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## GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY.

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

LOVE OF HOLY CHURCH.

**B**Y this term Holy Church, we do not intend to designate precisely the whole society of the faithful of Christ, but in a particular manner the body of pastors commissioned to teach the ordinary faithful, to communicate to them the life of grace, and to direct them in the way of Heaven. It is to the Church thus understood that we owe our fealty and our love. And what love? That which Jesus, our Saviour and our God, deserves.

The Church is, as our faith teaches us, the mystic body of Jesus Christ, perpetuated to our own times through the

lapse of centuries. Through her, all the labors of our Saviour, during His mortal career, are ever enduring; and it may be said in a real sense, that she is the permanent incarnation among mankind of the Son of God.

None but the most ignorant or worldly-minded Catholic would hesitate to admit that she is the one institution among men which should challenge our unbounded admiration; that she was foretold by the prophets as a glorious Jerusalem, reserved for the latter days, whose site was to be prepared on the mountain tops, who was to be exalted above the hills, into whose bosom all nations, hailing her as the house of the God of Jacob, were to flow, there to be taught authoritatively the ways of the Lord.\*

It was to her, the continuation and divinely transformed substitute of the Jewish Church, that the inspired words were addressed: "Give praise, O thou barren, that bearest not; sing forth praise.. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacles, spare not; lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt pass on to the right hand and to the left: and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and shall inhabit the desolate cities. For He that made thee shall rule over thee, the Lord of hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer, the holy One of Israel, shall be called the God of all the earth.. This thing is to me as in the days of Noe, to whom I swore that I would no more bring in the waters of Noe upon the earth; so have I sworn not to be angry with thee and not to rebuke thee.. O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without all comfort, behold I will lay thy stones in order, and will lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy bulwarks of jasper, and thy gates of

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\* Isaias II, 2-4; Micheas IV, 1-3.

graven stones, and all thy borders of desirable stones. All thy children shall be taught of the Lord : and great shall be the peace of thy children. . . No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that resisteth thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn.”\*

It was to her again that were addressed those other words of Isaias : “ Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. . . The Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thy eyes round about, and see ; all these are gathered together, they are come to thee : thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see, and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee. . . .

“ The children of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister to thee. . . And thy gates shall be open continually : they shall not be shut day nor night, that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought to thee, and their kings may be brought.

“ For the nation and the kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish : and the Gentiles shall be wasted with desolation. . . .

“ And the children of them that afflicted thee shall come bowing down to thee, and all that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet, and shall call thee the city of the Lord, the Sion of the holy one of Israel.” †

These and many other passages in Holy Writ point directly to that glorious Church which the Messiah was

\* Isaias LIV.

† Chap. LX.

to found, and into which all nations were to be gathered. Wholly inapplicable to the Jewish Church in the Old Dispensation, they are even more so to the warring sects which lay claim to the name of Christian

It is not at all necessary to call in the aid of the master-minds of Catholic thought to be convinced of the effect of that matchless grandeur of the Church upon a materialistic age. Unwilling witness has been borne time and again by Protestant authors, whose sympathies were not with her, and whose very prejudice, cropping out as it does at every line, becomes precious as betraying the sincerity of the testimony wrested from them.

Certain journalists, but a few months ago, attempted to belittle the beauty of the well-known passage from Lord Macaulay's essay, and would have his "New Zealander" relegated to oblivion as threadbare and trite. His work will endure, however, as a lasting monument, raised by the hand of a stranger in attestation of the glory of Our Mother the Church. But this testimony does not stand alone. Others have been swayed by the same mysterious influence to record their appreciation of the beauty of the Bride of Christ. A writer in *Blackwood's* thus gives expression to the same thought:—

"As we cast our eyes over Europe, we see that each nation has some specialty which is either a source of material wealth, or of power and prestige. France asserts her military glory; Germany has her race of profound thinkers and scholars; England has her coal fields; and Italy has the Papedom. Assail Catholicism as men may, let them rail at the dogmas of the Church, revile its superstitions, and ridicule its mock miracles, there is an inherent grandeur in a monarchy of nigh two thousand years, and which at various periods within that

time swayed the destinies of all Christendom. That, there is no denying....”

“It has often been said that the Italians were the worst Papists of Europe, but still few expected to see them actually forgetful of what gave them their greatest attraction in the eyes of the whole Christian world, and endowed them with a prestige of which all the cities of the earth could not produce the equal.

“As a grand spectacle, what was ever like it? Where were ever such accessories as that glorious church and that noble palace, as rich in memories as in art-treasures? What train of courtiers could compare with that line of princes of the Church on whose thoughtful brows were stamped the signs of intellectual vigor and an ambition that soared far beyond the bounds of ordinary aspiration? Around what other throne were ever grouped, not alone the devotion of loyalty and the homage of fidelity, but the deeper homage and the purer faith that link this life with eternity, and impart to the spirit of earthly obedience all the fervor of Christian love and worship?.....

“Bear in mind it was not alone to the true believers that his Holiness extended the attraction of his presence. The people who sought admission to the Vatican were often stern platform men of Exeter Hall. There came to his audiences Calvinists from the North and Quakers from Philadelphia. All that was rugged and self-asserting in Protestantism desired the blessing of him they were ready to call Antichrist. Bishops of the Establishment bent reverently before him; and in the very newspaper under my eyes I see that the historian of Poerio has been paying his court to infallibility.”\*

The *Round Table*, a non-Catholic journal, edited in

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\*Blackwood's Magazin , c., 1866, p. 725-726.

New York, somewhere in the sixties, thus dilates on the same subject :

“Older than any earthly dynasty ; wielding a power throughout long ages, to which the high and mighty of the earth did homage ; chastizing the despotism of princes ; restraining the arrogance of nobles ; encouraging arts, literature and science ; and advancing the cause of civilization all over the world, we may say of the history of the Papacy that there is no record preserved by man of more supreme interest and importance . . . . .

“It is a record of mighty men who, from their lofty eminence, have looked down upon the great battles of the world, guiding, controlling or contending with earth’s highest potentates. It is the history of a power which has stood for eighteen centuries unshaken by the terrors of martyrdom or the opposing powers of fierce barbaric hordes. Disturbed by schism and internal contentions, engaged in conflict with the civilized portions of Northern Europe, threatened with overthrow by the zeal of reformers, the Church has risen from each successive struggle, renewed in strength, resuscitated in moral vigor, and regaining in later times the empire which at one period seemed to be hopelessly lost, she now outnumbered among the members of her communion all the other Christian sects in the world. It will lose nothing of its tenacity of character, of its unwearied enthusiasm, of its dominating spiritual influence. Nor is it impossible that the Church may achieve a still higher destiny, and attain a still wider hold over the minds of men, such as her adherents claim to be sanctioned by her antiquity and sustained by the purifying example of her hierarchy.”

The late Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, of unenviable notoriety, must also be classed among the many outside

the pale of the Catholic Church who have been constrained to admit that they were struck with admiration at the sight of that Church on whose brow centuries have not marked their passage with a furrow.

"It is no wish of ours," he says, "that it (the Catholic Church) should perish. It is the grandest organization of time. Its history is almost the history of the race for two thousand years. Its aim is sublime and its achievements wonderful. Its faults have been great, but what great government can cast the first stone? Shall republics be disenfranchised because Marat, Robespierre and Danton have blackened the memory of the French Republic? It has healed as well as hurt. The holy men and women in her calendar fill the heaven of history with stars. Her missionary and priestly martyrs have given to human nature its crowning glories. Her literature is an imperishable treasure. Her hymns have conveyed myriads through sorrow and darkness to light, love and victory, and are still chanting in the air, in every tongue, to all within her communion or out of it, as with angel voices, words of divine love, of Christian hope, of triumph over death, of immortality in heaven"\*

Such are the sentiments of those who have not had the unspeakable privilege of being born and baptized in the Church, or who have not through God's mercy been led to embrace her teaching. What more natural, then, than that that enthusiastic admiration for her, which we her own children entertain, should by a holy evolution ripen into the more tender, the more sacred sentiment of filial love?

What tongue can tell all that that watchful mother has done for us? From the moment the regenerating waters

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\* Catholic Examiner, Brooklyn, 1882, Vol. 1, No. 3.

trickled from our brow, she took us to her bosom, watched over us with more than motherly care. At the dawn of reason, she taught our childish lips to lisp the name of our Creator and Father of all, and to bow our heads before the great and good God in heaven. She blended the Sacred Name of Jesus with that of His Holy Mother in the first prayers we were to learn, and guided us with a loving hand in the ways the Child-God trod, putting to flight with her benisons the dark spirits which hovered round our path. She nurtured us with heavenly truths, and early taught us to yearn after a home that was eternal, and to strive after it through self-denial. And when our young eager hearts had reached that period of life when we could discern right from wrong, shriven and purified from stain, she admitted us to the august banquet where the Lamb of God Himself becomes food for our souls, to keep life within them and to preserve that innocence which knows not evil, and to transform it into that sturdier virtue which makes virginity heroic.

It was she again who anointed us, making us perfect Christians and soldiers of Christ, that we might struggle successfully for the crown. How often has she not raised us tenderly and bound up our wounds as, heedless of her warnings and careless of grace and the sacraments, we fell bleeding and overcome. Her tribunal of reconciliation with God was ever open to us, her banquet ever spread to invite us.

In sickness, in poverty, in despondency, in sorrow, in bereavement, she has come to us with her help and consolations, offering up daily for us meanwhile the spotless Victim on her altars. No abode was too lowly, no novel too squalid, no infection too deadly or loathsome, no



catalogue of sins too ponderous or repulsive, when there was a soul to be saved through her ministrations.

Following us through this life with her blessings, she holds out to us at every turn the abundance of her treasures. By her presence the marriage tie is sanctified, and she it is who ordains the Levite to the priesthood of Melchisedech, ratifies the vow and renders hallowed the cloister of the religious. She calls down grace on the royal brow, and with an equal hand blesses the fields of the peasant. All, all have a share in her universal solicitude; nor will she desist from her fond endeavors to secure for all her children, while the breath of life lasts, a safe-conduct to the realm of her Eternal Spouse. For when the supreme moment for each one has come, and the soul trembles between time and eternity, she will draw near to her dying child to soothe his last moments, and with the heavenly Viaticum and Holy Unction nerve him against the weakness of his agony. She will bid his soul go forth in the name of the triune God, its Creator, its Redeemer and its Sanctifier, in the name of the angelic hosts and of all the Saints of heaven, that its place may now be in peace and its abode in the holy Sion.

The effects of her love will extend beyond the grave, for she will not cease to importune Heaven till the poor departed one, released by her prayers from the cleansing fire, reaches the threshold of Paradise and catches the first glimpse of the Beatific Vision.

Surely, in return, our love for Holy Church, our Mother, who has been so lavish of her love for us, should, especially in her present trials in other countries, be far deeper, far more practical and more proof against self-interest and human respect than it now is.

## PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that all Catholics may be animated with a greater love of Holy Church. Amen.

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**TREASURY, FEBRUARY, 1892.**

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity,....	252,081	Works of charity,..	1,113
Beads,.....	477,391	Works of zeal,.....	4,507
Stations of the cross.	464,913	Prayers,.....	1,264,503
Holy communions...	278,234	Charitable conversa-	
Spiritual commu-		tions, .....	266,607
nions,.....	207,671	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions, .....	7,967
conscience.....	9,189	Self-conquests.....	132,375
Hours of labor,.....	356,043	Visits to Bl. Sacra-	
Hours of silence,....	236,770	ment.....	126,764
Pious reading,.....	11,126	Other good works,..	883,304
Masses celebrated,..			
Masses heard,.....	69,430		
Mortifications.....	25,378		
		Total....	5,082,366



## STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

**C**RUDGING along the slippery street  
Two childish figures, with aching feet  
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,  
Were rudely jostled by young and old  
Hurrying home at close of day,  
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care  
For the little, ragged, shivering pair ;  
Nobody saw how close they crept  
Into the warmth of each gas-jet  
Which flung abroad its mellow light  
From the gay shop-windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,  
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell  
On her own thin fingers, stiff and cold,  
"It's not very big, but I guess 'twill hold  
Both you and me, if I only try  
To stretch it a little. So, now, don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,  
But Joe was lovingly folded in  
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew  
That stretching the coat for the need of two  
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain  
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

“Stretch it a little,” O girls and boys,  
In homes o’erflowing with comforts and joys ;  
See how far you can make them reach—  
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,  
Your gifts of service, and gifts of gold ;  
Let them stretch to households manifold.

“Stretch it a little,” give shelter, food,  
Raiment and comfort,—share what’s good :  
“For whatever you did to suffering child,  
Pining captive or beggar reviled,  
Or least of my brethren, Amen, I say,  
’Twas to *Me!*”—wil! be uttered on Judgment  
Day.

(Adapted.)

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### Ingersoll.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 11th, a very interesting event took place at the Church of the Sacred Heart, it being the day set apart by the Director, Rev. Father Molphy, for the presentation of Diplomas and Crosses to the Promoters who, during the past year, endeavored to become worthy of the honor by faithful, zealous work in the cause of the Holy League.

After the usual instruction, and previous to the reading of the Act of Consecration, Father Molphy made an appropriate and impressive address to the ladies, stating the object of the League and the graces attending this wide-spread devotion. The reverend gentleman then proceeded to distribute the Crosses and Diplomas to twenty-four Promoters, after which the ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



## THE TWIN ACOLYTES.

### A LEGEND.

**D**EEP in the recess of a flowered niche, in an out-of-the-way chapel of the great church, stood enconced a beautiful Madona with the Child Jesus in her arms, a Child Jesus in pure marble, and yet He seemed to smile a living smile.

"O, we are all alone," exclaimed Ruy, one day, "and that little boy who is watching us would perhaps like to play with us? What if we should ask him?"

"Why, yes," replied Luis; "but his mamma, would she let him?"

And both, holding in their hands their red calotes, bowed low like the little pages of don Sancho.

"Beautiful Senora, would you mind, just for a while, to let us have your little boy? He must be lonesome always in your arms; we shall make him play," said Luis.

"We shall like him ever so much," added Ruy.

And lo! the Virgin Mother leaned over, unclasped her arms, and set down beside them the Son of God.

"Let us play," said the Child Jesus to the two little altar-boys. And the dear little souls, innocent as the lambkin nestling close to the mother ewe, took it all as a matter of course. What did they know about statues and miracles?

Taking the gentle Jesus by the hand, quite unconcernedly, with a roguish shake of their flaxen curls, they cried in chorus, "Let us play, let us play!"

Their chubby little fingers were soon interlocked, and the Saints of heaven crowded to the very verge of Paradise to peer down in wonder at the merry round

They played many another game, and the Child of the beautiful Senora knew them all. He made out of clay little birds, then He breathed on them and off the birds flew. Ruy and Luis wanted to do the same. but their nestlings were in no hurry to take flight. "Tell us your secret, Senorito," they both cried together.

"Come back again to-morrow," answered the lovely Child of Mary, as He sprang once more into the arms of His Mother.

The twin brothers said nothing to Padre Bernardo of their pleasant adventure, for they thought there was nothing in it out of the way. Albeit, that day they behaved even better than ever, and they were expectantly impatient for the morrow.

When, therefore, their preceptor, in a grave but gentle tone, said, "Go now, children, and breakfast," they dashed off merrily to their usual haunt, like two fawns at the call of the doe.

The Heavenly Child this time was waiting for them. He imprinted a kiss on the brow of each, and at this sweet caress, they knew not why, they felt their little hearts all aglow within them.

"Won't you eat with us?" queried Ruy; "we'll share with you our bread, our eggs and our oranges."

"Very willingly," answered the Son of God; and with His teeth of marble, now transformed into beautiful teeth of ivory, He bit into the soft crumb.

"Come every day," said He to His comrades; "we shall breakfast together and then amuse ourselves."

"But how is that," they asked, "that you have no hours of study?"

"I know all." They heard the reply without comprehending it; but every day they were faithful to their tryst.

And Padre Bernardo marvelled meanwhile at the ever-increasing wisdom and grace of his pupils. Their voice was like sweet music; their eyes, lustrous as diamonds, reflected the innocence of their souls, and their modest bearing had an indescribable charm. Still, the good monk knew nothing of the interviews at the chapel.

The Spirit of darkness was longing all this time to breathe upon their candid souls, not the blight of sin itself—for neither Our Lord nor His Holy Mother would allow it—but just the faintest shade of selfishness and discontent.

So one day as the little darlings were tripping homeward through the flower-fringed lane to their parents, treading under foot a thousand tender blades and golden-eyed daisies, culling an odd berry here and there which peeped out from the wild hedge, they began chatting about their daily adventures.

They first prattled aimlessly of Padre Bernardo, of the masses they had served, of the snow-white goat which was expecting their return at the home threshold, and then they dwelt at length on their mysterious, their newly made acquaintance.

"Brother," said Luis, "that beautiful child who plays with us every day, he must have a lovely home, a white goat, a father who earns something to feed him, and his mamma and himself must sometimes leave the great niche."

"I do believe," chimed in little Ruy, "that he must have for father a great man who earns a great deal. I shouldn't wonder if he were a king. Only yesterday he whispered to us 'You'll come into the kingdom of my father.' Don't you remember it,—yesterday when he opened the great door without touching it, and when he brought us water from the fountain in his pinafore? If he is rich and if his father is a king, why does he not sometimes bring his breakfast too? He never makes any excuse for always sharing in ours. His mother might sometimes give him eggs too, and oranges. We should ask him, brother; but for me, I'm afraid I wouldn't dare to, for what if he should no longer smile, and if his great eyes should grow sad!"

"But he surely can't put up with our giving always; as a good playmate he ought to tell us about what they give him at his father's. I don't really see, though, how we are to let him know. No, no, I like better to give him all my hard-boiled eggs and my white bread than to give him pain."

"I have it, brother, we must speak to Padre Bernardo."

"Yes, to-morrow."

And the little innocents fell asleep that night without a blemish to dim the dazzling whiteness of their souls, and their good Angels laughed the hideous Satan to scorn.

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Early next morning they were hurrying along the pleasant paths which led to the convent. They had a few distractions during Mass. I think, even, that they once answered *Ora pro nobis*, instead of *Deo gratias*, which rather surprised Padre Bernardo. And when they were seated on the forms at school, they were not too attentive to their lessons. Their master noticed it.



"What's the matter to-day?" he deprecatingly asked.

"O, father, we want to ask you so much what we should do?"

The Padre had a sudden misgiving that the world might be alluring them towards its own broad roads and highways. He trembled for his dear little ones.

"What's the matter?" he repeated, as he made a big sign of the cross.

"We've a trouble, father."

"Let me hear it. Is the good carder sick, or the little sister Dolores, or your mother Pepita?"

"They are well, all of them, father, even to Chora, the white goat. But here's what bothers us: the little one of the beautiful Madona, where we have breakfast every morning, comes to play with us. . . ."

"*Sanda Maria!*" exclaimed the monk, as he kissed the image of the Virgin *Del Pilar*, which hung from his beads. "The Child-God plays with you, did you say?"

"Yes, father," both innocents answered in a breath. "But he eats of our bread, and of our hard-boiled eggs and our fruit, but he never brings us any himself."

"O sweet simplicity of ingenuous hearts!" whispered the father in an aside; and clasping his hands in admiration, "Lord," said he, "Thou lovest to dwell with the simple of heart!--Well, well, and what do you want this little Child to do, my angels?"

"We should like to taste some of the bread his mother kneads, and fruits from his father's orchard; we should like to ask him, but we really don't know how to go about it."

The holy religious stood musing for an instant, adored in spirit the Divine Goodness, and then addressed the little servants:

"Listen well," he said. "When your playmate comes to ask his share, say: 'Lord, you come to live on us, and you never bring us anything, not even a crumb of bread. Please, now, show yourself more generous. You should invite us once, with Padre Bernardo, to your father's table.'"

"We'll tell him that, father, but not to-morrow, for we might not say it right."

And for a week they kept repeating it as they came and went from the Padre's lessons.

The gentle Jesus did not fail to return every morning. He knew well that His little friends had a secret, but He put no questions to them, and they very graciously continued to share their breakfast with Him. At last, having conned well their speech, they grew braver, and at the end of the week, as the Child-God was blithely stepping down from the niche, they delivered without faltering their weighty message.

The lovely boy's face was lit up with such a sweet smile. It was like a stray sunbeam on the leaves of the trembling aspen.

"Why, yes, yes, my little brothers, I invite you and Padre Bernardo. I shall expect you all three at my Father's table on Ascension Day. Run, now; let your master know, that he may bethink himself, and have everything in readiness."

As they ran along they asked each other many questions. Was their friend's house very far off?..Would the great male of the convent have to be saddled to carry them?..Might not this kingdom be near the territory of the Moors, those terrible Moors they so much dreaded?

Padre Bernardo, the holy man, understood at once that the good God wished to bring them to Paradise. He chose for his mount contrition for his sins and the wings

of divine love. He went, and in a holy rapture fell at the feet of the monk, his confessor. He related the marvellous doings of Heaven, designated the brother who, when he should have departed, was to take his place as custodian of the church and the holy altars, and shed a flood of tears of love and repentance; then betaking himself to his cell, he greeted his death's head as his affianced. When he spoke to the little ones that day it was only with a wistful gaze towards Heaven.

The little darlings themselves were sad, for the son of the beautiful Senora no longer left his mother's arms, they feared much that they had given him offence.

"Little Lord," Ruy would say, "please come down. We shall dance together." But the Child Jesus in marble was motionless.

"Perhaps," suggested Luis, "he is resting, the better to play when he goes home. My, how long it seems; when shall we be going?"

Ascension eve at last came. That day, Padre Bernardo exacted no lesson from his dear little ones; his eyes never wandered once from the firmament above, and the children timidly asked:

"Father, what are you looking at, away up in the deep blue sky?"

At noon, he with unspeakable tenderness looked down on them and dismissed them. "Go," he said, "go, now, to your father and mother and come back to-morrow, it is the day fixed for the great banquet."

Their rosy lips touched lightly the hem of his white mantle, and a minute after they were off for home.

The Angel of Sleep closed their eyelids, and in their dreams they fancied they were far up in the heavens, playing with the bright seraphim among the stars. And

Padre Bernardo was there too, and he was praying, saying Mass before God Himself.

Morning broke. They were full of joy, and bright and early they were ready to set out. Dame Pepita pressed them in loving rapture to her heart, and I do not know how it came about, but their father laid his hands on their brows and blessed them.

"We shall be back to-night," they said; "we are going to play with the child of the beautiful Senora."

Their fond parents could not tire watching their blithe forms until the tall grass far down in the lane hid them from sight.

"Wife," said the old carder, turning to Pepita, "if God should require of us our bairns?"

"They are so pure, better far they were in Heaven than on earth," answered the Christian mother. They blessed themselves and entered the house.

The day had dawned radiant, like to the one on which the Son of God, having risen glorious from the tomb, ascended from the summits of Tabor before the dazed eyes of the Apostles, and returned to the bosom of His Father.

The quaint old town of Sautaren was decked out in its gayest attire; the church bells were ringing at full swing in every spire; at every corner of the crooked streets you would come across men in gaudy costumes, and women with their faces draped becomingly in the jaunty *mantilla*, all wending their way towards God's altars, there to send up the sweet incense of prayer. Children ran from house to house with fluttering bannerets, chanting *hosannas* as on a day of triumph. On the squares and public places were little stands, where images of Our Lord with a nimbus of glory were for sale: some gaudily painted, others curiously carved, not a few were moulded even in sugar.

In certain of the oratories were held representations of the mysteries of the day : Christ ascending in the clouds of Heaven, the Apostles aghast, the Virgin at the same time enraptured and forlorn.

We left our little acolytes in the flowery path to the convent ; they were a shade thoughtful, and forgot for once to give chase to the butterflies ; the anemones with purple petal and heart of gold failed to lure them. One would fancy that they were already inhaling the perfumes of the other world.

Luis was the first to speak : " There must be at the Son of the Madona's much prettier flowers than ours."

Ruy in response added gravely : " Flowers that do not fade and a sun that always shines. We might live there forever."

" And our parents, Luis ?"

" If the lovely boy would let us, we might come after them ; father would card white wool for the robes of the great Senora, and mother, with her cunning fingers, would weave it and broider it with stars and beautiful blue butterflies. Dolores, the *chiquita*, would help mother, while we boys would play with our gentle little friend. Ah, but Padre Bernardo would be there too, and we should serve his Mass."

They reached the monastery just as the great chimes sent forth on the passing breeze the joyful tidings of the Ascension of the Son of God. Padre Bernardo, with beaming countenance, was waiting to greet them.

" Go, now," he bade them, " serve all the masses, and then come for me—we shall go together to the great banquet."

They began with that of the father Abbot ; all told, they served ten masses, and had no distractions. Then came forth the holy monk, robed in a deep-laced alb and

chasuble of gold. He bade them put on their prettiest cassocks, and he placed in their hands tinkling bells of silver, and then led the way to the chapel of the great niche.

The children were fairly dazzled. Tapers, borrowed from the chancel, lit up the walls on all sides; above were entwined garlands forming hearts and crosses and crowns; the pavement was strewn with daisies and jonquils. On the altar, the spotless linen, draped, where it hung, in graceful folds, six-branched candelabra on either side, a missal given by the Holy Father the Pope, and a chalice with enamel facets,—all this first caught their eye; while high up, canopied midst flowers and clustering lights, Jesus and the Madona, with their crowns of rubies and emeralds, held gentle sway over all.

Thus had Padre Bernardo prepared the hall for the royal banquet. Three hearts beat now in unison. A mass as seldom one is said on earth was about to begin.

“*Introibo*,” began the priest, then he recited the *Confiteor*, and in that fervent prayer he devoutly purified his soul of all remaining blemish. The little white-robed innocents struck their breasts for sins they had never committed. The celebrant ascended the altar steps. “*Introibo*,”—he is soon to enter the eternal mansions of the Lord and the mysteries of his Tabernacle. The mass went on in a holy rapture.

At the Offertory, Padre Bernardo, after presenting Jesus to His Father, made the offering of himself and the two little ones. At the *Sanctus*, the little silver-tongued bells began ringing alone, and chimed out “To Heaven, to Heaven!” At the Consecration, three bright Angels accompanied Jesus to the Host, then they encircled with three halos the brows of the monk and of the little servants.

At the Communion, Bernardo in an ecstasy was raised in the air,—he thought it was the moment of his happy release. The children,—sweet fair haired cherubim,—they soared by his side. Slowly and imperceptibly, like a mist settling down over the valley, they descended again to earth. But their souls were so sweetly satiated that they could never again crave earthly food,— eternity was already closing round them.

Gravely and solemnly did the Sacrifice end, while the little bells still kept singing in silver tones. Bernardo slowly descended the altar steps, and, with the little servants on either side, as he was about to make his last inclination, cast a loving glance at the Madona and her heavenly Child.

O joy supreme! The Madona rose, and as the three heads bent low in final adoration, Jesus descended, and, gently closing their eyelids, received their spotless souls.

The song of the silver bells was hushed, but the Angels intoned a joyous hymn, as they accompanied Padre Bernardo and the two little acolytes, whom the Son of God was leading to Paradise.

Their chaste bodies, like flower-stems rooted in mother earth, remained kneeling on the altar step; the two baby forms bent over like drooping lilies, and the holy monk like a ruddy rose tinged in the Redeeming Flood.

The great clock in the tower struck one,—an hour after noon. The chapel was yet gay with its decorations, the wax was dripping down from the tall tapering torches, but ever, motionless, knelt the bodies of the blessed. The community had not seen Padre Bernardo at his place in the refectory. Soon the long line of monks filed into the church, as was wont, for a short thanksgiving. The unusual brilliancy of the secluded chapel led them to the spot.

Beholding the holy religious and the two innocents bowed low in adoration, they concluded not to disturb their devotions. But hours passed, the great torches were burnt out, and still the bodies remained immovable. The Father Abbot drew near to rouse them, for were they not sleeping? His hands were already extended, when suddenly they were clasped in reverential awe, for he caught sight on their lips of the imprint of Death's kiss. The startled brethren exchanged glances of surprise mingled with fear, when Bernardo's confessor advancing to the front reassured them.

Now that the crowning marvel was accomplished, he could disclose, with minute detail, the holy confidences, and he did so in tones trembling with emotion. All wept, but all glorified Jesus, the lover of chaste souls.

The remains of the blessed were laid together under the marble slab of the chapel floor. Then, and for long afterwards, the choiring of heavenly spirits was heard within the holy precincts, and the faithful who thronged to the shrine, there to kneel and pray, would have it that the spot was redolent with the sweet fragrance of rose and lily.

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The Child-God and the Madona are still throned in the great niche, but since the wonderful occurrence just related she has never been seen to smile, nor has the Child Jesus been known to spring again from her embrace.

Doubtless they have never since met with hearts as pure as were the hearts of these innocents, who have ever been known from that day as the *Two Little Acolytes*.





## OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS.

**I**N the Report on the Canadian Archives, for 1884, Mr. Douglas Brymner, then Dominion Archivist, Ottawa, published an account of the martyrdom of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant. It was written, in 1678, by Christophe Regnaut, coadjutor brother of the Society of Jesus.

Mr. Brymner had come across the autograph original while searching in Paris for other documents relating to Canadian History. He thereupon purchased it for the Dominion Archives.

It was a happy discovery, for though the good brother was not, as he says, "a doctor of the Sorbonne," he nevertheless gives in his own quaint way many particulars of the deepest interest concerning our Canadian martyrs. As a document of unquestionable authenticity, its publication in the MESSENGER will be, we are sure, greeted with satisfaction, and it will be eagerly perused by our readers.

A word or so concerning the writer of the account will not be out of place. Brother Regnaut died at Caen, Normandy, February 5th, 1697. He had merited the grace of his vocation by devoting himself to the service of the apostles and martyrs of Canada, and by sharing in all the perils of their apostolate. For fifteen years he

had formed part of that humble but valiant band of secular assistants of the Society, who went by the name of "donnés." Most of them had been born in the colony, or had come out from France in quest of adventure. Not a few were recruited from the hardy class called later on *bush rangers*. At some critical moment of their lives, they had been mercifully touched by God's grace, or prompted at the sight of the heroic sacrifices of the missionaries to emulate their example in their own humble capacity.

They had freely enlisted in the service of the Society, not as temporal coadjutors or lay brothers, since they were bound by no religious vow, nor yet as hired servants, since they accepted for their voluntary services but their food, clothing and shelter.

An entry made in the Jesuits' Diary by Father Ragueneau, on November 2, 1650, informs us that on that date, there sailed for France "Joseph Molere and Christopher Renaut, perpetual domestic servants, in the hope of entering the Society."\*

This hope was realized for Brother Regnaut, who lived on in the Society, in France, to the good old age of eighty four. One of the characteristics of the humble religious was his great devotion to the Eucharistic Sacrifice and to Our Lord present in the Tabernacle. In his extreme old age, after devoting two hours every night to the contemplation of heavenly things, and no longer having sufficient bodily strength to employ the whole of the day in manual labor, he was wont to seek repose at the foot of the altar, and there in sweet converse with

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\*Le jours de morte, partit le dernier navire, dit *Le Chasseur* dans lequel estoient le R. P. Hierosme Lallemand, Supérieur, le P. Joseph Bressany, et nostre F. Liegeois, Joseph Molere et Christophe Renaut, *domestici perpetui, cum spe ingrediendi Societatem.*—*Journal des Jésuites*, p. 144.

Jesus Christ, present in the Sacrament of His love, he would enjoy a foretaste of the happy union which was to be consummated in heaven.

One of Brother Regnaut's companions of toil among the Hurons, at the time of the massacre of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant, was François Malherbe, the self-sacrificing brother, whose name is as a household word to all familiar with the history of the Saguenay missions.

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(*Translation.*)

VERITABLE ACCOUNT of the martyrdom and most happy death of Father Jean de Brebœuf and of Father Gabriel L'Allemaut in New France, in the country of the Hurons, by the Iroquois, enemies of the Faith.

Father Jean de Brebœuf and Father Gabriel L'Allemaut had set out from our cabin, to go to a small village called St. Ignace, distant from our cabin about a short quarter of a league, to instruct the savages and the new Christians of that village.

It was on the 16th day of March, in the morning, that we perceived a great fire at the place to which these two good fathers had gone. This fire made us very uneasy. We did not know whether it was enemies, or if the fire had taken in some of the huts of the village. The Rev. Paul Ragueneau, our Superior, immediately resolved to send someone to learn what might be the cause. But no sooner had we formed the design of going there to see, than we perceived several savages on the road coming straight towards us. We all thought it was the Iroquois who were coming to attack us, but having considered them more closely we perceived that it was Hurons who were flying from the fight and who had escaped from the combat. These poor savages caused great pity in us.

They were all covered with wounds. One had his head fractured ; another his arm broken ; another had an arrow in his eye ; another had his hand cut off by a blow from an axe. In fine, the day was passed receiving into our huts all these poor wounded people, and in looking with compassion towards the fire and the place where these two good fathers were, we saw the fire and the barbarians, but we could not see anything of the two fathers.

Here is what the savages told us of the taking of the Bourg St. Ignace and of Fathers Jean de Brebœuf and Gabriel L'Allemant :—

The Iroquois came to the number of twelve hundred men, took our village, took Father Brebœuf and his companion, set fire to all the huts. They proceeded to discharge their rage on these two fathers, for they took them both and stripped them, and fastened each to a post. They tied both of their hands together. They tore the nails from their fingers. They beat them with a shower of blows from cudgels, on the shoulders, the loins, the body, the legs, and the face, there being no part of their body which did not endure this torment.

They told us further :—Although Father Brebœuf was borne down under the weight of these blows, he did not cease continually to speak of God and to encourage all the new Christians who were captives like himself to suffer well that they might die well, in order to go in company with him to Paradise.

Whilst the good Father was thus encouraging these good people, a wretched Huron renegade, who had remained a captive with the Iroquois, and whom Father Brebœuf had formerly instructed and baptized, hearing him speak of Paradise and Holy Baptism, was irritated, and said to him : “Echon,”—that is Father Brebœuf's name in Huron,—“thou sayest that baptism and the suf-

ferings of this life lead straight to Paradise, thou wilt go soon, for I am going to baptize thee and to make thee suffer well, in order to go the sooner to thy Paradise."

The barbarian, having said that, took a kettle of boiling water, which he poured over his body three different times, in derision of Holy Baptism. And each time that he baptized him in this manner the barbarian said to him with bitter sarcasm, "Go to Heaven, for thou art well baptized." After that they made him suffer several other torments. The first was to make axes red hot and apply them to the loins and under the arm pits. They made a collar of these red hot axes and put it on the neck of this good Father. This is the fashion in which I have seen the collar made for other prisoners. They make six axes red hot, take a large withe of green wood, pass the six axes through the large end of the withe, take the two ends together, and then put it over the neck of the sufferer. I have seen no torment which more moved me to compassion than that. For you see a man, bound naked to a post, who, having this collar on his neck, cannot tell what posture to take. For, if he lean forward, those above his shoulders weigh the more on him; if he lean back, those on his stomach make him suffer the same torment; if he keep erect, without leaning to one side or the other, the burning axes, applied equally on both sides, give him a double torture.

*(To be continued.)*



## UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.  
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 10.

*(Translation.)*

FATHER AULNEAU TO HIS MOTHER.

(Address :—Monsieur Chaterere, Procureur et Notaire Royal à Luçon, pour faire tenir à Madame de la Touche Aulneau, aux Moutiers sur le Hay—à Luçon.)

My dearest and most honored Mother,

I continue to observe faithfully the promise I made you, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I once more offer you a token of my most sincere and most respectful attachment. I passed the winter at Quebec in the enjoyment of perfect health, and indeed very pleasantly. I am now on the point of departure, and thenceforth I must devote my thoughts to the work of saving the Indian.

My joy would be complete had I been able to secure the companionship in my expedition of another Jesuit.

But Providence has not seen fit to grant me that consolation. God alone from this out must be my only consolation. Beseech Him to grant me the grace of never rendering myself unworthy by my sins of His protection and of the effects of His mercy.

The objective point of my mission is too remote to admit of the possibility of my reaching it this summer. I shall be obliged to pass the winter nine hundred leagues west of here at a post occupied by a few Frenchmen, on the shores of a great lake. It will be from that place that I shall write you next spring. As it might very well happen that my letters will not have reached Quebec before the departure of the ships for France, do not be alarmed, my dear mother, if you receive no news from me. I shall beg Father Nau, who is stationed at an Iroquois mission sixty-four leagues from Quebec, to write to you every year, and to make up for what it will be impossible for me to do myself as often as I would wish.

The Indians, among whom I am to be sent, have remained until now unknown to the rest of the world, and have never seen either a Frenchman or a missionary; so, if it be God's good pleasure, I shall be the first to announce Jesus Christ to them.

I shall have to travel twelve hundred leagues before reaching them. They are said to be very humane. It is said also that they receive kindly those who visit them, that they have horses, cattle and domestic fowls, so you see, my dear mother, that I shall not be very much to be pitied while among them.

I shall not be able to labor very effectually in the beginning at their conversion, not being acquainted with their language; at the outset the most I shall be able to do will be to baptize children at the point of death, and thus send them to Heaven to pray for the conversion of

their parents, and for the one who, by conferring on them baptism, thus will have procured their happiness for them. You may be sure that I shall keep you fully informed of any success with which the good God may deign to bless my labors.

Were I not so much pressed for time, I should write to my dear uncle, to Melle. de la Sicaudière and to Madame de la Villedieu; but I have not now leisure to do so. Be kind enough, my dear mother, to make up as much as possible for the deficiency, and convey to them the expression of my kind regards. Although very far from them, I do not nor shall I ever forget them. If I do not write to my brothers, it is for the same reason; I beg you, however, when you see them to greet them affectionately for me. I recommend myself to their prayers.

As for what you may think fit to send me, please forward it to Mr. Dupan, merchant, St. You street, La Rochelle, addressed to brother Boispineau, the elder, Quebec, to send on to Father Aulneau, missionary at Fort St. Charles on the Lake of the Woods, Canada.

Lastly, my dear mother, redouble your prayers for me. It very seldom happens that a day goes by without my recommending you to God at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; so that I hope that our Lord, touched by the prayers which we offer up one for the other in our separation here on earth, will unite us for ever in the abode of His glory; then will we congratulate ourselves for all eternity for having made some sacrifices for so great a Master. Let us love Him always, and love Him alone, for He alone deserves our love. Let us serve Him with ardor, and make every effort to render ourselves like unto His adorable Son dying on the cross, for there is the model of all Christians and more especially of missionaries. Wherefore in our trials we have no other



more certain reliance nor more powerful motive to brace ourselves up to suffer them with joy and resignation. Happy the one who is deemed worthy to die for Him.

I am, my dear mother, with the most profound respect and the most tender affection,

Your most humble and most obedient servant and son,  
J. P. AULNEAU, J., Miss.

Many assurances of my respectful consideration to Mr. Pennat. I recommend myself to his Holy Sacrifices.

QUEBEC, April 29, 1735.

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No. II.

(*Translation.*)

Extract from a letter of

FATHER AULNEAU TO FATHER BONIN.

REVEREND FATHER,—

The Peace of our Lord Jesus Christ—

The lively interest you always took in what concerned me while I was in France encourages me to think that you will be glad to learn what my destination is, now that I am so far from you. It may be that it will make you tremble as much as I do for my salvation. If anything gives me confidence it is that I have had no hand in it myself. Reverend Father de Larzon, my superior, has singled me out for the mission, to which he sends me without consulting me, in spite of my natural repugnance. God's holy will be praised; for He alone will now be my consolation, and whatever help I count upon will be derived from Jesus expiring on the cross.

I am here about to set out on a journey of twelve hundred leagues, to go among savages who have never yet met a Frenchman nor a missionary. I cannot reach their country this summer; I shall be obliged to pass the coming winter nine hundred leagues from here, part of the time with the Christinaux and part of the time with the wandering tribes of the Assiniboels, who, in their expeditions, so they tell us, have met these Indians whom I am to seek out. They call them in their language *Ouant Chipouanes*, which means dwellers in holes.\*

Doubtless in all this travelling about I shall have to undergo many hardships; they would have been more than welcome had it been advisable to give me as companion another Jesuit, but I am to be sent alone among these tribes, whose language as well as whose manner of living are unknown. I humbly confess, Reverend Father, that it was not without a pang that I brought myself to obey in complying. May God accept the sacrifice I make of my life and of all human consolations for the expiation of my sins. My hope is that He will not abandon me, while I find in the consideration of Jesus Christ crucified enough to strengthen me to bear

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\* In Father Francis M. Picolo's report to the Royal Council of Guadalaxara, concerning the then recently established missions in California, and dated February 10, 1702, we find the following passage:

The country is thickly peopled in the interior, and especially in its northern parts; and although there is scarcely to be found a village which does not consist of twenty, thirty, forty or fifty families, they have no houses. The shade of the trees protects them from the heat of the sun during the day, and they construct a kind of shelter of branches and foliage as a protection against rainfalls at night. In winter, they shut themselves up in caves which they excavate in the earth, and there they live crowded together not unlike animals.

Bethune edition of the *Lettres Edifiantes*, 32mo, Paris, 1830, Vol. 13, p. 197.

with all the hardships, and to overcome all the difficulties which Providence may have in store for me.

I shall be removed several hundred leagues from any other priest, and in that lies the greatest hardship of all my mission, because I am far from flattering myself that I shall seldom need to cleanse my soul in the blood of Jesus Christ. But God seems to require of me the sacrifice of this very consolation. I can refuse Him nothing; let His Holy Name be forever blessed.

To reach my final destination I shall have to cross nearly the whole of North America; but my course is so ordered, that instead of passing by the Mississippi River, when I have got as far as Missiliuakinac, where Father Saint Pé is stationed, I shall take a northwest direction, and shall traverse all the great lakes which lie on this side and beyond the sources of the Mississippi, until I come to the lake of the Assiniboels. I shall leave that post only in the spring, to journey on three or four hundred leagues beyond, in quest of the Ouant Chipouanes, so that my course then will be southwest.

Such, Reverend Father, is the route I shall follow towards an objective point which you see is very indefinite and uncertain, since all we know about it is founded on the reports of other Indians, who, for the most part, have little scruple in speaking differently from what they think.

If what they add concerning the place where the Ouant Chipouanes dwell be true, I should say that these cannot be very far from California, for, if we are to believe their reports, the Ouant Chipouanes dwell on the shores of a great river where there is an ebb and flow in the stream, which would go to show that the sea cannot be very far off. It is not easy to determine what river this is. I am led to surmise, however, that it is no other than the great

river which Father King, a German Jesuit, mentions in the map which he traced of the regions lying to the north of California, and which he calls the Rio Colorado del Norte. See the fifth collection of the *Lettres Edifiantes*.\*

Whatever be the truth relative to these conjectures and to the place where these Indians dwell, I am deputed to go in quest of them, and to establish a mission among them if it be possible. All this, Reverend Father, is much beyond my strength, wherefore I have placed myself and whatever betides my enterprise in the hands of our Lord. Beg Him to prepare me for every eventuality according to His holy and divine will. Do not forget, either, to send me some nourishment for my soul; nothing could please me more than what you might suggest, by way of encouragement, to animate me to serve and love Him who alone deserves our service and our love.

Father Nau is permanently stationed at the Iroquois mission of Sault St. Louis, near Montreal. We are much afraid that Father Guignas has been taken and burnt by a tribe of Indians called the Foxes; but in this unfortunate country we should set little value on our own lives which are so often in peril. I should deem myself happy were I judged worthy of laying mine down for the One from whom I received it. I recommend myself to your Holy Sacrifices, in union with which I am, Reverend Father,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,

AULNEAU, Jesuit missionary.

QUEBEC, April 29, 1735.

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\* We have not been able to find this map of California in the *Lettres Edifiantes*.

## IN THANKSGIVING.

AMHERSTBURG.—Thanks for five temporal favors granted through the Sacred Heart with the promise to publish in the MESSENGER.— In fulfillment of a promise I desire to thank publicly the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for a very special favor for which I cannot be grateful enough. ANTIGONISH, N. S.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the restoration to health of a dear friend after promise to publish if obtained. BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a situation obtained for a young man. DANVILLE.—Thanks for a favor obtained from the Sacred Heart of Jesus by a lady member after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. EGANVILLE.—Thanks returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the preservation from disease of one family. GALT.—Thanks are returned to the Divine Heart for a temporal favor obtained. GODERICH.—For means obtained through a Novena in honor of the Canadian Martyrs for the Souls in Purgatory. A promise was made to publish.—For improvement in health, through a similar novena. HALIFAX.—I wish to fulfill my promise of acknowledging through the MESSENGER the restoration to health of a person who had been very near death. HAMILTON.—A member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained by a promise to publish in the MESSENGER. KINGSTON.—Thanksgiving for restored health. MONTREAL.—Be kind enough to mention in the MESSENGER special favors I have received through the intercession with the Sacred Heart of Jesus of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lallemand.—A member of the Sacred Heart League wishes to have a thanksgiving inserted in the MESSENGER for three temporal favors received through recourse to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; it has increased her devotion to the Sacred Heart.—A lady promotor thanks the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for a special favor: received the same day as it was recommended.—A Promoter of the Sacred Heart League wishes to return thanks in a special manner for four temporal favors received.—A member desires to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the MESSENGER for temporal favor sorely needed, and obtained, with promise to publish. I wish to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a change for the better in my friend and for his promising to drink no more.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for a safe journey for three brothers.—An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for a favor granted through the intercession of His Martyrs, namely, the cure of her hand of an ailment which she thought would prove very serious.—Special Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the immediate answer to the prayers asked last League Sunday for the person who expected to have his eye taken out the following day; all inflammation ceased at once, and some sight has been restored so that he is able to attend to his business.—In accordance with a promise, a Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for two temporal favors received.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor received after promise to publish in the MESSENGER.—A lady wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor received for her brother, after having recommended the affair to the prayers of the League six months ago; he has succeeded in effecting the sale of bonds which he had been trying in vain to dispose of for the last six years. OAKVILLE.—A member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the intercession of the Heart of Mary, for a very great favor received, by promising to have a Mass said for the Souls in Purgatory and having it published in the MESSENGER.—Another member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a favor received. OTTAWA.—Member of the League offers sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of her daughter who was suffering from a dangerous swelling in the neck, obtained after a promise to publish.—Thanksgiving for a cure ob-

tained through the Sacred Heart, also for other favors obtained through the Sacred Heart.— I wish to return thanks, through the MESSENGER, to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a Protestant, obtained through a promise to publish.— Thanks also for the reformation of two people who were addicted to drink.— Also thanks, through the intercession of Our Lady, St Aloysius and the two Canadian Jesuit Martyrs, for the recovery of a sick person after a Novena and a promise to publish, QUEBEC.— A person who has obtained several favors from the Sacred Heart wishes to return thanks through the MESSENGER for the same.— A member of the League returns grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart through the intercession of the poor suffering souls in Purgatory for a great temporal favor received.— Special thanksgiving for a number of spiritual favors and also for a number of temporal favors obtained after promise to publish.— Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs, for the cure of a bad sore throat and a severe headache.— QUYON.— Special thanksgiving returned to the Sacred Heart for two great favors received; promise was made to publish. RENFREW.— Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for success in two temporal enterprises.— In fulfillment of my promise, I record a favor received from the Sacred Heart.— Thanks are returned for a favor obtained from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. ST CATHARINES.— A Promotor returns thanks for a temporal favor received; promise made to publish. WINDSOR.— According to promise I made to have it mentioned in the MESSENGER of the Sacred Heart, I return thanks for a special favor granted through this means; an article lost was found WINNIPEG.— A lady in Manitoba living some distance from Winnipeg desires to return deep heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for protection in trying circumstances. WOOLER.— A member of the League of the Sacred Heart wishes to have published in the MESSENGER according to promise a very great temporal favor obtained.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Almonte, Antigonish, Apple Hill, Belleville, Buckingham, Calgary, Chatham Convent, Coburg, Danville, Kingston, Montreal (St. Ann's, St. Patrick's, Gesu, Pt St. Charles), Ottawa, Swanton, Vt., Toronto.

## Toronto.

The *Toronto World*, of December 9th, under the heading "It is a solemn League—eight hundred Catholic men in Toronto have joined an order for aid and purity," thus puts before its readers the doings of the Association in that city:—

"The League of the Sacred Heart is holding a convention at St. Michael's Cathedral, and will continue in session until Saturday evening. Father Ryan, being head of the Toronto branch, is presiding.

"The League is composed entirely of men, and the

membership roll for Toronto contains 800 names, which are divided up into companies of 15 under the supervision of a Promoter.

"The object of the League is the promotion of purity among the members, besides being a mutual aid society for members out of employment or in trouble.

"The League is 20,000,000 strong, being the most influential society in the Roman Catholic Church. In all there are 34 different periodicals published in connection with the Order. The head centre is in Rome, and the place of special devotion is at Paray Le Monial, France.

"Local centres are under a national directory, and Montreal is the Canadian city where the highest branch of the Order meets.

"In Toronto, monthly meetings are held by the Promoters, who number over 50, each representing 15 members, who are called associates, and these latter hold quarterly meetings in St. Michael's Cathedral for special devotions.

"This quarterly meeting is the one which is now in session, and will be terminated by a communion service at 9 o'clock mass Sunday in the Cathedral, when the Archbishop will address them.

"A number of the more progressive spirits are talking of the advisability of erecting a club house which would be a credit to the organization."

The *Globe*, a day later, gives the following account of the organization. It heads its article:—"Millions of Members—A Roman Catholic organization whose influence and work extend all round the world." It then proceeds:—

"The Toronto branch of the League of the Sacred Heart, or the Apostleship of Prayer, a world-wide organization within the Roman Catholic Church, and having a

total membership of 20,000,000 people, is holding its quarterly meeting in St. Michael's Cathedral. This organization has developed marvellously during the past year, and, inasmuch as it is not confined to any class, it is democratic in its constitution. It is spiritual in its objects, but adaptable as an organization to the various needs of social and civic life. Its literature is extensive, its publications numbering over 30 monthly periodicals devoted to subjects of religious and social interest. The League is controlled by a central organization, with national and diocesan sub-division. It has been established in the archdiocese of Toronto by his Grace the Archbishop, who has warmly encouraged it in its work. Under his patronage it has assumed very large dimensions. There are enrolled 800 men, who are divided into companies of fifteen, under the control of officers called promoters, directed by a council of five and supervised by the spiritual director, Rev. Father Ryan. There are monthly meetings of the promoters, when the various interests of the organization are discussed.

"The Pope, seeing the universal need of the church and of society, recommends what is most pressing to the prayers and special work of the organization, as through it the people can be reached as through no other agency. For instance, the recent disturbances in the industrial world, particularly the Homestead affair, brought from the Pope an exhortation to the members of the League all over the world to exert their influence to harmonize as much as possible the relations of capital and labor. He has also recommended the case of Ireland to the League. The meeting, which has been in progress at St. Michael's for two days, and will continue until to-morrow, is the quarterly meeting, and is especially interesting because it is Christmas time. A special preparation of three days' devotion precedes the general communion service which



will take place to-morrow. The services have been conducted by Father Ryan who is at the head of the local organization. The Archbishop will address the members at 9 a.m. to-morrow in St. Michael's Cathedral."

The same paper on the 12th ult. finally describes the closing ceremonies of the quarterly meeting in the following terms:—

"The exercises of the quarterly meeting of the League of the Sacred Heart or the Apostleship of Prayer were concluded at St. Michael's Cathedral at 9 a.m. yesterday. The men of the League turned out in their companies, wearing neat badges of white and red on their breasts, bearing the motto of the organization, "Thy Kingdom Come," and also the name. The companies were in charge of their officers who wore silver crosses, symbolic of the positions they hold. Besides these crosses the officers are provided with special diplomas, signed by the national director, entitling them to many spiritual privileges. After the communion service, Rev. Father Ryan delivered a short address to the members of the League, congratulating them upon their attendance at the evening services of the week, and encouraging them to persevere in the noble work of their organization, which tends to spiritual and social happiness. Besides the central league in connection with St. Michael's Cathedral there are parish organizations. The ladies of the central organization who compose a branch of it, besides their work in connection with the League, interest themselves in providing vestments and orders for church services, under the name of the Altar Society."

#### Brantford.

The members of the Men's Branch of the Holy League enjoyed a most interesting and instructive address on Wednesday evening, December 14, delivered by the Rev.

Father Kavanagh, S.J., of Guelph. The subject was the work of the League, its objects and benefits.

The address lasted nearly an hour, and was listened to by about two hundred men of the St. Basil's congregation. At the close, the officers of the Men's Branch called upon the good father, and thanked him. Rev. Father Feeney, the energetic director, will be pleased to accept through this channel the thanks of the parishioners for having secured Father Kavanagh's services for the occasion.

A number of members of the Ladies' Branch have formed themselves into a choir of the Sacred Heart. The hymns they rendered on the evening of the lecture were received with appreciation. On certain Sunday. and festivals, as also on the First Fridays, they sing at early mass, and add much to the devotion of the faithful present.

### Quebec.

It will afford no doubt satisfaction to all Associates to know that the Holy League continues to make progress in Quebec.

Our last General Communion was very largely attended by both men and women: it seemed as if the whole congregation approached the altar-rails. In truth, it was a great demonstration of faith and piety.

Yesterday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was the anniversary of our first Promoters' reception. Our good zealous Rev. Director asked all who could do so to receive Holy Communion on that day. His request was willingly complied with by a great number.

In the evening a special sermon was preached for the occasion, the Act of Consecration was pronounced, and a grand solemn Benediction followed. After Benediction the *Te Deum* was sung, to return thanks to Almighty

God for the blessings and favors granted during the past year through the means of the Holy League.

Last 8th of December, ninety-three ladies and sixty men received the cross and diploma; again in September forty-four ladies and twenty men, and now at the close of the year we have several more candidates who are preparing for our next reception.

You see the good people of St. Patrick's Church have not been slow to appreciate the benefits our dear Lord has placed within their reach. But much is due to the untiring zeal and tender solicitude of our good, devoted Fathers, more especially to our Reverend Director, F. Oates, who leaves nothing undone for the salvation of souls.

In spite of the many preoccupations of the *Kermesse*, the work of the Holy League was never neglected. The meetings were well and regularly attended, the distribution of MESSENGERS and Rosary tickets went on as usual. You will see by our order for '93 that our membership is increasing.

### Galt.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 11th, at St. Patrick's Church, Galt, a very pleasing ceremony was held, when six new Promoters were presented with the Diplomas and Crosses of the League of the Sacred Heart.

The ceremony, imposing in itself, received additional interest from a very appropriate address given by the Director, Rev. E. P. Slaven. After the Act of Consecration was read and a hymn to the Sacred Heart sung by the choir, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought this interesting event to a close. The altar, and a table on which a picture of the Sacred Heart was placed, were tastefully decorated with lights and flowers.

## INTENTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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

- 1.—W.—*St. Ignatius, Bp. M.* Love of Our Lord. 4,439 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—Th.—*Purification, B. V. M.*, hf. mf. rf. sl. Humility. 10,561 In affliction.
- 3.—F.—*St. Francis de Sales, Bp. D.* at. gt. pf. Charity. 58,144 Deceased Associates.
- 4.—S.—*St. Andrew Corsini, C. rt.* Try to be unselfish. 557,724 Various.
- 5.—S.—*St. Agatha, V. M.* at. gt. rf. Resist temptation. 1,225 Communities.
- 6.—M.—*St. Titus, Bp. C.* Pray for our Bishops. 15,258 1st Communions.
- 7.—Tu.—OUR LORD'S PASSION. Recollection. 225,111 Departed.
- 8.—W.—*St. John of Matha, C.* Pity Christ's Poor. 14,647 Employment.
- 9.—Th.—*St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bp. D.* hf. Honor the Mother of God. 3,313 Clergy.
- 10.—F.—*St. Scholastica, V.* Spiritual Words. 14,822 Children.
- 11.—S.—*Sts. 7 Servite Founders.* Kindness at Home. 98,790 Families.
- 12.—S.—*St. Eulalia, V.* Bear our Crosses for Jesus. 6,982 Perseverance.
- 13.—M.—*St. Catharine Ricci, pf. rt.* The Three Degrees. 6,434 Reconciliations.
- 14.—Tu.—*St. Ildefonsus, Bp. C.* Union with Jesus Suffering. 10,616 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—W.—(*Ash. W.*) *Sts. Faustinus and Jovita.* Family prayers. 11,219 Temporal favors.
- 16.—Th.—OUR LADY OF LOURDES. hf. Confidence in Mary. 65,790 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—F.—CROWN OF THORNS. Conquer pride. 16,586 Youth.
- 18.—S.—*St. Simeon, Bp. M.* Fly evil company. 4,604 Schools.
- 19.—S.—*St. Conrad, C.* Help the home missions. 10,353 Sick.
- 20.—M.—*St. Mildred, V.* Pray for the Pope. 129 Missions.
- 21.—Tu.—*St. Severianus, Bp. M.* Fear God's Judgments. 208 Works, Guilds.
- 22.—W.—*St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.* Love the Holy See. 1,302 Parishes.
- 23.—Th.—*St. Peter Damian, Bp. D.* hf. Loyalty to God. 7,800 Sinners.
- 24.—F.—*St. Mathias, Ap. ct. mf.* Fear worldliness. 23,700 Parents.
- 25.—S.—*St. Margaret of Cortona.* Bring one sinner to confession. 7,146 Religious.
- 26.—S.—*St. Porphyrius, Bp.* Despise the world's idols. 2,489 Superiors.
- 27.—M.—THE LANCE AND NAILS. Confidence. 10,069 Vocations.
- 28.—Tu.—*St. Romarus, Ab.* Do God's will. 7,616 Promoters.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona M'ers; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

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