

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART)

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EVENING HYMN TO OUR LADY.

BY INIGO.

SOFTLY the vale in the sunset is sleeping,
Evening her mantle unfolds from on high,
Longer the shadows are stealthily creeping—
Soon will they settle on ocean and sky.
Safe thro' the gath'ring night,
Mother watch o'er us!
Soft on our faltering sight
Gleam thou before us!

Homeward the swallow his swift flight is bending,
Silvery tinklings are filling the air,
Thinly the smoke 'mid the beeches ascending
Summons the toiler from furrow and share.
Mother, when day is done
Do thou enarm us—
Drive far the evil one
Striving to harm us!

Chill is the night wind so wearily sighing,
 List to the notes of its weird roundelay !
 Hark how it swells, to the forest replying—
 Low now it whispers and hastens away.
 Safe from the tempest's wrath,
 Mother, defend us !
 Thou on our darksome path
 Strongly befriend us !

Mother, life's sunset in darkness is waning,
 Thickly the shadows are merging in gloom ;
 Homeward at last is the glad spirit straining,
 Rest comes fore'er at the gate of the tomb.
 Mother, amid the strife
 Stand e'er beside us !
 Unto the dawn of Life
 Safely to guide us !

OUR LADY'S SHRINES.

FROM what has been written in these pages, about shrines of our Lady, it is evident that there has always been in the Church a conviction that it is quite in the spirit of the Christian religion to have and to practise particular devotion to certain saints and to certain holy places. And this kind of devotion is not a vagary of enthusiastic or uneducated persons, but it has been taught and practised by the wisest and most learned of all times. More than this, there is a direct pronouncement of the Church itself on this subject.

In 1788, the Jansenist Synod of Pistoja reprobated and forbade nearly all the practices of piety common to Catholics; among others devotion to particular images and places, on the ground that they are not of faith. This schismatical Synod and its propositions were immediately condemned by the Holy See, in the Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, and the devotions of the faithful, with whatever else the odious spirit of Jansenism opposed, were vindicated and approved. Besides

this explicit and direct utterance of the Church, the devotion to shrines and other holy places has very often, before and since, been approved indirectly, through the liberal grant of indulgences and privileges to innumerable sanctuaries and consecrated spots by the Holy See.

But even if we had not this sentence of the Holy See, or the express teaching of learned doctors and theologians, in favor of such devotions, we should still have come to the same conclusion about them from the fact that it has pleased Almighty God to teach us Himself that He holds some spots as more highly favored than others, and that he will accept, with especial favor, prayers and offerings made therein. "It is known to all men," wrote St. Augustine, "that He does set a difference between one place and another, though none can penetrate His counsel and explain why it is that miracles of this kind are wrought in one place and not in another."

The miracles alone would be a sufficient evidence of God's election in favor of certain privileged places and images; for these miracles and prodigies of various kinds have been perfectly well authenticated, and we are warranted in arguing from such display of divine power to the favor of the Most High. But if some scriptural warrant is required of us, we may quote the twelfth chapter of Deuteronomy and the dedication of the Temple of Solomon.¹ Again it pleased the Most High to choose the pool of Bethsaida and the waters of the Jordan, in which He placed a miraculous power to heal. Other instances abound in Scripture, and in ancient and modern history.

This being the case, it is altogether natural that the instinct of Catholic devotion should lead the faithful to make some outward display of their reverence for such places, and that they should expect particular graces there. From such a feeling, both reasonable in itself, and justified by miraculous evidence of divine approval, sprang the practice, common among the chosen people of God, in the Old Law and among Catholics in the New, of making pilgrimages to holy places.

¹ Kings iii., 8; iv., 3.

"The practice of pilgrimages," says the learned author of the *Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna*, "has not been confined to any particular age, or country, or class of men, but it is rather one of those indigenious flowers of the faith, which is native to the soil and springs from it spontaneously without care or culture. It is a part of that natural language by which men give expression to their religious sense, when the heart charged with emotions of gratitude and veneration seeks relief in some exterior act." It is an "instinct of the heart, which prompts them to give outward manifestations of their interior worship."

Pilgrimages, then, when undertaken in the true spirit of pilgrimages, are certainly helps to the spiritual life and to holiness; and the more self-denial and personal discomfort there is in these pious journeys, the more acceptable they must be to God, who has given the attraction of special graces to holy places, and to our Lady or the Saints who are honored there.

It was certainly a bold and often dangerous undertaking in earlier times to start on a pilgrimage, especially when the pilgrim travelled alone to fulfil a vow or to ask a favor at some distant shrine. In those days the pilgrim journeyed on foot, often through hostile nations at deadly strife one with another, night after night knocking at the doors of strangers to ask for hospitality. His course might lead him through unknown and lonely tracts of country, over hard roads and steep hills or mountains, or through swollen torrents. As he went, with his pilgrim's staff and the cockle-shell wherewith to drink of the chance stream or the mountain spring, living on precarious alms, he must have been often reminded that we are all "pilgrims and strangers," "sojourners on the earth as all our fathers were." Such a pilgrimage as this would certainly be a great help to pious meditation and to the spirit of penance, which should be an accompaniment of these devout journeys.

In our day pilgrimages are not made in such mediæval style. We travel comfortably and expeditiously. But this is no reason for assuming that a pilgrimage may not be as devoutly made and as spiritually helpful now as when

travelling, even at its best, was attended with much bodily fatigue and not seldom with more or less danger. The modern pilgrim may make the journey as prayerful and as meditative as he will; he will probably find some occasions for self-denial and for kindly charities on the way. Moreover, the gathering of great multitudes from many lands will impress the thoughtful with a new and elevating view of the Catholicity of the church, of the universal providence of God our Father, and of the far-reaching and all-embracing bonds of our Catholic brotherhood.

A well organized and religiously conducted pilgrimage, then, is always a good thing. If there were nothing else in it, it would still be a great public act of faith; and that is no small matter. We live at a time and in a country that scout the idea of miracles, that have no conception of the supernatural in everyday life. The wise men of the age, the men of modern science, make their own little minds the measure of God's omnipotence; they will not allow to the Almighty the power of doing anything that they cannot account for by their material standards, anything that to their way of thinking does not commend itself as useful or reasonable. These unbelieving scoffers flippantly condemn Catholic devotions as superstitious, and without any examination of evidence, pronounce them manifestly absurd and false.

In the face of this popular prejudice and contempt, pilgrimages to holy shrines may be esteemed as protests against unbelief and as professions of faith in the almighty power and unfailing providence of God, who is "wonderful in His saints." Such acts of faith are not without their reward, certainly in the life to come, and often in the life that now is. For, as they know who have visited holy shrines and sanctuaries, there is much to refresh the soul and to stimulate piety, in the sight of those outbursts of faith and devotion which storm heaven for favors much desired, in the crowds that throng the confessional and altars, and the devout recollection of multitudes kneeling at the Holy Sacrifice, or, as at Lourdes, in the religious enthusiasm that hails the passage of the Blessed Sacrament, and

the impassioned thanksgivings that follow the granting of the prayer of faith.

What is seen and heard in such places often produces an effect that would not be experienced elsewhere. To one who, after a retreat, asked: "Why do they not preach like that in our parish?" "They do, perhaps, preach a great deal better in your parish," answered one of the missionaries, "only here there is *an invisible preacher who speaks to the heart.*" "And these few words," says Dr. Northcote, "contain the secret of that wonderful influence which is felt by those who visit holy sanctuaries in the true spirit of pilgrimage." God is there the "invisible preacher." He draws souls to these holy places apart from the busy world, that He may "speak to their hearts;" and the long list of miraculous cures and graces which fill the chronicles of such sanctuaries, are but a feeble exterior token of far more numerous and prodigious graces granted invisibly to penitent and believing souls.

THE FILLING OF TOMMY SODDS.

BY M. G. B.

THE OFFICERS' CLUB was an "Institution" of which the 37th Infantry was proud. Its laws and customs, written and unwritten, had been handed down faithfully from one generation to another. True, time and the army regulations had modified things somewhat since the days when punch was made in a barrel and the little game of poker was played three days running—or until some member of the game was obliged to report for guard duty.

"Those were glorious times, sir, the days of the 'old army,'" some of the ancient members of the club were often heard to mutter when some "youngster," fresh from West Point, had unwittingly violated the unwritten rule never to beat the "old fellows" more than one game out of three.

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When Sodds, the civilian appointment, joined the regiment and brought with him his young wife, a sweet-faced little country girl, the men and women of the 37th were dis-

gusted and indignant. The men were disgusted that their page on the army register should be spoiled by the words "appointed from civil life," printed opposite Sodds' name, while all the rest were marked "M. A." (Military Academy).

The women were indignant that he should join the regiment already married, when there were so many daughters, to say nothing of sisters and sisters-in-law, to be provided with husbands, and such a lack too of eligible men in the 37th.

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When Sodds had been at the post three whole weeks and had not sent in his application to join "the club" the men shook their heads. When six weeks went by, with no application for membership from Sodds, who went serenely on his way as if he were utterly unconscious of violating the unwritten but inexorable code of his regiment, then the "old fellows" felt the matter must be taken in hand.

"The service was going to the dogs, sir, when every young upstart in the country was given a commission, and thought himself called upon to preach to his superior officers," so growled the "old fellows."

But if Tommy did preach it was only the silent sermon of his example; for he was full of respect for his elders, and would gather up with eager humility the crumbs of military wisdom they would occasionally let drop for his benefit; he regarded them all from his own First Lieutenant up as quite superior beings.

Major Hardstuff, whose nose of brilliant flame color had been a beacon-light of warning to many generations of "youngsters," was unanimously appointed to bring Sodds to the scratch, to show him his duty as an "officer and a gentleman."

So the very next morning as Tommy stood ready to march on as officer of the day, Major Hardstuff, who was marching off (he was only a Brevet Major and had to take his turn at guard duty with the others) proceeded to enlighten Sodds as to what was expected of an officer who had the privilege of belonging to the 37th Infantry.

Poor Tommy stammered and blushed a little when he learned that his conduct had not at all reached the standard required by the *esprit de corps* existing in the 37th.

But he promised to remedy the matter at once, and that night his application was filed and he was duly elected a member of the club. Sodds paid his dues with praiseworthy regularity, but he was not at all a satisfactory club man. It was incredible, but he actually seemed to prefer his pretty quarters to the delights of the club, and he was never seen to take a drink.

From the women of the regiment his course met with great approval, and Tommy, utterly unconscious of it himself, was held up to erring husbands and delinquent subalterns as a model worthy of imitation. And so it came about that the men were determined to "fill Tommy up good and full, for once, at least," and Jack Barry's "promotion party" was chosen as a most suitable occasion.

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The glasses were filled, and Major Benton rose to propose the customary toast :

"Long life and good luck to you. May your shadow never grow less, and may you continue to be a credit and an honor to 'Ours,' Jack, my boy."

Every man sprang to his feet, glass in hand, waiting for the signal to drain them in unison.

Poor Sodds stood, too, but with empty hands. There was no water, and his glass was filled with the sparkling wine.

"Mr. Sodds, we are waiting for you to join us," said the Major, severely.

"I never drink, sir," faltered poor Sodds.

"By Jove! that's an insult to us all," some one cried.

And Sodds picked up his glass and drained it with the rest. After that first glass there was no trouble at all.

As Tommy emptied his glass two sad reproachful faces gazed at him—one a sweet old face framed in soft white hair, the other youthful and lovely, with merry brown eyes and dainty curls. He quickly emptied another glass, and the vision vanished.

And so the fun went on, growing fast and furious as the sentinel called the passing hours. "Three o'clock, and all's well!" sang the man on number one.

There was a slight bustle at the door of Barry's front room. The face of the senior Post Surgeon appeared in the doorway. He had not participated in the evening's ceremony.

Tommy, with a foolish smile on his face and Barry's best red table-cover, was giving an imitation of a stage dance, encouraged by the laughter and applause of his not too critical audience.

"Sodds!" called the senior medical officer, sharply, "you're wanted at home at once. Your wife is very ill."

"Won't go home till morning," sang poor Tommy. "Tied to no woman's apron-strings."

"Good Heaven!" cried the doctor, hoarsely. "I congratulate you, gentlemen. Sodds' wife is dying. She is asking for him now."

The shock of the news completely sobered the whole party save poor Tommy, who had fallen to the floor in a stupor, from which they tried in vain to rouse him.

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Down in Virginia a gentle little white-haired mother was praying for her boy. As she knelt, the tender face of the Crucified One looked down with loving pity, the pierced hands pointed toward that wounded Heart, as if to impress upon her that there she would find the answer to her fervent petition:

"O! Sacred Heart of my Saviour, grant to my boy the grace to resist temptation.

"O! Thou who knowest the secrets of all hearts, who judgest poor sinners by Thine own most merciful Heart, remember my boy's inheritance from an erring father.

"I promise Thee, O, Sacred Heart, never to touch liquor in any form. O! accept this offering for my son."

O, loving, pleading mother heart! She who had never suffered one drop of the poison to pass her lips since the gallant, kindly husband of her youth had been brought to ruin and death by its deadly use. She made her offering as

if it were some great sacrifice. But no matter, God understood, and that is all that is necessary.

"Rather death, than sin and dishonor, dear Saviour," she fervently ended her prayer."

The mother's heart was comforted and at peace. Her boy, so far from her watchful care, would be safe in the care of the Sacred Heart.

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Sodds' face, the day of the funeral, haunted them all. They could not look upon him without an inward shudder.

"Good heavens! Barry," cried Teddy Miles, usually the gayest and most reckless of "subs," "look at the man's face; so Judas must have looked when he had betrayed Christ. I've never seen such a look of despair on a human face before."

"God forgive me for *my* share in this devil's work," answered Barry, solemnly.

The grave, white-haired priest met the sad little funeral procession at the door of the chapel.

Sodds, as chief mourner, walked behind the coffin, not a sign of emotion on his face, though nearly everyone else was in tears.

The Mass for the dead was begun, and Sodds followed carefully the ritual.

Not even at the grave did he break down, and when all was over and he returned to his lonely quarters, none dared follow him save the Priest of God.

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That very night came the news that the Apaches had broken loose again. Sodds' company was amongst those ordered to take the field at once.

"Thank God! I am ordered," was his only comment when the news came.

It was midnight when the officer of the day met him on his way to the chapel.

"Where are you going, Sodds?" the officer of the day asked.

"To make my peace with God," replied Tommy, quietly. "See, some of the men are before me."

The faint light of an altar candle showed a solemn scene. The old priest was hearing confessions. Small squads of soldiers, already equipped for the field, with their well-filled cartridge belts and carrying rifles, hurried in, hastily unburdened their conscience, and as quickly left.

Sodds knelt quietly with the waiting throng. He must take his turn with the rest.

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There had been a sharp brush with the Indians, and, although outnumbered, the troops had been victorious. But many a blue-coated figure, lying still and silent, staining the white alkali plains with ugly red patches, showed at what cost the treacherous foe had been repulsed.

"Sodds, my boy, I am proud of you. You have distinguished yourself to-day, my lad. Your name heads the list in my report to the General. By Jove! I've seen brave men and fighting before, but, boy, you fought to-day as if you feared nothing," said his Colonel.

"There is only *one* I fear, Colonel," replied Sodds, quietly.

"Who is that, may I ask?" said the Colonel, curiously.

"*Myself*, sir," was the low answer.

Even as they spoke a stir was seen among the men. Something was causing great excitement.

A tall young sergeant hurried up, saluting as he ran.

"Sir, the men say that some one left for dead has shown signs of life. It's old Murphy, of 'G' Company, sir."

As the man spoke, the officers anxiously scanning the plain before them, strewn with those silent forms, saw the figure of a sergeant rise slowly to a sitting posture.

The troops had had a desperate struggle to gain the safety of the rocky summit of the main divide, which they now held. Their comrades dotting the plains below had fallen in the swift run for shelter.

With many years' experience of his crafty foe, the Colonel knew full well that they had only retreated to seek hiding-places in the surrounding cañons, from which to pick off the unwary.

A faint cry, which sounded like "water," reached their ears from the wounded man.

"This is awful!" groaned the Colonel. "One man I might spare," he murmured, uneasily, "but it would take four, at least, to carry him in, and—no, I cannot afford to lose any more men."

"Look, Colonel! look at the Lieutenant!" cried the Sergeant, grasping that officer's arm, utterly oblivious for the time of the distinctions of rank.

Sodds, pistol in hand, was already half way down the steep incline before they realized his purpose. He had lifted the wounded soldier in his strong young arms and was slowly climbing back.

A hundred willing comrades would have rushed out to assist, but for the quick, stern commands of the officers, who stopped the generous stampede just in time, for suddenly the cañon echoed and re-echoed with the sudden fire poured in by the lurking foe. Still Sodds moved on slowly, but when only a few yards from the nearest sheltering rock he paused, then sank slowly to the ground—dead.

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A week later a gentle, white-haired, widowed mother came out to the frontier garrison to take her boy home.

The little wife was to come, too, so that all her dead might lie at rest together, she explained, where she could tend the flowers on their graves as she prayed for her loved ones.

Only once did they see her weep; it was when the Colonel handed her a small morocco case, taken from her boy's pocket. It contained her face and the little wife's, and a small faded Badge of the SACRED HEART.

The Colonel and the senior Surgeon accompanied her aboard the train, and sat with her, after the funeral escort had returned to the post.

She had said good-bye to every officer in the post, and with tears in her gentle eyes, thanked them for their kindness to her boy.

"There is one thing I must say, gentlemen," said the little mother, "I am proud and happy that my son died as he did." There was a tremor in the soft voice. "My son was always a good boy, but he was a little weak; and his

father died, sirs, from an over indulgence in liquor. I—I have always trembled for my son, but he died like a brave and honorable man. You, sir," turning to the Colonel, "who have sons of your own, can appreciate my feelings."

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It was the Senior Medical Officer who repeated the little mother's last words at the club that night.

One by one, subdued, impressed in spite of themselves, crept off to their quarters, the "Youngsters," until finally only the two oldest members were left—Major Benton and Brevet-Major Hardstuff.

Punctually at twelve, old Sambo, the faithful colored servitor, who had followed the varied fortunes of the 37th since "befo' de wah," brought in, according to custom, the steaming toddy kettle, the lemons and sugar.

"A good boy, but a little weak," murmured Major Hardstuff. Then suddenly straightening himself and clearing his throat, he said slowly: "Major Benton, I call you to witness. I shall never taste another drop of liquor; so help me God!"

"I will join you, Major," replied old Benton, unexpectedly but determinedly. "Sambo"—with a dignified wave of dismissal—"you may take that kettle away, and—never bring it back."

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And so it went, according to rank. The captains and first-lieutenants following rapidly, until even the "Youngsters" could not withstand the earnest movement, the outcome of the sincere remorse of those who took part in the "Filling of Tommy Sodds."

LET the heart but be penetrated with the love of Jesus, and the mind will involuntarily revert to those objects which He has so much at heart, and that not once, now and again, but frequently; and as our love increases, the thought of His interests will grow more constant, until it becomes the habitual occupation of our souls.—*The Voice of the Sacred Heart.*

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

It is a happy and a most fitting order of things which leads us into the month of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Sacrament through the month of our Lady and Mother Mary. This is a good thought for our Sodalists to dwell on ; one which should fire them with a pious emulation to make the closing days of Mary's month a season of especial devotion, both for our Lady's sake and as the best preparation for the month of the Sacred Heart.

During the blessed month of our Lady, her favored children have gathered about her altar, they have offered at her shrine the fairest flowers that come with nature's bloom, and the still lovelier flowers of prayer and praise and, best of all, the devotion of pure and loving hearts. These have been happy days, days of grace and blessing for the true children of Mary. But the end is at hand, and they must make the most of their last opportunity. The leave-taking should be one that will be worthy of our Lady and memorable to them.

It is a pious and a becoming practice to close the month of Mary with great solemnity ; and in this the members of the sodality very fitly take the lead and give the example. Now, accordingly, they will gather up all those fragrant offerings of the month into one crown of beauty to deck the brow of their Immaculate Queen. They will marshal their ranks and, as they march beneath Mary's banner, they will raise their hearts and their voices to her, in praise and thanksgiving for the blessings she has bestowed, and in prayer for a continuance of her motherly care and protection in the months and years to come.

Upon scenes like these our Blessed Lady must look down with loving approval ; and that mother's love will prepare her children's hearts for the approaching feasts of her divine Son to whose Sacred Heart they will come most surely through the Immaculate Heart of Mary. We may be sure that the more we give to Mary the better we shall please our Lord and Master, since all the extraordinary honor we pay to her has its fitness in her peculiar relation to Him. There is a beauti-

ful episode in the life of St. Gertrude, which bears out this doctrine so entirely and so touchingly that it would be a pity not to quote it here.

The Saint tells us that she was wont to refer to Jesus everything that impressed her as being beautiful and lovable. Thus, when she heard the praises of Mary or of the saints, she always thought far more of Jesus, the King of kings, and the source of all these perfections, than of the saint whose feast was celebrated. Now it happened, on the feast of the Annunciation, that the preacher made a magnificent panegyric of the glorious Virgin; but he did not dwell on our Lord, or the great mystery of the Incarnation. St. Gertrude felt hurt at this, and, on her way back to her cell, as she saluted an image of the Blessed Virgin, she felt that all the love of her heart was going out to Jesus, Mary's blessed Son. Afterwards her extreme delicacy of conscience made her fear that she might have displeased the Queen of heaven. But our Lord came to console her. "Have no fear," He said, "for when you think of Me, as you salute My holy mother, she accepts such an act of homage with great joy. However, when you pass that image again, put Me aside a little, to salute My mother with all possible devotion." And, as the saint protested that she could not think of turning her thoughts for a moment from our Lord, He kindly added: "Do Me this pleasure, My child; for every time you salute My mother thus, I shall gladly accept and reward your offering as I reward a faithful servant who, for My greater glory, deprives himself, for a season, of Me, who am the infinite source of all good."

We are happy to announce, as our own little May offering, that we have now ready a very neat four-page leaflet, as a "Memento of Admission into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin." The first page bears this title and a beautiful half-tone picture of the Annunciation, the title, the *Prima Primaria*, the Mother-Sodality in Rome, taken from the name of the church in which the first regular meetings were held. The second page is a blank, on which the name of the Sodality and of the member are to be written; the third and fourth contain Sodality prayers and Indulgences.



Not since the first settlement and purchases of the site of the Mission of the Martyrs, in 1884, have we had such good news for the friends of the Shrine as we are able, by a happy providence, to announce in this issue. The ravine that figures so prominently in the story of the captivity of the first missionaries to the Iroquois, and particularly in Father Jogues' account of the burial of René Goupil, is, at last, the property of the Shrine, and will henceforth be consecrated to the memory of its first holy explorers, and secured from every possible hindrance to the piety of the pilgrims who have insisted on making it a sacred precinct from the beginning.



Although the owner of this property had all along permitted the pious processions of the Auriesville pilgrims to make their own of it on pilgrimage days, it would have been too much to presume that this could last always. Besides, there was always a chance that the ravine might fall into the hands of parties who would take advantage of the pious regard in which it is held, to turn it into a park or some kind of money-making resort. For this reason, all who are interested in the Shrine, have been always desirous of possessing this sacred spot, and when lately it was hinted that there was a possibility of buying it, our prayers and endeavors to secure it were redoubled, until at last success crowned our efforts and it is now ours.



To call the new property, or any part of Auriesville, "ours," is to identify ourselves with the thousands of its

patrons whose donations and prayers for so many years have enabled us to do all that has been done toward acquiring the holy place and consecrating it to the pious purposes for which it is held. By "ours," in this particular case, we mean the devoted friend of the cause who acted as intermediary in the transfer of this property, and more especially, the generous patron and pilgrim who promptly donated the price of the amount of land it was first proposed to sell. By the laws of gratitude, benefactors are entitled to a share in the good things that result from their gifts, and we look confidently to every friend of the Shrine to repay these, our latest benefactors, by a special intercession with the Martyrs of Auriesville.



As hinted above, the purchase of the ravine was not so simple nor so easy as it might have been. One difficulty was, that to buy the ravine proper an adjoining piece of land had to be included in the purchase, and this additional demand on the Shrine funds threatened for a time to put off the purchase indefinitely. It was, however, decided better to buy the place at all costs, and the timely offer of the intermediary in this purchase to stand for the additional sum needed, provided we should relieve him of this engagement in a year from now, made the transaction as simple and easy as we could desire. The terms of the purchase, as well as many other interesting items about the Shrine and the various projects connected with it, are soon to be printed in a circular, which will be issued, with a new leaflet of prayers for the cause of the Martyrs, before the end of June. All who wish to have this circular and leaflet should apply to us by postal, or, should they wish to defray the post-expenses, by a stamped envelope and a word to let us know that they want them. The circular will also give full information about the usual summer pilgrimages to Auriesville, which this year promise to be more frequent and numerous than ever.



A matter of more personal interest, perhaps, is the announcement that the drawing for the model of the new

statue of Our Lady of Martyrs took place Thursday evening, May 16, in presence of several of last year's pilgrimage. Mr. Charles H. Misner, of Peoria, Ill., who had taken and filled the book issued under the title of St. Agnes, got the model of the statue, and Miss M. Mulhall, of New York City, whose name was entered in the book inscribed Our Lady of Martyrs, taken by Miss Donohue, of the same city, drew the second premium, a silver tea-set.



No one cares to leave Auriesville, *i. e.*, no one who knows the story of the captivity of Father Jogues on that sacred spot. The fascination is not merely in the beauty of the scenery nor in the wholesomeness of the atmosphere, but in the sacred memories connected with the place. Singularly enough, just as we are fascinated by these memories, Father Jogues was fascinated by the work, and even by the sufferings which make the subject of them all. For a whole night he prayed and deliberated before he could consent to close with the offer of the kindly Dutch commander of the post at Fort Orange (now Albany), to make good his escape. In his lifetime he declared that the day would come when a grand temple would crown that hill-top, already consecrated by so much heroism and suffering. This alone would explain the strength of the attraction which makes one who knows his story love to linger near the spot.



It was Ascension Eve, and this made it harder to leave the holy place. Three hours had been given to pacing the ground in and about the ravine, and now we were at the Shrine again. The vespers of the great feast were reminding us that the King of Martyrs had ascended 'into heaven to lead thither the army of those whose garments had been steeped in the Blood of the Lamb. How truly we could re-echo in Father Jogues' case: "He led captivity captive, alleluia!" And then came St. Paul's phrase: "Ever living to make intercession for us." Like Him, their Head in all things, His holy ones live with Him to make intercession for us. No wonder one leaves with reluctance a place where

the very air seems to be charged with the power of prayer and of the meditation of men whose lives were all holy and filled with beautifulness. May God hasten the day when the power of the intercession of his servants, Father Isaac Jogues and companions, may be so evident as to be declared to all Christians by the voice of His Vicar upon earth !

WHERE once the Indian war-whoop rung,
 Now sounds the chant by Pilgrims sung ;
 Devoutly kneeling at the Shrine
 'Now hallowed by the Rite Divine.
 Here Kateri her home erst made,
 The Lily of the Mohawk glade ;
 Here too, the noble René died,
 A victim for the Crucified :
 And here the saintly Jogues outpoured
 His life's-blood for the savage horde.
 And now there reigns at Auriesville
 The Martyrs' Queen on Martyrs' Hill.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

J. M. B., Amenia, N. Y., in thanksgiving \$5 00	A Child of Mary, New York city 1 00
A friend, St. Clair, Pa, for an intention 1 00	M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two intentions 5 00
M. J. K., New York city 1 00	C. J. G., Newark, N. J, in thanksgiving 1 00
D. F., Irvington, N. Y. 1 00	"Anon," New York city, in thanksgiving 1 00
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa, 1 00	E. J. K., Chicago, Ill., in thanksgiving 1 00
P. M., Fountain, Minn. 1 00	
Sr. M. W., Loretto, Ky. 1 00	
H. O'D., Sarina, Canada 1 00	

MONTELLO, WIS., May 24, 1895.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER :

In the PILGRIM for June we see among " Our Lady's Shrines " a mention of our Shrine at St Marie.

On May 30 another pilgrimage will be made to this Shrine, and for the first time in thirty years a Mass will be said in the old stone church at St. Marie

On May 9, the two hundred and twentieth anniversary of Father Marquette's death, we celebrated the day at Montello by a procession around our church on the hill. First the altar boys, carrying the banner of the Blessed Virgin, then the priest, the school children bearing the banner of St. Ann, then the congregation, the children singing hymns to our Lady and in honor of Father Marquette.

A PROMOTER.

WORK OF THE MISSIONS.

The following interesting and very touching letter was sent to us by Mgr. Barthe, S.J., Vicar-Apostolic of Trichinopoly, who had just received it from one of his Missionary Fathers :

MUDITANANDEL, February 19, 1895.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP :

I hasten to communicate to your lordship a piece of good news which will, I am sure, console you greatly amid the trials to which it has pleased Divine Providence to subject you in your failing health.

Yesterday I visited a village in which no Catholic missionary ever set foot. It was the urgent entreaty of some Catechumens that took me thither. These good people belong to the caste of the shepherds, a caste in good standing in Southern India, and one in which we have not yet many Christians. Fortunately, they have not yet been tampered with by Protestants, but remain honest pagans, herding great flocks of sheep or of oxen. Their profession is as honorable here as it was in the time of the ancient patriarchs.

The Catechumens, however, stand somewhat higher in the social scale than the mass of their congeners. They pride themselves on having formerly possessed certain rights of seigniorage over a wide domain, which includes three villages of considerable importance. As a result of their increase in numbers, and also of the vicissitudes of the times, the property which their fathers held as one great estate is now divided among them. Some portions of it have even passed into the hands of strangers.

So much for their social condition. What is more to our purpose now is that their disposition is excellent. This is their own account of their motive in calling for me : "We have long desired to be Catholics. Our Caste Council, though not hostile to our purpose, viewed with pain the prospect of a division among us on religious grounds, and they advised us to defer the movement for a time. Our chief died lately, and now the Council has entered upon a serious examination of our proposal. We have two Catholic relations among us, one at Putchikadu, the other at Juticorin. We have read their religious books, and as it is generally conceded that our proposal is in no way opposed to our tribal customs, we are free to act. We have already given up our heathen practices, and, after various inquiries in different places, we have been referred to you." And to us they came. I had promised to go to them on Sexagesima Monday, but they feared, in their eagerness, that I might forget my appointment, and they sent a deputation on the Sunday. The poor fellows had been wandering about from four o'clock in the morning till noon, not knowing where I resided. Of course I went with them, and I was received most cordially and reverently by the whole population. The village consists of sixty houses, inhabited by the shepherds. Ten of these households declared themselves Christians without delay. The rest promise to follow soon.

Here is the substance of their propositions : "We are eager to worship the true God, but we do not know how to go about it. We need instruction and we must have a church."

"All this is quite just and reasonable," I answered. "But to build a church we must have ground and some money. Can you furnish a site, and are you willing to make some sacrifice to provide the means for building?"

"We are most willing," they said. "But we have no free site, and the famine of 1877 reduced us to a state of poverty from which we still suffer. And then we need a school for the children. The pagans will attend it also, and you may be sure that all will soon be Christians."

"Very well," I rejoined. "But we shall need money for all that. I shall apply to my Superior, and we will do what we can."

And accordingly I am writing to your lordship. These good shepherds are so well disposed that it would grieve me sorely to disappoint them. I cannot help looking upon them as the brethren of those who were first called to the Manger in Bethlehem. They are the first fruits of their tribe and of their caste, which will soon follow them into the fold of Christ.

To accomplish what is necessary for the salvation of these souls, we need at least five thousand francs. I know the difficulties under which our Mission is laboring now. Can it make so considerable a sacrifice in its present need? I place the matter before you. If the Mission cannot supply the want, might not an appeal be made to generous souls in Europe or elsewhere? Surely, the offerings made for such a purpose would be a source to the givers of many blessings from the Sacred Heart of the Divine Master, and would bring many souls into the Church which He founded at the cost of His Precious Blood.

I beg your lordship's blessing and prayers.

Your obedient servant in Christ,

G. POUGET, S.J.

ROCKPORT, TEXAS, May 23, 1895.

DEAR FATHER DIRECTOR :

My church is in pieces, blown down by a cyclone on the night before last. Diplomas and everything are gone. But, not discouraged, I must start immediately another little Sacred Heart Church. My poor people have already, with Rt. Rev. Bp. Verdagner, subscribed ninety-five dollars, but I need a few hundreds at least. Oh! please pray for us and send us a new Diploma of Aggregation.

I wish I were a rich man. Thank God for me and with me, for I was saved miraculously. Naturally, I should have been buried under the debris, but God gently removed the church from its blocks about fifteen feet and then took it down, thus saving my little house and myself. Visible miracle this, as well as many other wonderful happenings in this disaster.

Yours respectfully in Christ

FATHER FORTIER.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For Father Bapp, S.J., Jamaica Mission.	For the most needy mission.
"Anon," Gesù Centre, Phila.,	"Anon." St. Louis, Mo. . . \$1 00
per Rev. D. C. D. . . . \$25 00	M. McC., Hudson, N. Y. . . 1 00
Jamaica, per Promoter St. F.	
X. Centre, N. Y. 3 00	

A BOY, rather small for his years, was employed in an office as errand boy, for four gentlemen who did business there.

One day, as was not infrequently their custom, they were chaffing him about his diminutive size, and said to him: "You will never come to much you rascal, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," he said "I do not know, but small as I am, I can do something none of you four men can do."

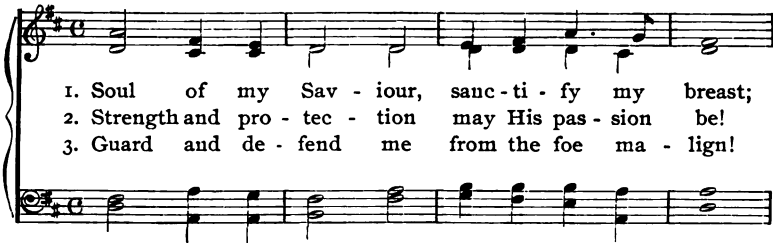
"Ah, what is that?"

"I can keep from swearing!"

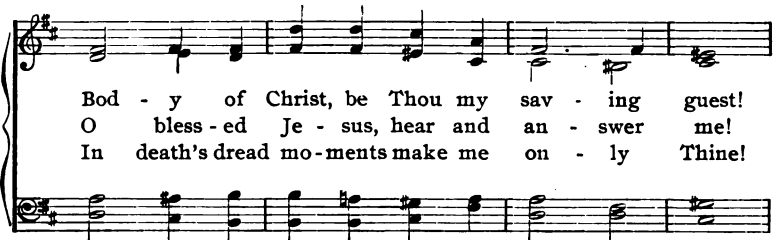
There was a lull in the conversation.

Soul of My Saviour.


T. HEWLETT.



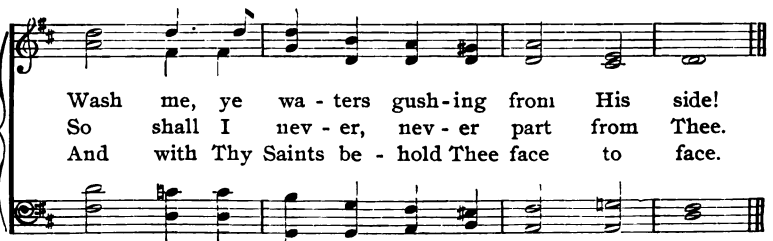
1. Soul of my Sav - iour, sanc - ti - fy my breast;
2. Strength and pro - tec - tion may His pas - sion be!
3. Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign!



Bod - y of Christ, be Thou my sav - ing guest!
O bless - ed Je - sus, hear and an - swer me!
In death's dread mo - ments make me on - ly Thine!



Blood of my Sav - iour, bathe me in Thy tide!
Deep in Thy Heart, Lord, hide and shel - ter me!
Call me, and bid me come to Thy em - brace,



Wash me, ye wa - ters gush - ing from His side!
So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from Thee.
And with Thy Saints be - hold Thee face to face.



POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

June is the month that brings to our office such requests as: "Please cut down the number of our *Decade Leaflets* during the summer months;" or, "Kindly send the mysteries for July and August at once, so that we may distribute them before the vacations." Fortunately such requests are few and far between, but they should not be made at all. Why cut down the number of *Decade Leaflets*, when they can be sent to absent Promoters by mail, for the summer months at least? How can we send August leaflets until we shall have received the summaries of Intentions from our Local Centres and put them together in totals for recommendation in the Calendar, which, therefore, cannot be made up before July 1st?



June is, therefore, the month for making up by the mails and a little clerical zeal what some of us may not be able to do because of our distance from home. There must be compensation in all things. Hence, if for health or recreation, I must abandon my usual facilities for this or that good work; if, by leaving the city, I cannot attend to the Associates of my League Band, I should make compensation, and, when I cannot provide a substitute, use the mails at least, even if it may cost me some money and extra labor in hunting up addresses and mailing the *Decade Leaflets* to all who depend upon me. The stay-at-home Promoters should do the same, but then compensation, in the way of stamped and addressed envelopes, should come from the Associates at large.



In the June Council, then, let every Promoter, about to leave for the country, either name a substitute for the summer (and this, by the way, is an excellent means of securing good candidates for the Promoter's office next term); or, when this is impossible, let them leave their summer address, with a memorandum of the number of leaflets required, and the necessary postage. Next, outside of the Council they must make sure of the address of every one of their Associates, and then they can leave the city with their consciences at ease for their good intentions, even if the work should never be actually accomplished.



Compensation in all things means that when Promoters are cut off from doing the usual League work at home they must seek to do all they can abroad. To judge from our past experience most of them realize this, because every summer brings us a host of applications for information about the League, and in nearly every instance some wandering Promoter is credited with having induced the applicant to write us. The more of this work the better. It is the Promoter's real work, and by it they extend abroad the kingdom of Christ our Lord. Still, all this will be more effectual if it be done discreetly and with exact knowledge of the way to apply to us either for establishing the League in a church or convent, or for aggregating individual members. This is why a supply of our leaflets and other prints is of use in such an apostleship, our hint cards, directions for establishing the League, almanacs, etc., etc. Those who wish to apply such publications to the purpose just mentioned may have them by writing to us and enclosing the necessary postage.

There is still time during the month of June to have a solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart of our church, our schools, our families, parish, League or other societies or interests. Even where some such consecration has been made before, it is most beneficial to renew it solemnly from year to year, and at no time can this be done more appropri-

ately than during the month of the Sacred Heart. In the book of League Devotions we are just issuing, various prayers and programmes of services for these consecrations can be found. The consecration of families and also that of children in schools are printed on separate four-page leaflets. There is no reckoning the number of families and societies that trace back all their blessings to a ceremony of this kind.



We speak of the new "League Devotions and Choral," because it is at last ready for our Associates, and they will find it complete in its League devotions, practices, prayers, services and hymns. Neither time, nor pains, nor expense have been spared in publishing it, and we trust that it will find favor with all, and help forward the great work of prayer and zeal in which we are all laboring.



"The League in Schools" is a new edition of what was formerly called "The Children's Manual." It appears very opportunely at this time, because although the opening of schools is the time for establishing the Apostleship of Study in colleges and schools, still it is better to have the necessary information at hand during the vacation months, so as to be fully prepared to begin the work as soon as school begins, in spite of the many other things to be attended to at that time. Hence Promoters will be doing a good work by making known the existence of such a manual to those of their acquaintances who may be engaged in teaching or directing schools.



In answer to several inquiries from Directors, Promoters and readers of the *Messenger* and *PILGRIM*, we beg to state that we have not authorized the Sacred Heart medal manufactured by a certain engraving company in St. Louis. We have our own League emblem, which was adopted to satisfy the repeated requests of Directors in every part of the country, who were eager to have one recognized League emblem. We are glad to state that it has met with favor everywhere.

PATRONS OF THE MONTH.

First among the monthly patrons come the two illustrious brothers Cyril and Methodius (5th), who, by their labors among the Slavonic people, are justly called the Apostles of the Slavs. Moreover by their translation of the Bible into the Slavic tongue, they are considered to be the authors of that language. They were called to Rome by Pope Nicholas I., and were there consecrated bishops. Among the people whom they evangelized were the Moravians, Pannonians, Bulgarians, Dalmatians, Bohemians and Poles.

S. Pulcheria (7th) was most illustrious by her birth, for she was the grand-daughter, daughter, sister and wife of Roman emperors. But she was nobler by her zeal for the truth of the Incarnation and the prerogative of the divine motherhood of Mary, so that the Fathers of the Council of Chalcedon with one acclaim hailed her as the guardian of the faith, the peace-maker, the banisher of heretics, the pious and orthodox, the new Helena.

S. Elizabeth (8th) was the namesake of her grand-aunt, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and the imitator of her virtues. The daughter of Pedro III., of Aragon, she became in early youth the wife of Denis, King of Portugal. But her royal crown had its thorns, for her husband was cruel and unfaithful. Her patience and charity finally won him to a better life. She was distinguished as a peacemaker and for her kindness to the poor and to charitable institutions.

S. Veronica Giuliani (9th) was remarkable for her devotion to the Passion. Our Lord rewarded her by crowning her with thorns and impressing upon her the marks of His five wounds. In ecstasies she underwent the agony of the cross. Yet, in all her sufferings, her cry was ever: "Satiare me with the Cross."

S. Bonaventure (14th) is known as the "Seraphic Doctor," from the fervor of divine love which characterizes his writings and which he said he drew from the crucifix. In spite of the humble Franciscan friar's entreaties, he was

raised to the Cardinalate. At the Council of Lyons he won over the Greeks to Catholic union by his piety and eloquence.

S. Henry (15th) had a ruling idea—God's greater glory. When elected Emperor of Germany, this idea took the shape of reigning for God. All his conquests had in view the conversion of the conquered peoples. Cathedrals, churches and monasteries were built and endowed by him. Devoted to the Holy See, he fought for and brought back in triumph to Rome the Pope Benedict VIII., by whom he was crowned.

S. Camillus de Lellis (18th) learned by his experience as a patient in a hospital at Rome the carelessness of paid officials and nurses. He therefore resolved to found a congregation to minister to the wants of the sick, whom he venerated as living images of Christ. He was indefatigable in attending to the bodily and spiritual needs of his patients, saying: "Charity seeks not its own convenience."

S. Vincent de Paul (19th) was the Apostle of his age. He was solicitous about every class of people. The king and his court received his counsels; the galley-slaves, the sick and the maimed, the aged poor, the new-born foundling, shared his solicitude. For the good of the clergy he saw to the establishment of seminaries and instituted the Priests of the Mission, commonly called Lazarists. For his works among the sick and the needy, under his inspiration, the Sisters of Charity were founded. He used to say: "Those who love the poor in life shall have no fear of death."

S. Jerome Emiliani (20th) was the friend of orphans. When he found them deserted in the streets, he would take them to his palace, clothe, feed and instruct them. He founded orphanages through Northern Italy, and instituted the congregation called the Clerks Regular of Somascha. He asserted that whenever he wanted any special grace from God he would make four of his orphans under eight years of age pray for it, and that he had never yet been refused what they had thus asked for.

S. Mary Magdalen (22d) teaches us the power of true charity, for Christ Himself declared that many sins were

forgiven her because she loved much. Her love to Him was shown, not in words, for she is not recorded to have spoken, but by her acts. "Perfect love casteth out fear," so Mary dared to do public penance, and afterwards to follow Christ to Calvary.

S. Francis Solano (24th) was an Apostle of peace from his boyhood. What he did among his play-fellows he continued to do all his life. In Peru he stopped the duels and feuds of the Spanish settlers and taught them forbearance towards the Indians, thousands of whom he baptized. He died repeating his favorite expression : "Blessed be God."

S. James the Greater (25th) was one of the three favored Apostles of Christ, admitted to see Him restore the dead maiden to life, to be a witness of His glory in the transfiguration and of His agony in Gethsemane. He was the first among the Apostles to drink the chalice, which he and his brother, St. John, had boldly asserted their power to drink, animated by divine grace.

St. Anne (26th) by her relationship to the Mother of God deserves our devotion. What graces must have been hers, of whom was born Mary, the ever-blessed Virgin. Of the royal line of David, Anne and Joachim lived entirely occupied in prayer and good works. They divided, according to tradition, their income into three parts, one for the Temple, one for the poor and one for their own needs.

St. Martha (29th) teaches us the beauty of hospitality, for it was to her household at Bethany that our Lord was wont to betake Himself. How she appreciated His company is proved by her eagerness in serving Him. Though excessive, it came from love and a desire to honor Him. She has come to be the patroness of the active life.

S. Ignatius Loyola (31st) after his conversion to a better life, lived but for one object—the greater glory of God. This is the characteristic of his own life and of the religious order which he founded. Like his Master he was misunderstood and misrepresented, but he bore it all with patience and joy, and knowing that it was safer to bear the cross than wear the crown on earth, he prayed that his society should never lack contradictions and persecutions.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—In St. Patrick's Centre, Eau Claire, Wis., out of 876 Associates, 495 belong to the Second Degree and 386 to the Third. The number of members is growing.

—In the College of the Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass., there will be daily Communions of Reparation among the students during the months of May and June. This speaks well for the piety of the boys.

—In Tacoma, Wash., writes a Promoter, "the League advances steadily, though not rapidly, because the people are much scattered, but their spirit is excellent and there is a good number of Communions.

—From the San José Centre, Cal., a Promoter reports several cases of conversion and of luke-warm Catholics and sinners who have happily returned to the practice of their religious duties.

—The Centre of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, N. Y., held a reception early in May. The services are described as very devotional, consisting of the League Devotions and congregational singing of beautiful hymns. After the Instruction and conferring of Badges, there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—The Rev. Local Director of a Centre established within a year past, in a small parish in Indiana, writes hopefully of his charge, though he says: "It is hard to have to deal with people who do not believe in works of supererogation." Still, there is hope, for the number of Communions, received monthly, has been more than thrice doubled since the establishment of the League."

—St. John's Centre, Canton, O., reports that "much good has been accomplished in our parish by the League, since it was established in 1890. The Promoters are zealous and faithful in their work, and with members of their bands, they kept the watches continuously before the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday. The Intentions are summarized and read at the meeting by our Director, immediately before the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on the fourth Sunday of the month, and all unite, during the exposition, in reciting the beads for the Intentions."

—The League was established in Ansonia, Conn., in September, 1894, and, "owing to the active interest of our Local Director, it is spreading rapidly. We have now 1,360 Associates, and the number is growing steadily. On April 21, after a three days' retreat, the Devotion of the Forty Hours was begun with a Solemn High Mass, and in the afternoon there was a very impressive ceremony of Reception, in

which sixty-eight Promoters received crosses and diplomas. Many others are still on probation. The Promoters' Council is held on the third Sunday of the month, and on the First Friday we have devotions of the League and Benediction."

—The Local Director of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., writes: "I have to report splendid results from our Promoters. This month our Perpetual Communion is well established, and it is very edifying to find that every day has at least a half-dozen at Holy Communion. I have assigned a day for every band, and as we have now ninety-three bands we have three for every day. I have also placed each band under a special patron, by which the band will be known. We have reason to feel very grateful to the Sacred Heart for the great fervor and religious enthusiasm which is manifest.

—St. Louis Centre, Washburn, Wis., reports that "the First Friday is always appropriately celebrated here. The League has a High Mass every First Friday, and the number of Commuions of Reparation is increasing. It is wonderful how many of the wayward lumbermen of this region have been benefited by the fervent prayers of the League. The zeal and activity of our Promoters promises soon to double our number, and we expect more wonders yet from this institution in this parish. Promoters' Councils are held regularly. Our school children say the Rosary every Sunday before High Mass, in the Church, for the conversion of wayward young men of the parish. The recital of the Rosary in common, by the children, brings the parents and others into the church before Mass begins."

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the prayers of our Associates the souls of the following Promoters: Mrs. Catharine Bederman, St. John's Centre, Canton, O.; Mrs. Ida Hart, Decatur, Ind.; Mother Benedicta, Halifax, N.S.; Mrs. Eliza Williams, St. Lawrence's Centre, New York, George Boden and Virginia Kelley, St. Joseph's Centre, Pittsfield, Mass., and of John W. O'Brien, Edgewood, Pa.—*May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.*

A WORTHY DIRECTOR'S DEATH.

Holy Name Centre,
ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 29, 1895.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

It is my very sad duty to advise you of the death of our zealous and beloved Local Director, Rev. J. J. Flanagan.

He established the League in our parish on January 17, 1892, but for months previous to that date had labored for its interests. He spared himself no pains in training the Promoters for their many duties, and by example, more than word, taught us how much a single soul can do to promote the interests of the Heart of Jesus, if he is only inflamed with Divine Love. He labored incessantly, never thought of taking a vacation or of going abroad for his health. His only pleasure consisted in drawing souls to love God more and more. Since the establishment of our Centre we have held Promoter's meetings on the 4th Friday of every month, and he missed but two of these meetings—the first because he had to attend the Priests' Eucharistic League meeting at Notre Dame, Ind., and the other was caused by his serious illness. He carried out all the rules in the Hand-book perfectly and made it a pleasure for us to assemble. He subscribed for the PILGRIM for many persons who could not well afford to do so themselves, and for the *Messenger* for many of the Promoters.

During Lent we kept Holy Hour in common at the church, every Thursday night from eight to nine o'clock, and as large a congregation assembled to take part as for the *Stations of the Cross*.

He leaves seventy-seven well-trained Promoters, not one of whom is in the habit of missing a meeting, and a League membership in our Centre of about three thousand souls. His death was edifying as was his life. Our worthy Archbishop and several priests were with him till within a few hours of his death, and our Pastor, Father Fallon, with Father Fenlon of the Visitation parish, remained with him till he breathed forth his soul. His last act was to kiss the Crucifix, and his consolation, the prayers of the Church which had to be repeatedly read for him. He died on the morning of the 3rd Sunday, May 19, at 2:40 o'clock. About four hours later the four sodalities of our parish, the K. F. M. and Catholic Knights of America all assembled and offered Mass and Holy Communion for him, as it happened to be our Communion Sunday. During the night before his burial, the sodalities recited the Office for the Dead, at the church where his body lay in state. After the sodalities filed out, the Promoters and members of the League filled the church and kept Holy Hour for the eternal repose of his soul. The funeral was in keeping with the rest. Never have we witnessed anything so deeply religious as the spirit which pervaded it all. Our loss is great, but we suppose that during his life we took his presence like so many of God's graces, as a matter of course, and forgot to thank Him for the blessing He gave us.

As his only request was "Say a prayer for me," I beg the prayers of the League, and especially yours, Rev. Father, for the repose of his soul.

THE SECRETARY.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, April 28, 1895.

REV. DEAR FATHER :

A fine example of what a Promoter should be is the legacy left to our League by Mr. Patrick Duggan, who died on Thursday, April 18. At the time of his death, he personally supervised the distribution of tickets to twelve bands, and had given a number of well organized bands into the care of others. Although over seventy years of age and a constant sufferer from asthma, he never excused himself as a Promoter, and seemed to choose members farthest away and most likely to be neglected. A principle that he strove to impress upon other Promoters was to have a few members, at least over the ordinary fifteen, so that in case of any withdrawal, the reserve might be drawn upon. In humble worldly position, he was one of God's noblemen, always a courteous Christian gentleman. His life was a constant good example. May his prayers now be efficacious with God for the coming of His Kingdom.

Very respectfully in the Sacred Heart,

LORENE DURBIN,

Secretary.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1895.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Christian Education.

“**T**HE child is father to the man,” and the Christian child becomes the Christian man. How important, then, the intention for this month is, must be estimated by the results desired.

It is well in our times to put down clearly what the Church holds. There is a good deal of misapprehension about her position towards State education. What she objects to is not that the State should supply schools, or apply the means to support them, or require a certain course of study, but she does object to the inadequate training which they furnish. She says that education is not the *cramming* of a certain amount of varied matters into a child's head, nor the mechanical repetition of it, which would be rather the undue training of the memory, to the disadvantage of the understanding.

But education is the *developing* of the faculties, including the moral ones. To neglect the latter would be harmful in the extreme. To educate is to form character. How can this be done in a system which ignores the moral side of the man? The answer might be that the home influence and the Sunday-school must supply this element. They should do their share, we frankly admit, but the limited time devoted to catechism on Sunday is insufficient. Moreover, experience proves that the very class that frequent public schools are the most difficult to get to attend Sunday-schools, that the religious side of their character is undeveloped and that in consequence they do not think, feel or act in a Catholic spirit.

That there are exceptions is undoubted, but these very exceptions result in most cases from the fact that the parents were more than usually careful in looking after the spiritual welfare of their children. The thing that impresses an observer in those educated in non-Christian schools is a spirit of independence which has no reverence for any authority. This lawless spirit of independence is unchristian and anti-Christian; therefore, does the Church, faithful to her mission to train souls for heaven, insist upon Christian education.