to the allegation that Catholic education is not in touch with the times, I will, with your permission, speak more at length, stating, however, as a preliminary, the motives which prompt us to condemn the attitude of some of our fellow-Catholics in this grave matter.

For clearness' sake, let us premise that in education there are two stages: one, which we shall characterize as that of formation; the other, more especially that of information. The latter is chiefly the time given to special or technical studies, whereas the college course aims primarily at the work of formation, or laying the general foundation in the boy's character and habit of thought for the after business of life.

As regards the period of special and technical studies we have at present nothing to say, as it begins only after the completion of the college course. It may be remarked, however, that if any harm results from the anti-Catholic or sometimes anti-Christian atmosphere which the student is obliged to breath in some of the institutions where such studies are made, it is to be ascribed to his neglect in applying the principles which he has been taught, and not to the college from which he comes.

What we are considering now is the period of formation, which is specifically the work of college education, and we condemn the course of Catholic students and their parents for setting aside Catholic colleges for non-Catholic ones for the following reasons:

We condemn it for justice' sake, for we fail to see why the law which compels the humbler and poorer classes to send

their children to the Catholic schools which their hard earned pennies support is to be relaxed for their richer neighbors where there is infinitely greater danger of perversion. The possession of wealth does not dispense with, but imposes a much more serious obligation in this matter.

We condemn it because we detest a coward and a traitor. The man that in the midst of the fray will leave his own kith and kin while they are struggling and weak, will desert his country in her hour of peril when it is conducive to his worldly avantage.

We deplore their desertion, indeed, but we feel that we should say to them as Gideon did to his soldiers, "Those of you who are afraid, go," and even if our instruments are as yet but as pots of cracked earthenware in comparison with the silver and gold of our adversaries, we have the torch of truth that will flare out in the darkness around us, and be more potent than material weapons to win the victory. The pity is that like Gideon we don't use our trumpets more to tell the world what we are and where we stand ; but as Voltaire said, "The trouble with men fighting in a good cause is, they are timid, *sont des lâches.*"

Non-Cat. 2

We condemn it because it shatters a boy's family and racial traditions. A native born American myself, I yield to no one in the love of my country, and would prevent with all my power any sectional or national division from any source ; but as the New-Yorker points with commendable pride to his Holland ancestry, some of it humble enough, and the New Englander to his descent from the Pilgrims, why should we be debarred from our own glorious retrospect ? The boy that will blush for his Celtic origin, and be ashamed of the race that has made the most splendid fight in the history of the world against oppression ; that has kept, at least in the land of its origin, a vigor of faith, a transcendent purity of morals, and marvellous brilliancy of intellect, in spite of the dark centuries in which all education was denied them, is inflicting an irreparable

injury upon his character as a man. To lose those splendid memories is a calamity for any man whose mind should be stored with glorious and inspiring thoughts, while to cherish them will not only make him less a patriot, but on the contrary, will fill his soul with enthusiasm to emulate in his own land the heroic deeds of those from whom he sprung. In uncongenial surroundings the boy will not only forget, but repudiate this splendid heritage, and he and his fellow men will be the sufferers.

We condemn it because we see in that desertion an almost certain danger to the boy's religious faith. James Russell Lowell said if he had a son who was a blockhead he would send him to college anyhow, for he could not help feeling the influences of the surroundings in which he lived. So for a Catholic youth entering a Protestant college in the apologetic, half-thankful, or perhaps defiant attitude which he would be compelled to assume, it is impossible for him not to feel a change in his views and conclusions about his Church and faith. He is not at home.

In presence of a venerable teaching body which possesses all the appearance and no doubt the reality of learning, with limitless resources back of them for the prosecution of their researches ; in splendid surroundings which bear the stamp of approval of the world of wealth and refinement ; amid throngs of students generally better conditioned than he is financially, and among whom he is a sort of curiosity, he will be a strong boy if he does not begin to minimize Catholic faith and practices, and explain away or conceal what might shock the ears or eyes of his associates. He will be a marvel if he hears unmoved the insidious or open attacks on his faith which are too sure to meet him in history, or the side flings that are made at it even in literary studies.

Deprived of that sacramental life which is essential for him to maintain his faith and moral ; removed from the restraining influence on both intellect and will which the Church as God's representative is compelled to exert ; in

contact with many who have no religious principles at all, or upon whose morals there can be no check, the chances are deplorably against him that he will abandon the practices of his religion and perhaps openly deny his faith. *The consequences of that are far reaching.* A bad Catholic will go farther than an ordinary man when at once he starts on the way of vice. He has broken stronger ties, and is more conscious of the grievousness of his revolt. It may be looking a little farther than the subject warrants, but we cannot conceal the fact that it is among apostate Catholic nations that some of the worst types of the anarchist are to be found to-day. It is the result of education without religion.

It is a most unwise as well as unpatriotic thing for Protestants to weaken the faith of a Catholic in his Church and creed. With it he is a most ardent and devoted patriot, but in the apostate there are the elements of a traitor to his country.

Lastly, to say that the education of Catholic colleges is not suited for the present day is to confess one's self ignorant of the actual trend which things educational are taking.

A week or so ago the London *Times* called attention to the fact that the certificates issued by Cambridge and Oxford were over a thousand for Latin, Greek, French, elementary mathematics, Scriptural knowledge, and only two hundred for science.

"Whatever educational theories may be," said this great organ of English opinion, "educational practice is evidently in favor of the old curriculum, Latin, Greek, mathematics and the elements of science."

Edward Everett Hale, in the November number of the *Normal Instructor*, begins a remarkable article by repeating a conversation with a Japanese prince, who was sent by his government to report on American schools. "We do not in our schools," said the prince, "give as much time as you do to arithmetic." "Why not?" I asked. "We

think arithmetic makes men sordid. We teach our pupils morals and history."

"Compare this remark of one looked upon as a heathen," says Hale, "with the surprise of a clergyman of high standing because I was going to give so much time as four hours to lectures on education in morals in public schools. "Schools," Hale continues, "are not for the mere purpose of instruction, they are for education; and there is no real education that is not moral education."

The Hon. William Torrey Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, in an address delivered at the Quarter Centennial of Boston University, May 31, 1898, and subsequently in an address at Washington, declares that "our numerous self-educated men, of whom we are so proud," (and who, I may add, are continually quoted against us) "have never advanced beyond elementary methods. Very often," he says, "they are men of great accumulations in the way of isolated scraps of information. They have memory pouches unduly developed." They have become conspicuous chiefly because they are narrow and have forced their way along that narrow pathway into prominence. "It is absurd to suppose," he continues, "that those men can solve the problems that are now before us, especially since territorial expansion has widened our national horizon. The American of the future must be fashioned by men of higher education, and the glory of higher education is that it makes philosophy its leading discipline, and gives an ethical bent to all its branches of study. Higher education must direct the student in history and psychology, in the understanding of deep national principles and the aspirations which mould and govern men in their individual and social action. The really educated man must be a philosopher, and is by that fact the spiritual monitor of the community of which he is a part."

There we have it, With Oxford and Cambridge insisting upon Latin, Greek, modern languages, elementary mathe-

matics and some science, as the proper college course ; with Edward Everett Hale pleading for systematic teaching in morality, and the United States Commissioner, whose word is accepted as law by public school educators throughout the land, decreeing that philosophy is an essential in higher education, what have we but the actual lines of our own curriculum ? Surely with such authorities as these it cannot be said that Catholic teaching is out of touch with the times we live in. Nay, with one of these classical languages used among us as a living medium of speech, with moral teaching and moral sacramental helps not obtainable elsewhere ; with philosophy which is not a mere historical knowledge of exploded systems as in most non-Catholic colleges, but a scientific, reasoned course through the whole range of metaphysical and ethical research, which always concludes our course and which is pursued through six or seven years by all the professors as a preparation for teaching even grammar, we can safely say that we are not only not out of touch with the times, but better equipped than most men to meet the exigencies which are indicated by those great authorities in the matter of education.

Our attitude on this matter calls to mind a notable utterance made on the battle-field of Gettysburg, at a moment when many in our army were already despairing of the issue.

Behind the dense woods to the west, the war-scarred legions of Lee had hurried to the fray. North of the town the heroic Reynolds fell and the first blood was spilled. In the town and south of it the retreating federals made a stand on the second day ; and the third found them ranged behind the deadly line of cannon on which the troops of Pickett broke, and fortified on that fierce hill which nature reared for them as an impregnable fortress. "We have been hammered into a position," said Newton to Meade, "from which we cannot be dislodged." Round that fortress the fury of the battle spent itself, down in the

bloody wheat-field and in the Devil's Den, until at last shattered and defeated the great army turned and fled, and the country was saved.

So, if we may compare little things with great, has the battle of education been going on. Beginning in poverty and debt, oppressed and harassed with a thousand occupations to get money to keep the sheriff from the door, gathering what hurried resources we could, struggling as best we might to keep body and soul together, with nothing but the scant fees of the students and often not even that in the way of revenue, with absolutely no compensation for our professors, with no help in the way of gifts and foundations, deserted by many wealthy Catholics, with little sympathy and plenty of coldness and criticism and condemnation, taunted for our failures and flouted for being out of joint with the times, we have struggled on year after year through good and evil report, until at last we have edifices which we can look at with pride, facilities for literary and scientific education in libraries and laboratories which are equal if not superior to those of many much-talked-of institutions, with representatives of our training not only in the sombre black or precisely purple of the ecclesiastical state, but in all the learned professions—in business life, in the halls of legislature, on the bench, in the army, and in establishments of the higher or the highest education, with an ever increasing number of students in our upper courses, and what is most amazing, with precisely that course of studies which we have been clinging to through the dark and gloomy days of what we may characterize as the scientific rebellion, recognized and indorsed as the only one that can fit men to be leaders in the battle of life. "We have been hammered into a position from which we cannot be dislodged."

No one is more keenly alive to our limitations and our defects than myself; but I do not think it rashness to say, that if we could receive a thousandth part of pecuniary help that is showered on the most inconspicuous ins-

titutions, not to speak of the millions that are granted to the great universities, nay, if we had even the loyal support that we have a right to of the wealthier Catholics, we could be the acknowledged leaders in the work of collegiate education.

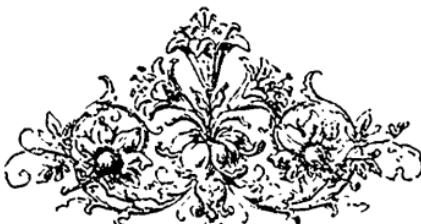
With the refining and elevating influences of classical studies, with the deep knowledge and comprehensive grasp of the principles of individual and social life which Catholic philosophy bestows, with that religious and moral formation which Catholic colleges alone can give, we are better able than others to meet the dangers which threaten civilization from the grossness and sordidness of growing wealth, from the atheism which is pervading the whole social and political world, as well as from the immorality which is increasing with such appalling rapidity, and to build up in Catholic colleges the rock upon which those forces will be shattered, and around which the battle will be fought which will save the nation.

R. I. P.

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

Alexandria: Mary Elizabeth McDonell, d. Feb. 1. *Antigonish*: Sarah McDonald, d. Jan. 30; Laughlin Gillis, d. Feb. 3; Flora McLean, d. Jan. *Barrie*: Mary Gallagher, d. Feb. 3; Michael Stretch, d. Dec. 29. *Beaurivage*: Mary Butler, d. Feb. 7. *Bridge End*: Catherine Chisholm, d. Jan. 15. *Canso*: Johanna Ryan, d. Jan. 19. *Chatham, Ont.*: Mary Dunlop, d. Jan. *Centralia*: Charles McLaughlin, d. Feb. 18. *Cobourg*: John Gallagher, d. Dec. 21. *Cornwall*: Joseph Henry, d. Feb. 11; Mary Purcell, d. Feb. 10; Joseph Laroux, d. Feb. 15; Thomas Cushion, Martin Griffin, John Kine. *Desoronto*: Mrs. Bernard McGuiness, d. Feb. 10. *Fairville*: Caroline Morris, d. Jan. 18; Jeremiah Corcoran, d. Jan. 10; Conor O'Brien, d. Jan. 23; Rose McPhelim, d. Jan. 30. *Freelton*: Peter F. Ray, d. Feb. 1. *Hamilton*: James Holliran, d. Feb. 9; Katie O'Neil, d. Feb. 7; John O'Dowd, d. Dec. 24. *Hastings*: Owen O'Melia, d. Jan. 26; Johanna Clark, d. Feb. 4; Margaret French, d. Feb. 13. *Kings-*

ton : Marion Melville, d. Nov. 23 ; Mrs. Catherine O'Rielly, d. Jan. 25. *Lakeville* : Michael McMahon, d. Jan. 26. *Lancaster, Ont.* : Robert Moore, d. Jan. 18 ; Lachlan McDouald, d. Feb. 13. *London* : Katie Egan, d. Feb. 16. *Lochiel* : Victoria Chisholm, d. Jan. 28. *Lourdes* : Mrs. Ellen Geary, d. Jan. 22 ; Mrs. W. J. Howard, d. Jan. 29 ; Mrs. Sarah Moore, d. Jan. 29 ; Mrs. Catherine O'Hearn, d. Feb. 12 ; Mrs. Honor Mulhern, d. Feb. 20 ; Mrs. John Stacy, d. Jan. 11 ; Mrs. William Drummeay, d. Feb. ; Mary Ann Lee, d. Feb. 18. *Midland* : John P. Johnston, d. Nov. 19. *Monk's Head, N. S.* : Donald Beaton, d. Feb. 18. *Montpelier, Vt.* : John Ewing, d. Jan. 10. *Montreal* : McAndrew F. Philan, d. Dec. 31 ; Maurice Sullivan, d. Feb. 4 ; Ida Whelan, d. Dec. 18 ; Mrs. James Logue, d. Jan. ; Margaret Ann Ellis, d. Feb. 17 ; Luke Case, d. Feb. 13 ; William Rohls. Mrs. Margaret Lamb, d. Feb. 11 ; Mrs. Margaret Dion, d. Feb. 24 ; Mrs. Catherine McDerwott, d. Feb. 25. *Ottawa* : Charles O'Gara, d. Feb. 21 ; Mrs. Allan Scott, d. Feb. 1 ; Edward Alphonse Mara, d. Feb. 9. *Park Hill* : Mrs. John McAuliffe, d. Jan. 28. *Penetanguishene* : Mrs. Elizabeth Shanahan, d. Feb. 9 ; Mrs. Hannah McDonald, d. Feb. 29. *Peterboro* : Michael Herbert McFadden, d. Jan. 26. *Quebec* : Robert Hickey, d. Jan. ; Mrs. Theophile Jobin, d. Feb. 11 ; David Nolin, d. Feb. 25. *Ridgetown, Ont.* : Katie Bowes, Patrick Hussey, Wm. Mooney. *St. Georges', P. E. I.* : Mrs. James Morrison, d. Jan. 30 ; Martha McDonald, d. Feb. 4. *St. John, N. B.* : John Duffy, Jane Cunningham. *St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I.* : Mrs. Edmund Flynn, d. Jan. 19. *St. Raphael's* : Finlay McDonald, d. Dec. 3. *Streetsville* : Ann McCarran, d. Jan. 8 ; Mrs. McCouville, d. Jan. 29 ; John Callaghan, d. Jan. 8. *Toronto* : Louise Kelly, d. Jan. 15 ; Mrs. Reddican, d. Feb. 26 ; Maria Sherlock, d. Feb. 26 ; John Henry Egan, d. Jan. 30 ; James Byrne, d. Jan. 29 ; Michael O'Donnell, d. Oct. 28. *Trenton* : Terence McCabe, d. Nov. 24 ; Mrs. Owen Fortune, d. Jan. 15 ; Kathleen Kallanane, d. Jan. 29 ; Mary Byrnes, d. Jan. 25. *Windsor, Ont.* : Kathleen Martin, d. Jan. 28. *Woodslee* : John Goughan, d. Feb. 14. *Woodstock* : Mrs. Emily Fairfax, d. Jan. 16. *Wooler, Ont.* : Thomas Gilbride, d. Dec. 18.



THE RESURRECTION.

RISOLUTO ($\text{d} = 92$).



CHORUS.

S. All hail, dear Con - que - ror, all

A continuation of the musical score for the Chorus, featuring a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of six measures, with a forte dynamic (f) in the fourth measure.

A continuation of the musical score for the Chorus, featuring a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of six measures, with a forte dynamic (f) in the fourth measure.

ful Thy strength ap-pears, Thy crim - son wounds how bright they shine!

A continuation of the musical score for the Chorus, featuring a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of six measures, with a forte dynamic (f) in the fourth measure.

Solo.

Thou cam - est at the dawn of day. Armies of

A continuation of the musical score for the Solo part, featuring a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of six measures, with a forte dynamic (f) in the fourth measure.

souls a - round Thee were, Blest spir - its throng - ing
to a - dore Thy flesh so mar - vellous, so fair.

2. — The Everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That Sacred Human Heart of Thine.

All hail, dear Conqueror ! all hail !
Oh, what a victory is Thine !
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
Thy crimson wounds how bright they shine !
Thou camest at the dawn of day :
Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits thronging to adore
Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.
3. — They worshipped Thee, those ransomed souls,
With the fresh strength of love set free ;
They worshipped joyously and thought,
Of Mary whiie they looked on Thee.

All hail, dear Conqueror ! etc.
4. — And Thou too, Soul of Jesus ! Thou
Towards that sacred Flesh didst yearn,
And for the beatings of that Heart
How ardently Thy love did burn !

All hail, dear Conqueror ! etc.
5. — They worshipped while the beanteous Soul
Paused by the Body's wounded side : —
Bright flashed the cave — before them stood
The Living Jesus glorified.

All hail, dear Conqueror ! etc.



A Great Canadian Preacher in France.



HAT one of the greatest preachers of the eighteenth century in France was a Canadian born and bred will be news to many of our readers. Yet such, indeed, is the truth : Father F. X. Duplessis, S. J., whose portrait we reproduce, was all this.

Jean-François-Xavier Duplessis, the subject of this sketch, was the third of four children of M. Georges Regnard, Sieur Duplessis, who having come out to Canada in 1689 held with honour a high position in the Colonial Treasury Office in Quebec.

Two daughters entered the Hôtel-Dieu convent, the younger son, always a source of some anxiety to his family, never distinguished himself, in after life, François, born in 1694, was a child of parts, he did well in his courses at the old Jesuit College ; he was mild, good natured and genial, a trait of character which he always retained through life, and which served him well. As an altar boy at the old Cathedral close to his home, and as a college student, he was noted for his fervent piety, sturdy yet unostentatious. His name occurs among the first on the Registers of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, then newly established at the Ursulines by the Bishop, Mgr. de Saint Valier.

When his college days were over François left Canada in 1717 to join the Society of Jesus in France. Before his noviceship was done we find him at the college of Rennes in Brittany entrusted with the care of some two hundred and forty boys : not less lively, he writes, than 'Canadians..

So remarkable were his aptitudes for preaching that he was sometimes employed in this work even before his ordination, which took place the year 1726. He had dreamed yearning dreams of the Indies, he had prayed for the mission of



FATHER F. X. DUPLESSIS, S. J.

Japan, the wastes of Canada called to him to take up the work of the martyred Brebeuf and Lallement, but in the mind of God another field was to be given over to the exercise of his zeal. Not Canada, nor Japan nor the Indies, but

the North of France was to be for some thirty years the scene of the good work for souls that God wrought through him.

Without expecting that mere figures will convey an adequate idea of his labours and their results, still we venture to submit some statistics. It was due to his ardent exhortations that in 1732 12,000 soldiers in garrison at Arras fulfilled their Easter duty. It was at the Retreat of Douay in 1734 that some 3,000 received Holy Communion at a time. Elsewhere, at the end of a six weeks' mission, during which one hundred and fifty confessors were kept busy, Holy Communion was given continually from four o'clock in the morning till noon, and 20,000 people received. The closing sermon had to be delivered on the Parade ground, as the audience numbered some forty thousand. In certain towns restitution was made to the amount of 200,000 livres. Again and again these things were repeated in the course of Father Duplessis' missionary career.

At Arras in 1738, he closed a mission to the garrison by erecting with great pomp and much piety a large Calvary over one of the city gates. Many miracles occurred there, then and afterwards, so that it became a regular place of pilgrimage where God was pleased frequently to manifest His power and goodness by miraculous cures and other favours. So celebrated did the Calvary of Arras become that engravings of it were spread through France, some reached Canada, and a few have come down to our days.

Father Duplessis had always a great devotion to the crucifix, and from the time of the Arras episode it was his practice to preach holding a crucifix in his hand. He was known as the herald of the Cross.

Such labours and such results could not be achieved without some opposition. The Jansenist sectaries were scandalized at his giving Holy Communion to a whole garrison, to multitudes within the church and overflowing into the streets ; they objected to his methods, to the carrying of the Cross, to the calvaries he erected. At an early stage in his

career, when his reputation was only local, they stigmatized his followers as "Canadians." He had to suffer much annoyance from these Pharisees and from the jealous and fanatical persecutions of the various parliaments. These bodies which in no way resemble our elective parliaments, were strongly Jansenist, jealous of their rights and could be very awkward adversaries.

No greater testimony to the personal worth of Father Duplessis, the integrity of his doctrine, the propriety and success of his methods can we ask for than the most laudatory "mandements" of the various Bishops announcing his coming to their dioceses.

Unfortunately, nothing in the way of written sermons has come down to us. However, we know that his eloquence was not after the style of Fleury, Massillon and Bourdoloue; he did not aim at literary elegance, but rather at simplicity and strength, at enlightening the mind and convincing the heart, this was enough for him: his hearers went away not admiring the sermon, they went away beating their breasts.

But if the Father was consoled at the sight of the good done, he was saddened by the sight of the evil that lay unconverted and untouched: "Pray God," he writes to his sister in the Hotel-Dieu, "Pray that He may not abandon old France or new France, everything seems to be going wrong, the tide of iniquity is rising high and the clergy don't seem to care."

In December 1771, in the neighbourhood of Paris, Father Duplessis, at the age of 77 years, rested from his labours and went to receive the reward of the good and faithful servant. Save for the divine love which had ever been his light and his strength and was now his comfort, he died alone and desolate. The Society in whose motherly bosom he had expected to breath out his last breath was suppressed in France, his brethren were dispersed, his sisters lay at peace in their tombs below the altar of the Hotel-Dieu in Quebec, his country had passed into the hands of a stranger.

*
*

With the gloom of this sad ending of a glorious career upon me, I dedicate these souvenirs to the spirit guardian of the old Jesuit College of Quebec, the school of such men as Duplessis. The best and noblest of Canada's children have passed through its gates: but the stranger came, shot and shell ravaged its holy places. Later on those who ought to have been jealously proud of its past found that it cumbered the ground, and what the invader had spared they lightly destroyed.

I. J. KAVANAGH, S. J.



JESUIT CHURCH AND COLLEGE, QUEBEC.

The Church, erected in 1666, was destroyed in 1708; the College, built in 1637, was the senior of Harvard by one year.



A STRANGE DUEL

"Can't you look where you are stepping, sir, and not walk into other people like that?"

"I beg your pardon, but as both of us were walking fast and turned the corner together from opposite directions, our meeting was an unavoidable accident. However, I apologize, though your rudeness would amply justify me in not complying with the formality."

"It was not an accident, sir. You did it on purpose. Because you are a priest, sir, you think you have the right to insult people just as you please. I know you priests. I was a Catholic once myself, but I gave up that nonsense long ago. I won't allow any one to insult me, be he priest or pope."

"My friend, is it a quarrel you are looking for, or a trap you wish to lay for me?"

"And whom do you call your friend, sir? I wish you to understand, sir, that I am not the friend of any man of your cloth. And then, what do you mean by asking I if intend to entrap you? Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that I am a highwayman or a cutthroat!"

"You may be neither, sir, but you certainly are a very quarrelsome fellow, to say the least. Your early education must have been sadly neglected."

"My early education, sir, has been as good as, if not better than, your own. I am a graduate of one of the most renowned universities of the country, sir."

"Well, you are no credit to your Alma Mater. I am sorry you will not accept my apology. Now, as I am on my way to an urgent sick call, you will please excuse me. Good day sir."

As Father Welsby walked away, the incensed young man stood for a few moments following him with flashing eyes and gesticulating violently. His face was livid with rage and his lips worked convulsively.

"I'll teach him a lesson, yet," he muttered, grinding his teeth. "The priestly coward!"

He was about to walk away when some one tapped him gently on the shoulder. He turned about quickly and saw standing before him a young man of about twenty-five, tall, athletic and well-dressed.

"What do you want with me, sir, and what do you mean by treating me with such unwarranted familiarity?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Knowing that you are a stranger in this town, and seeing you gesticulating vehemently, I thought I might be of some service to you. Can I do anything for you sir?"

"Yes, show me the way to the priest's house."

"Ah! You're a Catholic. I am pleased to meet you, sir. My name is Condon, and I am President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. As you know, one of our works is to look after poor Catholics. I'll be happy to show you the way to Father Welby's house. I am sure he'll be delighted with your visit. Father Welsby is a perfect gentleman. The townsfolk simply worship him—Catholics and Protestants alike. He—"

"Before going any further, sir, I want you to understand that I am not a Catholic, although I was baptized one and made my First Communion. I won't allow any one, priest or pope, to lead me by the nose, you understand, sir? I am a free born American citizen."

"Are you? Well, now I'm glad to know it. From hearing you talk I never should have imagined it."

"Yes sir, I am, and I don't believe in anything."

"Oh, indeed. You're not the only one that don't believe in anything. I've got a dog at home that ressembles you in this respect."

" So you, too, wish to insult me, as your priest insulted me a while ago. But I'll get even with the coward."

" Father Welsby insulted you ! He a coward ! Look here, sir, you had better measure your words when you speak of Father Welsby. He insulted you ! He the most refined gentleman, the very soul of honor and kindness, to whom all of us, young and old, rich and poor, confide our troubles and sorrows, always sure of a kind and sympathetic word in return ! Father Welsby a coward ! He who exposed himself fearlessly to danger during our late epidemic ! "

" Like all priests, sir, your Father Welsby is a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. I hate priests."

" Look here, sir, we had better put a stop to this. You have lost your temper and I might lose mine ; and the result might be disastrous. I know why you hate priests. It's for the very same reason that the devil hates them ; because he sees in the priest the representative of that God who judges, condemns and punishes sin. As both the devil and the impious despise and hate the Master, so also do they hate and despise His Ministers. But it's no use wasting words trying to convince you of your folly. And now, for your own good, I would advise you to leave town as soon as you can. And, above all, do not talk to any one else as you have talked to me. Patience is not the strong point of the Catholics in this town, especially when it comes to insulting their priest. Father Welsby's house is the last one on this street, a plain wooden building with bay windows and a veranda. Take care how you speak to him. He is forbearing, but the townsfolk are not, and they might wreak their just vengeance on you. And then, we have no graveyards for strangers. Good-day, sir."

So saying, young Condon sauntered off, leaving the so-disant free-born American to his own angry thoughts.

" The impudent jackanapes ! to call Father Welsby a good-for-nothing fellow ; a man whose time, talents, purse, health and life belong to everybody in the town. And this

coarse little fellow talks of teaching him a lesson ! If Father Hingston were to give him a sound beating, the scoundrel would get no more than he deserves. I'm half sorry I didn't do it myself. But perhaps it's better not. I'm sure Father Welsby will bring him back to his senses by more Christian means. I don't believe there's a man living he can't win over by his kindness. In fact, I think he could melt the heart of the most rabid A. P. A. and persuade him to put a picture of the Sacred Heart on the American flag, instead of the little red school house."

In the meantime, Father Welsby was administering the last rites of the Church to a dying old Irishwoman. He heard her confession and anointed her. A few minutes later, with the names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, on her dying lips, she appeared before her Judge, whom she had served faithfully and loved tenderly during her long life of suffering. Before dying, she asked Father Welsby : " Father, what do you want me to ask the Sacred Heart for you in Heaven ? "

" Ask Him," answered Father Welsby, " to touch the heart of an obdurate young man who has for a long time resisted the grace of God."

" I will, Father. Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! "

* * * * *

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when a dark-faced young man stopped before the garden gate of Father Welsby's modest presbytery. The tall, straight, muscular and kind-faced priest was just then pacing up and down the veranda. At sight of the young man, Father Welsby put down the book he was reading and went to meet his visitor, whom he greeted most cordially.

" Come in, my young friend, come in. I am delighted to see you."

The young man started at the words, but did not seem to

heed the kind welcome. Together they entered the sitting-room. Father Welsby gave the young man an arm-chair and sat opposite to him.

"I presume, sir, you know the motive of my visit," said the young man.

"Well, I think I do," replied Father Welsby, "I suppose you come to apologize for your strange conduct towards me this morning. But then, I beg of you to forget the past, as I forgive your insults. You are young and impulsive and your words are — "

"My words were weighed and measured carefully, sir. I want you to understand, sir, that I have come here not to talk or be talked to, but to obtain a suitable and entire satisfaction." He stared at Father Welsby to see what impression his words had made. But the priest's countenance had lost nothing of its calm and self control. There were the same unmistakable signs of strong resolve and utter scorn of danger, tempered by kindness.

"And pray, sir, what satisfaction can I offer you?" asked the priest, coolly.

"Sir, you have insulted, reviled, trampled a free-born American citizen. Now your insults can be washed out only in blood, and unless you are the most cowardly of men, you cannot refuse me the satisfaction I demand of you."

The young man sank back in his chair, as if exhausted by this outburst of senseless passion. But his angry words had an unexpected effect on Father Welsby. His facial nerves seemed to relax for a moment. The strong lines of resolve vanished from his countenance, and to them succeeded those of fun and merriment. Then he broke into a short, sudden laugh.

"Do you mean a duel?"

"Exactly, sir."

"But you must be mad! A duel because you ran into me and I ran into you while turning the corner of a street! You are joking, sir! And then, look at me. Think of the character hidden beneath this soutane."

"All I see beneath that soutane, sir, is a black, cowardly heart."

"Then you insist on fighting?"

"I do, sir; nothing else will satisfy me, sir."

"Very well, then. Please step into the next room with me, where we may discuss this matter more at ease, and without fear of interruption. Walk in, sir," he added, as he opened a door communicating with the sitting-room.

The young man moved to the threshold, then stopped as if rooted to the spot. His eyes wandered about the apartment. His face wore the expression of one seized by awe, overwhelming and irresistible.

"Walk in, sir, walk in," said Father Welsby, encouragingly. "Ah! an obstacle, I see. I will remove it for you." He seized a heavy vaulting horse which stood two or three feet in front of the door and swung it aside as if it had been a toy. "You see," he said smilingly, "I would be quite an acquisition to a foot-ball team; I can interfere and tackle creditably yet, in spite of my thirty-eight summers. Now, please, walk in."

Still the young man stood irresolute. The vision before him seemed to have frozen the blood in his veins. At last he entered, or more correctly, staggered into the apartment.

"A strange room for a priest's house!" he muttered to himself. And, indeed, it was a strange room. Every article of furniture belonged to that class known as "athletic supplies." There were rowing-machines, vaulting-horses, parallel bars, Indian clubs, dumb bells, swinging rings, chest expanders, fencing foils, punching bags, etc. The walls were literally covered with photographs of uniformed athletic, baseball and football teams. A round table in one of the corners was laden with gold and silver cups and other athletic trophies of antique and most fantastic designs.

As the eyes of Father Welsby's visitor fell upon this table, they glistened with something more than mere admiration.

" Well, sir, is not this a place well suited to our purpose? Are not the surroundings well calculated to inspire and help us in our talk about the arrangements for our coming duel?"

" Are you an athlete, sir?" gasped the young man.

" Well, I used to be in my young days. And now, though a priest, and comparatively stiff, I indulge in athletes simply to limber up and keep healthy. And then, this miniature gymnasium is also for the use of my young men's sodality. Yes, I always have been a firm believer in the practice of athletics. I look upon it as an important factor in a young man's training. In my opinion, strengthened by experience, there is nothing that contributes so much towards soundness of heart and mind as soundness of body and muscle. '*Mens sana in corpore sano*' has always been one of my favorite mottoes. I have learned from experience at college and here, that nothing keeps a young man straight, physically and morally, so much as manly and well-regulated exercise. Nothing would do my young sodalists but to have me as their instructor. For this reason I have 'to keep in training,' as the sporting phrase goes. This very evening, at five o'clock, I have to give a number of them a few lessons in markmanship, for, you see, we have a shooting-gallery in the yard."

At these last words, the young would-be duellist felt a cold shiver run over his whole body.

" Do you give lessons in fencing, too?"

" Oh, yes. In fact, fencing is my forte. You see, in fencing all the muscles of the body come into play. And then there is nothing like it to give a man a 'good eye,' as we say. But as my time is limited, we had better settle that business for which you came to see me."

" Well — before, uh — well, uh — I would like, sir, with your kind leave, sir, to examine some of those trophies (for I suppose they are trophies) which I see on that table yonder."

"Certainly, sir," answered Father Welsby, with a significant twinkle in his clear, bright eye. "And I shall be pleased to give you the history of some of them."

Together they approached the trophy-laden table.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" the young man kept repeating to himself, as he examined the precious and artistically wrought objects one by one. After reading each inscription, he would invariably turn to Father Welsby and eye him from head to foot with a most scrutinizing look. A stranger would have found it difficult to tell what the young man's thoughts really were. But to Father Welsby the young man's mind was an open book.

"I prize these objects very highly," said the priest.

"Are they not beautiful?"

"Yes, sir," answered the young man. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, as he took up the centre piece, a solid gold cup resting gracefully on the sinewy shoulders of an Apollo and surmounted by a winged Mercury. "Is this the famous '68 cup?"

"The same," replied Father Welsby, with unassumed indifference.

"And how did you come by it, Father?"

"By winning seven of the eleven events at the intercollegiate meet, my friend."

"And is it possible that you are Chauncey Welsby, the record breaker of class '71?"

"That's my name, and my class, my friend. And now may I ask your name?"

"Do you remember a poor young Irishman whom you helped so materially with money, and coached so faithfully in the classics?"

"Charlie McManus, the model Catholic lad? Of course I remember him. What has become of him?"

"He stands before you, Father. But he is no longer the model Catholic boy, but a most wretched, ungrateful and despicable scoundrel, who has insulted you most shamefully and —"

He was interrupted by Father Welsby, who took the young man's hand and shook it frankly and affectionately. "My dear Mac, let us go back into the sitting-room," he said, as he took the young man by the arm.

* * * * * *

"Father Welsby," began young McManus, "you cannot imagine how low, how mean, how abject, I feel when I think of the way — "

"Now, Mac, none of that. For the sake of Auld Lang Syne, not another word about our bumping together in the street and the little comedy that followed."

"But — "

"There is no butting, in my house. Tell me what you have been doing with yourself these fourteen years. By this time you ought to be a most successful lawyer."

"I ought to be; but alas! I am nothing but a vile, wretched, dissipated spendthrift. I have squandered my talents, my money, my time, in search of pleasure, and I have found nothing but disappointment, misery and mental suffering. Ever since I gave up the practice of my religion, I have never enjoyed a moment of real happiness. My temper has been soured, my health impaired, my mind obscured, my will weakened. In fact, my whole existence has been poisoned. If I had the courage to burst asunder the heavy and loathesome chains that bind me to this heart, I would — "

"You would make a good confession, my dear Mac, and repair the past and be happy, as happy as you were at Shaftsbury, when you practiced your religion."

"Confession! Religion! I have lost all faith. I am confronted with too many objections against — "

"Some of the Commandments," Father Welsby supplemented. "That's what Catholics mean generally when they speak of objections against their religion. A good confession never fails to settle their doubts. Is that not your great objection, Mac, the Commandments?"

The young man bowed his head, but spoke not a word.

"Yes," continued Father Welsby, in a most impressive manner, "the want of faith, in most cases, means an unwillingness to live according to faith ; it means lack of strength and courage to follow the dictates of right, reason and conscience. With the most part of the so-called unbelievers, cowardice to combat and conquer their animal appetites and to subdue their passions is the true reason and ultimate cause of their incredulity. No, my dear Mac, believe me, you have not lost your faith ; you have simply allowed your passions blindly, and stiffen the voice of your conscience. And if you have objections against the holy religion in which you were born and bred, they are groundless and imaginary. The fear of hell is the strongest objection that the impious have against its existence. If you remember well, I was a Protestant when you knew me at Shaftesbury."

"Yes," replied Mac. "How did you become a Catholic?"

"I will tell you in a few words. And first of all, you, dear Mac, had a great share in the work of my conversion. May the good and merciful God reward you for it."

"How is that?" asked Mac, anxiously.

"Your example at Shaftesbury. You were then a most virtuous, edifying young man ; and I attributed your most heroic conduct to the sole fact that you were a Catholic. This set me a thinking, I studied the Catholic religion, and the year after taking my degree of LL. D., I was instructed and baptized by a good, simple and holy priest of my native city. Resolved to consecrate my life solely and entirely to God, I entered a seminary and was ordained a priest eleven years ago. I have been in charge of this parish for nearly eight years, and I am very happy, for my flock is most faithful to God and devoted to me."

"How I envy your happiness, Father."

"My dear friend, true happiness is within the reach of

every one. The great secret is to look for it where it is to be found. There is nothing in this life that is more talked of and sought after than happiness. At the same time, there is nothing that is less understood. Yes, happiness is every man's wish ; and yet not one out of a thousand knows wherein it consists. Men mistake pleasure for joy, thoughtlessness for peace, while wealth, honours and the unbounded indulgence of their appetites and desires are believed to be the sources of true happiness. Now, dear Mac, the only sources of true happiness are wisdom and virtue ; that is to say, happiness consists first in knowing our duties toward God, our neighbour and ourselves, and secondly in acting in conformity with that knowledge. To look for happiness in anything else is folly. Now, you possess already the first requisite for happiness, viz. : wisdom, for you know as well as I do what your duties are toward God, your neighbour and yourself ; what you need is strength or virtue, viz. : to conform your conduct to your knowledge."

"I cannot, it is impossible."

"I am not going to preach to you any longer. You came here to fight a duel, and fight you must. Here is my weapon." Father Welsby took a violet stole out of his pocket and put it around his neck. "Now," he continued, "you just kneel down here and hurl your sins at me with all your might. Don't be afraid of hurting me."

The young man could not resist. He knelt down at the feet of his friend and made a general confession. And so the duel was fought, and both were satisfied with the result — The Rev. A. C. PORTER, S.J., in the *English Messenger*.





LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART

(Approved by the Holy See for the Diocese of Montreal
by a Rescript of December 2, 1898.)

Lord, have mercy on us. *Christ, have mercy on us.*
Lord, have mercy on us. Christ hear us. *Christ, graciously hear us.*
God the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us.
God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.
God the Holy Ghost,
Holy Trinity, One God,
Heart of Jesus, Son of the Eternal Father,
Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the
Virgin Mother,
Heart of Jesus, united substantially to the Divine Word,
Heart of Jesus, of Infinite Majesty,
Heart of Jesus, Holy Temple of God,
Heart of Jesus, Tabernacle of the most High,
Heart of Jesus, God's Dwelling and Gate of Heaven,
Heart of Jesus, Burning Furnace of Charity,
Heart of Jesus, Abode of Justice and Love,
Heart of Jesus, overflowing with Bounty and Love,
Heart of Jesus, Vast Depth of every virtue.
Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise,
Heart of Jesus, King and Centre of all hearts,
Heart of Jesus, in Whom are all treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge,
Heart of Jesus, in Whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead,
Heart of Jesus, in Whom the Father is well pleased,
Heart of Jesus, Desire of the everlasting hills,
Heart of Jesus, patient and full of mercy,
Heart of Jesus, rich unto all that call upon Thee,
Heart of Jesus, Well-spring of Life and Sanctity,
Heart of Jesus, Propitiation for our sins,
Heart of Jesus, filled with reproaches,
Heart of Jesus, bruised for our sins,
Heart of Jesus, made obedient unto death,
Heart of Jesus, pierced with the lance,
Heart of Jesus, Fountain of all Consolation,
Heart of Jesus, our Life and Resurrection,

Have mercy on us.

Have mercy on us.

Heart of Jesus, our Peace and Reconciliation,
 Heart of Jesus, Victim for our sins,
 Heart of Jesus, Salvation of those who trust in Thee.
 Heart of Jesus, Hope of those who die in Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, Delight of all the Saints, *Have mercy on us.*
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Spare us,*
O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Graciously hear*
us, O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Have mercy*
on us.

v. Jesus meek and humble of heart,
 R. Make our hearts like unto Thine.

Let us pray.—Almighty and Everlasting God, look upon the Heart of Thy All-Beloved Son, and upon the acts of praise and atonement with which, on behalf of sinners, It requites Thee. Appeased by such reparation, vouchsafe pardon to those who implore Thy Mercy in the name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Approved as authentic,

† PAUL, *Archbishop of Montreal.*

Montreal, January 6, 1899.

TREASURY, MARCH, 1899.

RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	227,169	Plous reading.....	81,602
Acts of mortification.....	209,334	Masses celebrated.....	19,621
Beads	323,670	Masses heard	131,370
Stations of the Cross.....	53,41:	Works of zeal.....	84,358
Holy Communions.....	46,450	Various good works.....	333,765
Spiritual Communions..	457,698	Prayers	896,402
Examens of conscience	126,701	Sufferings or afflictions..	73,160
Hours of silence	251,249	Self conquests	92,885
Charitable conversations	194,056	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	320,582
Hours of labour	427,090		
Holy Hours	33,136	Total.....	4,373,710



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.)

(*Left over from March*)

WARKWORTH. For the cure of a sore throat, after applying the Badge. For a very great spiritual favour.—WEST TORONTO JUNCTION. For the cure of a sore throat and for four great favours, through the Infant Jesus.—WILLIAMSTOWN, Ont. For the success of five candidates in their examinations, after having made the Thirty Days' prayer.—WINDSOR, Ont. For two favours received. For employment obtained, through the intercession of St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory.

(*Thanksgivings for this month*)

ALBERTON, P. E. I. For a spiritual favour. For two temporal favours. For finding an article. For the cure of a protracted tooth-ache, after applying St. Benedict's medal. For a great favour, after saying the beads and praying to St. Anthony. For a father's return to his duty.—ALEXANDRIA. For a great favour. For five temporal favours. For having found a cross that was lost. For preservation from the occasion of sin. — ANTIGONISH. For four temporal favours. For the cure of toothache, after a novena to St. Anthony. For recovery from sickness. For three temporal favours.—ARNPRIOR. For a great favour, after novenas to St. Joseph, the B. V. M. and the Holy Souls in Purgatory. For 10 favours. For a cure. For success in an examination, through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory.—AVONDALE. For two special favours, through the Infant Jesus, the B. V. M. and promising a mass.

BARRIE. For two special favours, after a novena for the most abandoned Souls in Purgatory.—BATHURST. For success in an examination. For recovery from an illness. For two favours received. For recovery of a parent from a severe illness, after praying to the B. V. M.—BRANTFORD. For employment, after making a novena.—BROCKVILLE. For the cure of a lame back, through the intercession of the B. V. M. For finding a lost article, through S. Anthony. For employment, after saying the Thirty Days' Prayers. For two spiritual favours. For three positions obtained. For good health. For success in an examination. For a cure, after applying the Badge and praying to the B. V. M.—BURLINGTON, Vt. For the return of a man to his religious duties.

CAPE BRETON, N. S. For employment, after praying to the B.V.M. and St. Anthony. — CHATHAM, ONT. For the recovery of a very sick person, after praying to the Infant of Prague and St. Joseph. — CORNWALL. For a favour, through St. Anthony's bread. For a special favour. For the relief of a dangerous pain in the heart, after applying the Badge. For recovering health, after applying the Badge and prayers to St. Anthony. For a temporal favour.

DOUGLASTOWN. For the recovery of a husband from a very severe illness, after prayers to St. Joseph and the Holy Souls. For two spiritual favours, after a novena to the B. V. M. For two temporal favours, after a novena to the B. V. M.

FAIRVILLE, N. B. For preservation on a dangerous journey, and by saying the Beads. For good health. For a spiritual favour. — FORT WILLIAM. For a temporal favour, after a novena to the Infant Jesus, promising a mass to the Souls in Purgatory, and prayers to the B. V. M. — FREELTON. For two spiritual favours. For two temporal favours.

GODERICH. For means of helping the poor applying to St. Anthony's Society, through St. Anthony's intercession.

HAMILTON. For the cure of a pain in the shoulder, after a novena and applying the Badge. For preservation from an accident, through the intercession of the B. V. M., St. Joseph, St. Anthony and the Holy Souls. — HOG'S BACK. For the removal of a birth mark from a child's eye, after a mass for the Souls in Purgatory, and a novena to St. Anthony.

KEARNEY, ONT. For two spiritual favours, after prayers and a novena to the B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For two temporal favours, after prayers to the B. V. M. and St. Joseph, also a novena. — KINGSTON. For employment for a father. For employment for a sister. For the cure of a lame back, after a communion and the intercession of the B. V. M. For a special favour, after saying one thousand *Aves* to the B. V. M. For a cure, after praying to St. Ann and applying the image. For a favour, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory.

LINDSAY. For improved health, after praying to St. Anthony of Padua. — LONDON. For a great temporal favour. For a great favour, through J. M. J. For five temporal favours, after making a novena to the B. V. M., St. Anthony and the Infant Jesus of Prague. For steady employment for a brother, after novenas to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and through the intercession of St. Joseph, St. Alphonsus and the Holy Angels. For immediate relief from severe pain in the lungs, after applying the Badge. For two special favours obtained.

MAIDSTONE. For the cure of a severe pain in the side, after applying the Badge. For a spiritual favour, through the intercession of

the B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For a temporal favour, through the intercession of the B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For recovering from a severe illness, through the intercession of the B. V. M., St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus of Prague. — MCGARRY. For success in an examination, after a novena for the Suffering Souls and prayers to St. Joseph, St. Anthony and the Infant Jesus of Prague. — MELBOURNE, P. Q. For the happy death of a parent. — MONTREAL. For success in an undertaking, through the intercession of the B. V. M. and St. Raphael, and by promising a Requiem Mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For a great spiritual favour, through St. Anthony and the B. V. M. For a special favour. For the conversion of two persons. For a special favour, after praying to the Holy Family. For a great cure, after applying the Badge and making a novena. For a favour obtained, after promising a novena of masses in honour of St. Ann.

NANAIMO, B. C. For relief from an acute pain, after a novena and applying the Badge. — NEWCASTLE, N. B. For three favours, after applying the Badge. — NEW WESTMINSTER. For a temporal favour.

OSGOODE. For three spiritual favours, after prayers to the B.V.M. For a temporal favour, through the prayers and communions of the League and a mass in honour of the B. V. M. For the cure of sore eyes, through the intercession of the B. V. M., St. John the Evangelist, and applying the Badge. For preservation in sickness, through the intercession of St Ann. For the return of friends who have been negligent to the sacraments. For the steady growth of the League. For a temporal favour. For a spiritual favour. — OTTAWA. For a happy death. For the recovery of a child from a severe illness. For a great temporal favour, after promising the Seven Sundays, in honour of St. Joseph.

PARIS. For preservation from sickness. For a temporal favour through the intercession of St. Ann. For six temporal favours. For five spiritual favours. — PORT ARTHUR. For means of paying a debt, through the intercession of St. Anthony.

QUEBEC. For a great spiritual favour. For seven cures effected, by applying the Badge, also the Promoters' Cross. For obtaining employment for two persons. For peace of mind. For finding a lost article, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For a conversion. For the return of travellers from a journey. For eight special favours. For unexpected means of paying debts. For eleven spiritual favours.

RAT PORTAGE. For the success in an examination. For the recovery of a sick person, after a novena of communions to St. Anthony.

SARNIA. For an article found, through St. Anthony's intercession. For passing an examination, through the intercession of St. Anthony, B. V. M. and St. Joseph. For three favours. For a spiritual favour. — ST. GEORGE'S. For a temporal favour, through

the intercession of the B. V. M. For the relief from a pain, after applying the Badge. For a special favour, through the Souls in Purgatory. — ST. JOHN, N. B. For the cure of a violent headache, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For employment and means. For a vocation. For the partial recovery of health. For the cure of two brothers of intemperance. For the grace of perseverance.— ST. MARK'S, P. E. I. For a special favour, after offering a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. — ST. MARY'S, ONT. For a great favour. For a temporal favour. — ST. RAPHAEL'S. For a spiritual favour. For a special favour. — STREETSVILLE. For the cure of sore eyes. For the means to pay a debt. For a good home. For good health. For news from a brother. For a special favour, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For restoration to health, after promising masses for the Souls in Purgatory. For a special favour, through the intercession of Blessed Gerard and promising a mass for the souls in Purgatory. — SUMMERSIDE. For three temporal favours.

VANKEER HILL. For ten favours.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION. For four favours obtained, through the Infant Jesus of Prague, the B. V. M., Blessed Gerard and Alphonsus. — WINDSOR MILLS. For a satisfactory arrangement, after a novena. — WINNIPEG. For five special favours, after making novenas.

ZURICH. For relief from severe pains in the back, through the S. H. and the Infant Jesus of Prague. For employment for a husband. For the successful erection of the priest's house and having its entire costs defrayed, through the S. H. For the erection of an altar to St. Joseph and a statue, through the S. H. For four children having happily made their First Communion and being confirmed.

URGENT REQUESTS for favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Alberton, P. E. I., Antigonish, Halifax, Hamilton, Hastings, Hawkesbury, N. S., Kingston, London, Lethbridge, Marysville, Manotic, McGarry, Melboire, Midland, Montreal, Ottawa, Park Hill, Ont., Quebec, St. Marks, P. E. I., St. John, N. B., Streetsville, Toronto, Winnipeg, Westport, Ont.



INTENTIONS FOR APRIL

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

GENERAL INTENTION BLESSED BY THE POPE:

The Destitute Italian Nuns.

- 1.—**S.**—Holy Saturday. Prudence. 28,607 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—**S.**—EASTER SUNDAY. dt. gt. int. rt. st. Rejoicing with Christ. 14,418 In affliction.
- 3.—**M.**—St. Vulpian, M. Civility. 132,979 Departed.
- 4.—**Tu.**—St. Plato, C. Trust in Jesus. 1,193 Special.
- 5.—**W.**—St. Vincent Ferrer, C. pt. rt. Docility. 9,453 Communities.
- 6.—**Th.**—Bl. Julianne, V. ht. Adoration. 89,265 First Communions.
- 7.—**F.**—St. Epiphane, Bp.M. at.ct. gt. Diligence. League Associates
- 8.—**S.**—St. Edesius, M. Respect for Relics. 20,506 Employment, Means.
- 9.—**S.**—LOW SUNDAY. at. ct. rt. Mcdesty. 2,124 Clergy.
- 10.—**M.**—St. John Damascene, C.D. Reverence. 54,984 Children.
- 11.—**Tu.**—St. Leo I, P.D. Courage. 21,800 Families.
- 12.—**W.**—St. Isidore, Bp. D. Right use of time. 28,348 Perseverance.
- 13.—**Th.**—St. Hermenegild, M. ht. Steadfastness. 9,223 Reconciliation.
- 14.—**F.**—St. Justin, M. Meditation. 31,190 Spiritual Favours.
- 15.—**S.**—St. Peter Gonzales, C. Right intention. 34,938 Temporal Favours.
- 16.—**S.**—St. Benedict Jos. Labre, C. Poverty of spirit. 12,473 Conversions to the Faith.
- 17.—**M.**—St. Anloetus, P. M. Vigilance. 18,904 Youths.
- 18.—**Tu.**—St. Apollonius, M. Apostolic spirit. 1,833 Schools.
- 19.—**W.**—St. Expeditus, M. Promptitude. 9,046 Sick or Infirm.
- 20.—**Th.**—St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, ht. rt. Patience. 2,715 Missions or Retreats.
- 21.—**F.**—St. Anselm, Bp.D. Fidelity. 500 Works, Societies.
- 22.—**S.**—SS. Soter and Caius, PP. MM. Kindness. 1,927 Parishes.
- 23.—**S.**—PATRONAGE OF St. Joseph. dt. gt. mt. nt. Devotion to St. Joseph. 28,683 Sinners.
- 24.—**M.**—St. Fidells, M. Zeal for souls. 19,620 Parents.
- 25.—**Tu.**—St. MARK, Evang. Instruction of children. 3,096 Religious.
- 26.—**W.**—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, PP.MM. Spirit of Faith. 1,261 Novices, Ch. Students.
- 27.—**Th.**—OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL. ht. Good advice. 1,466 Superiors.
- 28.—**F.**—St. Paul of the Cross, C. Love of Christ crucified. 10,445 Vocations.
- 29.—**S.**—St. Peter, M. rt. Christian education. League Promoters and Directors.
- 30.—**S.**—St. Catharine of Sienna, V. rt. Loyalty to the Pope. 39,401 Various.

When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.

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

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