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SAINT ANN
TEACHING THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



Annals of Saint Anne de Beaupre.

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A Happy New Year.



FORMERLY, when our forefathers would meet on the morrow following the last day of the Old Year; they were wont to salute one another with the Christian greeting: « *I wish you a Happy New Year! May God be with you!* » The fond traditions of antique charity are slowly waning. Man shamefully dreads to belong to the loved past; its simple customs are not in accordance with the progress of to-day. Antiquity must then disappear with all it holds dear to the Catholic heart. Nowadays, people think that the New Year will be happy without God's interference. Shall we be of their number? No, for we seek true happiness; and knowing that it is to be found there only where God's love is, we wish our dear Readers a Very Happy New Year with God's love and blessing upon them.

May God be with you! Notwithstanding humanity's overweening confidence in self, man is sorely in need of God's assistance. Did Jesus not teach the same doctrine to His Apostles: « Without Me you can do nothing? » Man is like a falling reed in want of support; and

that support is God alone. With God upholding him, he will easily overcome all obstacles, the storms of this world will leave him unscathed and its tempests will never submerge him. But if God be not with him, he will fall into the abyss of his impotency and return to his nothingness. Therefore, in wishing you, dear Readers, the possession of God, we wish you all happiness, happiness as complete as one can experience in this vale of sorrow. We wish you a Happy New Year, may God be with you !

May God be with you, may He be your life ! May He prolong your days of happiness, may He multiply your years of prosperity and joy ! May He preside over all your undertakings ; may His blessing succumb to your pains, pacify your homes and protect your property. — When praising the just, Holy Scripture says : « And full days shall be found in them. » (Ps. LXXII.) That is to say, days passed in doing good, days replete with works performed through love for God. Well, the only works that fill our days are the works of faith. « The just shall live in his faith. » (Hab. 11) « The just man liveth by faith. » (Rom. 1.) And how can you live better than by believing that God's all-seeing eye is constantly watching every action, that He knows all your thoughts and aspirations. You will then be truly able to say with Saint Paul : « And I live, now not I : but Christ liveth in me. And that I live now in the flesh : I live in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and delivered Himself for me. » (Galat.) May God be with you, may He be your life !

May God be with you, may He be the life of your homes ! Ah ! home should always be the family's sanctuary. But God should ever be present in a sanctuary ; when He is not there it is cold, and bleak, and lifeless. Yet, even this is preferable to that continual state of anarchy, of tyranny, of rebellion, of division. to be found in families where God has not His place at the fireside. May God, then, be in your homes, may His position therein be one of honor. Parents, you will thereby learn to love your children, and children, you will respect and obey the dear father and mother placed over you by Almighty God. May God be in the midst of your families, that sweet parental authority may always meet with loving, filial submission ! May God's grace surround your homes with that atmosphere of peace and holiness which pervaded His earthly home of Nazareth ! May God be with you, may He be the life of your homes !

May God be with you ! May He hover round your parishes, your villages, your towns, your cities ! May His presence banish therefrom

all dangerous principles, bad maxims and scandalous actions! May His grace confirm the just and touch the hearts of sinners! May He be the mainstay of old age tottering to the tomb; the shield of passionate youth, and the blessing of infancy! May He be « Eternal Light » to loved ones who have preceded us through Death's dark passage: *lux perpetua* luceat eis! May God be with your beloved dead!

May God be with you! Oh! may He be with you in that solemn hour which shall be your last in life, and after which you shall begin the unending hour of eternity! Helas it may ring for me, it will certainly ring for some of you during the New Year! Well, may God be with you in that terrible hour, may He guide you safely, sweetly, through life's last combat to the triumphs and joys of eternity. May God be with you!



o The secret of bearing up in times of sadness, weariness and perplexity, lies in the possession of a firm faith not only that God's plan of life for us is better than any we could make for ourselves, but also that in every seemingly unfortunate and unhappy circumstance, the details were purposely willed by God for the furtherance of some great good to us. It is hard to keep this faith when we are brought face to face with certain experiences. We are all alike in our thoughts and feelings when some unfortunate circumstance happens. But, after a while, we begin to realize that, if we have any faith at all in the godness and wisdom of God, we must, in our very ignorance and helplessness, lie down at His feet, as it were, and simply exercise our patience until He sees fit to enlighten or console us. Apart from religious motives, mere worldly wisdom would dictate this as the wisest course. In this world we do not condemn ordinary friends until we know the motives which actuated them in the doing of whatever seemed unaccountable and unfriendly. In like manner should we deal with God. We know so little, and see such a little ways ahead, that we ought to have the decency to wait until the next life before we question the wisdom of our Lord. And until that time comes we must take comfort in the thought so beautifully expressed by the poet:

« God's plans like lilies fair and sweet unfold;

Time will reveal their calyxes of gold! »

Chronicle of the Shrine.

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HE year 1901, has passed into Eternity. It has preceded us there, with our good or bad thoughts and deeds. God grant that the former may greatly outweigh the latter, if any have unfortunately been written against us. If figures be any criterion of the good work accomplished, surely God and dear Saint Ann must be pleased with the efforts put forth by the Catholics of Canada and the States.

Mr. J. A. Everell, Superintendent of the Q. R. L. and P. Co., has kindly sent us the number of passengers that came by rail to visit the Shrine since Nov. 1900, to Oct. 31st, 1901. It reaches the total of 103310 :

November,.....	2275.
December,.....	2058.
January,.....	1675.
February,.....	1039.
March,.....	1118
April,.....	1720.
May,.....	3692.
June,.....	11524.
July,.....	24502.
August,.....	23859.
September,.....	21809.
October,.....	<u>8030.</u>
Total,.....	103310.

Add to this about 30,000, who came by boat ; and from five to six thousand who came on foot or otherwise, and the year 1901, reaches the grand total of 140,000. An increase of about 5000 over last year's number. Praise be to God and to Good Saint Ann



When we are about to pass judgment on the dealings of Providence with other men, we shall do well to consider first His dealings with ourselves. We cannot know about others ; about ourselves we do know something ; and we know that He has ever been good to us and not severe. Is it not wise to argue from what we know to what we do not know ? It may turn out in the day of account that unforgiven souls, whilst charging His laws with injustice in the case of others, may be unable to find fault with His dealings towards themselves.

Patience and Mutual Endurance.



WHOEVER desires to live peacefully in this world, must be resolved to suffer patiently and bear with contradiction. He who cannot comprehend why such kind of crosses exist, does not understand all of life's mysteries; for, to be able to escape contrariety, one would be obliged to leave this world and seek an existence elsewhere. Admitting the fact that man must endure crosses from his fellow-creatures: « And all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution. » « If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me: » one would be inclined to believe that the amount of forbearance would diminish in proportion to the closeness of relationship. It is just the contrary. The estrangements may not be so intense, but they are certainly more frequent. What friendship could live, if it never had anything to forgive? Could Christian concord thrive, even between brothers, if mutual concessions did not contribute to its existence?

There is, however, an association which, at first sight, would appear to be exempt from the humiliating necessity of continually pardoning offenses. But numerous facts prove the contrary. Why is it that husband and wife must endure so much from each other? Are they not bound together by the strong and peaceful chains of love? Were they not chosen among thousands to live quietly together on account of the mutual sympathy existing between their thoughts, their inclinations, their natures? Should they not only appear but be really happy in each other's company? Many of them were so in the beginning of their union, when their youthful enthusiasm blinded them to truthful facts. They were so dazzled by the outburst of their first love, that they saw no shadows in their ideal beauty. After a short while the beautiful halo surrounding that prepossessing moral countenance, begins to lose some of its brilliancy. The eye, no longer fascinated as in the commencement, makes a great discovery:— can it be that the ideal is not perfect? Alas! yes. Dark and, heretofore, unnoticed

points that mar the finest characters, begin to appear. What judgment will the unluckly finder form of that baneful light which is becoming more conspicuous every day? Will it be for weal or woe? If imagination be not kept in check, all the good qualities of the other person will be considered as naught when placed with some slight moral defect, in the unjust balance of prejudice or displeasure. The once charming sensibility and refinement of character are now considered as signs of a weak mind void of energy, etc.

It would be well for husband and wife to never forget that « a just man shall fall seven times » a day, and that true perfection is not of this life but of the world to come. A man may appear perfect to strangers, but how many flaws will his wife not be almost obliged to notice in him; she is his constant companion, watching every action, principally when he may think himself alone and unnoticed. Is it then surprising to hear an occasional painful word, or to receive a slight more thoughtless than intentional? In such cases, it were better to be patient, to hold one's peace for a moment, and anger's storm will quickly pass, leaving the heart overflowing with the sweet consolation of having pardoned for dear Christ's sake. There are some homes in which such things seem to never appear, it is because mutual endurance is practised there to perfection. The charm of such unions is Christian patience whereby all germs of dissensions are instantly destroyed. Husband and wife know each other's faults, but they appear to not notice them; they try to yield to each other's preferences, opinions and particular tastes. They sacrifice everything but conscience, that peace may reign in their home.

Those who refuse to be patient, to practise *mutual* endurance, will vainly try to ward off family dissensions. There may be an occasional calm, one of short duration which the first cross word will dispel. Married persons should be ever mindful of Saint Paul's words to the Galatians: « If a man be overtaken in any fault, you, who are spiritual, instruct such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou be tempted. *Bear ye one another's burdens.* » Bear patiently with your companion's faults, for you may also be some day guilty of the same, and wish your companion to pardon.

Some husbands are wont to consider themselves free from all restraint, and bravely leave to their wife's virtue the difficult law of forbearance. This is not only unchristian, but unmanly and cowardly. The wife may possess sufficient strength to forbear for a time, but is it justice on the man's part to leave to a weak creature the obligation « *to fulfil alone the law of Christ?* (Galat.) The yoke of the marriage-state must be equally borne by the husband and the wife, if they desire to be happy. If the entire weight be left to one to bear, the home will be a field of continual strife.

Yes, everyone admits that the practice of patience is difficult. It is all the more so for a man who, though subject himself to obedience elsewhere, wishes to have absolute sway at home; everything and everyone must submit to his will in his own little family domain. And the first one subject to his command, is she whom he calls his wife. He is her ruler and she is his subject; but how exercise this authority so that it may attain its end? By constantly bearing in mind the fact that he has to deal with a rational being, with one as fond of her liberty as he is of his. Before commanding, let him study the inmost recesses of her heart, her inclinations, her mode of action, and that which will probably influence her. Without this knowledge, his efforts will be futile; with it, he will be master of the situation. A woman closely resembles a child in her propensities, her tastes, her amusements, her manner of loving. Let him win her heart with its confidence and love, and he will have won all; he may then cease to reason; let him simply speak, and if it be in her power, his command will be fulfilled.

Some men are real busybodies, meddling with everything, noticing the slightest negligence and making mountains out of grains of sand. Others are capricious, everything must suit their humor which changes three or four times a day. Some are subject to violent outbursts of temper, or peevish; whilst the greater part are careless and indifferent to every effort made to please them. How difficult for a woman to live with such a husband, and, nevertheless, she is supposed (especially by the thoughtless, irksome, faultfinding husband), to bear all slights and angry dispositions with most saintly patience. If

not, well, she will experience his *just* wrath. Her only consolation then, will be to try to love as of old, recalling the words of the *Following of Christ*: « Love carries a burden without being burdened, and makes all that which is bitter, sweet and savory. » True affection will prevent her from noticing the *difficulties* of mutual forbearance. It will turn faults into virtue, and the occasional thrust of a thorn will be a stimulant to greater unity ; its pointedness will not be felt on account of love's intensity and depth.

Generally speaking, the pointedness of some delinquency is to be attributed more to the excitable dispositions of the would be offended person than to the ill will of the good hearted offender. A vivid imagination, a nervous temperament will exaggerate and amplify beyond conception that which a quiet nature and loving heart will let pass unnoticed. Matters only become worse when the sacredness of marriage love is replaced by profane love. Everything is then seen in a wrong light : virtues are vices, kind attentions are considered as given with the intention of teasing, etc. Everything is wrongly interpreted, and peace is nowhere to be found. What should be done ?

Let husband and wife guard their affection as they would the apple of the eye. They should never permit the smallest cloud to darken its brightness. Let them banish whatever shadow may try to cross their path. If one imagines to have a grievance against the other, let them explain matters frankly and quietly, and the wall of separation will crumble to dust. The worst thing to be feared in such cases, is that secret coldness, displeasure, which one cherishes in the heart's depth against the other. It never comes to light but performs its deadly work in the dark. Let them be open-hearted with each other, strengthening their love by an unbounded mutual confidence. There may be an occasional friction, a sharp word, but it will not last a minute, for one will try to show that all is forgiven and the other will seek pardon by a greater increase of love. Thus in bearing each other's burdens they shall fulfil the law of Christ.

Friday, The Coward's Day.

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WITH perhaps more desire to ingratiate themselves with their Protestant friends than to gratify their appetites, there are, it is sad to relate, a large number of Catholics who break the law of Holy Church by eating meat on Friday. It is a phase of shoneenism fortunately found little among the poorer people, who make the majority of the Church in this country, but affecting chiefly those well-to-do and fairly to do who benefit so little by prosperity that, as they get on in the world, they begin to think more of the approval of man than of Heaven. By ordering a steak in a public restaurant on Friday, they hope to give the impression that they are broad-minded, that there is no bigotry about them, and that they belong to altogether a superior class to those benighted coreligionists of theirs who scrupulously order fish. This type of Catholic is to be found well represented everywhere, and in the various eating houses they are to be seen in numbers, aping this false liberalism in religion. But if they only knew it, instead of creating a good impression on Protestants, (whose opinion they would appear to hold dearer than that of God, His Church and their fellow Catholics,) they are earning contempt and derision for, curiously enough, the Protestant mind can no more be reconciled to a Catholic eating meat on a Friday than the Christian mind to a pork eating Jew. Instead of impressing his Protestant friends with the idea that he is a decent fellow with no nonsense about him, they regard him with a vague distrust, and among themselves talk of him as a bad Catholic. His actions savor of hypocrisy, especially when they know that he goes to Mass, and that they are rather inclined to dislike than like him for his laxity.

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Catholics who are so very anxious to stand well with Protestants, should know that they will never lose their friends by remaining faithful to the precepts of their religion. The Catholic servant who enters a Protestant household and hopes to secure her position by eating mutton on Friday, at once becomes an object of suspicion, and her mistress is far more likely to count the spoons daily than raise her wages. It has been observed that when a Catholic girl has descended

to petty speculation, she has grown careless of her Church, and one of the first signs of Catholic indifference is the non-observance of the law regarding Friday. In society the same feeling obtains. The Catholic young man who happens along on a Friday and takes « pot luck » with a Protestant family, and with an affection of liberality, and says nothing when he is helped to beef, incurs the suspicion of his hosts. « He is ashamed of his religion, » they whisper, and they regard him as a poor fellow, a weak-kneed sycophant, who cannot be trusted. On the other hand, respect and esteem is the portion of the man who quietly declines the meat, and reminds them that it is a day of abstinence with him. It is just what they would expect, and he wins that additional regard which any man of any denomination inspires by unaffected adherence to his principles. It is just the difference between the coward and the gentleman, and Protestants are quick to appreciate it. Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sale, once met a Protestant gentleman who sought to pose as a liberal man in religious matters, half hinting that he was ready to become a convert, « for, » said he, I am afraid that I am a bad Protestant. « Therefore, » observed the Bishop, icily, « I am afraid you would make an equally bad Catholic. » Just as undesirable to Protestants is the meat-eating Catholic. In fact, they would prefer even a pork-eating Jew.



But this meat-eating practice is not confined to public restaurants and chance dinners, where silly and cowardly Catholics try to be smart and semiatheistic to win an approving smile which they are astonished to find is withheld. It is to be found in the home of the really bad Catholics, and in the home of the mixed marriage. The wife who marries a Protestant, will sometimes plead that she has an excuse to ignore her religious obligations. But there is none. Her husband has married her as a Catholic, and only in extreme cases does he endeavor to make her lax in her religious duties. Even agnostics prefer a religious wife, if only for the sake of the children, who in after life reflect their mother. The excuse sometimes advanced by the Catholic wife for her laxity, is the trouble of preparing two sets of meals on Friday — one for her husband and one for herself and children. So out of nothing more than laziness, she sits down to meat, and offers her children the worst possible example. How can she expect her

little ones to grow up good Catholics, if they see her, every week, violating one of the ordinances that, at school and in Church, they have constantly impressed upon them? If the mother is prepared to take the Church so lightly, the children will come to regard their religion in the same way, and from eating meat on Fridays will soon leave off attending Mass. Sometimes ill-health is pleaded, but they do not trouble to get the dispensation any priest will readily grant if the case be genuine.



Very rarely has the meat-eating Catholic the shadow of an excuse. Usually the habit is begotten of either indifference, laziness or cowardice. It is the thin end of the wedge which opens the way to the worst results. Complete neglect of Church duty very easily follows, and the breaking of any one or several of the Commandments, becomes a very easy thing. Once a Catholic becomes indifferent to, or breaks away from his faith, his complete spiritual ruin becomes only a matter of time. Yet, perhaps, the majority of the meat-eating Catholics do not imagine they are running any such danger. So absorbed in things of the world are they that, losing sight of the spiritual aspect of the case, they backslide with the hope of gaining the most frivolous of material advantages. Some want to get on in society, others do not desire to put their hosts to a momentary inconvenience; others, again, will not deny their appetites, and yet another finds it too great a task to fry a piece of fish for themselves, while they grill a steak for their Protestant husbands. In every case, meat-eating on Fridays is the outcome of moral cowardice, and in every case, too, the object is unworthy of the sacrifice, even if it were attained, which is very rare. One can generally exclaim, at the sight of a Catholic eating meat on a Friday: « Here is a shoneen, » a creature upon whom no one can rely, for he is betraying, for the sake of his stomach or through moral cowardice, not only a sacred law of the Church but a principle which Catholics all over the world, in all stages of life and under every circumstance, have honored throughout the ages. Dr. Johnson said, a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket, and while many are disposed to regard punning as an amiable weakness, it is certainly true that all classes and creeds in every country, look with suspicion on the Catholic who puts his appetite above a religious principle.

And the most despicable of all Friday meat-eaters, is the Irishman,

or the son or daughter of Irish parents. For through the dark ages of persecution and privation to which no other race was subjected, our forefathers preferred death with honor to the tempting dishes of the souper. How contemptible, therefore, are their degenerate sons who so disgrace their creed and nationality in a land of luxury !



Saint Ann's Kindness to Reverend Sister Aldegonda.

Hoping to fill our Readers' hearts with unlimited confidence in the power and goodness of Saint Ann, we gladly publish the following simple lines of Sister Aldegonda's cure :

« For thirteen years I had been suffering from severe pain in the foot, caused by a diseased bone. »

« During all that time I had been obliged to move about on crutches, and when the pain became intensely severe the surgeons operated on the foot, each time removing decayed bone. Seeing the trouble increasing, they pronounced the case incurable and advised amputation as the only relief. »

« Not wishing to submit to the ordeal, I resolved to have recourse to Good Saint Ann, feeling that my cure would be wrought through her intercession. »

« I made the pilgrimage » (the last week of October, 1901,) « to her Shrine at Beaupré, had a novena of masses offered in her honor, and, on the sixth day, had the gratification of placing at the Shrine, the crutches which I had been obliged to use during so many years of pain. Since then I walk firmly and with ease, and my foot daily grows stranger. »

« Praise be to God who, through the intercession of dear Saint Ann, has granted my miraculous cure. »

SISTER ALDEGONDA.

Saint Mary's Convent,
Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 2, 1901.

A Christian Rule of Life
under the Guidance of Good Saint Ann.

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*O*n Sunday. — We have seen how to spend the day, united to God by holy prayers, amidst all the employments of busy life. Every week, by God's appointment, there comes around a day especially devoted to His service and the refreshment of our souls — the Sunday — when labor ceases, to give place to devotion and innocent recreation. What a blessing this is from God. We may compare it to the oasis in the desert. The weary traveller, in eastern countries, sometimes has to make his way through vast regions of barren, heated sand, with no springs of refreshing water, no trees to shade him from the sun, no cool breezes, often for many days, until he is ready to sink down from fatigue and exhaustion, his tongue parched with thirst, his blood on fire with the heat. In these regions, scattered here and there, are beautiful spots, where clear fresh water springs from the ground; where delighted fruits, oranges, lemons, dates, grow in great abundance, and the air is cooled by the water springs. How these travellers long to find these spots! When the camels and other beasts of burden snuff the air from a distance, they forget their fatigue, they run with eagerness to quench their thirst at the cool fountains, and to enjoy the fresh grass. Their owners, with no less delight, stop a day to recruit their strength and cheer up their spirits, that they may be enabled to continue their way until they reach another of these refreshing places. So they hope, finally, to get through the whole journey, and successfully gain all they had in view in setting out.

Our Sundays are to us such cool, delightful spots in the journey of life. The soul is weary of the dust and heat of the world. The soul is fatigued with having so many things to do, and longs for opportunity to rest in God; to satisfy the thirst it has for God. It longs for the cool fountains and the refreshing waters. — Where are they? In the house of God, in the

very place where He dwells. There is the altar of God, burning lights are around it, flowers decorate it, devout worshippers surround it, and all invites the soul to pray. But what are the lights and flowers compared to Him who is present in their midst? The Lord of Glory, the Blessed Saviour Himself, is there. He has come down on that altar to offer Himself for us; to pray to His heavenly Father by His wounds and Blood most effectually for us, and to remain in our midst to hear our prayers and talk with us face to face.

Thus, Sunday is the time, and the Church is the place for the soul's weekly rest. The good laborer, who longs for God's love, will not pass it by. God in His mercy has commanded that we should take advantage of it. «Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.» The Sabbath has given place to the Christian Sunday, but the obligation of keeping one day in the week holy, remains the same. We are bound by the law of God to do so. But in what way are Christians required to keep the day holy, in order that they may not sin against this law? — We are required to abstain from servile or hard labor, that is to say, from labor of the hands, and to assist at the Holy Mass.

Yet, we must understand what is meant by being forbidden to work on Sundays. Necessary work, such as belongs to the good order of the house — cooking, making beds, sweeping and putting things in order, is not forbidden. The care of the sick is a necessary and charitable work. Sometimes, unless work is done, valuable property would go to destruction. In all these cases work must be done; and it would be displeasing to God should you refuse to do it on the plea that it is wrong to work on the Sunday. Indeed, as a general rule, the mistress of the house is the proper judge of what is necessary and what not. She knows many reasons that you do not know, and it is not proper to make her give an account of everything to those in her employment. That would be upsetting the order of things that the Lord has established when He says, «Servants, be obedient unto your masters according to the flesh.» (Eph. 6-5.) So, if anything of no very great importance comes up, do it cheerfully; and, depend upon it, the

responsibility will not be on your shoulders. On the contrary, the Lord will look on your mild and peaceable disposition, free from all strife and contention, so much like His own, and reward it with special graces.

It is quite another thing when you put off your own work until Sunday. This depends not on the will of a mistress, but on your own; and therefore, you, and not any one else, will have to answer for it. To devote Sunday to making up articles of dress, or to a general mending of clothes, is very wrong. And, even if you live in the country, where you cannot attend Mass, the case is not altered; for the command «six days shalt thou labor and do all thou hast to do» applies as well to such cases as to any others. The day, everywhere, is intended to be devoted to the service of God, and not to work. — But suppose the mistress of the house has no sense of what is proper; makes no distinction between Sunday and another day; loads you down with work that, it is clear, could as well be done another day; what is to be done in that case? Keep quiet, do not fly into a rage, do not fly in her face, but quietly look around for another place. It may be, that if you spoke about it quietly, and without passion, it would be set right; but if not, look out for another place, where the Lord's day is respected, and when you find one, give notice peaceably and quietly of your intention to leave. Perhaps the master or mistress of the house may ask the reason. Do not let your feelings get the upper hand, but tell them with the utmost calmness, that your religion requires you to avoid unnecessary work on the Sunday; that you find so little regard paid to God's commandment in regard to this, that you cannot remain longer. Who knows, but that such a mild but firm answer may produce a happy change, and take away the difficulty? If so, the next servant who comes into their service will not be troubled in the same way. I need say no more about labor on Sundays, for your own good sense, and more than all, the light of the Holy Ghost, which is given to all who sincerely ask it, must direct you to the rest.

Why has the Almighty required his people to abstain from labor on the Sunday? Surely it was not in order that they

might be quite idle and listless. No, it was in order to afford us a better chance to worship Him, and to attend to our souls. Therefore, along with the abstinence from labor, is the command to attend to God's service, by hearing at least once the Holy Mass on that day. How a well-principled laborer can neglect this duty is more than I can conceive. How can he be determined to worship God in spirit and in truth, and yet neglect the very highest and best act of worship it is possible to pay? — This is just what the Holy Mass is, in which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, true God and true man, comes down from heaven upon our altars, to offer Himself in sacrifice for our sins, and to give Himself to us in Communion; to renew the very action which He performed when He died for us upon the cross. We are properly required, then, to assist at this most important action, and not let the day go by without having discharged this duty. You must do so to the very best of your ability. Of course, I know that every one cannot go to Mass every Sunday, but I know also that where there is a will there is a way. In our large cities and towns there are often so many Masses at different hours of the morning, that one could select the most convenient, and attend it without neglecting any duty at home. It may be necessary to rise early, it is true; for there are some servants who cannot well attend any Mass unless they get to the first one. Well, then, get up with cheerfulness and attend the first Mass; you will have time enough to rest another part of the day. I have not much patience with the sleepy-heads, who sleep away their precious time, when duty calls them to be awake. I am sure they cannot have much patience with themselves. They must feel out of sorts and miserable to think they have had so little courage, and so little conscience, as to lie in their beds when they know perfectly well they ought to be up, and that God's voice was calling them away to the Church. No matter how comfortable the bed may be, no matter how little inclination you may feel to go out, rise at once; seize the opportunity to hear Mass. Be found among the devout worshippers kneeling before the altar, and the good God will not forget it. The habit of obeying the voice of God in this respect, will help you

in other respects and on other occasions. You will be laying solidly the foundations of that mansion which shall be yours eternally in heaven.

A. M. BILLIAU, C. SS. R.



A Treefold Offering.

—: o :—

MOTHER of grace and mercy,
Behold how burdens three
Weigh down my weary spirit,
And drive me here — to thee.
Three gifts I place forever
Before thy shrine ;
The threefold offering of my love,
Mary, to thine !

The Past : with all its memories
Of pain, that sting me yet ;
Of sin, that brought repentance ;
Of joy, that brought regret.
That which has been ; — forever
So bitter-sweet —
I lay in humblest offering
Before thy feet.

The Present : that dark shadow
Through which we toil to-day ;
The slow drops of the chalice
That must not pass away.
Mother ! I dare not struggle,
Still less despair ;
I place my Present in thy hands,
And leave it there.

The Future : holding all things
Which I can hope or fear,
Brings sin and pain, it may be,
Nearer and yet more near.
Mother ! this doubt and shrinking
Will not depart,
Unless I trust my future
To thy dear Heart.

Making the Past my lesson,
Guiding the Present right,
Ruling the misty Future, —
Bless them and me to-night.
What may be, and what must be,
And what has been,
In thy dear care forever
I leave, my Queen !

— *Adelaide A. Procter.*

THE GREAT KING EDWARD.

A Saintly Monarch

who Flourished nearly a Thousand Years Ago.

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On the feast of St. Edward the Confessor, the Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan preached the following sermon in the Church of Sts. Peter and Edward, Westminster :

The touching story of the great King Edward, saint and confessor, takes us back almost to the very dawn of English history. Nearly a thousand years have come and gone since he knelt before a Catholic Archbishop and in a Catholic church to receive the crown of England, with its accompanying blessing and anointings, and swore to defend both Church and State (in 1012). Time has wrought strange modifications in habits and customs since then ; many and marked have been the changes ; and though materially and socially, and economically marvellous advances have been made, yet we have never since had so good or so virtuous a sovereign as he, whose memory shall endure as long as the Church itself endures. Nowhere in London, perhaps nowhere in England, is there a spot so hallowed and so hung with blessed memories as Westminster Abbey. Not merely does that historic pile owe its very existence to that saintly monarch, but his ashes still repose within its walls. Day by day the great stream of life goes roaring and eddying by the massive pile of masonry that contains his bones, yet how few amid the crowds of toilers, or pleasure-seekers, pause to think of the royal saint, or raise their minds or move their lips in prayer to him now reigning with Christ above? The excursionist, the tourist, the antiquarian from a foreign land, as he wanders through the nave and aisles, spectacle on nose and guide-book in hand, scarcely realizes the priceless treasure that lies close by. An occasional Catholic may sometimes be seen kneeling in prayer before his shrine and

invoking his aid, but for the general Protestant public his relics possess but little spiritual interest. Yet, D, V., those remains deserve honor and veneration as being the remains of a great saint and confessor whose sanctity indeed has been attested by the Church, and indeed confirmed by many signs and wonders.

Edward learnt the secret of sanctity in the school of adversity and suffering. The earlier part of his life was passed among strangers in a foreign land ; there he experienced the trials and disappointments of life. and soon learned that the world is a cruel and deceitful master, and that true peace and happiness are to be sought in God alone. He soon began to realize the dangers and responsibilities of an exalted position. Full well he knew that a king exists for the sake of the people, and for the welfare of the people, and not for his own sake, or his own dignity and pleasure. So conscious indeed was he of the dangers and responsibilities of the position that though he would not absolutely refuse the crown, yet he was determined that not even a single life, whether of soldier or thane, should be sacrificed to secure it. So upright and honest and disinterested was he, and so gentle and humble, that a sanguinary contest was avoided ; he won over even those who were most bitter and opposed, and entered upon his reign amid comparative peace and prosperity. Most men, when they receive some signal honor, or achieve some marked success, are content enough to enjoy it. They accept the gift, but trouble themselves little about the giver. St. Edward was formed in a different mould. He saw the hand of God in all things and everywhere recognized the working of Divine Providence. After his bloodless victory over his enemies, and feeling himself firmly established on the throne, he desired to give public testimony to his gratitude to God, for the marvellous manner in which he had been preserved through every danger, and finally recalled from exile to mount the very throne of England. And in the very manner in which he sought to prove his thankfulness shines forth in unmistakable clearness Edward's love, reverence and obedience towards the Holy See and the Successor of St. Peter. England threw off what Protestants called « the yoke of Rome ».

at the time of the so-called Reformation, and Anglicans have labored and strained themselves ever since to show that England never had been really subject to the Holy See. They try very hard and, if they persuade no one else, I think they partly succeed in persuading themselves — that the Pope's power was a usurpation, that it was introduced by fraud and never willingly accepted by the people. But here we find King Edward, even in that far-off day, showing just the same love of the Roman Pontiff, and just the same loyalty and obedience, as any good Catholic at the present day.

To travel to Rome from England in order to visit the relics of SS. Peter and Paul, and to confer with the Holy Father, is not a matter of any insurmountable difficulty in our own time. We possess powerful steamers that can carry us from the shores of England to the shores of France in a few hours; then we have enormous steam-engines running on a smooth iron track, bearing us along in a nicely warmed Pullman car at the rate of some fifty or sixty miles an hour. In passing from France to Italy we do not even trouble to scale the great mountains of the Alps. No; we force a passage right through the very heart of the solid rock, and hasten on in perfect ease and comfort, with miles and miles of solid mountain above our heads. To travel from England to Rome in King Edward's days was a totally different matter. To cross the sea in the crazy sailing boats of those times was perilous enough; then the journey on land was along ill-made roads, in places often two or three feet deep in mire, in which the wheels of the lumbering, springless carriages would sink up to the axle; they were further infested with robbers, banditti and foot-pads, and not always free even from the incursions of hungry and dangerous wild beasts. There was no tunnel through Mt. Cenis then, and the difficulties of clambering up and then over the tremendous heights of the Alps were almost inconceivable. The snow would sometimes obliterate every sign of the path; sometimes an avalanche would bar any further progress and necessitate a long detour. To perish with the cold, or to be buried in the snow and be heard of no more, was by no means an unknown occurrence. In fact, a pilgrimage to Rome was a

real penance, and no one who had not a very strong, ardent faith and a very earnest desire to kneel at the feet of Christ's Vicar, would dream of undertaking such a journey.

St. Edward, however, was filled with such filial devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff that he registered an oath to undertake this tremendous journey. He summoned his courtiers and attendants around him and informed them of his resolution, and he prepared a sum sufficient for the journey, and was about to set out when unfortunately enemies and hostile forces began to menace the peace and security of the kingdom. Some of the most influential of his advisers and members of his household thereupon began to think the King was ill-advised to start on so distant and so perilous a journey at such a critical moment. They implored him as earnestly as they could, and with tears in their eyes, not to leave the country when his counsel and advice and the encouragement of his presence were most essential and indispensable, and so convinced him that his duty was to stay at home that he resolved to hearken to their voice. But he had taken an oath. The oath must not be broken. But perhaps it might be commuted? To whom did the King apply in his spiritual difficulty? His thoughts naturally and with true Catholic instinct turned to Rome, to the Keeper of the Keys, to Pope Leo IX. Since there was no telegraph or regular postal service, he arranged for Aelred, Archbishop of York, and Herman, Bishop of Winchester, with two abbots, to set out to Rome and to put the whole matter before the Pontiff.

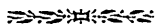
The letter he wrote (a copy of which any one may read for himself in the original Latin) is couched in the most loyal and submissive terms. After speaking of the troubles and dangers through which he had, by God's mercy, passed unscathed, he refers to the oath he took to journey to Rome to the tomb of the Apostles Peter and Paul, there to return thanks for such innumerable benefits, and to pray to God for the stable peace and welfare of his kingdom. This, he goes on to say, was not merely his wish and intention, but he had already put together sufficient money for the journey, and had prepared honorable gifts to be offered to the tomb of the Apostles. Now, however,

strong and urgent representations had been made him by the Ministers and rulers of his kingdom that his absence might lead to great disasters and evils, to disturbance and bloodshed, so he addresses himself to the Pope, petitioning, if the Pope sees fitting, that he should commute his oath into other good works ; and « according to the decision of the Pope, conveyed to me by the Bishops, I promise faithfully to act, » his very words are : « *Promisi me omnino facturum.* » The Pope replies in a letter which begins in the usual style : « From Leo, Bishop, the servant of the servants of God, to my beloved son Edward, King of the Angles, health and apostolic benediction. » After certain preambles he goes on : « By the authority of God, and of His Holy Apostles and of the Holy Synod, and in virtue of the authority given by God to blessed Peter, in the words « whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven, » we absolve thee from thy vow ; and we command thee (*precipimus tibi*) in the name of holy obedience and as a penance, to distribute to the poor the sum that would otherwise have been spent on the journey, and to establish a church and monastery, and to provide for the support of a community of monks who may continually sing the praises of God, and thereby may increase the glory of the saints, and obtain for thee grace and pardon. »

The command of the Pope, King Edward carried out with all the generosity and perfection of an obedient son. He distributed the money he had collected among the poor and the indigent, and set to work with a will to build the beautiful church and abbey now known as Westminster Abbey, and to provide for the support of a flourishing community of Benedictine monks, who undertook to sing the divine office and to carry on the solemn services of the Church in all their perfection according to their rule. Thus he was the true founder of the Abbey, which was built, be it observed, in obedience to the Pope of Rome and by his express wish and command, and dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles. For hundreds of years the stately nave and aisles and the groined roof re-echoed to the chant of the black-cowled monks. For hundreds of years the Holy Sacrifice, with lighted candles and swinging censers

and swelling anthems, was offered up. It was not till Henry VIII, quarrelled with the Pope, rejected his authority, and fell away from the Church, and began hanging and drawing and quartering priests and monks and faithful laymen that the sanctuary lamp was extinguished and the Sacramental Presence of Christ ceased, and the voices of the monks were hushed forever within its walls.

At the dissolution of the monasteries this was the richest abbey in England. The building itself, however, though enough restored, added to and changed by successive generations, still stands, amid the streams of life flowing by on either side of it, and bears testimony to the love and loyalty of the good and pious king who laid its foundations well nigh a thousand years ago. As a youth King Edward was educated in the palace of the Duke of Normandy; and though the atmosphere in which he lived was an atmosphere of pride and vanity and luxury and dissipation, he never suffered it to dim or tarnish the purity of his soul. It was his practice to spend much time in prayer, to assist as often as possible at the Holy Sacrifice, to visit churches and monasteries where the Blessed Sacrament was preserved, and to converse familiarly and frequently with the more enlightened and spiritual-minded of the servants of God. He led a life of great recollection, and was so modest and so sparing of his words that some thought him dull and deficient, though he was in reality, as historians assure us, quite the reverse, for in wisdom and gravity he surpassed his years.



Oblivion should be especially the motto of a Christian woman. The end of all her efforts should be to gain the *protection of God, the love of her family, and the blessing of the poor* — nothing more. To attain them there are three means: *fidelity, devotedness, and benevolence*. A mother once remarked: « *I desire to have a son who shall be spoken of by everyone, and a daughter whom nobody speaks of.* » This is the true limit of a mother's hope.

Standpoint of a Roman Catholic
on Religion.

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MYSTERIES in Religion. — « Oh! the depths of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how in searchable are his ways. » (Rom 11-33.) The word *Revelation* means the discovery of something that was not known before, or the making clear something that was obscure. Now, with this idea in our mind, it may seem strange to find how much the Christian Revelation abounds in mysteries. By *Mysteries* I understand truth: which are imperfectly comprehended. A doctrine which contradicts reason is not a mystery, it is nonsense. A doctrine which is wholly unintelligible is not a mystery, it is simply unmeaning, and cannot be the object of any intellectual act on our part. But a doctrine which is in part comprehended and in part not, is a mystery. — Now, in Christianity we meet such mysteries on every side. The Sacraments are mysteries. Grace is a mystery. The Person of Christ is a mystery. And above all, the doctrine of *the Blessed Trinity* is a deep mystery, calling to mind that wonderful relationship which exists in God, eternal and necessary, by which in the undivided Unity of His Essence, there are three distinct modes of subsistence, three divine Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

It seems then not unfitting to give some reasons why we should acquiesce in that mysteriousness of Christian doctrine, which is certainly one of its marked characteristics, and which has been urged against it as a serious objection.

— Very well, Sir, I am desirous of hearing what the Catholic Church has to say on all the great points of Catholic belief.

Well, we have already seen that the Church is an infallible guide, because Christ said He would be with her all days to the end of the world, that He would guide her unto all truth. And we have seen that visible unity is the guarantee of infallibility, and that is the infallible Church which was marked by

visible unity. Now, what does the Church teach us? — The Creed of Pope Pius, as it is usually called, is the Creed of the Council of Trent, and consists of the Nicene Creed and an appendix thereto, affirming in explicit terms the chief doctrines which, up to that time, the Catholic Church has found it necessary to define, in opposition to the errors of the day. The first part of this Creed treats chiefly of the Trinity and the Incarnation. Those truths of revelation you, as Protestants, have always professed to believe; but I will state very shortly the Catholic doctrine concerning them, because the Protestant teaching is often very indefinite, even on these fundamental truths.

The Church teaches that there is One God, who subsists in Three co-equal Persons; that is to say the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It is revealed to us that in God, without injury to His simplicity, there is a threefold Relationship — that the Father contemplating Himself from all eternity, has conceived a perfect Image of Himself, and that this Image is His Son; and that the Father and the Son have loved each other from all eternity, and that this Love is the Holy Ghost; — that thus the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost are Three distinct, eternal, necessary Subsistences; Three divine Persons in One God. I remember those beautiful words of St. Ambrose. « It is impossible to know this secret; the mind fails, the voice is silent, and not my voice only, but the voice of angels. ... it passeth all created understanding. » Things may be incomprehensible for either of two reasons, because they go against our reason, or because they go beyond it. Here is nothing repugnant to reason, no contradiction, as if we were to say that one and three were numerically the same. The terms Person and Substance in God convey the idea of a Reality which is simply beyond reason. Manifestly we have here a mystery unfathomable in itself, for it treats of the nature of God which is infinitely incomprehensible by man. Reason shows us that there must be a God eternally self-existent, and essentially incomprehensible. Jesus Christ comes to us and declares and proves that He is that God. He appoints His Church, guarantees its infallibility, and visible essential unity, as we have seen and admitted. *The Church teaches me what it is commissioned*

to teach of the Nature of God.— It tells me that the terms, Nature, Essence, Substance, in the Godhead belong to one and the same idea ; but that the term Person in the Godhead belongs to a different idea. In fact, two ideas corresponding to truth as it is in God have been revealed to us ; the idea of Substance, and the idea of Person, and we are told that God is Three and God is One, — but so as to involve no contradiction because He is not One in the sense in which He is Three, nor Three in the sense in which He is One, but One in Substance, Three in Person. I understand that these ideas relate to ineffable truths in the Godhead. I bow to the truth as far as God is pleased to reveal it ; but, after all, I do not comprehend, except « through a glass in a dark manner, » what is meant by the term, Substance or Person, in God ; except that they are not the same, and that so far as human language and ideas are able to teach, they are a help to me towards the contemplation of the infinite ineffable Reality, which is God Himself. « No man hath seen God (even with the eye of the mind), the only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father He hath revealed Him ; » but the incomprehensible Nature of God remains still a mystery.

— Quite right, that is the attitude of faith. Silent contemplation of an Object which faith presents to the mind, which is true but ineffable. I like your mode of stating the doctrine, without attempting sensible illustrations or explanations of the incomprehensible.

Your remark, dear friend, calls to my mind a beautiful story of St. Augustine. Seated on the sea shore, he was preparing a homily for the people on the Blessed Trinity, and was trying if by any explanations or sensible images he could make it clearer to them, when looking up he saw a child who had dug a hole in the sand, into which he was ladling the sea water ; on being asked by the Saint what he was about, he answered. « Don't you see I am going to empty the sea into this little hole. » Oh ! thought the holy Doctor, it is as easy for you to do that as for me to explain the mystery of the Holy Trinity ; that the small hole in the sand can as easily contain all the water of the ocean as the mind of man can comprehend the mystery of the nature of God.

— May I ask you, Sir, why mysteries — I should say, are necessary attendants on religion? Why there can be no revelation without them?

There can indeed be no knowledge without them. To a little child the earth is a plane of no great extent, and the stars are colored lamps hung in the canopy of the night. But as he grows older, he learns that the earth is very big, and that the stars are very far off, and that there are many systems of worlds above us. And now, how many questions press themselves upon his mind. What is the history of these universe? How old is the earth which we inhabit? Are the stars inhabited? Science with the hard earnings of human thought and labor gives him so little satisfaction. But for every question that she sets at rest, there are many new ones that she raises, and at last in every department there comes a point where she gropes and loses her way, and stops altogether. If you light a candle in a large room it casts a bright light on the table you are sitting at, and on the pages of the book you are reading, but gives only a dim light in the distance, you see that there are pictures on the walls, but you cannot discover their subjects. You see there are books on the shelves, but you cannot read their titles. When the room was quite dark you did not know that they were there at all, and now you know them only imperfectly. So every light which knowledge kindles, brings out a new set of mysteries or half-knowledges. For this reason it is that a man of true Science is apt to be modest in his language. A loud-talking philosopher who has no difficulties, has but a very narrow scope of thought and vision. But a highly educated man knows that there are a great many things he is ignorant of, and so his language is modified and qualified. I believe it was Sir Isaac Newton who used to say, that in his scientific investigations he seemed so himself like a child gathering shells on the sea shore. It was his vast attainments that made him sensible that truth is as boundless as the sea. And when scientific men forget this, when they forget how much they are ignorant of, when they are boastful, over-positive, inconsiderable in their statements, how applicable to them becomes the reproof which the Almighty addressed to

Job : « Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ? Tell me if thou hast understanding, upon what are its bases grounded ? or who laid the corner-stone thereof ? By what way is light spread, and heat divided on earth ? Who is the father of the rain, or who hath begotten the drops of dew ? Dost thou know the order of heaven, and canst thou set down the reason thereof on the earth ? Tell me if thou knowest these things ? »

And this holds good just as well in regard to religious knowledge. Reason teaches us that there is a God, and it tells something of His Nature ; but it speaks to us about Him only in riddles. God is immutable, and yet He is perfectly free : who shall reconcile these together ? God is infinite, infinite in Essence, infinite in all His attributes — try to comprehend infinitude if you can. Again, what a mystery there is in the creation of this world. What a mystery in the union of spirit and matter. Everywhere mystery in the necessary attendant of knowledge ; and the more we know, the more mysteries will we have. If then God reveals to us anything about Himself, additional to that which reason can ascertain, mystery must still be the consequence. The wider the view, the more indistinct and shadowy the outline.

Men talk of the simple doctrines of the Gospel. There are no such things. The Gospel, as a scheme of doctrine at least, is a mystery. St. Paul called it so, and so it is. It is a mystery, because it reveals so much. If we did not know that God is both One in Substance and Three in the mode of Subsistence, our difficulties would be less, but so would our knowledge. Well does the prophet exclaim : « Verily Thou art a hidden God, the God of Israel, the Savior. » (Isai. C. 45-18.) — What, the God of Israel a hidden God ? Did He not manifest Himself to the Patriarchs ? Did He not speak face to face with Moses ? Yes, but He is all the more hidden, the more He has manifested Himself. The secret is too deep. Language is too weak. Thought too slow. Reason too narrow. They are dark... Nay, they are only dark from excess of light. — The very means He takes to reveal Himself, conceal Him. Clouds and darkness gather around Mount Sinai as He descends upon it.

The flesh in which He was manifested to men serves as a veil to His Divinity. No, we cannot find out the Almighty to perfection. The time will come in heaven when by the Light of Glory, our intellects shall be marvellously strengthened, and we shall see Him « as He is. » Our utmost happiness here is that of Moses, to be hidden in the rock, while the Almighty passes by and lifts His hand that we may see a ray of His glory. Do not complain if the ray dazzles thy feeble sight, but receive each glimpse of that Eternal Truth and Beauty thankfully, and give heed unto it « as to a light shining in a dark place. »

The mysteries of our holy Religion are then the evidences of the greatness of our faith. We believe all these mysteries on the Authority of God, and we esteem it both a duty and a delight to do so. And so it has been throughout the history of the Church. What are all the heresies that have arisen but the scandal which the world has taken at the Christian mysteries; and what are all the decisions of the Church but acts of loyalty and submission to Him who is « the faithful and true Witness. »

A. M. BILLIAU, C. SS. R.



« The saddest way of wasting time is by needless criticism of others. You do not know the environments of your neighbor's life that force her to look shabby, or appear, on the other hand, to dress beyond her means. Perhaps by self-sacrifice, of which your and my selfish soul never dreamed, she is denying herself that someone else may have the good gifts of the gods; or, perhaps, the finery you criticise, is the donation of rich relatives made over with good taste to look like new. It is the worst sort of misspent time to try and see running water through a stone wall, and yet that feat is not so difficult of accomplishment as to judge a person's life behind a bulwark of circumstances. »

(*Niagara Rainbow*). . . .

Thanksgiving.

— O —

Détroit, Mich. — Enclosed, offering for two masses of thanksgiving in honor of Saint Ann for having spared me from an operation which was thought necessary. I had a swelling on my left side which was pronounced a tumor. I invoked Saint Ann and applied her image on my side, and shortly after, the physician declared the swelling much reduced but still urged an operation. I continued to pray and am now happy to say that there is no case for operation. Hoping Saint Ann will grant me two other requests. . .
Esther Paul.

Stanleyville, Ont. — Off. 50 cts, as an offering to Good Saint Ann for a favor. Also for instant relief from a severe pain after applying the statue of our good Saint.
Mrs S. Quigley.

Rome, N. Y. — Three years ago I placed my French studies under the protection of Saint Ann, and, now, having passed successful examinations in that language, I wish to return thanks to Good Saint Ann through the *Annals*.
J. T. A. Nugent.

Central Falls, R. I. — My gratitude to Saint Ann that my two sons returned safely from Cuba.
Mrs A. Spaulding.

Pawtucket, R. I. — Thanks to Saint Ann for my recovery from rheumatism.
Nellie Murphy.

Lebanon, N. H. — After having unsuccessfully tried everything to cure my arm, I had recourse to Saint Ann, promising to have it published. She heard my request, for which I thank her. Off. 10 cts.
Mrs P. L.

Littleton, N. H. — I enclose \$1.00 in thanksgiving. My brother was to undergo a painful operation, but I invoked Good Saint Ann and promised to have it published in the *Annals*, if he would recover without the operation. He improved so fast that it was not necessary.
N. H.

Murdock, Minn. — Please find \$2.00 for masses promised in thanksgiving for a great favor obtained. May Saint Ann spare me to bring up my children true Catholics.
Servant of God.

Hamilton, O. — For a certain favor I obtained through the intercession of Good Saint Ann. I wish to return my sincere thanks to the dear Saint. M. M.

St. John, N. B. — I wish to express my thanks to Good Saint Ann by publishing the following in her *Annals*: For about 16 years I had neuralgia around the heart. I used to take weak turns for four hours at a time, and lose my speech for nine days at a time. On July 15 th., I went on the pilgrimage to Good Saint Ann and from that day until this, I never took a weak turn or lost my speech. Thanks to Good Saint Ann.
Margaret Ann Mc Sherry.

Erinsville, Ont. — Enclosed \$1.00 for mass in honor of Saint Ann for a special favor which I had asked and which the dear Saint granted. I promised publication. Many thanks to Good Saint Ann.

Tracadie, N. B. — Many thanks to Good Saint Ann for several favors obtained through her intercession.
L. A. C.

Standish, Mich. — I promised to Good Saint Ann that if cured of a severe pain in my side, I would have it published in the *Annals*. I am now happy to be able to fulfil my promise.
M. Labarge.

Emmerson, Man. — When my son returned home with the fever, I promised Saint Ann that, if my son would recover and the rest of the family not take it, I would have it announced in the *Annals*. My request was granted.

Cornelius O'Leary.

Oswego, N. Y. — Thanks to Saint Ann for favors granted. Promised some time ago to publish, but neglected to do so. E. S. — Please publish in *Annals*: Three years ago was at point of death and had four masses offered up, praying to Saint Ann for my recovery. I am now in perfect health. Mrs D. J. R.

Northbridge, Mass. — Enclosed find \$ 2.00 for masses in honor of Good Saint Ann for favors granted. Minnie Lachapell.

Alma, Texas. — I send thanks for following favors received: The conversion of my husband and three sons who had neglected their Easter duty for several years; my husband for nearly 20 years. I attribute these conversions to Good Saint Ann. A Penitent.

Athlone, Ont. — I enclose offering for masses for the souls, in thanksgiving for favors received. Mary F. Kidd.

Atlantic Mine, Mich. — Enclosed please find \$ 5.00 for masses to be said for a sick person whom the doctors could not cure. After promising to have it published in the *Annals* and have masses said in Saint Ann's honor, he immediately began to recover and is now much better. We hope that Saint Ann and Saint Joseph will cure him completely. Ed. Valois.

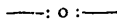
River View. — I promised to have several favors published in the *Annals*, if obtained. My requests were granted. Many thanks to Saint Ann. Subscriber.

Chippawa Falls. — Gratitude to Good Saint Ann for having cured me of stomach trouble. Mrs J. Lamotte.

RECOMMENDATIONS TO PRAYERS.



General Intentions.



THE triumph of the Holy Catholic Church and of His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Catholic Hierarchy of Canada and the United States.

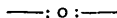
The canonization of the Venerable François de Laval, Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeois, Mother d'Youville, John Nepomucene Neuman, and others who have died in odor of sanctity in North America.

The Canonization of the Saints of Ireland and a speedy restoration of her rights. The Benefactors of St Ann's Basilica.

Persons already recommended and whose prayers have not been granted.



Special Intentions.



STANLEYVILLE, ONT.: « Offering for a mass for special intention. » Maggie Quinn — « I implore Saint Ann to obtain another request for me. » Mrs S. Quigley—**CONGREGATION, N. D.**: « Enclosed offering for two masses in honor of Saint Ann that she may assist me in obtaining a Second class Teacher's certificate. » Mathilda Nowlan. —**CENTRAL FALLS, R. I.**: « My recovery from nervousness. »

and dyspepsia. » Mrs A. Spaulding. — MC MILLAN'S CORNER. « That Good Saint Ann may restore me and my husband to health. I promise to have it published if she will grant me my request. Off. \$ 1.00 » Mrs James D. Mc Donell. — SAINT JOHN, N. B. : « Cure of catarrh in the head and eyes. That a contagious disease may not spread. Nine other special intentions. » Mary J. Mc Sherry. — SPALDING, MICH. : « Pray for my recovery that God may give me help to look after my family. Say a prayer for my poor lame child. Off. \$ 1.00. » Mrs D. Riopelle. — LEE, MASS. : « For a special favor » Mrs J. H. D. — ESSEX, VT. : « That Saint Ann may free me from my sorrows and keep me for my children. » R. D. — LORETTA : « For my restoration to health » Mrs J. H. — TRACADIE, N. B. : « For boys addicted to liquor, and a young girl's recovery from deafness. » L. A. C. — WATERTOWN, N. Y. : « My father's intercessions and a friend's conversion and my own preservation. » Killa M. — PORTLAND, ME. : « For my sons recovery. » Mrs T. Q. — DETROIT, MICH. : « For a speedy recovery from an operation which I pray, may be successful. » Esther Paul. — LOCKTON, ONT. : « For the cure of a sore knee, and good health. » Mrs C. Longworth. — LACHUTE, P. Q. : « For success in an examination, with promise of certain prayers, if successful. » J. M. M. — STONINGTON, ME. : « Enclosed please find \$ 1.00 in honor of Saint Ann, hoping she will cure my husband from headaches. » Mrs J. L. Mc Neil. — SAINT PAUL, MINN. : « For a speedy restoration to health of a poor child suffering from the spinal disease. He is utterly helpless. Also for a husband's restoration to health, and six other intentions. Enc. \$ 5.00. » Mrs T. St. Jean. — NELSON, B. C. : « That I may soon succeed in obtaining suitable employment, for cure of an affliction, and spiritual welfare of our family. » A Friend.

(Three Hail Marys.)



PRAY FOR OUR DEAD.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B. : Louisa Mc Sherry.
 LEE, MASS. : Thomas and Mary Craven.
 BRANTFORD, ONT. : James Simon.
 CHIPPAWA FALLS : Margaret Price.
 SAINT PASCHAL, P. Q. : Mrs Thos. Lavoie, Mrs H. Ouellet, Aug. Martin.
 SAINT BRUNO : Mrs Etienne Tardif.
 MANCHESTER, N. H. : Mrs Elz. Soucy.
 INCKAHOE LAKE, N. Y. : Mrs Geo. Bourelle.
 SAINT CUTHBERT, P. Q. : Mrs Simon Godin.
 SAINTE MARIE DE KENT, N. B. : D. P. Maillet.
 SAINT MAURICE : N. B. L. Lavoie, Mrs Bridget Williams.
 PARKHILL, ONT. : Hugh Leonard.
 MONTRÉAL : James Slattery.

(One Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, etc.)



MARTYRDOM OF SAINT AGNES.