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Sacred Heart of Jesus.*

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER.

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

The Struggle against Secret Societies.

THE motives that urged our Holy Father Leo XIII, fifteen years ago, to publish his admirable Encyclical against Secret Societies, and obliged him to utter solemn warnings several times since, have undoubtedly had something to do with the naming of the Intention for the present month. Eternal vigilance is the watchword when there is an enemy at the gate : and in the eyes of our illustrious Pontiff, Masonry and its allied sects are the arch-enemies of the Church of God at the present day.

Providence has happily watched over the destinies of the Church in this Dominion, and we Catholics of Canada have every reason to rejoice at the strength of our faith and the stability of our institutions. But we should fail in even

elementary prudence were we to fold our arms now, and stand idly by in mute admiration of ourselves and our present position. In this, as in many other questions where their interests are at stake, the children of light may learn wisdom from the children of darkness.

Although the work of Secret Societies, outwardly at least, is not so evident with us as it is in other countries, there is no use concealing the fact that Canada has these societies, the plague of older nations, growing in her bosom. Would it not, then, be a fatal illusion to shut our eyes in the presence of even an incipient danger, or be deaf to the voice of those who have authority to warn us? We are so prone to remain quiescent and satisfied with deceptive appearances when the bitterest enemies of our faith are constantly at work.

In Canada, as elsewhere, no Catholic should be a stranger to the manoeuvring of Secret Societies; and every child of the Church who has at heart the welfare not merely of the Church but of the State, is in duty bound to struggle against these enemies with, at least, the powerful weapon of prayer.

The solemn words of the Holy Father, as well as the testimony of facts, prove to us that Secret Societies—chiefly Freemasonry—constitute to-day the greatest danger to the Church of God. If Freemasonry is singled out as a special object of denunciation, it is because its religious and social programme simply resumes the work of other secret organizations. This we have on the testimony of the Holy Father himself, who admirably sums up their organic structure and baneful influence in his Encyclical *Humanum Genus*. "There are," wrote His Holiness, "various sects of men, which, though in name, rites, form, and origin, they differ, yet in sameness of aim and likeness of first principles they are bound together, really thereby agree with the Masonic sect, which forms for all a common centre whence all proceed, and to which all return. Though they,

just now, seem very much to have cast off the garb of secrecy, and hold their meetings before the eyes of the world, and even have their own daily press, when we look into the matter we find that they still retain all the characteristics of Secret Societies. For many things done in them have the nature of strict secrecy, to conceal which with the utmost care not only from those outside but from very many of their own associates, is a primary law : for instance, their secret and important resolutions, the names and persons of their chief leaders, certain secret and clandestine meetings, as well as their decrees and the ways and means to be employed in carrying them out. To the same end is the complicated distinction of the members in trades and duties and employments ; not less that the established difference in their ranks and degrees, and the severity and discipline by which all are ruled ; while the candidates for enrolment are bound by promise — nay more, by a special oath — to swear, as in most cases they are required, never in any way to divulge their associates, their signs or their doctrines. Thus by a feigned appearance, and the same style of pretence, the Masons, as of old the Manicheans, try by every possible means to hide themselves and to have no witnesses of their actions but members of their own sect. They seek hiding places as most convenient, having assumed to themselves the character of learned men and philosophers for the sake of training their associates ; in their language they cultivate strict politeness of speech and charity towards the lower classes ; they profess only to desire a better state of things for the masses, and to make the greater number participate in the conveniences of civilized life ; but even suppose these principles were the true ones, they would by no means represent all their objects. Besides, those who are admitted into these societies must promise and engage that they will render implicit obedience and fidelity to the dictates of their leaders and teachers ; that they will carry out their commands at the least sign and indication of their

will ; otherwise they will have to meet the most dire consequences, and even death itself. And moreover, if any shall be judged to have betrayed the discipline or resisted the commands of their superiors, extreme punishment is often inflicted on them, and that, indeed, with such boldness and dexterity that very frequently the police fail in discovering or bringing the criminals to justice. Moreover, to practise deceit and to conceal themselves, to bind men to themselves, as slaves with iron fetters, without alleging any reason ; to employ for any crime these slaves of another's will, to bare their arm for slaughter, whilst guarding themselves from punishment, is an enormity at which nature revolts. Wherefore against these associations reason and truth compel one in justice and natural virtue to fight." (1)

This true picture of Freemasonry moved the adepts and put them under the necessity of defending themselves. Certain dignitaries of the sect, while admitting the truth of some of the charges, disclaimed all connection with extremists, and endeavored to diminish in the public mind the effects of the Sovereign Pontiff's fearful denunciation.

"I grieve to think," wrote a sectary, "that there are Masonic bodies which may have laid themselves open to many of the charges which the Encyclical letter contains." And the same writer, in defence of the assertion that the Pope's sweeping censure should not include all the Lodges, appealed to the rules and constitutions of certain English Lodges, one and all breathing a spirit of religion and charity, and obedience to the law, etc. But the Holy Father had proven unanswerably that Freemasonry, from every point of view, was a source of ruin for a people ; that it attacked not only the religion of Christ but civil society and the family as well ; that as a secret organization it was subversive of the very principles on which society was founded. Hatred of God and His work, hatred of Christ and His Church, and the perverse wish to drag man from

(1) Litt. Encycl. *Hum. Gen.* : Rome, 1884.

his Saviour that was universally evident in the work of this sect, show that Masonry was and is still the incarnation of the malice of Satan. Like Satan, it loves hypocrisy and falsehood. For, not to mention the absurdity and vacuity of its ritualism and ceremony, it decks itself out in false colors and seeks as an angel of charity to deceive well-meaning men — sometimes even Catholics — into allowing themselves to assume Masonic bonds. Like Satan, it loves darkness and disorder. If everything is so honest in the Lodges, if their plans and programmes are so innocuous, why hide them? Why go to the trouble of binding men to secrecy by blood-curdling oaths to obey they know not whom, to do they know not what, to join in blindly promoting what they may be utterly adverse to? This is an ignoble and immoral surrender of human liberty and the source of infinite disorder.

When Leo XIII. took up the government of the Church, he declared that one of his chief aims should be to attack directly the influence of the accursed sect. In this work he had been preceded by seven Sovereign Pontiffs. "As soon as the nature and character of the Masonic body had been made apparent by unmistakable signs, by the knowledge of its principles, by the publication of its rules, and rites, and ceremonies, — and to these was often added the testimony of the initiated themselves, — the Holy See condemned and publicly proclaimed the Masonic sect as contrary to right and justice, and not less baneful to Christianity than to the State. Clement XII. was the first to denounce Freemasonry, and his constitution was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV. Pius VII. followed in the footsteps of these Pontiffs, and Leo XII., collecting the acts and decrees on this subject of the Popes who had gone before him, ratified and confirmed them for all time. Gregory XVI., and on many occasions Pius IX., spoke in the same sense." (1) Leo XIII. has surpassed all his predecessors in the vigor of his denunciations of the sect. He had hardly put his hand to

(1) *Ibid.* Encycl. cit.

the helm of the Church when he saw the necessity of resisting this evil, and raising up against its inroads the bulwark of his apostolical authority. With an admirable clearness of style and with full knowledge of his subject, the present Pontiff has more than once treated of the doctrines of the sect. With a pathos deeply touching he has asked men to have pity on their own souls and not to allow themselves to be deceived by Masonic leaders and manipulators. Ever on the alert, the Vicar of Christ gives the signal when the danger is imminent.

The present moment would appear to be well chosen to renew the struggle against this misguided sect. After having remained apparently quiet for several years, but not ceasing, meanwhile, to elaborate its plans against the Church of God, Freemasonry and the allied bodies are again growing demonstrative. In Europe especially there is a recrudescence of hatred and audacity in those sectaries who are sworn to destroy religion. And we know that, although they shall never succeed in shaking the foundation stone of the edifice built by Christ our Lord, still they may, by their artifices, effect the loss of a multitude of souls.

Let all the members of the Apostleship of Prayer unite in prayer and efforts to baffle these conspirators against God. Prayer first and foremost; for though we know that God is always the Master and well able to muzzle the Masonic monster, He often waits for our supplications to reduce him to powerlessness. Our Holy Father counts strongly on prayer. At his expressed desire priests throughout the world every morning after Mass ask the glorious Archangel Michael, chief of the heavenly hosts, to spare us from the snares and the wiles of our enemies.

To our prayers let us add good works. Begin by doing all in our power to prevent the sectaries from gaining new recruits. Watch over our young men; teach them the dangers to their souls that lie in belonging to those societies which present themselves to them under various guises

only to draw them into the Satanic army. Secondly, try to open the eyes of the well-meaning men who have been duped into seeking membership in these impious sects. The number of these dupes has, in recent years, gone down sensibly, for, thanks to the publicity given to its designs in the press and elsewhere, men know more about Masonry than they did formerly. But there are still many who have to be reached. Charity for their souls obliges us to make some effort to free them from the bondage of Secret Societies. Let us show our zeal in this work and save souls to the Church.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

DAILY PRAYER DURING THIS MONTH.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day in reparation of our offences and for all the intentions for which Thou continually immolatest Thyself on the altar.

I offer them, in particular, that Catholics may struggle more vigorously than ever against Secret Societies.

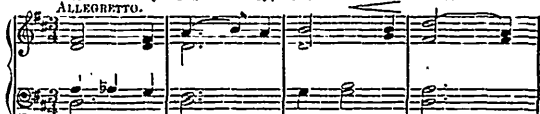


OH! SUCCOR ME!

CHORUS.

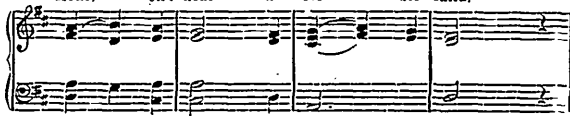
Ho - ly Ma - ry, Mo - ther mild!

ALLEGRETTO.



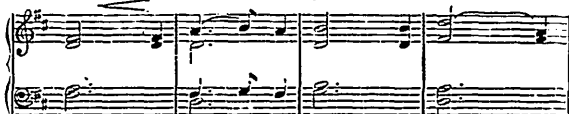
Musical notation for the first line of the chorus, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The tempo is marked ALLEGRETTO.

Hear, oh! hear a fee - ble child,



Musical notation for the second line of the chorus, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line.

Who on life's tem - pes - tuous sea,



Musical notation for the third line of the chorus, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line.

Is cast a - lone: oh! suc - cor me!



Musical notation for the fourth line of the chorus, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line.

Is cast a - lone: oh! suc - cor me!



Musical notation for the fifth line of the chorus, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line, ending with the word FINE.

Solo.
Waves of sor - row o'er me roll,

Storms of pas - sion shake my soul!

Dan - gers press on ev - ery side,

Star of o - cean, be my guide.

1. — Waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
Storms of passion shake my soul!
Dangers press on every side!
Star of ocean, by my guide.

2. — Brightest in the courts above!
Joy of angels! queen of love!
Comfort of the sorrowing, hear!
And grief and tears will disappear.

3. — Throned in majesty and might,
In the realms of fadeless light,
Maiden mother ! list our prayer,
Prove to us thy loving care.

 4. — Mother of our Saviour God,
Guide us in the path He trod,
Till to thy children it be given,
To bless, with thee, His name in heaven.
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THE ANGELUS

The following true incident is related by a recent writer as illustrative of the devotion of the Angelus in Catholic countries, and especially in Spain, where it is recited three times a day by all classes of the people :

A Carlist General, Lavala, was condemned to death by the Government. Having prepared himself for the dread event by a devout reception of the Sacraments, he was led to the place of execution. He stood, facing the platoon of soldiers, waiting but the signal to fire the fatal shot. Everything was in readiness.

A sound broke the stillness ; the Angelus ringing from a neighboring belfry. The General instinctively fell upon his knees. The soldiers followed his example and together they devoutly recited the old, familiar prayer.

As they rose to their feet again, a horseman was seen approaching at full gallop, waving a white flag. It was a pardon for the condemned, and but for the Angelus, it would have arrived too late.

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Contributed to
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

ISABELLA TRANQUILLINI.



It was my good fortune to enjoy for a short time last month the hospitality of the Ursuline nuns at Parma, Italy, one of the oldest teaching convents in existence, having exercised that ministry for more than three hundred years.

As I left Mother Zileri, the superior, or priora, put into my hands a very little book (1).

It was the life of a child, Isabella Tranquillini, who had died at the convent-school two years ago. Though only fourteen years of age, she was already, as we should say, a little saint, and her biography was the more interesting as it had practically been written by herself. She had an unusual facility with her pen, and poured out the affections of her heart with singular naturalness and candour in her letters home, and her spiritual diaries and journals. Her death was comparatively sudden, and all her writings were handed over to the Mother Priora, who, with equal good sense, moderation and felicity, has put together out of them this little *Life*, the reliability and veracity of which is quite beyond exception.

Isabella was born on the 12th of August, 1882, in a home of which Mother Priora tells us but little, for its members are still living. Indirectly, however, we see that the child

(1) *Di Isabella Tranquillini; Ricordi e Scritti.* Milan, Clerc, 1897.

grew up in a circle, adorned by good breeding, refined courtesy and the sincerest piety. Of her first childhood several stories indicative of her future are current. The prettiest, perhaps, is the following. At the age of four she was taken to see her elder sisters, who were already boarders at the convent. When the time came for little Isabella to return, she firmly refused to budge, and this was the reason:

"I will stay with the spouses of Christ."

She soon returned to them. At six she came to the school as a day scholar; at eight she entered as a boarder. Two years later (December, 1892) occurred the great event of her life, her First Communion. The little journal she kept during the preparatory triduum remains to attest the fidelity with which she occupied every moment of her time. The precious hours of the "day of heaven" (as she called it) are recorded with sedulous care. Of the "Moment of Paradise" all she can say is:

"Of my feelings at that instant I will not speak."

Of the dinner-time we read as follows:

"We went to dinner. On such a day I wanted to mortify myself a little and asked leave to give away my sweets, [for which as we are told later she had a special fondness]. But my mistress would not allow me that happiness. I call it so, because on that day I felt, as it were, attracted to mortification."

The notes of the day end thus:

"Before going to bed I could not help crying for regret that the day of paradise on earth had passed so quickly..... (But at last having said her night-prayers "with the greatest fervour possible")..... conquered by drowsiness, I bent my head back on the pillow, and, thinking of Jesus, fell peacefully asleep."

From this time Holy Communion became the centre and mainspring of her life. After her death it was found that she had registered each reception regularly, down to the Viaticum given her on her death-bed. The total in four years and a half amounted to three hundred and seventy.

Of Isabella's life at school there is but little to say. She was a gifted girl, who took to mental exercises with pleasure, and soon attained proficiency in them. But with her fingers she was not adroit, and had difficulty in overcoming herself during sewing-lessons and the like. Her mistress mentions that during the last year of her life she made a most determined effort to overcome herself in this matter, and would patiently unpick and re-sew what was amiss again and again, till the work was satisfactorily finished.

Her mistress further tells us that "she had her defects." The gravest seems to have been the tendency to self-consciousness and vanity, which is so common among clever children. But she struggled to overcome her weakness "with courage and energy." She seems to have kept a "particular examen," as it is called, with a perseverance and method which for a child was really admirable. Moreover, she sedulously practised "gathering flowers," an euphemism for multiplying little acts of self-denial, mortification, and other virtues. When they cost her dear she calls them "real beauties." At Holy Communion she never forgot that she should have her bouquet to present to her Heavenly Spouse.

Passing over a number of elements in her character and training, her gait, love of holidays, various devotions, sobriety and self-control, we may turn at once to what was greatest in her nature, to what gave her spirituality its special character, an affectionateness of very unusual force and warmth. It would really be impossible to give an adequate idea of her love for her parents and kinsfolk without quoting in full some of her many loving letters to father and mother, to her brother Carlo, to her school friends.

If, as her mistress says, her love for her parents was "immense," she was also most devoted to her school-companions and teachers. There was no virtue which she loved to practice more than *amiabilita*.

Affection was also the characteristic trait of her spirituality. At the feet of Jesus and of Mary she poured out

the wealth of her love with a whole heartedness that reminds one of Mary Magdalen breaking, not opening, her jar of precious ointment. The long letters to Baby Jesus which she wrote to lay next her heart at Holy Communion are treasures of childlike prayer.

"I have written four pages to the Holy Babe," she notes one day in her diary, "but I have still a lot to say to Mary."

"Open, open, little house of gold," is her apostrophe to the Tabernacle, "and let me in, never to part from my gentle Jesus."

To Mary, her *Mammanina*, her letters of love are, if possible, more tender and more confidential still. But such compositions do not lend themselves to quotation, and in English much of the warmth of the Italian necessarily evaporates.

It might, perhaps, be thought that, impelled by so strong a passion, Isabella's devotion would be enthusiastic and emotional. But it was not so. "Staidness and sobriety in virtue," wrote her mistress after her death, "these are the characteristics under which our dear child presents herself to my memory now, as she did in life."

The proofs that this was so are conclusive. Her outpourings of heart have undergone the severe ordeal of being printed; so, too, have her regrets for her failings, her acknowledgement of her frailties, her aspirations towards perfection. They are all the thoughts and aspirations of a child, it is true, and her words of wisdom are probably those of her instructors; but good sense is never wanting.

We notice no tendency to interpret every grace as miracle. She neither sees visions nor hear voices, but ever follows the royal road of obedience, docility and humility, with a straightforwardness that is characteristic of the finest natures.

It will easily be imagined that a soul so forward in God's ways should soon begin to think of devoting the whole of her future to God in the religious life. What held her back

at first seems to have been the intense love of her parents; she could not face the idea of separation from them. But her overmastering devotion to her Saviour, in the course of time, nerved her soul to face that or any other sacrifice that might be needful. Even before this, her love of virginity had taken so firm a hold of her heart, that when she had reached her fourteenth year she wished to bind herself to it by vow, but her confessor put her off. Almighty God, however, wanted her to lead a life higher even than that of virginity on earth or religious perfection in the cloister.

In the first days of Lent, 1897, pneumonia attacked her right lung, and in a very few days it was clear that the end was near at hand. The moment of separation from those she loved so dearly was naturally a very trying one for a heart so kindly and so tender. But the sacrifice was made with patience and adhered to with courage. After the final adieus to her parents and her brother Carlo, she breathed her last, amid great sufferings, on the 21st of March, 1897, at the age of fourteen years and seven months.

Such are the main facts in a life full of interior beauty and goodness, and it may well comfort us, saddened so often by our failings and those of others, to think that God still finds amongst us souls of predilection and sanctity. It is, alas! rarely our good fortune to enjoy their company. But even if there were no other motive for wishing to go to heaven, except that there we may live and converse with Isabella and her mates, who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,—that desire alone may well make us long to enter our heavenly home.

J. H. POLLEN, S. J.



TO ST. MICHAEL.

When the ghostly foe assalleth,
When my heart, my courage faileth,
Faith is faint, and hope hath fled ;
Holy Michael, guard my head.

When the heat of battle rageth,
When my soul her conflict wageth
Sore bestead by armed bands !
Strengthen thou my feeble hands.

Spreads the world its snares, its treasures,
Sinful joys and evil pleasures,
All that mortals covet, prize ;
Holy Michael, guard mine eyes.

In the midst of words mis-spoken,
— Words that evil thoughts betoken
Ill that heart and conscience sears —
Holy Michael, guard my ears.

When my spirit, anguish riven,
Stirs at wonton insult given,
— Heart and soul with torture wrung —
Holy Michael, guard my tongue.

When beset by doubts, temptations,
Much in need of faith and patience,
Teach me, then, the better part ;
Holy Michael, guard my heart.

When the homeward way grows dreary,
When my spirit waxeth weary,
Burdened by the storms, the heat ;
Holy Michael, guard my feet.

When my soul, with fear a-quiver,
Passeth through Death's icy river,
In mine hour of agony,
Holy Michael, succour me !

FRANCIS W. GREY.



Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

OUT OF THE DARK.

BATTLEMINSTER High Street, on a November night. It was raining, as it can rain in an English November, and blowing too hard to make an umbrella possible. The pavement was full of unexpected puddles, into a dozen or so of which I had stepped, with a startling suddenness, in less than twice in many yards; the gas-lamp flickered and flared in the scurrying gusts of wind. Not a night to be out in, by choice, certainly; in an English market town, where cabs are the luxury of the rich, and only to be had at one, or perhaps two livery stables, the owners of which were fast asleep by this time, as it was nearly half past ten.

Luckily, I had not very far to go (half a mile at most) from the Mission House of St. Denys, close to the Vicarage, to the "George" near the Market Place. I might have had a cab to come for me, as the "George" boasted the best livery-stable in Battleminster, but it was not raining; when I started, and I hate to leave a pleasant friend — to say nothing of an arm-chair and a fire — earlier than I must, just because an unfortunate cabman is waiting for me when he ought to be in bed. Anyhow, for sufficient reasons, I had not taken a cab, in spite of the blandishments of Mr. Bathurst, of the "George." Doubtless, I sank in his estimation, but I cannot help it if I did. I like to have my own way, sometimes.

I had been to spend the evening with my old friend, the Reverend Harry Brewster, Vice-Warden of St. Denys' Mission House, and extra-assistant curate—unpaid—to the Reverend Sir Philip Llewellyn, Baronet, Vicar of Battleminster. Candidly, I did not envy Brewster his position, which, as it seemed to me, required more moral courage and self-restraint, to say nothing of devotion to duty, than the average man is endowed with. His immediate superior, the Warden, the Reverend Simon Fyshe, was a man I should have quarrelled with in a week, who professed an eminently "safe" and respectable, if somewhat colorless, theological creed. Personally, I prefer a bigot, who has, at least, the courage of his convictions.

This by the way. The Reverend Simon doubtless did his duty—as he understood it—which was, chiefly, to keep his comfortable position. Secondly, to suppress all theological extravagances, whether evangelical or ritualistic, and to make of the men under his charge "safe" and "moderate" churchmen like himself. In all this, he suited the Vicar, and, I believe, the Bishop; but how a man like Brewster, earnest, devout, enthusiastic, could work under the Rev. Simon Fyshe, I could never understand. Perhaps it was the apparent "impossibility" of the position that attracted him. There are such natures, even in our money-grubbing, decadent nineteenth century. Men call them fools, but they are the stuff of which saints and heres are made.

Saint as he might be, Brewster had a few human weaknesses; otherwise, I could not have got on with him, mine being many and great. Among others, he had one for a good cigar; provide him with that, and he was yours. We had been smoking this evening, and, as we smoked, we talked. Not excessively; without exertion, by fits and starts, as all true smokers do; avoiding the few subjects on which we differ; discussing, philosophically, dispassionately, the many on which we agree.

Presently, a name was mentioned: a woman's. Between a confirmed bachelor and a conscientious celibate, who is

too unselfish to marry, it was, possibly, strange that such a subject should arise. But it did, or, rather she did, for various reasons, or for none at all. Promiscuous like, as it were; "talking of boots," as the French say.

"What has become of Polly Marsham?" I enquired casually. Polly, I may say, was the eldest daughter of James Marsham, "Ph. D." (they say he bought his degree in Germany) headmaster of Battleminster Grammar School. When "John Smith" is known to all his friends, male or female, as "Jack," it implies a good deal; when "Mary Smith" is spoken of by all her masculine acquaintances as "Polly," it is also significant, to say the least.

"Married," answered Brewster, somewhat gravely, as it seemed to me.

"Married?" I repeated, in utter astonishment. "Who is the happy man?"

But, somehow, I think my tone of voice hinted more than a doubt as to the happiness.

If there are, in very deed, devils in human form — on which point I decline to express an opinion, — they certainly belong to both sexes, and it is difficult, not to say an invidious question, as to which is the more dangerous of the two. So much depends on temperament; let us leave the matter there; this is no time or place to discuss it. But of all the mortal emissaries of His Bituminous Majesty, Polly Marsham must, I verily believe, have ranked among his prime favorites.

"To Walter Gresham," Brewster answered more gravely than ever.

"My God!" it was all I could say. Then, after a momentary pause, I asked, more collectedly, "Why on earth did he do that?"

"Oh, Gresham, as you know, was always sentimental and easily led; and Polly, with more brains and wiles than he had, did the rest. Do you understand?" he enquired.

"I think, I do," I returned. "How did it come about?" I continued, though I knew pretty well what the answer must be.

"Simply enough," replied Brewster; "there was a title to be had."

Brewster did not speak for a few minutes, nor did I. Presently, having lighted a fresh cigar, and settled myself more comfortably in my arm-chair, I enquired, "How did it get out?"

"He was utterly remorseful," answered my friend, "utterly terrified at the step he had taken and told me, one evening, after chapel."

"In confession?" I asked, knowing his views, or rather his convictions in regard to that practice.

"No, I am sorry to say."

"And so?"

"And so, I could not, of course, deal with the matter myself, but was obliged to report to the Warden." Brewster did not say "much against my will," he was too loyal for that, even in confidential conversation, but I knew he meant it.

"And the Warden?" I enquired.

"Referred the matter to the Vicar, in his quality of Visitor." He spoke quietly, almost too quietly, as it seemed to me, for I knew him to be a man with a keen, not to say, a nervous sense of justice.

"Yes, and then?" I asked, with an interest I could not control.

"Sir Philip sent for Dr. Marsham," answered Brewster, "and poor Gresham had to face the two of them."

"God help him!" I said earnestly, and then Brewster continued — "You know Gresham's uncle — his only relation — is very well off, and that Gresham must inherit the baronetcy and the entailed estate. That accounts for Polly's manœuvre."

"Naturally," I returned, amused that the unworldly parson should have grown so cynical. "'Manœuvre' is a good word, Brewster, very good. If I see a little more of you, I shall make a man of you, monk as you are."

"God forbid!" he retorted quickly and earnestly, with perfect simplicity.

"Thank you for the compliment," I said, laughing. Then he realized what his words implied, and laughed too.

"So they married him?" I continued, using that form of phrase, of set purpose.

"Exactly," answered Brewster; "they all three married him."

"And then?"

"Then the Vicar requested him to leave the Mission House within twenty-four hours, and Dr. Marsham gave his daughter notice to leave his house, 'with her precious husband' as he expressed it."

"Ashamed of her, I suppose?"

"Probably."

Silence again, for nearly five minutes. Then, as I got up to go, I asked, "How did Gresham happen to come here, if his uncle is so rich?"

"Because he was determined to serve in the foreign mission field", answered Brewster, helping me on with my coat.

"In spite of his wordly prospects?"

"No, because of them," was the quiet rejoinder, and the gentle — possibly unconscious — rebuke made me feel ashamed of myself.

"But his uncle?" I enquired, by way of changing the subject.

"It was cheaper to send him here than to Oxford or Cambridge," replied Brewster, "and that was more than enough for Sir Robert Gresham."

I was thinking of all this as I fought my way — that it is the only word — against wind and rain, along Church Street, then along High Street, towards the "George." Just then, I stepped into a larger and deeper puddle than usual, and hurried to the nearest lamp-post to ascertain the extent of the damage done to my nether garments by the involuntary foot-bath.

The ring of light, such as it was, was sharply defined against the surrounding blackness; light and dark in close juxtaposition, mutually repellant, with nothing in com-

mon between them. And I thought of Gresham's life as it had been, and as it must be now; and how that friend — for friend she was — had dragged him from the light into the dark.

There was a man leaning against the lamp-post, in that quasi-affectionate, clinging attitude that betokens uncertainty as to the firmness of mother-earth. Dirt, dishevelled, wholly disreputable and maudlin. — Then I started, in utter horror, for the face was the face of Walter Gresham.

Truly, he was out in the dark, as I knew he must be. Truly, the devils whom we call "vices," since belief in devils has gone out of fashion, prove their hellish origin by marring, most fatally, that which is best. It is always the genius, the mother's darling, the gentlest, sweetest-natured one of the whole family whom the devil of drink, with the "seven other spirits more wicked than himself," is sure to take possession of. The colder, harder-natured brother, who never caused parents or sisters a moment's anxiety, will pass through life a most immaculate, most respectable — Pharisee, because he was never tempted. But the other, who has no enemy but himself, is the favorite prey of devils, human and infernal.

"Gresham!" — it was all I could say.

He did not recognize my voice at first. "S' Walter Gresh'm," he muttered, with tipsy dignity, then, suddenly recognizing me, as the lamp, in a momentary lull of the wind, flared up brightly, he relaxed his hold of the lamp-post and half-staggered, half-fell into my arms with a cry that hurt me, it was so full of pain, of shame unutterable.

"Why, Gresham old man, what's up?" I said, trying to speak cheerily and naturally, though my success, I fancy, was nothing to boast of, at the same time passing my arm round his shoulders. The coat that covered them was thin, shabby, and soaking wet.

He did not answer for several seconds. Then, as if the shock of meeting me had sobered him, he answered, in a voice that was almost normal:

"Nothing, Penryn, nothing, only, I... I was a little dizzy, don't you know? Forgot to take my lunch before I left town," he added, as by an afterthought.

I saw he was trying to hide his real condition from me, and thanked God that he had that much self-respect left. The drink devil and the other vices, generally manage to get rid of that, as something they must fear and hate.

"Tired, eh?" I returned, determined to humor him. "When did you get in, by the last train?"

Once more, he seemed to hesitate for an answer. I found out later that he had walked from Middlehampton, twenty miles away, because he had not money enough to pay for a ticket further. Well, there was no use thinking about it, just now.

"Come along, I said, beginning to move, "I'm going to the 'George.' I'm tired, and want to get to bed."

"Tired, are you?" he returned, listlessly, like a man talking in his sleep. "So am I, tired of everything, tired of myself."

"Most of us are now and then," I replied cheerily. "Come along." He made no objection, and, arm in arm, we entered the front door of the "George."

The highly respectable head-waiter stared at my disreputable-looking companion, and seemed about to enter a protest. He thought better of it, however, when I ordered "supper for two, and hurry up with it," in my own sitting-room, and, within fifteen minutes, Gresham was eating like a man who has fasted for days, as he had, to all intents and purposes.

Supper over, I wheeled an arm-chair to the fire, sat him down in it, and handed him a cigar and a match. Then I sat down at the other side of the fire-place and lighted my own cigar. I suppose I ought to have preached to him, but I did not. I was strongly of opinion that a good meal, a good smoke, and a quiet, friendly talk, as between man and man, were what he most needed.

Besides, why should I lecture him about his drinking

habits? He was sufficiently ashamed of himself, as it was was. And was he altogether to blame? The man of gentle, loving, impulsive nature is, nine times out of ten, more or less lacking in moral strength; his chief danger,—his chief hope, as well,—is that he is easily guided. Which is the same as saying that gentleness and strength are rarely found together.

Anyway, I said nothing about the drink. In fact, I let him do all, or nearly all the talking; which was, perhaps, the most sensible thing I could have done under the circumstances. Bit by bit, it all came out, as I felt sure *she* would.

He was Sir Walter Gresham now, sure enough, (his uncle had died of apoplexy before he could disinherit him). And Lady Gresham was the favorite of the music-hall stage.

"There's big money in being 'Lady Gresham,'" said the poor young fellow bitterly.

"Can she sing?" I asked, by way of getting him to tell me more.

"In a kind of way," he answered, "but then, you know, she's got a handle to her name, and she'll sing anything."

"Anything?" enquiringly.

"Mostly," he replied; then added, almost as if daring me to contradict him, and, as it were, by a very excess of undeserved loyalty, "Mind you, Polly's respectable, highly respectable."

As she well might be, I thought, but I did not say so. but asked instead, "And your money?"

"Settled on Polly," he answered quietly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "She's my wife, you know."

His wife!

"Besides," he added wearily, as if falling asleep. "couldn't live with her any longer, couldn't fight her, paid her to let me go."

"Go?" I repeated, "go where?"

"God knows," he returned sadly; then the tired eyes

closed, the tired head fell back on the cushions of the chair, and I saw he was asleep. I lifted him, as if he had been a child, and laid him on the sofa, covering him with my travelling rug. Then, as I could not sleep, I sat by the fire, thinking.

This, then, was the end of it all. She had trapped him into marrying her, and then made his life so unbearable that he had beggared himself to be free of her. She had driven him to drink, to degradation, to poverty, but she could not drive him to disloyalty, by so much as a single word. Did I not say that the human devils, and the devils that we call vices, always spoil that which is best?

Had she spoilt him? Or had he, indeed, passed out of him the dark into the light? If it were she who had dragged him into the outer darkness, would he, now he has bought his freedom, find the light again? I could not answer; God only knew.

I sent for Brewster in the morning, for, saint as he was, perhaps for that very reason, he could understand this stray sheep better than I, with all my fancied knowledge of human nature. It ended as I might have guessed. Brewster pleaded his friend's cause with the Bishop of Middlehampton so nobly, so effectively, that the Bishop, having a wide and true knowledge of men, was convinced.

Gresham followed out his vocation, and sought the mission field. I do not know whether he is alive or dead, for he has not written to Brewster or to me, for many months. But I do know that, alive or dead, he has passed, beyond a doubt, out of the dark into a light brighter, fairer, and more perfect than he could have ever known had he not passed through the shadow, as he did; that, please God, if my poor prayers may avail thereto, he, with our friend Brewster, will pass, some day, from the darkness of the City of Confusion into the light and liberty of the City of God.

FRANCIS W. GREY.



ANGEL WORKERS.



ONE very hot day in July, we were driving over a very uninteresting, dusty road, my dear father and I, many years ago, and I was feeling very tired and wishing for home, when, just as we were passing in old, desolate looking farm-house, my father said: "This is the place where the angels came in the night and cut the old man's hay."

I was interested in a moment, always delighting in my father's stories, knowing they were sure to be true — but this sounded very strange.

"Tell me," I cried; "did they really? Did you see them?"

"Well," he replied, "the old man said so. He was very feeble, and old, and his children had all left him, with only this poor little house to support himself and his aged wife. And that meadow that you see just back of the house was his pride, as well as chief means of support, for the hay cut from it each year, when sold, bought the few necessaries they needed in those days (for it happened when I was young, and people then were contented with far less than they now are)."

"But, father dear," I urged again, in my eagerness for the story, "do tell me about the angels."

"Well," he said, "one evening, early in July, the old man's wife called him several times to supper before he came, and then she noticed that he scarcely tasted his food when he did come."

" 'Why, Matthew,' she said, "what ails you that you cannot eat your supper? Hast had bad news?'

" 'Bad enough," he muttered, "without hearing bad news. There's the grass on that "medder lot" ripe and ready to be mowed, and I have just been trying again, but cannot cut a single swath with the rheumatiz in my back. For forty years that lot has been the first mowed in "Homer;" soon the grass will be spoiled. Oh! dear! how hard it is to be lame.'

" 'Well, well,' he replied, 'you must just trust in the Lord, Matthew. You know it is written—'

" 'Yes, yes,' he said bitterly; 'I know what you will say. It is all very well to talk, but when I can't cut that grass, and have no money to hire a man to cut it, where are we going to get our flour and tea for next winter?'

" 'He will give his angels charge concerning you,' she murmured, half to herself, for she saw that the old man was in no mood for reasoning with.

" 'Tut, tut!' he cried angrily; "you don't suppose He will send His angels down to cut my grass, do you?'

" 'With him all things are possible,' she said, with a sad heart, for she, too, was troubled and anxious about their future.

" 'There was a bright, full moon, and as a party of young men were passing, late in the evening, on their way home from a 'haying frolic' (for in those early days, before mowing machines were used in this country, that was the way farmers used to help one another), one of them exclaimed: 'Why, boys, there is "Uncle Matthew's" standing yet; what can the reason be for that? The grass on that meadow is usually ahead of any in this country.'

" 'Oh,' replied one, 'the old man is very lame this summer. I saw him trying his scythe this morning, as I passed, but he couldn't handle it as he used to.'

" 'I tell you what we might do, boys,' said the first speaker, 'just turn into the meadow and mow it down while he's asleep.'

"Some were tired and wanted to get home; but he was strong, and by shaming those who objected, and urging on those who were willing, soon got all into the spirit of it.

"So they silently passed the house, that the old people might not be disturbed, and soon their strong arms were wielding the scythes. And a little after midnight and the grass on that meadow lot lay in seven swaths all over it. Then they silently went their way to their homes, rather tired, 'but strengthened in the way that good deeds always strengthen the doers.' Next morning, the old man startled his good wife by calling to her in an unusually excited manner to come to the door. 'Come quick, I say, and see what has happened.

" 'What is it, Matthew,' she cried, 'do tell me.'"

" 'Tell you,' he said, just come and see. Why the Lord has sent His angels down in the night, to cut my grass while we were asleep.'

" 'His Holy name be praised!' " was her only reply.

"Who were they, father? Have I ever seen any of them — the young men who did it?"

"It was many years ago, my child — you have seen one or two, but they are no longer young men."

Then I knew, by the look in his dark eye, that my dear father had been one of the angels who cut the old man's grass that moonlight night, so "many years ago." — *Young Catholic Messenger*.





A PRIESTLY REMINISCENCE.

I think some readers of the MESSENGER would be interested to hear from me one or two of what I count the greatest and most blessed happenings in my life of forty-six years, including even the nineteen years of my priesthood.

The first thing that I always recall, as if it was a hand reaching down from Heaven to draw me into the right way, was when I was a child of six or seven, receiving from a pious old cowherd a little brass medal of our Lady, with the request that I should kiss it sometimes, and say a Hail Mary every day.

In our times and country such medals are cheap and common, and easy to get, and, I fear, not of very much value, but that bit of brass so stirred up my soul, and elicited such prayers, and, as I feel, wrought so much toward my salvation, as nothing else that I have done or had done to me in all my life. If I am right, what value that old Irish herdsman, long since dead, has had out of his gift of a half-penny medal!

Three or four years later came the next brightest event of my life. An older brother, in his sixteenth year, was dying of quick consumption. He was then very devout, and spent most of his waking hours in praying and reading good books, with which a zealous nun kept him supplied. And one day, whether it was that he wanted to do my soul some good, unawares, or that he only in his bodily weakness needed my services, he asked me to write for him a passage recommending the practice of saying, morning and night, three Hail Marys in honor of the Immaculate Conception, with the ejaculation :

"Through thy pure and immaculate conception, O Holy Mary, obtain for me purity of body and sanctity of soul!"

At the time I neither felt any need, nor foresaw any use of that practice, but impressed by the book's recommendation, and my brother's appreciation, I took it up, and have held to it ever since, adding, since I became a pastor, another three Hail Marys as it were, on behalf of all others, especially my own young people. For alas! what evidences has a pastor and confessor of the need and the deplorable neglect of the sin-stopping influence of the Immaculate Conception! How, for lack of this easy, light, blessed preservative, boys and girls begin in childhood, and continue on through youth and mature age, to smear and soil, and rot their souls with numbers of mortal sins, every day of the three hundred and sixty-five days of every year.

God reward the good nun who lent that book, and the sick boy who pushed on my attention that passage of it, and under God induced me to take up that saving practice.

Since then I have read hundreds of books in several languages, have studied much theology and religion, have heard sermons many, and preached not a few, but in nothing that I have come across in all those years do I recognize so distinct and positive and telling a force towards my salvation as the practice which that passage fastened on me, and by nothing would I feel myself doing so much good as by fastening it on others.

For years, when I said those little prayers, I saw no use or reason for them, and to see no use or reason for something we are asked to do naturally makes it irksome, disagreeable and hard. But I think I could now show all the boys and girls a most clear use, and most cogent reasons.

There is no boy but would be for life proud and happy for having saved a drowning companion; no girl but would be better pleased than by a whole pail of candy, or the prettiest dress, or the grandest success in school, to be assured that she was going one day to be as famous in her country as Joan of Arc.

Well, 'tis a sure thing that every boy and every girl

saying morning and night those three Hail Marys, and that ejaculation, especially if wishing thereby to help all other young people everywhere, would be doing hundreds, every day, a greater service than by saving them from drowning, doing a much more brilliant work than saving his or her country from some oppressive or invading power.

The saddest, worst thing in the world is sin, and the most prevalent and mischievous kind of sin is the violation of holy purity, and the grandest thing in the world is to fight against it and stop it, and the best and easiest way to do this is prayer, our own prayer, and the prayer of her who at Lourdes gave her name as "The Immaculate Conception." — M. M. in the *Young Catholic Messenger*.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

A wild cloud sweepeth adown the bay
To the troubled sea, and the sailor hears
The beat of the breakers die away
Like the moan of a grief too deep for tears.

The bare trees rise in the lowering west,
Like spectres against the purpled sky,
But the sailor saith, when the foaming crest
And the flash of the lightning glanceth by :

"I fear not the fire of the storm-king's breath,
Nor the tumbling waves, nor the midnight drear,
But the Lord in whose hands are both life and death
Whom the waves obey — His wrath I fear."

F. T. McNIFF, S. J.



THE SAXON CHURCH

The myth of a pre-Reformation independent Anglican Church will have less and less hold on the educated English mind as such books as Maitland's "Roman Canon Law in the Church of England" are read. Mr. Maitland is a Cambridge professor. We reproduce a few lines from a criticism of the work which appeared in *Literature*, a publication of the London *Times* Company and the Harper Bros. At such hands we need not expect any special pleading of the Roman view :

If Prof. Maitland is right, the supposed independence of the English National Church before the Reformation is no better than a post-Reformation legend. At present we do not see where or how his argument can be proved wrong. The point is whether English ecclesiastical authority within the sphere left free to it, and apart from controversies with secular powers, ever claimed an inherent jurisdiction to refuse obedience to the legislative or judicial authority of the Pope. What Prof. Maitland finds is that no such discretion is even hinted at by English canonists ; that no king ever asserted it against a Pope, or attempted to get it exercised by the English Bishops (although this would have been an obvious way out of many difficulties ;) that there is no trace of its exercise in fact ; in short, that nobody ever heard of it before the days of Anglican apologetic literature. The Pope's constitutions are treated without hesitation by canonists in England as they are treated in Germany or in Italy ; that is, as binding law—the law of the Church Universal . . . Nay, more ; the Pope has a direct and immediate jurisdiction everywhere as " Universal Ordinary."



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FILIPINOS.



well-written paper published recently by the Catholic Truth Society of California gives some interesting notes on the Philippine Islands and the Filipinos. The author, Rev. Father McQuaide, an army chaplain, spent some time in those Islands and made an impartial and exhaustive study of religious and educational conditions there. The paper is deeply instructive, and confirms the favorable reports already made by other writers on the influence of the Catholic Church in that distant land. We are indebted to the *Sacred Heart Review* for the extracts here given.

Referring to Spain's first colonization of the Philippines, the author says: "To all fair-minded and religiously interested readers of history, the most glorious feature of Spain's career in her colonies — and the memory of it will remain long after her political mistakes are forgotten — is the fact that in all her efforts of discovery and colonization she has always been actuated by a civilizing and Christianizing spirit. Hence it is that the entrance of the Spanish padre into the newly-discovered fields was in every instance coincidental with the landing of the Spanish mariner. The history of Spanish discoveries clearly established this fact beyond the slightest doubt; and there are memorials even here in Manila, as there are, doubtless, in Cuba and elsewhere, which attest it most graphically. For instance, the most prominent statuary group that arrests the attention of the visitor to the Philippine capital is one which repre-

sents the Spanish mariner with compass in hand, side by side with the padre having the book of Gospels open before him. Also, one of the largest and most striking paintings here decorates the main corridor of the late Governor-General's palace, and represents the Spanish padre in the midst of a group of soldiery engaged in fighting the early savages from a sort of jungle retreat. That Spain has given her language and religion to the greater part of the people discovered by her is a fact unexampled, I think, in the world's history of discoveries, and one too often lost sight of. At the time of their discovery by Spain, the Philippine group of islands contained a population of about three hundred thousand. To-day these islands hold some nine or ten millions of people, the vast majority of them civilized and fairly educated. The Church has always exercised a great moral influence over the people: indeed, so orderly and peaceable had been the natives up to some twenty-odd years ago that a mere handful of soldiers was sufficient to represent the power of Spain in the entire Philippine group. Since then, political blunders, coupled with the enforcement of harsh measures by Spain and by Spanish subjects in the ordinary intercourse with the native Filipinos, opened the way to conspiracies, insignificant at first, and afterwards large and portentous, the indirect results of which we all know."

Here are the Orders, male and female, represented in the Philippines, as Father McQuade finds them there:—

"The religious Orders of the Church represented here are the Augustinians, Recoletos, Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Benedictines, Vincentians, Society of Jesus, Sisters of Charity, Cloister Sisters of St. Dominic and the Sisters of the Assumption of Mary. They all have their principal houses or centers in the old city of Manila. Some of them, besides engaging in mission work and establishing parishes on the islands, devote a great part of their energies to educational work. The Dominicans, for example, conduct the Royal and Pontifical University of St. Thomas at

Manila, together with several minor colleges. The Jesuits direct the College of St. Ignatius, as well as the Manila Observatory. The latter institution is famous in the eastern world for the accuracy of its scientists in deciphering the approach of the dreaded typhoon. The shipping people about here and Hong-Kong are ever ready to act when during the typhoon season warnings are given from the Observatory. The Sisters of Charity, as the world over, bear out their reputation of angels of the greatest of virtues by their ministrations to the orphan, the sick, the poor and the insane in their several large and well-conducted establishments here, notably the Hospicio de San Jose, as well as the technical schools, wherein are taught the most necessary and even the finest branches of needlework. The Sisters of the Assumption, the favorite order of the Queen Regent of Spain, are the dispensers of high-class education; hence, their convent on the outskirts of Manila was frequented, prior the war, by the daughters of the comfortable and well-to-do Spaniards and other Europeans. At the present time their convent building is used as a convalescent hospital for sick American soldiers. The United States government is paying rent for the use of the house, as it will pay, if it has not paid already, a rental to the several religious orders for the occupancy of their convents and churches by the Spanish soldiers who became our charges at the evacuation of Manila."

On the subject of native clergy, Father McQuaide says that although there are no Filipinos in the various religious orders in the Islands, there are many such in the diocesan clergy, serving in parishes on the outskirts of Manila and in the interior. "Religion," he continues, "has ever been a tremendous factor in Philippine life. Its control over the people has been recognized by Aguinaldo and his advisers, hence their efforts to make the war with the Spaniards take on a religious aspect. To consolidate and hold the people, they told them that their efforts were pointed to a native hierarchy as well as a Philippine nation. The time had

come, declared they, when in the birth of Talagon freedom there must be a Talagon church. They pointed out to the people that their padres, so long held down, were able and ready to take the spiritual as they, their hoped-for leaders, would take the political reins of government. This declaration is made in very plain words in the last article of the manifesto issued not long ago by the Filipino Congress which assembled at Malolos. It says that 'no friar will hold any parish, cathedral, episcopate or diocesan preferment, and that all such preferments will be held by native or naturalized Filipino clergy.' What about the native clergy? What were they doing in the meantime? Going about their work, altogether oblivious of the fact, apparently, that they were made very interested parties in the demands of the Filipino Junta. They were working on in their usually quiet way, saying nothing of their position and expressing naught of their views. Those of them whom I have met have impressed me as being agreeable and sensible men, and very devoted to their people. Their churches are kept in splendid repair, even in these troubled times, whilst in the order and punctuality observed about the sacristies, especially in the handling of the vestments and preparing the same for daily services, the native sacristans have their superiors nowhere in the world."

Of the Philippine schools, Father McQuaide writes: — "The education of children in the Philippines is as far advanced as the existing conditions of life would warrant. The preliminary schooling is on a base of public instruction. Prior to the war there was a Board of Education with a superintendent, the latter having full power to engage or dismiss teachers. The schools were designated Municipal School No. 1, 2, and so on, and were separate for the sexes. The children were taught all the branches of preparatory schooling, and it appears special stress was laid upon reading and penmanship. The Filipinos, be it known, are excellent with the pen. Further than this, the ambitious scholar was sent afterwards to some one of the numerous

schools or colleges for higher education in Old Manila. The school teachers included a few Spaniards, many Mes-tizos (half breeds), and likewise many Filipinos. Men or women taught according to the sex of the pupils. They were the graduates of the normal schools conducted by the religious orders, and were well equipped for teaching all the branches of grammar school education. The salaries allowed the teachers were, and are now, (for the school at present conducted by the United States authorities are pretty much on the old line), twelve pesos (1) per month for a first-class teacher, and ten and six respectively for second and third-class.

THE GRENADIER'S CONVERSION



REMEMBER," St. Francis of Sales was wont to say, "remember that you can catch more flies with one spoonful of honey than with a hundred barrels of vinegar."

An illustration of the truth of this saying occurred once upon a time in the hospital at Toucy. The nuns who had charge of the patients had under their care a good specimen of a human wild beast. He was an old campaigner who had been through most of the battles during the First Empire; and was quite unused to being chained to a bed and dependent upon others. His features were harsh and forbidding. His fierce, deep-set eyes looked out from a thick growth of eyebrows. His long moustache seemed to cut his face in two, while his deeply furrowed brows and the sharp angles

(1) The Spanish dollar.

of his temples seemed to belong to a tiger rather than a man. His disposition answered in all respects to his person. The first time the chaplain approached his bed the old soldier repelled him with a rude gesture, snarling out, "Get along with you. You're not wanted here."

For a whole fortnight he maintained this behaviour, treating all who came near him with savage ill-humour. The nuns remained as gentle and attentive to him as to their other patients. They were not working for the gratitude of men, and its absence had therefore no effect upon them.

Sister Antoinette, who attended this unhappy man more frequently than her companions, had resolved to soften his heart by means of sweetness and gentleness. She bore with unruffled serenity and with a joyful playfulness all his perversity and his unprovoked insults, and he began at last, perhaps for very shame, to mitigate something of his brutal harshness when speaking to her.

One day when Sister Antoinette was on duty she heard the fierce old grenadier calling her.

"What can I do for you, *mon brave*?" she said.

"I want an egg."

"Certainly. I will bring one immediately," and five minutes later she reappeared with a boiled egg, which she put before him.

The sick man, without a word of thanks, began to break it. Then, with a gesture of impatience, he pushed it away.

"It's not cooked enough. I won't have it," he growled.

"Wait a minute, I'll bring another," said the Sister gently, and she soon reappeared, another egg in her hand.

"Mille cartouches!" snarled the old savage, "this one is too much boiled. I'll not touch it."

"I'm so sorry," said Sister Antoinette; "but if you'll wait a minute I'll get you a little portable stove and saucepan, and you cook one for yourself, and while you're at work I'll cut you a nice little slice of bread and butter. How would you like that?"

The old soldier, who had counted upon wearing out the patience of his nurse, and had looked forward to being able to discharge the vials of his wrath upon her, felt himself moved by her unconquerable sweetness. His heart was touched and tears rose to his eyes. But Sister Antoinette, who had already run away on her errand, saw nothing of this.

On her return she found her patient with his head bent down and his face hidden in his hands.

"What's the matter, my friend?" she asked.

"The matter is," he replied in a trembling voice, "that I am a brute and you are an angel. Sister, if it will give you any pleasure I'll talk to the chaplain."

"Do, my dear friend," said Sister Antoinette eagerly; "you may be sure that idea comes from God, and if you follow it you will indeed give me the greatest pleasure."

"Then I'll do it. And what's more I promise that I'll not touch this egg until I've made my Confession. So please ask the chaplain to come at once, my good little Sister."

And thus did the tiger become tame before the lamb; and with the heart once softened, the chaplain had little difficulty in converting the hardened old sinner into a contrite and gentle child of God.

W. WILBERFORCE.





NAPOLÉON AS A CATECHIST.

SOME thirty years ago the Archbishop of Bordeaux being at Aix-les-Bains, was called to visit a dying woman, the daughter of a general that had become celebrated in the wars of the First Empire. The venerable prelate was moved even to tears in listening to the dying woman speak of religion; for she spoke as few could do. And having asked her who had instructed her so perfectly, he received the following answer :

“ Monseigneur, under God I owe my religious instruction to the Emperor Napoleon. I was on the island of St. Helena with all my family when I was only ten years old. One day the Emperor called me to him, and taking my hand he said to me : ‘ My child, you are a pretty girl now, and you will be still more beautiful in a few years ; nevertheless, these advantages of yours will expose you to great dangers in the world. And how can you overcome those dangers unless you have a large fund of religion ? Unfortunately, your mamma cares but little about religion, and your papa still less ; therefore I will fulfil the obligation that rests on them ; come tomorrow and I will give you your first lesson. ’ ”

“ For two consecutive years, and several times each week, I was taught my catechism by the Emperor. Each time he made me read a lesson out loud, and then he explained it to me. When I was beginning my thirteenth year, his Majesty said to me : ‘ I think you are now well enough instructed. You should soon receive your First Communion. I will have a priest come from France who will prepare you for that *great action*, and will prepare me for death. ’ And he kept his promise. ”



THE LEAGUE IN SCHOOLS.

THE beginning of the school-year should witness a renewal of fervor among teachers and pupils in honour of the Divine Heart of Our Lord. Much of the success of the work of the Apostleship in the class-room during the rest of the year will depend on how Local Directors go about reorganization in the first days of the year.



Where the League is already working satisfactorily — as it is in hundreds of schools in Canada — Directors and teachers need only continue on the old lines. They have but to stimulate their young associates to renewed zeal; this is all that is needed to get them into active work again.



Ordinarily, the teachers are the best Promoters in their classes. Registering the names of new associates and giving them their tickets of admission are the two first duties of a Promoter, just as they are the two essentials of membership. However, once an associate has been registered in any Centre, there is no need of renewing registration.



It may sometimes not be convenient for teachers to act as Promoters. In such cases, too great a care cannot be taken in the choice of these. The success of the devotion in the class will depend on their selection. Promoters of the Apostleship in school-rooms and divisions should be pupils of exceptional character. This is too evident to need comment.



The title of Promoter among school-children should carry with it a certain prestige, as well as any minor privileges that local circumstances will suggest. Whatever augments the influence of a Promoter among the pupils will also help the work of the Apostleship.



From the very beginning of the year the Morning Offering (First Degree) should be explained to the classes; how all study and play may be sanctified by it; how the offering of our daily works, even the most insignificant, may advance the interests of the Church. This will please the children; they like to realize that they are little apostles.



It would be far better if the Local Directors of a school or convent gave all, teachers and pupils, a simple but fervent exhortation on the

end, practices and advantages of the Holy League. This would give a strong impetus to the Devotion in the whole institution.

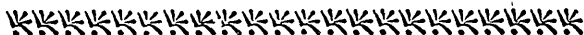


It is a pious custom, also, to recite the Daily Decade of Beads (Second Degree) in class, at the same time explaining the mysteries. This degree serves the purposes of organization: it keeps the members of circles together and makes distribution of leaflets easier for Promoters. We shall speak later of the Indulgences attached to it.

E. J. D.

IN MEMORIAM.

Alexandria: Angus McPhee, d. July 5; Laughlin McKinnon, d. July 11. *Amherstburg*: Mrs. Henry Cunningham, d. July 4; Miss Adèle Burns, Richard Shaw, Mrs. Peter Laird Grant. *Antigonish*: Mrs. Mary McLean, d. Nov. 29, '98; Mrs. William Power, d. July 21; David Fraser, d. July 27. *Bornish*: John McRae, d. May 31, '98; Malcolm Mcintosh, d. Dec. 27, '98; Alex. McDonald, d. Jan. 27; Sarah Morrison, d. Mar. 11; Angus McPhee, d. May 18. *Buckingham*: Henry Laroche. *Cornwall*: Titus Kuhn, d. in July; Elizabeth Gahen, d. in July; John McQueen, d. July 27. *Hamilton*: John Jaldon, d. Apr. 12; Annie Patton, d. July 1. *Kingston*: Mrs. Catherine McMillan, d. July 6. *London*: Mrs. Adam Higgins, d. July 1; Miss Margaret Quayle, d. July 9. *Maidstone*: Denis Burk, d. July 21. *Moncton*: Mary McHugh, d. Mar. 31; William Gallagher, d. in June; Mary J. Fogarty, d. in June. *Montreal*: Moses McIntyre, d. July 6. *Niagara Falls*: J. Hayes, d. May 3; Mrs. John O'Neil, d. June 20. *Orillia*: Mrs. Catherine McDonald, d. June 30. *Ottawa*: Mrs. P. Galvin, d. July 5. *Farkhill*: Mary A. McAuliffe, d. Jan. 28; Malcolm McInnis, d. Jan. 26. *Quebec*: Mrs. Theresa Higgins, d. Jan. 8; Mrs. B. Glennan, d. July 27. *Richmond*: Mary A. Mulvena, d. July 8. *River Eaudette*: Mrs. Bella Cameron, d. May 23. *Seaforth*: Francis Klein, d. July 29. *St. Genevieve*: Rev. W. C. Gallagher, C.S.C., d. June 24. *St. John, N. B.*: Peter Tomney, d. July 5; Mary Malloy, d. July 15. *St. Mark's, P. E. I.*: John McPherson, d. July 17. *St. Mary's, Ont.*: Rose Moore. *Toronto*: Mrs. Gregory, d. Apr. 2. *No address*: Mrs. Beck, d. June 11; George Heffron, d. June 29; Esther Jones, d. May 2. *Brigend, Ont.*: Wm. A. McGillis, d. April 4. *Campbellford*: Mrs. Jas. Cassidy, d. July 10. *Montreal*: Mrs. Hugh Clark, d. Oct. 16, 1898; Walter Burke, d. June 28. *Walkerville*: J. D. Janisse. *Woodstock*: John Slattery, d. Apr. 24; Jas. Hickey, d. May, 21.



REVIEW OF THE MONTH

THE Archbishop of Marseilles in France has received an admirable letter from the His Holiness the Pope, commending His Grace in the warmest terms for his endeavors to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart in his province.



Mgr Falconio, Archbishop of Acaranza and Matera, in Italy, the newly appointed Papal Delegate, will reach Canada shortly. His Excellency is a member of the Franciscan Order. He lived several years in the United States, and speaks English and French fluently. The nomination of a permanent delegate is an additional proof of the solicitude of the Holy Father for the Church in Canada.



The consecration of Right Reverend Dr. McEvey, Bishop of London, took place August 6th in His Lordship's own cathedral. The consecrating prelate was His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by the Bishops of Hamilton and Peterborough. The impressive ceremony was witnessed by a large number of clergy and laity from Canada and the United States.



On July 25th, the Right Reverend F. X. Cloutier was consecrated Bishop of Three Rivers, in succession to the regretted Bishop Lafleche, the officiating prelate being the Archbishop of Quebec. Bishop Cloutier has two brothers priests and seven sisters religious in different congregations. All these were present at the consecration; and one of the touching scenes of the day was the episcopal blessing given, one by one, to this family already so visibly blessed by God.



The Catholics of Vancouver are about to build a church which will be a monumental structure when completed. The corner stone was laid recently by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. Father McGuckin, O. M. I., late rector of the Ottawa University, is the pastor in charge.



The Otchipwe Indian Mission at Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, celebrated its golden jubilee last month. The Jesuit Fathers who took charge of this and similar missions on their arrival in 1843 are still working among the Otchipwes along the shores of the great Lakes.



THANKSGIVINGS

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

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

ALEXANDRIA. For improvement in health. — **AMHERSTBURG, ONT.** For a special favour, and several cures. For relief from a bone lodged in the throat, through promise of a Mass in thanksgivings, and for some other favours. — **ANTIGONISH.** For four temporal favours. For several favours received during month of July. — **ARNPRIOR.** For several special favours, after prayers and Holy Communions. For success in an examination and another favour, after praying to the S. H. and going to confession and Communion. — **ATLIN, B. C.** For a narrow escape from death.

BARRIE. For two very great favours. — **BRACEBRIDGE.** For a favour received, after making a novena to the S. H. — **BROCKVILLE, ONT.** For a great favour, after prayers for the Souls in Purgatory. For the safe return of a dear friend. For employment, after praying to St. Joseph. For success in work, by praying to the B. V. For finding a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony. For two cases of recovery from illness. — **BUCKINGHAM, ONT.** For two great favours obtained, after prayers to the S. H. For the recovery of a lost rosary.

CAMPBELLFORD. For a favour received, after prayers to St. Joseph and to the S. H. For the cure of a sick headache, after prayers. — **CHATHAM, ONT.** For a great favour obtained, through St. Anthony. — **COLGAN, ONT.** For a temporal favour, with promise to publish. For the cure of a lingering cough. For a great spiritual favour, through Jesus, Mary, Joseph and St. Anthony, with promise to publish. — **CORNWALL, ONT.** For success in business. For temporal favours. For means obtained, after prayers. For a spiritual favour obtained, after prayers. For success in an examination and three other favours. For a special favour. For two temporal favours. For having found a lost article, after prayers.

DETROIT, MICH. For a recovery from illness; success in an examination, with promise to publish; means to follow a vocation to the religious life. For employment obtained at a critical time. — **DEBEC, N. B.** For favours received, after prayers.

FAIRVILLE, N. B. For a particular favour, through prayers. For the success of a school, through intention sent in the League. For a spiritual favour, after making the Way of the Cross. For a special favour, after prayers to St. Anthony. — **FREDERICTON, N. B.** For restoration to health, after prayers. For employment and means to pay debts, after prayers to B. V. and Souls in Purgatory, and for several other favours. — **FREELTON CENTRE, ONT.** For three temporal and two spiritual favours.

GUELPH, ONT. For the recovery from illness, after novena to the B. V. and prayers to the S. H. For a special temporal favour.

GRAVENHURST. For a cure, upon application of the Badge and reciting the Litanies of the S. H. and B. V. M. For a number of temporal favours. For the cure of a cough. For the return of a parent to the Sacraments, after a novena continually renewed during two years to St. Ann, and the promise of a pilgrimage to her shrine.

HALIFAX, N. S. For several favours obtained, through application of the League prayers and Good Works; cure of a hand, return of a young man to his religious duties. — **HARBOUR BOUCHE.** For news of a son, after having a Mass said in honour of the B. V. and prayers. — **HESPELER, ONT.** For the recovery of a sister from a severe illness.

LINDSAY, ONT. For health and employment obtained. — **LONDON, ONT.** For a special favour obtained, after saying the Thirty Days' prayer and offering prayers for the Souls in Purgatory. For the success of an examination. For a reconciliation, after saying the beads of the S. H. with this intention.

MAIDSTONE, ONT. For a favour received, after prayers to the S. H. and B. V. and burning a lamp in honour of St. Anthony. For a very great favour, after a novena. For a cure, through the S. H. and St. Ann. For several temporal favours, through prayers. For having obtained a most miraculous cure, after promising a Mass for the Holy Souls, wearing and honouring different relics and the Badge of the S. H., and having candles burned in honour of St. Anthony. —

MONCRON. For two temporal favours obtained. For many great favours received, through the intercession of the B. V. and the Holy Souls. For a spiritual favour obtained, through St. Joseph and St. Francis Xavier. — **MONTREAL.** For the relief from severe bodily sufferings, through application of the Badge. For a favour obtained, after promising to acknowledge in the French and English MESSAGES. For two cases of recovering from sickness. For two special favours, after promise to publish. For a cure, after applying the Badge of the S. H. and promise to publish. For a temporal favour, after novenas to the B. V. and St. Anthony. For relief from pain. For a special temporal favour.

NEWCASTLE. For six favours received.

OTTAWA. For two great graces and one temporal favour, after praying to Jesus in the B. Sacrament, the B. Virgin and St. Joseph. For the recovery of eight persons from illness. For having obtained a position and also for good health. — **ORILLIA, ONT.** For finding something lost, after prayers to St. Anthony. For recovery of a child from severe illness, after masses said for Souls in Purgatory.

PARIS, ONT. For a favour received, after praying to St. Ann. For the health of a family. — **PARKHILL, ONT.** For the recovery of a mother, after having had two Masses said. For several other favours, through saying the Litanies of the S. H. and the practice of self-denial. For success during examination. For three other favours. — **PORT COLBORNE.** For two temporal favours and one spiritual. — **PORT HAWKESBURY.** For a very great favour granted to a father. — **PRESTON, ONT.** For the recovery of a friend from a dangerous illness. For the means required to pay a debt. For improvement in a brother's health. For a friend's return to his religious duties, after years of neglect. For many special favours received, after making several novenas. — **PRESTON.** For a brother's return to his religious duties. For a great temporal favour. For a special favour received, after prayers.

QUEBEC. For the conversion of a person who had lost the faith. For a very great temporal favour obtained, through the intercession of the B. V., St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory. For having found a long lost and much prized article, through a novena to St. Anthony. A Promoter for a special temporal favour. For a gift of money much needed, but unexpected. For a safe and prosperous journey for a traveller. For recovery from a serious and dangerous illness. For the cure of a sore eye, after applying the badge and praying to the S. H. For cure from rheumatism, after applying the Promoter's Cross to the parts affected. For a good situation, through the intercession of St. Joseph. For a great spiritual and temporal favour, through prayers to the S. H. For a special temporal favour, through the intercession of Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For a great temporal favour, through Our Lady of Lourdes. Grateful thanks for a great temporal favour. Sincere thanks for assistance in an arduous undertaking. For recovery from a severe illness, through prayers to the S. H. of Jesus. For the cure of a sore eye, after applying the S. H. Badge and making a novena to the B. V. M. For a great spiritual favour to a parish.

ST. ANDREW'S WEST. For a special spiritual favour obtained, after saying the Litanies of the S. H. and B. V. for some time. For a temporal favour, through prayers to St. Joseph and St.

Anthony. For a special favour, through prayers to St. Francis Xavier, S. J. For deliverance from a great source of anxiety, through prayers. For an escape from a great danger. — ST. GEORGE'S, P. E. I. For recovery of a Promoter's Cross, after making a novena, and for two other favours. — ST. JOHN, N. B. For several temporal favours. For a reconciliation. For conversion from drunken habits. For news from an absent son. — SARNIA. Three great favours, through the intercession of B. V. and St. Joseph. For four other favours. — SEAFORTH, ONT. For four temporal favours. — SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I. Two temporal favours.

TORONTO. For cure of a sore foot, through intercession of St. Benedict and the promise of a Mass for the most neglected Souls in Purgatory. Special thanksgiving in behalf of a person advanced in years who received Holy Communion, after a novena of First Friday Communions had been made for this intention. For recovery, after very serious illness.

WALLACEBURG, ONT. For the recovery of a valuable object lost, and two other temporal favours. — WELLAND. For two temporal favours. — WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT. For a great favour, through the intercession of Our Holy Mother and promise to publish. — WINDSOR, ONT. For the return to the Sacraments of two persons. For success in an examination.

TREASURY, AUGUST, 1899.

Acts of charity.....	253,307	Pious reading	50,871
Acts of mortification.....	140,605	Messes celebrated	3,269
Beads	159,934	Messes heard	59,779
Stations of the Cross.....	7,642	Works of zeal.....	58,806
Holy Communions.....	34,823	Various good works.....	184,576
Spiritual Communions...	122,274	Prayers	627,913
Examinations of conscience	63,037	Sufferings or afflictions...	47,075
Hours of silence	23,460	Self conquests.....	65,940
Charitable conversations	93,106	Visits to Bl. Sacrament...	152,080
Hours of labour	298,255		
Holy Hours	11,638	Total.....	2,550,632

INTENTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

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

GENERAL INTENTION BLESSED BY THE POPE :

The Struggle against Secret Societies.

- 1.—F.—1st Friday. St. Giles, M. af. cf. gf. Lowliness of heart. 22,433 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—S.—St. Stephen, C. Pray for rulers. 20,871 In affliction.
- 3.—S.—BB. Anthony and Comp., MM. af. cf. gf. rf. Sanctify daily work. 65,170 Departed.
- 4.—M.—St. Rose of Viterbo, V. Watch over self. 19,277 Special Favours.
- 5.—Tu.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bp. Confidence in God. 1,817 Communities.
- 6.—W.—St. Onesiphorus, M. Teachableness. 6,301 First Communions.
- 7.—Th.—BB. Thomas and Comp., MM. hf. Kindliness. League Associates.
- 8.—F.—THE NATIVITY B. V. M. df. gf. mf. rf. sf. Renewal of spirit. 18,765 Employment, Means.
- 9.—S.—St. Peter Claver, C. Pray for colored races. 2,294 Priests.
- 10.—S.—HOLY NAME OF MARY. rf. Honour Mary's Name. 30,335 Children.
- 11.—M.—BB. Charles and Comp., MM. Dare to do right. 11,721 Families.
- 12.—Tu.—St. Guy, C. Avoid deliberate sin. 11,948 Gr. of Perseverance.
- 13.—W.—St. Eulogius, Bp. Pray for the clergy. 15,984 Gr. of Union, Reconciliation.
- 14.—Th.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross. hf. Way of the Cross. 15,994 Spiritual Favours.
- 15.—F.—St. Catharine of Genoa, W. pf. Help the Holy Souls. 15,771 Temporal Favours.
- 16.—S.—SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, MM. Zeal for the faith. 9,834 Conversions to the Faith.
- 17.—S.—SEVEN DOLOURS B. V. M. mf. nf. Compassion. 12,414 Young men and women.
- 18.—M.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, C. Virtue of obedience. 1,803 Educational Houses.
- 19.—Tu.—SS. Januarius and Comp., MM. Honour Christ's Wounds. 8,741 Sick persons.
- 20.—W.—Ember Day. SS. Eustace and Comp., MM. Generosity. 4,745 In retreat.
- 21.—Th.—St. MATTHEW, Ap. df. hf. mf. Contempt for riches. 411 Works, Societies.
- 22.—F.—Ember Day. St. Thomas of Villanova, Bp. Zeal for Souls. 1,750 Parishes.
- 23.—S.—Ember Day. St. Linus, P. M. Devotion to the Holy See. 33,999 Sinners.
- 24.—S.—Our Lady of Ransom (Mercy). mf. nf. Help the unfortunate. 9,213 Parents.
- 25.—M.—St. Firminus, Bp. Rf. idleness to believe. 4,816 Religious.
- 26.—Tu.—SS. Cyprian and Justina, MM. Christian fortitude. 1,988 Novices, Ch. Students.
- 27.—W.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM. Pray for physicians. 1,913 Superiors.
- 28.—Th.—St. Wenceslas, M. hf. Devotion to Holy Mass. 7,795 Vocations.
- 29.—F.—St. MICHAEL, Arch df. Confidence in Angels. League Directors and Promoters.
- 30.—S.—St. Jerome, C. D. Study the Bible. 19,741 Various Intentions.

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

†=Plenary Indulg, a=1st Degree; b=2nd Degree, d=Apostolic Indulgence; g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity, h=Holy Hour, m=Bona Mors, n=Sodalty of the Agonising Heart of J., p=Promoters, r=Rosary Sodalty; s=Sodalty B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.