

PASSIONTIDE.

Manifold and precious are the graces of the season which the Church devotes to the memory of the sufferings and death of her Divine Spouse. It is the time above all others in which the merits of the redemption are applied in the blood of the cross to the souls of her children. Lovingly and pressingly does she invite them to go out to meet Him that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra. She asks tenderly with them: *Why then is thy apparel red, and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press?*

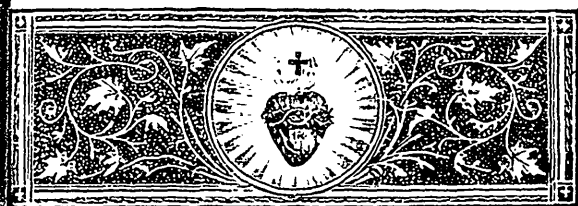
Meditation on the Redeemer's passion has been at all times the saints' food of predilection. It has been to them the bread of the strong that confirmed their hate of sin, that lent courage to take up and carry their cross, to ascend the uphill and rugged path that leads to sanctity. Let it be our nourishment during the days set apart for the commemoration of the Passion. Alas, for the world that repels the bread it needs so much, that feels not the hunger which devours it!

Christ in His bitter passion trod the wine-press alone. His blood-shedding was all-satisfying. His atonement was full, universal, everlasting, yet so a demand of us for salvation the application of its fruits to our souls by

the appointed channels of His grace. Nay, He required that we should be associated with Him in His sufferings, that their saving virtue might pass into us.

In His infinite condescension He seemed to leave His sufferings incomplete, that we might have it in our power to make up what was wanting to them and take part in the mystery of His cross. Only then shall His atonement avail us when united with our atonements. He has not removed the toil, the anguish, the pain of our fallen condition terminating in death itself, that they may sanctify us by union with His sufferings and open to us the gate of life. The moment of consummation shall be for us as for Him the moment of our triumph. *When this mortal frame hath put on immortality, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death where is thy sting?*

He owed it to His own majesty, to the magnificence of His heaven, to the dignity of our human nature gifted with free-will thus to admit us to the mystery of His atonement, to a share in His sufferings; to make our salvation dependent on the union of our merits with His, our everlasting triumph, the fruit of our own efforts, patience and combats, as well as of His passion and death.



REVERENCE FOR THE POOR.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL.

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

THERE are different classes of poor that have claim on our reverence and respect. There are poor beggars who hold out their hand in appeal to the charity of the public. There are poor monks and religious who have voluntarily stripped themselves by vow of all worldly possessions to follow more perfectly the example of Christ and the counsels of the Gospel. By the poor in a still wider sense we may understand all who are not *rich*, all who, whether by their own choice or fault or by force of circumstances of which Divine Providence alone holds control, are subject in some degree to privation and want. It is the language of Christ Himself in the Gospel that warrants us in thus dividing mankind at large in two great classes— the rich and the poor. The same language as well as the teaching of the Catholic Church tells us most emphatically that we are to prefer the poor, that we are to reverence, respect and love their state more than that of the rich.

When the Wisdom of the Father came down on earth. He was born and brought up in the ranks of the poor. He who created all the riches of earth and possessed the riches of heaven *emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant*. He bequeathed His birthright to the poor. Theirs is the place of honor in the universal Christian family. For them especially He was sent by the Father. He preached the Gospel, and founded His Church. She has ever been the proud mark of His Church before the world that She is the Church of the poor. He made them a kind of Sacrament, a veritable Real Presence of Himself, which we have always with us, that He might accept as a personal offering to Himself the respect, love, and alms-gifts which we offer to them.

On the last day, He assures us, our sentence of eternal happiness or doom shall depend on the manner in which we have treated His poor. If there is any advantage at all for the rich in the race to heaven it lies in their being able to help the wretched. Their money, the very material of iniquity, shall be unto them a kind of eighth sacrament, shall receive a supernatural power and efficacy if they take care to invest a portion of it in charity. It will make unto them friends who on their death will receive them *into everlasting tabernacles*. What they place in the hand of the needy will be treasured up and multiplied, and given back with interest a hundredfold in the present life as well as in that to come. Such is the teaching of Christ, of the inspired Word and of

Church concerning the reverence and practical love of the poor.

The Church of Christ has always treated them with reverence and an affection reaching into tenderness. They have been her precious jewels. Time and again she bare her altars and sanctuaries of their ornaments and precious vessels in order to supply food to the hungry and clothing to the naked. She has devoted to them her chosen lives, the maidens and valiant women who have renounced the comforts and affections of home to take Jesus Christ, poor, for their spouse. She has consecrated such the mothers of the orphan and the homeless, of the sick and the wretched, of the blind and the ignorant.

The world, on the other hand, turns with aversion from the poor, and treats them with cruelty and contempt. By its maxims, its pride, its worship of power, display and wealth it is their great oppressor.

The orphan and the helpless, the sick and the unfortunate, are thrust into state asylums, hospitals, reformatories, whence the priest and sister of charity are excluded by law, or can be admitted only at intervals, or when there is danger of death. Thus the miserable and the wretched are snatched from the tender nursing hand of religion and denied her consolations when they stand most in need of them and are best disposed to receive them with profit.

With characteristic hypocrisy the world, while it forms

societies and expends large sums of money for the comfort of animals and the prevention of cruelty to dumb beasts, will leave the poor to famish and shiver in the haunts of misery, like those proud pagan Emperors who lodged their horses in gilded palaces and set fire to the roofs of the people.

Even in its institutions of philanthropy, by which the world, with mistaken generosity, apes and essays to rival Catholic charity—in its bequests and foundations for state, municipal and secular charities—it misses its mark and loses its reward from the lack of true reverence and affection for the poor. The wretched and miserable are an eye-sore to society, or they grate on its exquisite sensibilities, or they damp the enjoyment of its pleasures, like Lazarus at the gate of Divus. They must be hidden away from view! Thus the world's charity, if it does not spring from selfishness, is commingled with it. Genuine charity for the poor is not exercised outside the Church, because, as the Holy Father teaches in his late Encyclical, *it has its only source in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.*

Let all therefore have recourse to this fountain of charity, to be filled with the profound respect which faith inspires for the poor of Jesus Christ, to be filled also with an active and tender charity especially for the struggling classes of labor and toil *to whom the Heart of God seems rather to incline*, and who are ground under the tyranny of usurers and monopolists.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular that all, following the examples and the teaching of the Gospel, may be penetrated with a profound reverence joined with an active and tender charity for Thy poor.

TO JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Jesus, God and Saviour dear
Unto Thee I fly,
Lowly bending at Thy feet ;
Hear my humble cry :
Deign, oh Lord, my soul to cleanse,
Wipe away each stain ;
Guide me in the ways of light,
Teach me heaven to gain.

Banish from my foolish heart
All its thoughts of pride.
Wash it in the blood that flowed
From Thy sacred side :
Let the thorns from out Thy crown
Pierce deep my sinful brow,
That every idle thought may feel
Thy anguish o'er it now.

May the cruel nails that pierc'd
Thy Sacred hands and feet
Bind my lips in charity,
Loving, pure and sweet ;

For every soul upon it bears
 Thy Image, Lord, most dear ;
 Thy love for each, Thrice Holy God,
 Alone hath brought Thee here.

And through that love Thy Heart was given,
 Thy Heart hath bled and died
 For every creature under Heaven,
 Throughout the world most wide :
 On Calvary's Hill we meet once more
 Beside the heavy cross ;
 And kneel, sweet Saviour, mournfully,
 Crushed 'neath our fearful loss.

We sue in sorrow and love
 For mercy from Thy Heart :
 Our sins alone it was that caused
 Thy Flesh and Blood to part.
 Thy Flesh and Blood to part.
 Forgive us all our wickedness,
 And stamp it all away ;
 By cross upborne to Calvary,
 By scourge and thorns we pray.

And when the awful day of death
 Dawns for us here below ;
 Oh ! may it find us with our cross
 Borne meekly as we go.
 Then at the gates of life beyond,
 Sweet Saviour, may we see,
 Thy loving face and holy smile
 Bid us rejoice with Thee.

K. M. O'L.

Lindsay, Ont.

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INCREASE OF MERIT.

II.

MERIT being the material from which each one's everlasting dwelling is wrought, no thinking man can be blind to its importance or indifferent to the means by which it is acquired. What I am anxious to know, Father, is how does the Holy League help one to acquire merit?"

The explanation, dear Associate, is plain and simple. First, it lays the foundation of the edifice where there is none. Many and powerful are the spells by which the Holy League draws the sinner onward to a reform of life. Nowhere is he free from its kindly influences. In church, at home, in all the varied relations of social life, in conscience itself, the good example, the gentle rebuke, the loving invitation, inward grace, are ever at work pleading for a change. At least he will be persuaded to take up his prayers or to pray a little more. A morning offering of the heart, with an Our Father and Hail Mary, after all, is so little! Who could deny it? And has not the Saviour pledged His word that the Heavenly Father will *give good things to them that ask Him, and every one that asketh receiveth, and he that knocketh openeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened?*

Above all, prayer to the Sacred Heart is so efficacious! before that vision of a love such as was never given to

earth to feel or experience, saving us by an infinite sacrifice from an infinite woe, of a love which, while it smites for ingratitude, holds out the promise of mercy and the hope of pardon. What motive can so arouse the spirit to compunction, call forth the voices from the depths, urge to prompt and vigorous action?

Prayer will sooner or later be followed by a worthy approach to the sacraments. The sand and crustations of sin will be ejected from the heart; the spirit shall be cleansed and swept; and the sure foundation of grace and merit shall be cast in the soul deep, firm and lasting.

Secondly, after laying the foundations, it will rear aloft the glorious pile. Under the more than magic wand of Morning Prayer and Offering, thoughts, desires, actions, sufferings through the live long day shall be transformed into the gold and precious stones of supernatural acts and virtues, fit material for the everlasting mansion, and shall be directed heavenward to the Divine Builder who is preparing a place. The earnest and fervent offering will supernaturalize, shape and direct the day. Little by little the true Associate acquires the habit of renewing the Morning Offering, lest passion, temptation, self-love should creep in and corrupt the intention or drag it down from its lofty aim. The maxim for a Christian life given by St. Paul is:—*Whether you eat, drink or do anything else, let all be for the glory of God.* It is the maxim to strive for the constant increase of supernatural merit. What is the Morning Offering frequently renewed but its continual realization?

Of all the means of acquiring grace and merit none can be compared to sacraments. If prayers and ordinary good actions bring down upon us the grace of God in shower-drops, each sacrament lets flow a whole stream into the soul. In penance the lowest degree of sacramental grace will lift the soul from sin and hell to God's love and friendship. One communion, the saints assure us, can impart sufficient sacramental grace to make a saint and a corresponding measure of bliss in heaven. It is *everlasting life* in its source and essence.

Now, it is the peculiar aim of the Holy League to lead its members to the more and more frequent reception of the sacraments. The Three Degrees, the Communions of Atonement, the first Friday devotions, the nine consecutive Fridays, the Promoters' communions are so many devices to lead first to monthly communion, then to weekly, then to frequent communion, till the sacraments become like our meals—the great want as well as satisfaction of our life.

Thirdly, it crowns the magnificent structure, adorns it, and wondrously enhances its splendor. Our actions are more pleasing to God and meritorious in His sight, according to the intensity of the love and the excellence of the motive or intention we have in performing them. Where shall we go to kindle the heavenly flame if not to the furnace of love, the Heart of Jesus? Where shall we borrow intentions, high, excellent, far-reaching, if not from the Heart of Jesus? And is not the Holy League a league which unites all its Associates together in the

Heart of Jesus, plunges their hearts in His Heart, and animates their lives with His intentions?

After the internal excellence of the action derived from the love of God and the intention, the quality which most enhances its value and adds to its merit, is its own nobility and intrinsic worth. Given the same interior dispositions and fervor, the priest who consecrates at the altar merits more than the faithful who assist at the Holy Sacrifice. A spiritual work of mercy, such as to instruct the ignorant in the way of heaven, has a higher reward than a corporal work of mercy, as to feed the hungry or clothe the naked. It is a work of far higher excellence, and deserving of a much greater reward, to found a college for the training of priests and religious education of youth than an orphanage or an hospital for the care of the abandoned and the sick. In one the action benefits the body, in the other the soul, and partakes of its dignity and excellence.

Where can we find a field of excellent and meritorious works like that which the League opens to its Associates? It is a league of zeal, binding its members together, not only for prayer, but *for all other sorts of good works, whether of religion or charity, for everything which tends to effectually promote Catholic piety, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.* Above all it sets the interests of Christ and His Church in the foreground, associating its members with Christ and His apostles, with the episcopate and priesthood, in the most excellent of works, the salvation of souls through the triumph of the Church. Nothing can be more divine or worthy of reward than to work with Christ for the salvation of souls.

Believe me, dear friend, if you want to make a good investment of your spiritual capital, put it in the League; may, if you are spiritually destitute and penniless, and desire to cram into the short space that remains to you the merits of a long life, join the League.

FATHER ANDERLEDY.

LEAVING beautiful Florence behind on a bright December morning we commenced the ascent to Fiesole. Our principal object on this day was to pay our respects to the General of a valiant army, the commander of the Society of Jesus.

The sun shone radiantly as the horses climbed slowly the steep ascent to the residence of the Jesuit Fathers. "Excelsior" they may well cry who seek the level of that holy Order.

That the modern village is built on the site of an ancient Etruscan city did not lessen its charm, for grand though the "forests primeval" of our own land may be, there is an interest and romance that captivates the mind and heart about the places which history has marked, where heroes have dwelt, about the paths that generation after generation of weary feet have worn, even about the air that has made the laughter, the song and the sighs which have risen from multitudes of human hearts.

A closed iron gate, behind which a flight of stone steps, cut in the rock, moss-grown and worn by many feet, with cypress trees growing up on either side, led to the door of the holy house. We rang the bell. At the top of the stairway appeared the black familiar form of a lay-brother, and as if by magic the heavy gate slowly swung

upon its hinges, and in a few moments after we were in presence of the Great Commander.

Oh, worldly pride, you have no resting place on the holy heights of Fiesole! The General approaches, but there is no clatter of spurs and sword, only the gentle rustle of Mary's beads. You see no pomp, no insignia of office, only the humble black cassock of the priest. You feel an awe in the presence of so great a man, but as he holds out his hands to greet, you instinctively utter "Father." How shall I describe him! Father Anderledy has gone to receive the reward of his noble life, but it is hard to think that the eyes so dark, so brilliant, so far-seeing, shall open no more upon earth, that the brow which shone with intellect and holiness has been clouded by the shade of death, that the strong lips which spoke such kindly words and smiled with so much benevolence are silent for evermore. May the blessing which they breathed upon us follow us through our lives! May that tender smile greet us again on the shores of the Eternal land!

The memorable half hour which we spent with him on that day left an impress on our minds brighter than the memory of Italy's sun. He spoke in English, a great deal in praise of America. He never once alluded to the exalted position he held, but he dwelt with affectionate remembrance on the years of his missionary life in Michigan. He spoke of Canada, of the Fathers of the Order whom we knew, of our own lives and interests; and when at last the moment came to take our departure, he accompanied us down the stone steps, and with his own hands opened the iron gate, and then pointed out to us some of the beauties of this wonderful spot.

It is a privilege to remember that it was standing by the side of General Anderledy, listening to his voice, that we took a view of Florence bathed in a haze of vapour

light, like a vision of a golden city. The magnificent cupola of the Duomo was glorified, the graceful spires of the churches were gilded, and the palaces and lovely villas seemed half lost in a luminous dream. The Appenines stretched their purple outlines beyond—and silence, oh the peaceful, reverential silence that reigned up here! The sun was still high, but the sky above our heads was so deep, so vaultless, that it raised the heart to gaze upon it and made one long to seek for heaven beyond that ethereal blue.

No wonder that nature seems hushed and reverent where the voice speaks the word of command: "Go, soldiers of Christ to the depths of darkest Africa and rescue those that perish. Go, regardless of joy or health or hope wherever a soul is in danger, bring back to the fold the sheep that have strayed and are wounded. Teach the little children. Bear opprobrium, injustice, oppression with that heroism which is your distinctive mark." Must not the angels stand silent too and listen with delight, when with one heart and one voice the answer rises from the mighty battalion, passing beyond the holy heights of Fiesole even to the highest heaven—
Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

BELLELLE GUERIN.

ST. FRANCES OF ROME.

IN the lives of the Saints scarcely can a more charming record be found than that of St. Frances of Rome.

As a child the little Frances showed signs of an extraordinary piety, but a piety ever accompanied with a sweet and winning gaiety.

At an early age she ardently desired to embrace a religious life. With the permission of her director, a holy Franciscan, she broached the subject to her father, who at once made answer that the desire was but a childish whim, and that he had already promised her in marriage to a young nobleman, Lorenzo Ponziani. Frances fell on her knees, and assured him that happiness for her was to be found only in the cloister, begging him not to withhold his consent. He declared in no gentle terms that his pledged word should not be broken, and she left his presence telling him that in this she would not obey him.

After praying before the Crucifix she paid a visit to her director and related what had passed. He told her that she must think, not of following her attractions, but of accomplishing the will of God. That although God demanded her heart, she could give it to Him in the married state, to which great graces are attached, and that her greatest sacrifice would be displeasing to God if in it there was the least self-will. "Lay down your wishes," he said, "as an oblation on His altar; give up that highest place which you had justly coveted; take the lower one which He now appoints you, and if you cannot be His spouse, be His loving and faithful servant."

Frances returned home, sought her father, and announced to him her willingness to accept the husband

he had selected for her, begging his forgiveness for her former want of docility. Soon after, she was married to Lorenzo Ponziani, a virtuous and noble man, who deeply loved and ardently appreciated the charming wife bestowed upon him. As the obedience of the cloister could not be hers, Frances determined instead to pay the most unwavering obedience to the slightest wish of her husband.

To please him she wore rich clothing and costly ornaments, and accompanied him to places of worldly amusement, yet under the gay apparel she wore a coarse garment of horse-hair next her skin, and various other instruments of penance, with the permission of her confessor.

Household duties claimed her most exact attention, prayers and care of the sick taking up her spare time; for after a few years, her husband, with increasing admiration for her virtues, no longer required her to mingle with the vain and frivolous world.

Yet her life was far from painless. Italy was plunged in the horrors of war. Her dearly beloved husband and her eldest son were taken prisoners, and for many years detained in exile. Her two remaining children sickened and died. She was so reduced as to beg in the streets for the poor with whom her mansion was filled, a plague having been engendered of the privations following the war. At this time she was the recipient of an extraordinary favor from Almighty God.

Her little son Evangelista, who had died but a short time previous, appeared, in company with an archangel, assured her of his happiness, and then told her that the angel who accompanied him was her guardian, and that for the rest of her life she should see this heavenly spirit constantly at her side. And so it was. Until death the Angel of God was ever beside her, surrounded by a bril-

liant light which dispelled the deepest shades of night. In obedience to her director she described her Guardian Angel :—

“His stature,” she said, “is that of a child of about nine years old; his aspect is full of sweetness and majesty, his eyes generally turned towards heaven: words cannot describe the divine purity of that gaze. His brow is always serene; his glance kindles in the soul the flame of ardent devotion. When I look upon him, I understand the glory of the angelic nature and the degraded condition of our own. He wears a long, shining robe, and over it a tunic, either as white as the lilies of the field, or of the color of a red rose, or of the hue of the sky in its deepest blue. When he walks by my side, his feet are never soiled by the mud of the streets nor the dust of the road!”

Her husband and son were again restored to liberty, and compensation given them for their losses. Shortly after his return Lorenzo told his wife that he would release her from all her obligations to him, and leave her free to follow her devotions, only she must promise never to leave his house, but stay under his roof until his death. She readily promised to remain with him, and nursed him with the utmost tenderness and devotion during the long and painful illness which preceded his death.

On one occasion she retired to her oratory to recite the office of the Blessed Virgin. While thus engaged, her husband sent for her. She immediately arose, went to him, performed the trifling service he asked, and returned. She was scarcely once more at prayer when her presence was again demanded. With the same patience and promptness she again responded to the call. Four times was she summoned for some very trivial duty, and each time the same sweetness and patience displayed itself. On re-commencing the same antiphon for the fourth time

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she found it written in letters of gold, which remained until her death.

With the permission of her confessor and the authorization of Holy Church, she had founded a religious order, called Oblates of Mary. On the death of her husband Our Saint demanded admission among them. They would receive her only as their Superior, which office she would not accept until obliged thereto by her confessor. After a long life spent in the service of her neighbor she left this world uttering these words: "The heavens are open! The angels are descending. The Archangel has finished his task. He stands before me. He beckons me to follow him."

Hers was a holy life, and in many of its details well worthy of imitation. In the first five years of her married life, having very few household cares, her time was given to the poor and sick, and her penances were frequent and severe. But when Almighty God blessed her with children, all works of mercy gave way before her duty to them. Her fasts were less frequent while they required her sustenance, and her care for them came before practices of devotion and works of zeal. The first words she taught them to lip were Jesus and Mary, and her first attention was to their spiritual welfare. It was one of her sayings that "the mistress of a house must be always ready to interrupt her devotions when the most trifling duty requires it." Another, "that no trial will be too heavy if we suffer with Jesus."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

II.

VOYAGE AND DISCOVERY.

DURING the few days which Columbus passed at the monastery of Santa Maria de la Ribida, he revived his early affection for the Franciscan monks, whose self-sacrificing devotedness in the defence of the Holy Places he had already witnessed. Then he set out for the Spanish capital in the hope of obtaining an audience from the king. Penniless and friendless he waited for weeks at the gate of the royal palace, seeking admission to the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella; and when, at length, the door was opened, the king heard his proposals but with indifference. The queen, however, was profoundly impressed by his noble bearing, but especially by the clear reasoning and convincing arguments with which he supported his statements. At her request the theory and plans of Columbus were examined by a scientific commission, but alas, only to be rejected. Science then as now frequently belied itself, and despite the influence of the learned Dominican Diego de Deza, the theory was declared as unfounded and false.

This decision condemned our future discoverer to years of further delay. The king was engaged in his last struggle with the Moors, and the queen, though she continued to bestow marks of her interest and sympathy, refused to commit herself to the project. Age was creeping upon him and fear began to invade his soul, lest after all the designs of Providence and his destiny should be left unaccomplished. Nevertheless, unbaffled by disappointments and rebuffs, he began to look elsewhere for

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help, sending his brother to England to lay his plans before Henry VIII, whilst he prepared to go to the Court of France.

Just at this moment Providence interposed by sending Father Guardian to the Spanish court to plead on his behalf. The queen's resistance yielded to the eloquent appeals for the Genoese sailor. On the 6th of January, 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella, having crushed forever the power of the Moors, took triumphal possession of the Alhambra. Amidst the rejoicings Columbus was not forgotten, for Isabella called him to the palace, took his plan for her own, and at once gave instructions for the execution of his orders. Patience and firmness had wrung at last the proud conditions he demanded. He was to be viceroy of the newly-discovered land, governor-general under the Spanish crown, with power to exact a tax on all imports and exports. Finally, these privileges should descend to his son and remain forever in the family.

The three small vessels "Santa Maria," the admiral's future flagship, "Nina" and "Pinta" were soon ready for sea, and on the night of Aug. 3rd, 1492, Columbus set sail. Juan Perez, the faithful Franciscan priest, from whose hands he had just received the sacraments, stood on the shore to wish him God-speed in his perilous undertaking. Deafening cheers went up from the crowd along the shore as the vessels moved out, and Columbus displayed from the topmast of his ship a flag with the image of the Crucified worked in its ample folds. "It is for the love of Christ," said he. "I wish to extend His reign. Under His banner I hope to increase our knowledge of the world which He created."

The crew was made up of sailors from many lands, Ireland, too, having a representative. They set out in joyful mood, but soon signs of discontent and even of

treachery were manifested. They put in to the Canary Islands for repairs to the "Pinta," which detained them three weeks. Setting sail again, the little ships were soon on the trackless ocean, and now the real difficulties of the voyage began. Fear seized on the crew as their imagination pictured the vast expanse of ocean with eddying currents, and bottomless whirlpools, the home of serpents and sea monsters. As they proceeded on their outward course their hearts sank the more, and they clamored to return. Columbus tried every expedient to quiet their fear and restore their courage. He kept two reckonings, —a true one for his own use, and another lessening the leagues sailed over—and thus concealed their true distance from home. But it was all in vain. Their discontent only grew, and at length broke into open revolt. They threatened to throw the Admiral overboard unless he turned back to Spain. Then it was that all the resources of his patience, firmness and persuasion were needed and brought into play. After waiting so long he felt too confident of success to allow his enterprise to be frustrated by such unworthy motives. He told them they had started for Cathay of the golden coasts, and with the help of God would not return till they had reached their destination. He bade them place their trust in Heaven which would not fail to bless a work undertaken solely for the glory of God. He skillfully turned to account the sea-weed, pieces of timber and sea-fowl they met on their passage as arguments that land was near. So confident was he, that he promised if in three days they did not see land they would tack about and return to Europe.

As they proceeded, the signs of land began to multiply. Birds which were known not to fly far from the shore hovered around the fleet and perched on the ship-masts. On the 11th of October, there was no longer doubt. A

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branch bearing fresh berries was picked up by the sailors. Columbus promised a reward to the sailor who would first see land. In the evening he gave orders that the sails should be partly furled lest the coast should be struck during the night. Columbus kept watch, spending the time in prayer and thanksgiving to God for having subdued the rebellious spirit of his men. But what was the joy of all when late at night the Admiral called out that he saw a light! His watch-mate saw it too as it flickered once or twice like a torch or a dying camp-fire. A few hours later before dawn of the 12th, as the clouds lifted, the cry of "land!" "land!" went up from the "Pinta," which always preceded the rest. Amidst the exultation that followed Columbus fell on his knees, and with hands and eyes raised to heaven sang a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God for the happy termination of the voyage and the discovery of a new world.

The sailors, now repenting of their injustice to the Admiral, fell prostrate before him on the deck, and begged his pardon for their disobedience and mistrust. Passing from one extreme to the other, they kissed his feet in admiration, and proclaimed him a man inspired of heaven to accomplish a work beyond the reach of mortal endeavor. Columbus rejected the homage, and bade them give all the glory to God who honored him above his deserts in choosing him for so glorious an enterprise.

On Oct. 12th, 1492, the vessels reached the shore. Columbus landed in rich dress, holding in his hand a naked sword. His men followed, and all kneeling down kissed the ground they had desired so long to see, and offered heart-felt thanks to God for having conducted them safely through so many perils. They then erected a cross, and prostrate before it took solemn possession of the new country for the crown of Castille.



THE CRIMINAL.

ANNA T. SADLER.

I.

HOW gloomy and dismal was that gaol in the brightness of a spring morning. Frowning walls, spike-topped iron bars, through which haggard faces peered out at the sunshine and the budding leaves, looking longingly upon those who seemed full of life and happiness in the warm, soft air.

"The prisoner in yonder cell is incorrigible," said one visitor to another, as they passed through the prison corridor. "A hardened scolder; he mocks at the idea of a God, sneers at all goodness, and declares that when the end comes he will die like a dog."

"Can we have speech with him?"

The gaoler smiled grimly when the question was repeated to him.

"You can talk to him if you like, but I expect you won't get much out of him."

When the cell-door was unlocked, there was seen the figure of a man crouching, animal-like, at the window. His face was pressed close against the iron-bars, as though he had a fierce heart-hunger for the world without, lying beautiful under the spring sun. He turned slowly when his visitors spoke, staring at them with sullen ferocity, but no word passed his lips then nor during the interval that followed. But when they had passed out of

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the cell, a mocking laugh, horrible in its dissonance, grated upon their ears.

"The worst case we have ever had," said the gaoler.

"And he is condemned?"

"Yes, without any chance of a respite, either."

"For murder?"

The gaoler nodded.

"Has any clergyman visited him?"

"Scores of them."

"And he will not listen?"

"He listens and laughs."

II.

Scarcely a fortnight later, within that self-same cell, sat an old man, humble of aspect, clad in rusty black, a man of God. His hand rested kindly upon the bent head of the prisoner, whose strong frame was shaken by sobs. He had just finished the story of his life,—the old sad tale of neglectful parents, disobedient sons, a piece at a ten-cent show during the progress of which a man had sat beside the growing youth destined to be his ruin; he brought him into the company of loafers, he lent him dime novels and other literature of the sort. The descent was slow. The lad's parents were respectable and, after a fashion, religious. First, sacraments were neglected, then Sunday Mass was abandoned, and religion went altogether. The terrible ending to the life which followed was told by the prisoner in words strangely solemn, unconsciously dramatic.

"Father, it was that man I killed, the one who sat beside me at the show, who introduced me to evil companions and lent me bad books."

"How infinite has been the mercy of God in your behalf," the old man was saying; "it is the realization of that promise of our Divine Lord, that 'sinners shall find

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in His Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy. For, at first, I slipped into your clothing a medal; next, I persuaded you to accept a badge of the Sacred Heart, and finally, that picture."

The priest pointed, as he spoke, to where the spring sunshine lighted up as with a smile the image of the Divine Master, showing His Heart.

"Then you seemed to melt, you spoke a little of your past life, you consented to read a book in which was the story of a great sinner who had done penance. You sent for me of your own accord. The rest has been easy. As your fall was gradual so has God's mercy followed you step by step."

"But only my death can make expiation, Father," cried the prisoner, suddenly raising his head.

"You will meet death bravely, then, my poor boy," said the priest slowly.

"Joyfully, Father, for it will make me hope that my sins are forgiven."

"May I tell you, then?" said the priest, taking the criminal's hand gently in both his own.

"Whatever you like, Father," said the young man firmly.

"The pardon—even the respite—has been refused."

There was a moment's silence. Human nature is weak.

"It is best so, Father; a pardon might be my ruin."

"Brave heart," said the priest, warmly, "generous soul! How brightly shall that sacrifice shine for eternity. When your sins are washed away in the Blood of the Lamb, your soul shall wear the marriage garment."

"I have but one regret," said the prisoner, thoughtfully, "my parents are in a very respectable position, and my death must bring shame upon them. But, oh Father, if they had only taught me better."

"God himself has been your teacher in the path of repentance," said the priest; "through much misery he has brought you to true knowledge, through sorrow and ignominy to a happiness which shall be eternal. You have sinned deeply, indeed, but you have found the ocean of mercy which the Heart of Jesus offers to sinners."

A smile lighted up the sin-stained face.

"Even for such as I, that mercy," he said, softly.

"Though thy sins are as scarlet," answered the priest, solemnly.

Hushed and still was the air without, save where distant voices came faintly through the grated window.

"How far off seems the world of sin and wretchedness," said the prisoner, "and yet this is but a gaol."

"The soul is free," said the priest, "no prison-bars can hinder its flight to the highest. And now, my son, I am going; do not forget your little prayer, 'Sweet Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.'

Say it often during the day, and when you wake at night add to it, 'Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation.' You have need of that good Mother's help." With a kind good-bye the priest went away, his bent, old figure robed in rusty black, winning reverence from all whom he encountered. His presence was as a benediction in that abode of lost hopes and lost innocence. How the spiritual rises above the material! A prison may be the abiding place of peace and hope, and faith and heroism. And that old man, so insignificant in worldly eyes, was sublime in his self-command, his self-forgetfulness, his holiness!

III.

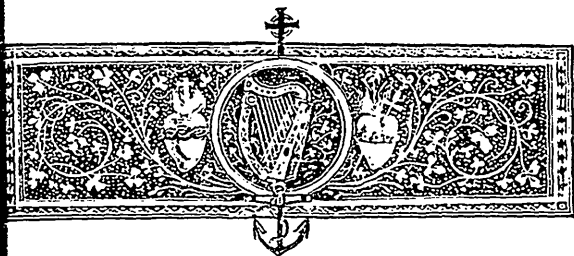
"He was a plucky one," said the gaoler, discoursing of a recent execution to the two gentlemen who, a month previously, had visited the gaol; "and its victim smiled as

if he was going to a merry-making, gentle as a lamb. You have seen him for yourselves, before that priest got hold of him, the worst case we ever had in here, fierce as a tiger, sulky as a bear, using the worst language, giving all the trouble he could. But, afterwards, he got to be cheerful and obliging, encouraging all the others that he came across, begging pardon of us—fieri, I assure you, he did that—for the bad example he had given us, and praying all his spare time.”

“He died a beautiful death,” said the priest, who came up at that moment, and to whom the two visitors now addressed themselves. “The poor fellow had been led astray by bad theatres, bad company and bad books, but he was a sincere penitent, saintly in his fervor, touching in his humility, heroic in his courage. On his way to the scaffold he repeated over and over again that promise of the Divine Heart in relation to sinners, and his last earthly act was to show me his medal and badge. There was a smile upon his face just then, and I knew that he was renewing the cheerful offering of his life, which he did so often during the last dark days.”

So the spring sunshine can shine brightly sometimes upon the frowning walls of a gaol, and even upon a grave in a prison yard wherein a criminal has been interred. And as the priest passes from cell to cell, he tells the story of him who lies there, and who, burdened with many sins, found in the Sacred Heart “a source and ocean of infinite mercy.”

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MADAME D'YOUVILLE.

II.

The seven years during which the war had lasted had been marked by incidents so varied, by calamities so terrible, that the people of Villemarie were reduced almost to despair. After the English conquest, the fortunes of Madame d'Youville and her community seemed at their lowest ebb. Famine stared them in the face, provisions were high, revenues diminished. The greater proportion of wealthy or influential families amongst the French had returned to France. For a time, it was even uncertain whether or not religious communities would be suffered to exist under the new laws. Help there was none from without, while demands from within the hospital were ever on the increase. Numerous cases are recorded during these dark days which followed the capitulation of Montreal, wherein by Divine interposition, through the prayers of our saintly heroine, miracles were wrought. Provisions and money were multiplied, empty coffers were filled. Madame d'Youville's absolute confidence in God was constantly being rewarded by striking manifestations in her behalf of God's mercy.

Yet her faith was forever being put to the severest of tests. On the 18th May, 1765, the hospital was reduced to ashes. Madame d'Youville found herself houseless,

and surrounded by one hundred and eighteen destitute dependent upon her for food and shelter. The first words which passed her lips were those of the holy man, Job, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." But with a sublime courage and trust, which showed itself in a joyous serenity, she went further. She called upon her sisters and upon all who surrounded her to join in the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving "for the new Cross granted them." Beautiful and impressive scene! That group, wherein almost every form of human misery was represented, inspired by the heroism of that one saintly heart, knelt to give thanks for the blow that had suddenly deprived them of everything. Rising from her knees, Madame d'Youville gave utterance to that prophecy, which has been fulfilled down to our own day, that the house, meaning the institute, "should never be burned again." This prediction has relieved many from moments of cruel anxiety in the houses of the order when fires have occurred in their neighborhood.

For the time being, Madame d'Youville, her community, and the unfortunates under their protection found shelter at the *Hotel Dieu*, until their own country houses could be made ready to receive them. The fire occurred on the 18th May. On the 19th June the work of rebuilding had been begun. By Christmas all were lodged in the new hospital.

Madame d'Youville was struck with paralysis on the 9th December, 1771, when in her seventieth year. She died on the 23rd of the same month, after having given the holiest example of faith, courage and patience. Upon the day of her death, though apparently better than usual, she told her niece, who sat beside her, and who spoke of watching with her during the night, "Oh, to

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might I shall not be here." Nor was she. She passed away quietly and peacefully about half-past eight in the evening, just as the community had finished the evening prayer. This prediction, with many well-attested prodigies which attended her death and the time intervening until her funeral, confirmed the impression produced by her holy life. The popular judgment proclaimed her a saint, though more than two hundred years were to elapse before the Church bestowed upon her the title of Venerable. At the present time, preliminary steps have been taken towards her canonization. The report of the ecclesiastical trial held in Montreal has been forwarded to Rome.

Yet there are no ecstasies recorded in her life. She soared not upon those mystic heights, whereon some favored servants of God dwelt as upon a mountain top. Her labors were in the valleys of earth, amongst the poor, the suffering, the afflicted. Her charity so universal and all-embracing led her to seek out those forms of misery most repulsive to human nature, and to lavish upon them the tenderest devotion. Her love of the poor was heroic. In it her sanctity found its highest expression.

To a rare beauty of person Madame d'Youville united uncommon qualities of mind and heart. Her judgment of unusual excellence, her prudence of the highest order, she, nevertheless, through obedience and humility, was always ready to accept direction. Her heart, warm and generous, was keenly sensible to the sorrows of others, her sweetness of disposition was tempered by firmness, her natural gaiety in no wise lessened a becoming gravity, her cheerfulness was no bar to the dignity with which the sense of her high calling inspired her. Her simplicity and her deep and earnest humility she had learned by that science of the saints, which makes them all so different and yet so similar. Her courage

and energy were undeterred by obstacles, by danger, by privation, by the prospect of death itself. Her industry was indefatigable. Her tact in winning the hearts and souls of those with whom she came in contact, her genius for administration, and her ingenuity in devising resources, were all no doubt the outcome of that spirit of prayer for which she was so remarkable. She prayed in the calm and in the storm, in the sunshine and in the gloom, in hours of toil and in moments of rest. She had a true love of poverty, with which she imbued her sisters, and the minutest details of which she practised in her own life. She exhorted all to a perfect union of hearts in the community life, and was herself the exemplar of this charity. Her piety was solid and sincere, as it was simple and unostentatious.

Besides her devotion to the Eternal Father in this providential character, which she so deeply impressed upon her sisters, she caused all festivals of the Cross to be celebrated with solemnity, a practice still kept up in the house of her Congregation. She had an ardent love for Our Lady,—as what saint had not—and a filial devotion towards St. Joseph. Her fervor towards the Blessed Sacrament made her enjoin frequent Communion on her community. Madame d'Youville was, moreover, a Promoter of the Sacred Heart. This devotion was just becoming known in Canada; our heroine, with the true instinct of a saint, seized upon it. She had a chapel consecrated to the Sacred Heart in the community church, and a confraternity established in its honor. She caused an Image of the Divine Heart to be placed upon the great Cross. Surely this is not among the least of her claims to be what a biographer has called her: "The valiant woman of Canada."

A. T. S.

DEVOTION AND LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.



AMONG the many beautiful paragraphs contained in the Lenten Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, not the least beautiful is that which treats of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"This is a beautiful, solid and fruitful devotion, is worthy of all commendation to our people, and is eminently suited to meet the spiritual wants of our time."

The dogmatic aspect of the Devotion sets before us the Sacred Heart as the object of our adoration and love, being a part of the sacred body of the Saviour hypostatically united to the Second Person of the most Blessed Trinity, consequently this devotion is the same in substance as that which is paid to the adorable Person of Jesus Christ, whose Sacred Heart was the seat and centre of His ineffable Love for us.

It is the object of special devotion and love because we are sometimes more powerfully moved by the contemplation of one part than of another. In the language of mankind the heart is said to be the seat of the affections. The soul operates principally on the heart, and hence we ascribe to the heart the various affections and emotions of the soul. Devotion to the Sacred Heart therefore especially fixes our attention on the love of Jesus Christ and other affections springing from it, and causes us to give His love, also to make reparation to our Lord for the cold neglect and ingratitude with which He is treated in the Blessed Sacrament.

The reasons for special devotion to the Sacred Heart and its adaptation to our times are set forth in the following moving sentences:—

“When our Blessed Lord came in the incarnation, He found the world steeped in corruption and enveloped in the thick night of paganism ; it was a huge, lifeless carcass, with the coldness and pallor of spiritual death upon it. Everything therein was worshipped save the true God, and He was an outlaw in His own creation. (1) The Divine Redeemer came, enkindled in far distant Galilee the fire of divine love, and behold, this fire flamed on and spread from east to west, until it embraced the world in its divine flames ; until it purged and purified the earth, and made it a new creation ; in the words of Holy Writ, ‘Renewed the face of the earth.’ When the Sacred Heart began to beat and palpitate in the world the idols fell shattered from their pedestals, the oracle became dumb, the multifarious errors of paganism disappeared like a wrack of stormy clouds before the rising sun, and regenerate man rose from the grave of spiritual death, and his heart was changed and warmed into a new life : ‘Was not our heart burning within us whilst He spake in the way ?’ (Luke xxiv : 32. The patrician and plebeian, the noble lady and lowly handmaid, the soldier and civilian, men and women of every state and social grade, leave all for the love of Christ because Christ first loved them and died for their salvation. ‘The charity of Christ constrains us,’ says St. Paul, ‘judging this, that if one died for all, then all were dead ; and Christ died for all, that they also who live may not live to themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again.’ (Cor. II v. 14 and 15).

“But alas ! the fervor and the love of God that distinguished the early Christians have disappeared ; the charity of some has grown cold ; tepidity and laxity flourish like rank noxious weeds, even in the Lord’s vineyard ; indifferentism has fallen like a blight upon the modern world, and, Sirocco-like, has dried up the

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springs of piety and virtue; the sacred truths of religion are questioned and assailed, Christian traditions are fast disappearing, and doubt and infidelity, like a wasting plague, are spreading their ravages far and near; the thirst for gold, the idolatry of materialism, the vain effort to make a heaven of earth, the ignoring of an eternal world beyond the grave: those are the deplorable characteristics of the days upon which we have fallen. Who shall heal this wicked and adulterous generation? '*Quis medebitur ejus?*'

"For the remedy of these great evils our help and our hope lie in that wounded Heart, whence salvation first streamed down with its own precious blood on mankind. It is our sheet anchor of hope in these unhappy times. When St. Gertrude was favored with a vision of St. John the Evangelist, and asked him why he had not revealed all the beatings of the Heart of our Lord, since he had felt them all himself when leaning on His bosom, he replied *that the full persuasive sweetness of the beatings of that Heart was reserved to be revealed at a later time, when the world should have grown old and sunk in tepidity, that it might be thus rekindled and reawakened to the love of God!*

"Oh, we must then turn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and implore it to cast its divine fire of love on the frozen earth once more, so that the winter of our desolation may pass away, and the springtime of holy hope and fervor may come back again; we must implore it to breathe the breath of life into the numberless souls that, Lazarus-like, lie asleep in the grave of sin, that they may arise to a life of grace and virtue; we must beseech it to banish from the children of the Church all spiritual sloth and unconcern in God's holy service, and in the all-important work of their salvation to inflame their hearts with divine love, to enliven their faith, to strengthen their hope, and to inflame their charity.

“ In order to propagate and perpetuate this great and beautiful devotion amongst the faithful, we earnestly exhort the reverend clergy to establish in their respective missions the ‘League of the Sacred Heart’ This holy league of souls, banded together to promote the love of Jesus and the sanctification of souls, cannot fail to be an abundant source of God’s choicest gifts to each parish.”

A CHILD’S ACT OF CONTRITION.

O my Jesus ! I am sorry !
 I have sinned and caused you pain ;
 Take me back, dear Lord, and hide me
 In your Sacred Heart again.

For, once more, I think I see you
 In the lowly manger lie ;
 And again, with tears of sorrow,
 On the cross I see you die

And not hell, with all its terrors,
 Not the loss of heaven above,
 Seems a thought one-half so awful
 As to wound my Saviour’s love.

O my God ! my God ! forgive me ;
 To your love your child restore ;
 Give me grace, and let me never
 Grieve my loving Saviour more.

J. M. M.

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THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

France.

The band of atheistic adventurers, who have for some time held in their hands the government of the French Republic, could not witness without alarm the enthusiasm which the Pope's late utterances and his regard for the workingmen were rousing amongst the people. They felt as well as the Pope that the destiny of France, at least in the immediate future, lies with the laboring population. They enacted the most tyrannical measures to withdraw the education of French children from the influence of the Church, to bring them up in hate of God and religion. Thus only could the reign of atheism be perpetuated. Their next stroke of policy was to force a conflict with the episcopate and clergy as a pretext for a rupture between the Church and State.

In France the union of Church and State is sanctioned by law for the mutual advantage of each. Whilst it secures the support of the clergy on the one side, it conciliates unto the State on the other the influence of the Church on the great majority of the French people. The Pope has used his utmost endeavor to prevent a rupture and to retain hold of the sympathies of the people. As the republic is the only form of government acceptable at present to the nation at large, he has not hesitated to proclaim himself its friend, taking care to stigmatize the abuses of power which mark the present administration.

These abuses can be corrected and good legislation obtained by a proper use of the ballot. What is required of all French Catholics at the moment is union in loyalty to the Republic and concerted action to send to the Chambers only representatives who will legislate for the common good of Church and country.

The Holy Father has met with no slight difficulties in making his policy accepted. The large proportion of best French Catholics, including the majority of the episcopate and clergy, indignant at the treatment they had received from the Republic, gave all their sympathies to the Monarchy and hoped for its restoration. Hence a deep division between the monarchists and the majority of the French people, completely paralyzing the influence of the Church and rendering it an object of distrust if not of hate to the people. The enemies of religion wished for nothing better, and to widen the breach introduced hostile legislation. The Pope's latest utterances have tended to heal divisions and unite all ranks of Frenchmen.

Already they have helped to gain a signal victory in bringing about the overthrow of the ministry in the endeavor to pass an impious law to place all religious associations under the immediate control of the State.

Madura.

God in His fatherly Providence over His Church recompenses her for the losses she sustains in one part of the world by marvellous gains in another. Thus in the sixteenth century, whole kingdoms in India and Japan, the harvests of St. Francis Xavier's zeal, consold her for the nations that were severed from her unity by the preaching of the Reformers.

To-day something similar is going on in that part of India called Hindoostan. It is only a marvellous

downpour of grace that can explain the abundant fruits of conversion described by the missionaries of those distant lands. Like St. Francis Xavier himself, they pass the day administering baptism. Not only individuals and families, but whole villages and nations, including the Brahmins, are asking for baptism. The missionaries have scarcely time to take a meal. The movement must shortly bring about the total destruction of Protestantism. Their three principal schools have been closed, and their college, which was fed by the former, must soon follow the example.

Another missionary writes: "Already sixty pagan families have become catechumens. Thirty five have been waiting a whole year for baptism, and are in the best dispositions." Another writes: "We have ten thousand catechumens in the neighborhood of Tuticorin. We are in immediate need of twelve chapels. I was reading my letter when I received a call to baptize twenty families of another village. All these pagans learned their prayers alone. They remained up late at night to finish their lesson, and now at eleven o'clock they are all fasting."

LEAGUE AT HOME.

Lindsay, Ont.

The branch of the League of the Sacred Heart established in our parish is doing a great deal of good, and promises much for the future. Our very interesting and instructive *Messenger* is read with pleasure, and the many lessons drawn from its pages must effectually promote the beautiful devotion of the Sacred Heart.

PROMOTER.

St. Patrick's, Quebec.

Since the ceremony of reception of Promoters the Holy League has made good progress. Twenty new Promoters have been added to the roll of our workers, bringing the number of Rosary circles up to 150. Our General Communions are growing larger. To see the number of men who take part is most edifying as well as encouraging.

The Fathers of St. Patrick's give us every possible help. The Rev. Father Provincial, on occasion of his late visit, solemnly inaugurated the first Friday devotions and evening Benediction which we hope to see draw large crowds.

Besides the distinctively religious exercises of the League we have added one of a social character which cannot fail to make the work more and more popular, particularly amongst that numerous class who find religious meetings and celebrations somewhat dry unless they are accompanied with a little social amusement. Our first League Social in the form of an Afternoon Tea with music and recitation accompaniments, was merely an improvised affair, and intended as a feeler how the innovation would work. Such was the success that we are seriously thinking of organizing the League Social on a permanent basis, to make of it in fact an institution.

The St. Patrick's festival this year is to consist of a League celebration. There will be a General Communion of men in the morning.

SECRETARY

Cornwall, Ont.

Our League devotions continue to be held with the most regularity. The meetings and General Communions are announced. The intentions are read at the first evening Benediction, and a large number profit by the oppor-

unities afforded them. Our principal Promoters are working with zeal, showing how well they deserved their cross and diploma. Though very few remain unenrolled, yet we hope in the month of March, under the patronage of St. Joseph, to add to the number of our Associates.

SECRETARY.

Toronto, St. Francis Girls' School.

JUVENILE LEAGUE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

The Rev. Local Director of this parish has just inaugurated a branch of the Juvenile League Apostleship of Study in St. Francis Girls' School, under the zealous care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The children embraced the easy obligations with eagerness. It is hoped that in St. Joseph's own month all will be in perfect working order.

The Holy League in Toronto is counting its new Associates by thousands, specially of young men, since Father Francis Ryan has set himself to the noble work and begun to enroll and organize.

Canadian Messenger for 1891 and the
Catholic Press.

MONTREAL TRUE WITNESS.

"The bound *Messengers* for 1891 make a charming volume, replete with interest and instruction. It ought to find a way into every Catholic family."

CATHOLIC RECORD.

"A bright and instructive volume edited with the utmost care. The publication must work an incalculable good among our Catholic people."

AVE MARIA.

"The contents are diversified and delectable. Everywhere there is evidence of care in editing. It is a pleasure to commend this volume."

From Various Centres.

HAMILTON.—The most consoling fruits continue to be derived from our Cathedral League Centre.

BRANTFORD.—Since the reception of Promoters the good work has been steadily growing, three fresh circles having been added. There is a constant demand for more *Messengers*. The number of Associates, including Juveniles, now reaches 960.

OTTAWA, ST. JOSEPH'S.—The prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart are earnestly asked in behalf of a young man who has not been at his duty for some years, and whose faith, it is to be feared, is not a little clouded. Generous offerings are promised the Sacred Heart should the favor be granted.

IN THANKSGIVING.

KINGSTON.—Having recommended to the Holy League a request that I might obtain employment, two days later I received word to go to work, and I wish now publicly to thank the Sacred Heart.

OTTAWA.—Being out of employment, in October last, I made a Novena to the Sacred Heart, and before it was finished I got employment.

ST. THOMAS.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the satisfactory settlement of a vexatious law suit. The preliminary steps had been taken, and the day of hearing appointed. A Novena to the Sacred Heart was begun, and a favorable adjustment of the difficulty followed.

ST. CATHARINES.—In accordance with a promise, I wish through your pages to return thanks to the Sacred

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Heart of Jesus for a very great favor, also for the recovery of a fond parent whose cure was doubtful.

In fulfilment of my promise I write to record two favors received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I feel I cannot be thankful enough to the Sacred Heart.

OAKVILLE.—An active Promoter gives thanks for a temporal favor received.

TORONTO, LORETTO ABBEY.—For increase of piety in school.

CHAPLEAU.—Many thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a number of favors gained by promising to procure their acknowledgment through the *Messenger*.

ST. CATHARINES.—In fulfilment of a promise I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a very great favor received through the intercession of the Heart of Mary; also for two temporal favors.

WARNING.

Associates are hereby warned that the devotion of the Rosier beads is in nowise associated with our English-speaking Head or Central Directorship of the League of the Sacred Heart. It is the French Canadian Central Director who has assumed responsibility in this regard, and all correspondence on the subject is to be addressed directly to *Rev. J. B. Nolin, S.J., Bureau du Sacré Cœur, Gésu, Montreal.*

We also warn our Associates and readers, that besides the usual recommendations to the Prayers of the League, which are *gratis*, no obligations for Masses or prayers are accepted in connection with our Head or Central Directorship.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

Promoters above all need to keep it ever fresh in mind that the Apostleship is a league of zeal. This note distinguishes it from all other societies and associations, and chiefly devolves on Promoters to keep it alive, bright and clearly visible to all. It demands of them not only that they perform with exactness their monthly routine of duties towards their circle of Associates, but also that they manifest a warm interest in all that tends to the welfare of religion and the triumph of the Church in their respective circles and centres.

A good work that commends itself to their zeal at the present time is the bringing in of the indifferent and negligent to their Easter-duty. There are many such whom a word of invitation or the exacting of a promise would effectually lead to the fulfillment of duty. Promoters ought to look through the circle of their relatives and acquaintances, and ask themselves if there is not some soul among them whose eternal interests they might thus help forward.

In those days of engrossing selfishness it is not many that can be relied on to spare a little of their thought their enthusiasm and their trouble for the eternal interests of souls. So sublime and excellent are these interests that they escape the view of the vulgar crowd travelling on with head and heart bent down to earth, or looking right and left in search of the advantages and consolations of time. And yet, thanks to God, in every grouping there are minds and characters of nobler mould, that are not incapable of unselfish aims, that can rise above the petty interests of the hour, and sacrifice themselves for the spiritual welfare of their neighbor.