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for all Associates.*

GROWTH IN THE KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE OF
JESUS CHRIST.

God is the all powerful Master: hence without any mediatorship He could, had He so minded, have bestowed on mankind His gifts of grace and even those of glory. But to honor more highly our nature, and the better to show forth His own measureless bounty, He willed that these inestimable gifts in the supernatural order should be transmitted to us, with the irresistible attraction of a love and condescension all divine, through our Lord Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, an ever amiable Mediator who, for this very reason, became the Son of man.

So that, in the present economy of God, the Incarnation is the basis and keystone of the whole supernatural edifice, and now and for evermore the extrinsic glory of God, which outside of God Himself is the most excellent

of all good, is admirably safeguarded, and the lesions this extrinsic glory of God suffers from the sins of men are abundantly compensated for.

Through the Sacred Humanity of our Lord our nature has been exalted and, as it were, *deified*. In this are to participate those at least of the children of men who will not stubbornly have repelled until the end the happiness of becoming in Jesus Christ and through Jesus Christ the children of God, heirs of His Kingdom and co-partners of His eternal glory.

In this consist the great and *glad tidings*, the *Gospel*, excellent beyond all other gospels, which from the night the Angels announced it to the shepherds on the hillside at Bethlehem, the Church on earth, in unison with the Church in Heaven, has never ceased to proclaim to mankind. Thenceforth, to know Jesus Christ has become the science of sciences: knowledge the most sublime and the most accessible of all knowledge: the only knowledge, in all truth, which is necessary and indispensable for rational man. And, on the other hand, the love of Jesus Christ is the fulfilment of all the moral law and the perfection of all virtues, be they human or divine, for in Him and through Him alone may we ever hope to love God perfectly and our neighbor as ourselves.

And yet, O unfathomable depth of the waywardness and folly of the children of Adam! how few, from Christ's first advent down to the day in which we live, though all are invited by Divine Mercy to share in this sublime glory and in this superabundance of joys everlasting, have wished to understand or have really understood this blessing! How numerous, on the contrary, are they not who to-day, after nineteen centuries, through their own fault, do not know and are consequently unable to love Jesus Christ really and truly!

Wherefore the all-merciful Redeemer, bent as it were

on triumphing by main force—as much at least as is compatible with the exercise of free will—over the senseless dread and the cruel ingratitude which bar His ingress into so many souls, foretold centuries ago, through His Beloved Disciple, in behalf of our own age, a last and supreme effort of love.

What else could He have had in mind than the revelation of the Sacred Heart, destined anew, as the Sovereign Pontiffs have declared, to rescue the world from perdition? Already our God, who in His Divine Nature dwells in light inaccessible, in becoming Jesus, came down from the highest heavens, lowering Himself to the level of our misery. “But when I say ‘*the Heart of Jesus,*’ I see my Saviour, if it were possible, still nearer to me; I see in Him that link (His Heart) whereby He wishes to be united to me and invites me to unite myself to Him.”*

So that now-a-days, to lead souls to the knowledge and love of our Lord Jesus Christ, the quickest and most effectual means is to place before them, quite as our Lord Himself has set us the example, His Sacred Heart. “Behold,” He said, “the Heart which has so loved men!” If Jesus Christ is the key to all else, surely the key to that adorable Person, a vast and divine world in Himself, is the Sacred Heart.

The immediate effect of this providential devotion will certainly be, with the assistance of divine grace and our own whole-souled correspondence with it, the growth of all souls individually, and collectively that of all nations in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ, the first and essential condition of all other progress.

But especially as this growth is developed, each one of us will be clothed in the resemblance to Jesus Christ, which needs must constitute the individual perfection of

* Father Ramière, *Le Cœur de Jésus et la Divinisation du Chrétien*, p. 112.

souls. So we shall contribute to hasten the coming of the "Social Reign of Jesus Christ," the only salvation possible for the nations of the earth.

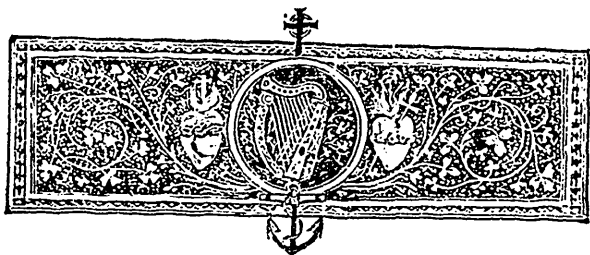
PRAYER.

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 of all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer. I offer them in particular to obtain that growth in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ so necessary for my eternal happiness and the true welfare of nations.—Amen.

TREASURY, APRIL, 1894.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity,....	79,519	Pious reading,.....	48,973
Acts of mortification.	131,549	Masses celebrated,..	1,064
Beads,.....	273,500	Masses heard,	65,521
Stations of the Cross,	59,703	Works of zeal,.....	381,281
Holy Communion,..	77,856	Various good works,	591,866
Spiritual Commu-		Prayers,.....	941,051
nions,.....	297,733	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions,.....	37,746
conscience,.....	149,042	Self-conquests,.....	122,955
Hours of silence,....	269,315	Visits to Blessed	
Charitable conversa-		Sacrament,	245,867
tions,.....	197,743		
Hours of labor,....	1,106,723		
Holy hours,.....	42,717		
		Total.....	5,121,724



IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

BY EMMA C. STREET.

“**A** EIGHO! I wonder if life *is* worth living,” sighed Alice Reid, laying down her book and walking to the window. “So far as I can learn, it’s nothing but a series of disappointments and misfortunes for most people. I think it would have been a good thing for many if they had never been born.”

These sage reflections of this girl of nineteen were the results of a course of reading of those modern authors who think it a sign of high culture to discover nothing but hopelessness in the world and mankind. The prophets of a new philosophy, the last outcome of which is despair, and whose evangel is heralded abroad in paper-bound volumes at thirty cents per copy. Prophets must live.

The scene that Alice gazed upon through the window was a busy one. Her home fronted up a one of Montreal’s business streets, up and down which a stream of humanity poured all day and far into the night.

On that particular day the city was wrapped in a mantle of snow, for though it was late in March the winter had not yet departed, and the keen winds that swept the streets made people very willing to retain their comfortable furs.

While she was still looking out with discontented eyes, her glance fell upon two Sisters of Charity who were passing upon the opposite side, and she began to speculate upon the amount of happiness that they might find it possible to derive from their mode of life, so far as the mode was known to her; for though a Catholic, Alice Reid knew very little about convents or their inmates, having been educated in a purely secular school, where her religion, if not attacked, was by no means held in honor.

Tiring at last of her occupation, and feeling utterly dissatisfied with herself and everything else, she went downstairs and informed her mother that she was going out for a walk. Mrs. Reid glanced up from the contemplation of a fashion-plate to answer "very well," and then resumed her study without making any inquiries as to her daughter's reason for going out.

Mrs. Reid was a good woman, in the world's acceptance of the term. She went to church regularly, gave liberally to charities, and had seen to it that Alice went to catechism in her youth and made her First Communion at the proper time; but apart from these things she had done little in a spiritual sense. The spirit of piety and Catholicity that a child should drink in from its earliest years was wanting in the household of the Reids. Mr. Reid had to attend to his business and Mrs. Reid to her social duties, so that somehow it happened they never had time for the cultivation of that Catholic spirit that is so tangible, though indefinable, in some families. They neglected no precept of the Church, and were all regular if not frequent communicants, yet all three lacked that fine instinct that places religion at the root of every action and warns the possessor of the approach of anything inimical to it.

The fresh air and bustling life out of doors soon

restored Alice to a happier frame of mind, and she was on her way home again, feeling in much better spirits, when, as she was passing one of Montreal's charitable institutions, she stepped upon a treacherous piece of ice, and fell, striking her head with some violence against a hydrant near by.

The blow was so severe that she lost consciousness, and when she came to herself again she was lying on a bed in a small room with a couple of dark-robed women leaning over her, whom she at once recognized as nuns.

"Where am I?" she asked faintly, making a motion to rise, but falling back with a sharp exclamation as a violent pain shot through her shoulder.

One of the Sisters told her the name of the institution, and then asked for her address, in order to notify her friends of the accident that had befallen her. While she was speaking, the doctor for whom the nuns had sent arrived, and after a brief examination he told them that the girl's shoulder was dislocated, and that she had better remain where she was until the injury had been attended to. The process of setting the shoulder was a painful one, but it was safely over, and Alice comfortably placed in bed by the time her mother arrived, much agitated and filled with alarm.

Mrs. Reid was inclined to insist upon her daughter's removal to their own home, and was only deterred from enforcing her will by the doctor's warning. At last she compromised matters by agreeing to remain in the convent herself all night, and the nuns had another bed put up in the room for her. Several times during the night, Alice woke up, and each time she did so she gazed around her with curious eyes. The plain, white-washed walls, the solitary crucifix, the boarded floor with its strip of home-made carpet, were all novelties to her, and despite the pain of her shoulder she found time

to wonder how anyone could support life in the midst of such unbeautiful surroundings.

The next day she was in a slight fever, and Mrs. Reid was obliged to leave her where she was and content herself with coming several times to see her, for the convent was only about ten minutes' walk from her home.

The kind Sisters did not leave Alice much alone, for they thought she would be lonely, and as one after the other came in and stayed with her for a few minutes, it became evident to her that they were a very cheerful looking body of people.

"I don't know how they can look so happy," she mused, calling mistily her own sentiments of the previous day, and contrasting her luxurious home with the austere bareness of the convent walls. "It's very odd."

Late in the afternoon, a nun whom she had not seen before came in and sat down beside her. She was stout and rosy-cheeked, and looked as though she had been laughing all her life, so pleasant was her expression.

"Well, my dear," she said cheerfully, "how do you feel now?"

"Much better, Sister, thank you," answered Alice, with a smile that was a reflection of the Sister's.

"And anxious to be at home, I suppose?" queried Sister Agatha, beginning to knit busily upon a coarse woollen sock she carried.

"Oh no, not at all," said Alice hastily. "You have all been so kind to me that I've almost enjoyed being ill."

"What a pretty speech!" laughed the Sister. "I am glad I came in time to hear it."

"I don't think I saw you before, did I, Sister?"

"No, my dear. I have been out begging all day."

"What a very disagreeable thing to be obliged to do!"

ejaculated the patient, coloring up with confusion the moment the words escaped her.

Sister Agatha's smile became a laugh as she answered: "Not at all. I have been begging for nearly twenty years now, and I like it."

"I am sure *I* never should," rejoined Alice emphatically."

"Because it may not be your vocation, child. God gives each of us the talent for the work He intended us for."

Though the nun spoke with a smile, there was a note of earnestness in her voice that told Alice she was not jesting.

"Do you think God intended everyone for some special work?" asked the girl. She had often heard this truth expounded before, but somehow it had never been placed in such a practical light.

"I am sure of it," said Sister Agatha decidedly. "What a world of confusion this would be if everyone had a talent for the same work and no talent for anything else. Yes, my dear child, God sent each of us into the world to perform certain work, and upon our performance of it depends our happiness in this life and in the next."

This was looking at one of life's problems from a different point of view to that taken by any of Alice's favorite authors, and she ruminated on it in silence for a few moments. Then she said: "And do you never grow tired of your work, Sister, and ask yourself if it is not all useless after all?"

Sister Agatha looked at the girl in open-eyed astonishment. "Grow tired of the work the good God has deigned to call me to and consider it useless!" she repeated. "Why, my dear child, you must be dreaming! No Christian should feel like that."

"Then I am afraid I am not a Christian," said Alice, moved in spite of herself to pursue the question that was bothering her. "I was asking myself only yesterday, was life worth living. I felt so tired of it all."

Sister Agatha looked meditatively at her for a moment, and then resumed her knitting with a grave face. It was evident the girl was in earnest, and she was a little puzzled how to act with her. At last she said: "You are very young to have such melancholy ideas. What put them into your head?"

"I hardly know," answered Alice honestly. "But I have read a great deal about life's problems; and of course I can see that there is a great deal of misery and ingratitude and injustice in the world, though I am young."

"Ah," said the nun, smiling and shaking her head. "You first put on yellow glasses and then say that the world is yellow. I see, I see."

"What do you mean, Sister?" Alice colored a little as she spoke, for she thought she was being laughed at.

"Only this, child: you have read a lot of trashy, unwholesome books filled with false principles, and then tried to measure life according to those principles."

"But is there not much unhappiness and deceitfulness in the world?" asked Alice with slight petulance. It hurt her vanity to discover that she was not quite the philosopher she had thought she was.

"Yes, my dear; a great deal of both," answered Sister Agatha earnestly. "But there is also much unselfishness, much generosity, much nobility and self-sacrifice as well. Why dwell upon the dark side of human nature alone?"

"I didn't think those virtues were to be met with nowadays," confessed the girl.

"They are indeed, then, and in the most unexpected places," the nun assured her,— "often, it is true, mixed with the alloy of small faults, for our poor nature is a

fallen one. I have known women who have sacrificed their lives to the maintenance of aged parents, or the education of younger brothers and sisters, and yet who were often irritable, or spoke unkindly of their neighbors—not scandalously, but unkindly, you understand—or took offence at little things, or were guilty of other minor faults; yet would you not say they were good and admirable in spite of those imperfections?"

"I think I should, Sister."

"Of course you would; but your gloomy writers would not. They would pick out the faults and expatiate upon them in withering terms, but they would have nothing to say about the daily sacrifice such a soul was making,—unless, indeed, it were to point a sarcasm."

"I am afraid you are right, Sister," said Alice slowly. The nun's words had given her the clue to what she had often felt to be unfair dealing upon the part of her much admired authors, though she had been unable to put it into coherent form for herself.

"If you could see the lives of the poor," continued Sister Agatha earnestly, "you would never again indulge such melancholy fancies. With everything to embitter life, they never ask is life worth living, because, my child, they understand that God has designed their trials for an excellent end, and they are content to do His will. Besides this, they are obliged to work hard, and so have little time for vague philosophies that would rob them of the source of all contentment,—trust in God."

"That means that I have been making a bad use of my leisure, does it not, Sister?" asked Alice good-humoredly, her momentary pique having passed away.

"I am afraid so," said the nun gently. "Do not again read any book that would rob you of your faith in God and His overruling Providence."

"I hardly think they are so bad as that, Sister," said the girl hastily. "That is a serious accusation."

“Very serious and very grave. but, unfortunately, very just also. Let me show you how. It is of faith that God sent us into the world for a purpose, and that He so ordered our lives as to give us the best facilities for accomplishing that purpose. Therefore it follows that life has a meaning, and a solemn one, for every individual that attains the use of reason. What do our latter-day philosophers teach but the contrary of all this! They insinuate, if they don't say boldly, that we are here by accident, and with nothing to do but derive as much cynical enjoyment from life as our capabilities allow. That it is hopeless to employ our talents or our energies in any effort to benefit our fellows, because we will meet with nothing in return but deceit and ingratitude; and that the best thing we can do is to sit down and allow ourselves to drift into the grave with as little personal trouble as possible, because life, with all its apparent possibilities, is really not worth living when we examine into it. Where, in this philosophy, is there room for God and His Providence ”

Alice did not answer. She felt like one who had been suddenly awakened from sleep-walking on the brink of a steep declivity and she was overwhelmed with dismay.

“I fear I have shocked you, my dear,” continued the nun gently. “But in these matters we must be honest with ourselves if we do not wish to be dangerously deceived. We read those books that flatter our vanity; then we begin to think ourselves more profound than our commonplace neighbors who accept life and its problems in a spirit of faith and do their duty cheerfully. We begin to feel a good-natured contempt for them and an inordinate esteem for what we call our own penetration; and then, before we realize it, we find every pursuit unsatisfactory, and life a burden. The way down hill is very swift, my child.”

"You are right, Sister," said Alice in a low tone. Her face had grown very grave, and whatever wound her vanity had received at her companion's plain-speaking was unheeded in the midst of the new train of ideas it had awakened.

Sister Agatha was wise enough to perceive she had said enough for the present, and that the girl would be better left to her own reflections for a while; so she rose, and said with a return to her usual cheerful manner: "Now I must leave you for a time; but I shall come again later on. Good-bye for the present, my dear" She patted Alice softly on the cheek and went away, and the girl sank into a reverie that lasted until the red glow of sunset had given place to the deep blue sky and glimmering stars of night.

It was almost a week before Alice was fit to be removed to her own home, and during that time she had several serious talks with Sister Agatha and the chaplain of the convent, the results of which became apparent when she had regained her health. She who had been idle and discontented became busy and cheerful. Every morning saw her at mass, and few days passed without finding her exerting herself for the relief of suffering humanity in one way or another. In a word, she began to live as those do who feel that this life is a short preparation for eternity, and that it behooves them to waste no time.

All this did not come about without much effort and many fits of discouragement. To put off a half-formed character and acquire a totally different one is not an easy task; but her meditations upon the truths she had learned during her enforced stay in the convent were the means that gradually raised her above her former self, and she had the reward of seeing that her quiet perseverance made an impression upon her parents, and that almost unconsciously they became more fervent in their spiritual life as the years glided by.

IN LUCE TUA.

By FRANCIS W. GREY.



WHEN we have passed
 Beyond the shadow and beyond the strife,
 When all the toils and griefs of this our life
 Have ceased at last :

Say, shall we look
 Backward along the path He bade us tread,
 And see more clearly, since 'twas He who led
 The way we took ?

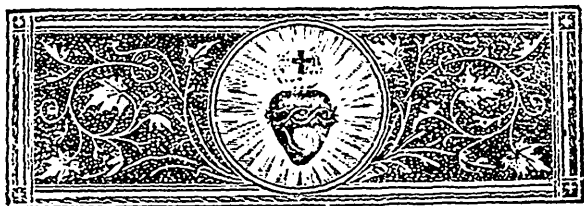
Shall we then know
 That all He did was best—not understood,
 Not fully grasped till now—but only good ?
 Ah ! surely so !

That all was right,
 The crosses, disappointments, doubts and
 fears,
 The hopes deferred, the loneliness and tears
 Seen in His light ?

Surely, so seen
 In that immortal Radiance, all our way
 Shall then be straight and plain ; and we
 shall say
 That He hath been

Our Guide and Friend ;
 Amid the gloom and darkness, He was Light
 Comfort in sorrow, in our weakness, Might,
 On to the end :

Lord, we shall see
 Light in Thy Light, when earthly night is
 past ;
 Light perfect and immutable, at last, .
 Dear Lord, in Thee.



A SIMPLE STORY.

(From the Irish Messenger)

BY MONICA.

“**M**OTHER! Catherine has got the prize. Father Bernard gave it to her himself, and he said he was so glad she had gained it, because he knew it had been hard work for her to persevere in being punctual. It is such a lovely picture, with a real oak frame, and mount, and border of gold round the inside!”

Little Agnes was quite breathless. The mother smiled as her eldest daughter, a girl of four years of age, entered the cottage, carrying in her hand a somewhat neavy parcel. There was mutual love and sympathy in the glance that was exchanged between them as the girl sat down and rested the end of it on her mother's ironing board. The boys had just come home from school, and busy fingers soon untied the knots, and opened the parcel. Before many minutes, a good strong nail was securely hammered into the wall over the fire-place, and the picture, to which a pretty red cord was attached, was hanging in its appointed place in the kitchen. This was a large, comfortable room where the family generally lived. The mother suggested that it would look handsome in the best parlor, and would be less likely to get soiled, but Catherine objected to this, saying the priest

told her to hang it up in their general living room, so that mother could look at it while she was at work. A slight flush came into the poor woman's pale thin face, as she said softly, half to herself: "Dear Father Bernard, he never forgets me."

I am sure all my readers recognize the picture without a very minute description: it is the Picture of the Sacred Heart with the Twelve Promises of our Lord radiating from it. No house should ever be without this picture, if people realized the blessing it is. Catherine and her mother were both very busy that afternoon; clothes had to be mangled, and ironed, and folded, and then sorted, so work went on briskly and silently.

Mrs. Anne Warren was a washerwoman, as my readers have found out by this time. She had a large family, and had for years overtaxed her constitution, which was never a strong one. Her strength had gradually failed her, till consumption had laid its fatal hand on her. Her husband spent the greater part of his earnings and his evenings at the public-house. He was not a confirmed drunkard, but was going down the ladder rung by rung till his poor wife, who recalled the early happy years of their married life, trembled with a great fear which always lay low down in the depth of her own heart. She was a brave woman, and no ear save that of "the Master" had heard her suppliant, heart-broken cry. To Him, and to the Mother of God, she poured out her hidden grief. She never despaired, she waited, and she hoped, and *she prayed.*

Catherine had put the kettle on the fire to boil, and was settling the tea things, while her mother finished up a few last things, when the silence was broken rather abruptly by Mrs. Warren exclaiming: "It is a lovely picture!"

"Mother! you should have heard what Father Bernard told us about it to-day. He spoke to the first class after the children had gone out."

"Tell me, child!"

"Well, mother, he said how all those beautiful promises came direct out of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, just like so many rays of light, not like one general illumination, like sunshine—but *each Promise has its own special separate ray of light*, which penetrates into every heart, and brings graces to each soul. He took the First Promise, for he said 'it was like the opening of the door, and throwing it wide open.' He said that Jesus Himself is the Door, and we keep the key, and this key will open the Door at any time. The key is our will."

"Tell me '*the Promise*,' my child!" the mother said.

"*'I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life,'*" repeated Catherine.

The tired woman paused in her ironing, and looked at her daughter with a questioning glance.

"I can't rightly tell you, Mother, all the Father said, but it was something like this: 'You know our Catechism says that we must serve God in this life, and then we shall be happy with Him for ever in Heaven. Well, it is by the graces that God gives us that we are able to do this—and you see, in this *First Promise*, He says that He will give to each of us just the graces that we need for the work that He gives us to do. In every state and condition of life we are bound to meet with the trials and temptations that belong to it; no one can expect to be without them.' Father Bernard said also that it would not make us happy to have no trials, *for trials are the proof of God's love*. We should grow careless, and full of self-love, and we should forget that we were travelling on the road to Heaven, advancing step by step every day. Then, mother, he said, 'it was with each step that unforeseen difficulties arose, and then God gives us the graces we need to teach us how to meet them and conquer them.'"

Mrs. Warren stopped in her work. There was a yearning expression in her face: "Did the priest say anything that would help *me*, Kitty dear?"

Catherine left the fire where she was waiting for the kettle to boil, and, coming close to her mother, she put her arms tenderly round her, and said: "Mother, it seemed just as if Father Bernard had you in his mind when he gave us what he called an illustration. He said: 'See that poor wearied woman, with her health broken, nerves weakened by perpetual strain and anxiety! That *Promise* comes to her like a ray of Divine love and light, penetrating the very depths of her being, and warming her with its comfort and joy—and she quietly lays her weary head down on the Bosom of her Redeemer. She says: 'Yes! His Promise is sure. The waters may be deep, but they shall not overwhelm me. *I am not alone*. He will give me all the graces I need. With each trial a fresh grace will come to meet it. I do trust in Thy Sacred Loving Heart, my Jesus!' So, she rises up with renewed courage, for she knows that He is faithful Who has promised.'"

Father Bernard had known Anne Warren some years before she married her present husband. When she went to him to ask his blessing on their engagement, he had spoken to her very seriously. "I like James," he said; "he is a nice-spoken, steady fellow, and a good workman. I have every reason to think he will make a kind, affectionate husband; but there is one thing I am a little afraid of, and that is, his love for company. He reads the papers, and speaks well, and all this frequently leads him to the public-house. I believe it is more for the sake of the talk and companionship of neighbors than for the drink that he takes, but still the two things are more or less inseparable when the meetings take place at the public-house. I think now your influence might easily persuade

him to become a member of the *Apostleship of Temperance in honor of the Sacred Heart*, and at our *Lending Library* he would find carefully chosen books—many standard books—which he would be greatly interested in, and which would tend to improve and raise his style of reading.”

These and other remarks the good priest made that evening to Anne; but she did not see things in this light. She said it seemed hard to hinder him from such a harmless pleasure, and she did not think that young wives ought to be selfish. Men like their pipe and their glass of ale or spirits, and she was not the one to say it was wrong. Father Bernard pointed out to the girl he had known from childhood, how the tiny stream of trickling water may be “easily stopped,” but let it once swell and attain the strength of a river, its irresistible power cannot be controlled. It goes on increasing as it flows, until it sweeps everything before it into the mighty ocean.

“*Nothing*,” he said, “*is more dangerous than the early beginnings at a public-house.*” He did not hesitate to say, that to thousands it had been the direct road to ruin, and even to those who never drank to excess, it emptied their pockets, and often filled their brain with nonsense, and with worse than that. Oh! how often had Anne recalled these prophetic words, and the earnest look of that holy man as he spoke to her.

However, she took her own way in the matter, though her conscience accused her sharply, when a few days after, James himself suggested that before he married he should join the Temperance League, saying he should have no need to go to “*The Jolly Tar*” now that he had a cozy home and a dear little wife to come to of an evening after work. The priest had been speaking to him also about the occasions of sin and the safeguards

But Anne thought she would do an unselfish thing, and also prove her confidence in her young husband, so she said: "No, don't do anything of the kind; go whenever you like and have a chat with your old friends."

James was fairly well educated for his class of life. After his marriage he used to drop in now and again to "The Jolly Tar." But it was not until some years after that a new workman from London came down to superintend some work that was being done at the Manor House. This man exercised from the first a strange influence over James' life—ever since they met at the public-house. He belonged to a secret society of Freemasons, and he called himself a Free-thinker. He talked well and plausibly. He lent James books, dangerous readings, that set forth unsound arguments, cleverly covered over with fine sounding language, appealing to a man's reason and common-sense. These books, like poison, did their work.

James lent himself to their fascination, and gradually absented himself from monthly confession. Things went on like this for a long time, and then the strange workman left the neighborhood. But he had sown seed that was to produce a terrible harvest.

Well! there is no need to tell you, dear readers, how the comfort of the old home was broken up gradually, and Anne scarcely knew how or wherefore. For a long time James carefully kept from her his new principles (as he called them), but as they grew and strengthened, they bore fruit which his wife could not shut her eyes to. James left off going to the sacraments with her, putting her off first with one excuse, and then with another, till at last the mask was thrown aside. Then he refused to go to Mass, saying he didn't believe in it.

Anne's grief was great and bitter. She remained gentle, tender and loving to him, and she prayed as only a wife

can pray for the husband of her love and the father of her children.

It was about this time that the picture of the Sacred Heart, that we spoke of in the beginning of this story, was brought into the cottage, and under God's blessing it was to do a great work in more hearts than one under that roof.

Two years and more had passed away; the poor washer-woman's health was fast giving way under mental strain and wearing disease. She continued to do a little work at her ironing-board; but Fitty, who was now a strong, active young woman, had the weight of the washing and mangling, and was a great help and comfort to her poor mother. At this time we took a look in at the clean, neat cottage. There was a change! The handsome eight-day clock, the gift of the Squire and his wife on their marriage, was gone, and one or two substantial pieces of furniture were no longer there. Though the kitchen was as bright and cheerful as ever, the best parlor was very bare. One by one articles of furniture and ornaments, had gone to pay the rent. But that was not the reason for the shade of anxiety, almost amounting to agony, which Anne Warren's face wore that day. Upstairs on the bed lay her husband between life and death. Only three days previously he was carried home on a shutter from the works. His poor wife's one consolation was that it was not caused by drink, for he was quite sober at the time of the accident. In the timber-yard, where he worked, some new planks had been stacked, and in climbing up to make choice of one for his work, the timber had slipped, and James fell. He had broken his leg under the knee, and that was not the worst, for the surgeon feared there was some internal injury from the fall.

Twice had Father Bernard called, but James obstinately refused to see a priest. He told Anne not to worry him, but only to pray unceasingly for him, and to ask our Blessed Lady to plead for him at the throne of grace.

Again and again had Anne said those words with streaming eyes: "*Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who had recourse to thee was left unaided*"; and now as the answer to her prayers seemed so long in coming, there was a look almost of reproach in her eyes. She gave expression to this feeling to Father Bernard, one afternoon as he came in to inquire after the sick man. "Father, day and night," she said, "I implore our Lady to help me."

"Be patient, Anne," said her kind friend. "Our dear Lord loves James' soul more than you can. This sickness, and pain, and accident are His doing, and your opportunity for bringing this soul to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He might have been cut off suddenly without time to repent. See how gracious God is to him and to you! *Every cry that you utter, every prayer you breathe, every ejaculation, every sigh is heard.* Our Blessed Lady will plead your cause with her Son; have recourse to her. Next Friday, the 2nd, is the Feast of the Purification. Picture to yourself that Feast as it is kept in the Church; that Communion of Saints, where our Blessed Lady is the Mother of Redeeming Love, as she calls all her children round her to adore her God and ours. Earth and heaven seem one—the song of the faithful Simeon ever ascending, and the echo descending like sweetest melody. Go to her in confidence—*she is the help of the afflicted*—and I promise you, you shall not be sent empty away."

It was Saturday afternoon, the day following the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Warren and her daughter had gone a short distance to carry home some clothes. James was lying on his bed upstairs, quiet and tolerably free from pain. Maggie, his youngest child, was left in charge. She was just turned six, and had always been her father's pet. She was learning her lesson for Sunday—the first four "Promises" of the Sacred Heart. She repeated them aloud, over and over again, in a low, monotonous voice, getting her lesson off by heart. James, as he lay on the bed, was listening to the child, without seeming to take in the meaning of the words: "*I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.*" "*I will establish peace in their families.*" "*I will comfort them in their afflictions.*" "*I will be their secure refuge during life, and above all in death.*" The little girl had to spell the long words, and then repeat them over and over again. James found himself mechanically saying them after little Maggie. There was silence for a minute, and then the child said enquiringly:

"Father?"

"Yes."

"Father, will you please tell me what *grace* means? Teacher did explain it to the class, but I can't remember what she said."

"O! don't bother me, child; wait till your mother comes in."

James spoke with irritation. Now, Maggie, being the youngest child, was always a bit spoilt by her father, and the hasty words brought the tears to her eyes, and a sob that would not be repressed. James could not stand this, so he said; "Bring the book to me." He read over the first "Promise," and, as he did so, a sharp pang pierced him. It was long since any Catholic book had been in his hands. His first impulse was to fling it to the other end of the room, but the little girl had crept on the bed,

and was looking at him with her large, round, blue eyes, and a tear still on her chubby face. Again she asked her question :

“ What is grace ? ”

“ It means help,” said her father.

“ Who gives the help ? ”

“ God gives it.”

“ Does He give it to people to make them good ? ”
(remembering now what the teacher had said the previous Sunday.)

“ Yes, I suppose so.”

Little Maggie repeated her lesson to herself, but aloud :
“ *Grace* means *help* which God gives people to make them good. Father ! if people are good when they die, will they go to heaven ? ”

If this question had been put to James by a grown-up person, he would have said ; “ I don't believe there is such a place as heaven ” ; but, with those clear blue eyes fixed on his face with perfect child-like confidence, he dared not say so to the little one. After a moment's hesitation he said :

“ Yes, good people will go to heaven.”

“ Then, father, wicked people will go to hell ? ”

Again the unwilling response :

“ Yes.”

Just then the latch of the kitchen door was lifted, to James' infinite relief, and he said : “ Run downstairs, Maggie ; there's mother coming.”

It was night. James was full of aching pain, and restless from the enforced position of his leg on the heavy MacIntyre splint. Since the accident, his wife lay on the sofa at the other end of the room, so as to be within call if wanted. Try as he would, he could not get those words out of his head : “ *Good people will go to heaven.*”

Wicked people will go to hell." Yes! it must be one or the other. Which? It was all very well for him to profess he did not believe in a God and in a hereafter, but in his inmost soul he knew that he lied to himself and to his God. A cry seemed forced from the depth of his being: "*Jesus mercy! Mary, help!*" That word "*help*" brought before him Maggie's lesson, and the first "Promise" of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which he had learnt that previous day for the first time, and which seemed burnt in letters of fire in his soul: "*I will give them all the graces necessary*" Surely this was the answer to his appeal for mercy and for help.

Then the devil whispered to him: "It is too late! You have weighed the question before, and you have made your choice. All your companions look up to you as a man of reason and common sense. They will ridicule you, and say you are false to your convictions. You speak well. Your arguments carry great personal influence with them. What will these men think? They will throw back your own words in your teeth. No: it is too late; you must die as you have lived!"

He fell into an uneasy sleep; there was a confused sense of the presence of hundreds of jeering, mocking faces around him, all taunting him, some even menacing him. But through these hideous figures and forms he distinctly saw one: it was a child's face, with blue eyes suffused with tears, and as he gazed with a fascinated look, he saw the child had beautiful silvery wings, and it pointed high above the taunting, jecring multitude to a Cross erected on the height of Calvary, to a Blood-stained Heart. From the Sacred Heart, James saw a ray of pure light descending, and in the transparent brightness he read these words plainly: "*I will be their secure refuge.*"

One o'clock struck—then two. Just as the last sound had died away, in the solemn stillness he heard distinctly

a low whisper. He listened, and heard words, and, as he listened, a cold sweat gathered all over him. Were they the words condemning the wicked man to hell for ever and ever?

"Never was it known that anyone who implored thy help and sought thy intercession was left unaided..... I fly unto Thee..... O! Mary, Mother of God!....."

He could only catch words here and there. He felt sure it was his Angel Guardian, the one who had pointed to him the Vision of Calvary. The sick man made the Sign of the Cross. Oh! how many years it was since he had done so before! His white, trembling lips breathed the prayer: *"Mary, Mother of God, help me, a poor sinner."* Yes! never was it known that any poor sinner ever claiming thy help, O! Virgin Mary! was left unaided.....

It was Christmas Eve. The sun was just setting; the sky was lighted up with a glorious golden light, like a mantle of Divine love thrown over the earth. By the bedside of James Warren sat Father Bernard. He had been a constant visitor during the last fortnight. The sick man's hand was firmly grasped in that of his tried and faithful friend. A great calm and peace had come over James' soul. The penitent sinner had met his loving Redeemer!

"O! Father, indeed a load is taken from off my poor soul," he said. "Blessed Sacrament of Divine Compassion! Father, it was the Holy Mother, Immaculate Mary, who pleaded for me that terrible night. I shudder as I recall it. It seemed to my poor senses as if a thousand devils were ready to carry me away, and She stood and besought the God of mercy to spare me..... I did not realize that it was my wife's voice that I heard saying the '*Memorare*;' it seemed to me like an angel."

A pause followed, and then James repeated the words of a hymn, half to himself, with the stillness of a great joy :—

“ It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Heart that can for all atone,
And bring me faultless there before His throne.”

FOURTH PROMISE OF OUR LORD TO
BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

*“ I will be their secure refuge during life and above all in
death.”*

BY JOHN J. BRANIN.

BLESSED refuge of Thy way-worn, weary child,
Whom life's fierce struggles ever do pursue
And all his narrow, thorny path bestrew
With wreck and ruin of their fury wild ;
'Tis here in Thy meek Heart, nor e'er beguiled
By other hope I'll take my rest, to sue
Thy love for strength the combat to renew,
And walk untainted through a world defiled.

And e'en should death's dark mantle o'er me fall,
And hide me low beneath the crumbling mould,
Thou, Lord, hast heard Thy servant's feeble call,
And wilt not that his faithful heart lie cold,
While Thine with love beats warm. Though 'neath
the pall,
Thy love shall compass me : ah ! bliss untold !



AT BENEDICTION.

Over the grand old organ,
In the hush of eve, I bend ;
And its soul and my soul, adoring,
As one in its harmonies blend.

Not a chord that I wake from its spirit
But echoes a cry from my own ;
For my heart, in its deep, deep worship,
Is throbbing through every tone.

Jesu ! mine eyes, uplifted,
The bliss of Thy Presence meet,
As I plead, with the voice of the organ,
Here at Thy Sacred Feet.

Grandeur than words, from the music
Holiest prayers can I weave,
While I wait for the Blessing precious
In the hush of the Vesper eve.

Oh ! would that of all life's moments
Thy Blessing, sweet Jesu, were part !
Would the answer to all our pleading
Were the touch of Thy Sacred Heart !

What though their voice were feeble,
And ofttimes discordant their tone ?
They would wake in Thy Presence only,
For Thee, and for Thee alone.

M. E. HENRY.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 21.

(*Translation.*)

FATHER NICHOLAS DE GONNOR TO FATHER—— .

REVEREND FATHER,—— P.C.

Several reasons have induced me to write you this letter: First, to assure you that I have always borne for your reverence an esteem bordering on veneration, and that my respect and devotedness for you personally are beyond expression. I have more than once reproached myself with not having sooner given you some token of my sentiments in this respect, and for having deferred the accomplishing of this duty. I wish now to express my lasting gratitude for your kindness to me on many occasions, especially while I was an inmate of the seminary of Luçon, which you governed for so long a time with as much wisdom as success.

Another reason for writing you is to beg you to break

as gently as possible to Father Aulneau's mother the news of the death of her dear son, who, we have learnt but lately, was massacred last May by a party of wandering Indians, called the Sioux of the Prairies, while he was journeying from his own to another mission, with the intention of going to confession and of seeking advice on troubles to which his extreme delicacy of conscience had given rise. He is universally regretted by both the members of the Society and by seculars, for he was universally esteemed.

Last year, he preached during the Carnival at Quebec, to the great satisfaction of all, those who were not able to attend forming their judgment of him from the testimony of those who were present. The crowd who followed eagerly his sermons were outspoken in their praise. Shortly after, he underwent his fourth year examination in Theology with ease and all possible success. It was then that he was named to take charge of the most remote and consequently the hardest and the most utterly destitute of all human resources among the various missions of Canada, so much so that during the preceding years two or three persons had died there of hunger.

He felt a great repugnance for this post, as he would have to go there alone, unaccompanied by any other missionary, there being too few to spare two for each mission, while some posts even were left vacant; he generously overcame this reluctance through zeal and a love of obedience much to the admiration of those who knew how painful the sacrifice was; those, on the contrary who were ignorant of it fancied that he was delighted at the idea of discovering new regions.

In fine, Reverend Father, he was a true Jesuit and a truly apostolic man. I can speak with more certainty on this point than another, for, as you know, he was my pupil. From his first landing in Canada we became

intimate friends, so that we had nothing hidden from each other. I deeply deplore his loss both as a missionary and as a friend. Everyone in the Mission is in great affliction at his demise, but no one as much as myself. What consoles me is the conviction that if God has cut short his career it is the sooner to crown his apostolic virtues. He even, it would seem, revealed to him that he would soon receive the reward of his toil, for the Father wrote to me but a fortnight before his death in these terms: "Continue, my dear Father, to pray God for me and recommend me to the Blessed Virgin; I hope soon to finish my course, but dread lest I finish it badly."

He was surprised with twenty other Frenchmen, but it is not known how they were put to death. No premonitory sign of distrust on the part of the Indians was noticed, nor were the victims tortured, as they are wont to be when prisoners are taken in battle. It is conjectured that they were surprised while asleep, and received their death blow unawares. The heads of all were then severed from the bodies.

It is said, however, that from the position in which the Father's body was found he must have been on his knees when he was decapitated, and one of the party who found him took possession of his *calotte*, remarking that poor as he was he would not part with it for a thousand crowns. Though we entertain no doubts of his eternal happiness, we trust nevertheless that you will give him the benefit of the customary suffrages of the Society.

If you should yourself see the mother of the dear departed, or if you should write to her, I beg of you to make her understand the share I bear with her in this deep affliction, and that my own grief is too great to allow my offering her any consolation otherwise than by beseeching the God of all comfort to bestow on her the graces she stands in need of to bear the weight of so

heavy a blow. Allow me, Reverend Father, to close here, for my distress overwhelms me.

I am, with the most profound respect,

Reverend Father,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

DE GONNOR, Jesuit,

Missionary of the Hurons at N.-D. de Lorette.

Convey, I beg you, the assurance of my great respect to all the Reverend Fathers of the Seminary, and in particular to Father Bonin, Father Moreau and Father Pillex, as I am told they are with you, without forgetting Father Faure, if he be still there, as I am led to think. Kind regards also to the regents and other gentlemen of the house.

(N.B.—There is no date given, but the letter was evidently written in the summer of 1736.)

St. John, N.B.,

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

The Promoters chosen are doing excellent work. We have already entered over fourteen hundred names, all since Jan. 6th of the present year. On the First Friday of this month (February), at least four hundred received Communion in our church.



AN APPEAL.

It is not in accordance with the traditions of the MESSENGER to publish appeals to the charity of the faithful, even when there is question of most meritorious and praiseworthy undertakings • but we think we are justified by circumstances in making, even without having been requested to do so, an exception to the rule in the present case.

The disaster which befell the zealous Ladies of the Congregation last summer, in the total destruction by fire of Villa Maria, their mother-house, was so overwhelming, and their resources are so utterly inadequate to repair, even partially, the great loss they sustained, that we gladly make place in the MESSENGER for the following appeal addressed to their former pupils, in the hope that in meeting the eye of others, perhaps even strangers, it may determine them to come to the assistance of the venerable institution :—

DEARLY BELOVED PUPILS OF THE CONGREGATION DE
NOTRE DAME :—

When, in the inscrutable desigus of Providence, our Mother House on Mount Royal was laid in ruins by the fire of June last, the marks of filial sympathy lavished upon us by the former pupils of our academies, boarding schools and day schools were truly a sojace to our grief-stricken hearts. Now we return our warmest thanks, and we beg the Most Blessed Virgin, our Mother and the first Superior of our dear Congregation, to reward them a hundred-fold.

Our Venerable Foundress Margaret Bourgeoys wished her daughters to earn their livelihood and continue the work of education without being a burden to anyone. This desire, so fully in touch with her spirit of disinterested charity, has been faithfully carried out, and that, too, at times when the embarrassments of poverty were wellnigh overpowering. Even now we would bear our cross in prayerful silence, were it possible thus to repair the disastrous consequences of the sad and mysterious visitation so well known to you all.

But our old Mother House on St. John Baptist street in the city of Montreal, which we have been forced to re-occupy, is no longer suitable for the necessary accommodation of the community—as it was thirty years ago when the sisterhood counted fewer than one-fourth of its present number of members. More air and room are indispensable for the recovery of our dear invalid Sisters, as well as for the comfort of our venerated seniors, who have grown hoary in the Sacred Cause of educating youth in virtue and knowledge. Moreover, our large and daily increasing Novitiate urgently demands a locality more conducive to health than the smoky confines of the city. Ah, we would be only too happy were our own resources adequate to meet these various requirements, but we are forced to admit the painful fact that they are not. As to borrowing money to supply our present necessities, it seems to us an impracticable plan—one which would necessarily involve our Mother House in almost endless pecuniary difficulties.

Pardou me, dear Pupils of the past, this obtrusion of our wants upon your notice. I would forbear making it, did I not feel that your hearts had already responded to our call. What a worthy testimony of your gratitude and zeal, if each one of you would, as far as lays in your power, solicit contributions in honor of the Divine Heart

of the Infant Saviour, for the purpose of giving material aid to the *Mother* of your respective *Alma Maters*, that the losses she has sustained may not be prejudicial to the interests of the twenty-five thousand children Providence has entrusted to her care.

For your zeal in furthering a work so dear to the Heart of Jesus as the salvation and sanctification of youth, the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph, and millions of Guardian Angels will bless you, the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame in their undying gratitude will pray for you, and on the great day of reckoning, the Master will bestow on you the "exceeding great reward."

Our design to open a building fund under the patronage of the Divine Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother has received the approbation and kindly encouragement of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal and of several other Ecclesiastical Dignitaries in Canada and in the United States.

The Zelatrix is requested to give to each donor a leaflet with name and offering inscribed thereon, and to forward a duplicate to the Treasurer of the Fund, Sister St. Mary of the Cross, Mother House, Congregation de Notre Dame, Montreal.

The offerings collected may be remitted either to the Superior General or to the Treasurer of the Fund.

Anticipating your generous co-operation, and offering you the expression of our sincere affection, I am, to each and all of you, Dear Pupils of former days, a devoted friend in the Heart of Mary Immaculate,

SISTER ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST,

Superior General, C.N.D.

Mother House, Montreal, December 15, 1893.

THANKSGIVINGS.

For favors received from the Sacred Heart, published in fulfillment of promises made.

ALBION, N.Y.—For a special temporal favor received, after offering five Our Fathers and Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Our Lord, and asking the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony of Padua.

ALMONTE.—A temporal favor received through the intercession of the Holy Family, after going to Holy Communion for the same intention.

AMHERSTBURG, ONT.—A Member, for being cured, after making a novena in honor of the Canadian Martyrs.

BARACHOIS OF MALBAIE.—For being cured of a severe toothache, after having made a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

BARRIE.—For the deliverance of a husband from an evil habit, through the goodness of the Sacred Heart and the intercession of St. Anthony. For a request granted after making a novena. For the recovery of two children from sickness after applying the Sacred Heart Badge.

BATHURST, N.B.—For the cure of a sick child. For a very great favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and of St. Joseph. For an almost miraculous favor received through the intercession of the Mother of God and St. Joseph. For two special favors. For one spiritual and two temporal favors obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. For a situation granted, also for the cure of a sore side.

BATHURST VILLAGE.—For the recovery of a mother and children from sickness.

BELLE RIVER.—For a young man's success in obtaining a situation. For two very great temporal favors. For a signal favor. For four temporal favors obtained. For three favors obtained after three novenas to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

BERLIN.—For several favors received. For a great favor received after a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart. For a temporal favor obtained after a novena to St. Joseph. For a special favor obtained after having mass said for the poor Souls in Purgatory.

BRECHIN, ONT.—For three temporal favors received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

BRIGHTON, ONT.—For improvement in health, after a promise to have Mass offered in honor of the Sacred Heart. For the recovery of a friend through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory. For a special favor.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—For two favors granted.

BURLINGTON, VT.—For two reconciliations. For employment obtained. For the recovery of one person.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—For the cure of a pain in the chest and lungs, after making a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, and by wearing the Badge on the place where the pain was.

CHICAGO.—For the conversion of a wife, a cure of a severe affliction, and for obtaining a position which was long prayed for.

CORNWALL.—For six temporal favors. For one spiritual favor. For the conversion of a person to the faith. For the cure of a child. For a situation obtained.

DETROIT, MICH.—For the speedy relief of a baby from croup, after applying the badge of the Sacred Heart when other remedies failed.

DUNDAS.—For the restoration to health of a very dear friend after praying to the Sacred Heart.

FLOS.—For a temporal and spiritual favor.

GEORGETOWN.—For several temporal favors received.

GODERICH.—For the restoration to health of a sick person, on promising to have mass offered for the Souls in Purgatory.

GUELPH.—For a vocation, and for protection and guidance through life, and for many spiritual and temporal benefits. For recovery from serious illness. For a great temporal favor granted. For a temporal favor received, after a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For two favors.

HALIFAX, N.S.—For the recovery of a wife from sickness, and a situation obtained. For passing a successful examination. For a spiritual and temporal favor received through the Sacred Heart. For a son who has been cured from drinking. For the conversion of a son who had contracted bad habits. For a great favor received by a person in serious difficulty; everything seemed to be against him, but after making a novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, everything changed, and he was able to surmount the difficulty.

HAMILTON.—For a temporal favor granted. For the bestowal of two special favors. For a temporal favor obtained by a dear mother. For a temporal favor granted through the Souls in Purgatory, and making the Stations for two months.

HASTINGS.—For a spiritual favor received, under the following circumstances: A family, whose father was a Protestant and whose mother was a lukewarm Catholic, had not attended Mass for years. About a month after the intention had been made for them they rented a pew in the church and began going to Mass.

HESPELER, ONT.—For a great favor received, after offering up prayers to the Sacred Heart. For many favors received.

INGERSOLL.—For a cure. For two temporal favors granted. For a special favor obtained. For favors received through a novena to the Sacred Heart. For a temporal favor granted through the intercession of the Holy Souls. For a great special favor granted to a family.

KINGSTON.—For a temporal favor received, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. For five great favors obtained. For favors received. For a cure obtained. For a favor received. For a special favor, after making a novena to the Sacred Heart. For a temporal favor.

LONDON, ONT.—For a successful operation, and for work obtained. For a temporal favor obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. For a temporal favor obtained through the intercession of the Holy Souls. For receiving news from a brother and for his conversion; he had not been heard of for three years. For recovery from a serious attack of *la grippe*. For relief obtained through the use of water blessed in honor of St. Ignatius.

MONCTON, N.B.—For a temporal favor obtained through the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

MONTREAL.—For a favor received. For the cure of a serious malady through the goodness of the Sacred Heart. For the recovery of a sick person. For the cure of a mother from toothache by applying the badge of the Sacred Heart and the relics of the Canadian Martyrs. For many favors received. For employment. For deliverance from two great troubles. For temperance. For two favors received. For a special favor. For two

favors obtained. For a favor received. For benefits received. Health and prosperity for a family. For improvement in the health of an uncle. For a very great temporal favor obtained after a novena. For a temporal favor obtained. For the return of a son. For the success of an operation on the eyes. For a favor received. For means obtained in order to carry on business, after a promise was made to have masses said for the Souls in Purgatory. For success in a business transaction. For one very special favor. For a young man who made a spiritual retreat. For three temporal favors. For two mothers restored to health. For a vocation made known after making several novenas. For a special favor. For relief from mental trouble. For a situation obtained. For relief from pain. For one spiritual favor. For a brother's cure after making the devotion of the nine First Fridays. For a signal favor. For a special grace, through the prayers of the League.

NEWCASTLE, N.B.—For a favor received.

NEW HAMBURG.—For a great temporal favor granted two days after a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart was offered.

NIAGARA FALLS.—For four favors received.

ORILLIA.—For the recovery of health obtained through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs. For a cure obtained by applying the relics of the Canadian Martyrs. For a good situation obtained, and for better health, through the Sacred Heart.

OTTAWA.—For a temporal favor received through the prayers of the League, and a promise to have a Mass offered for the Souls in Purgatory. For a recovery from sore eyes. For three temporal favors. For the cure of a dear friend's eyes, after making a novena in honor of the Sacred

Heart. For favors received. For a cure of intemperate habits. For a good situation obtained by a nephew. For a good situation and home, obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and by offering a novena to the Holy Angels in October; before the end of the month the request was granted. For a very great temporal favor obtained after continued prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Ann, by which an expensive law-suit was averted, also for the cure of two persons very much addicted to drink, after prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré.

PENETANGUISHENE.—For the conversion of a brother who had neglected his duties for years, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and a petition to the Sacred Heart.

PORT HOOD.—For the partial recovery of a person from serious illness.

QUEBEC —For a great temporal favor obtained through a petition to the Souls in Purgatory, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph that they would appeal to the Sacred Heart. For a great favor received through the intercession of Blessed Gerard Majella. For a special temporal favor obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and Blessed Margaret Mary. For the finding of an article of great value to the owner through the intercession of St. Anthony. For obtaining employment and a much better position than expected. For many favors, both spiritual and temporal, obtained during the last year. For being helped during difficulties and through a great trial. For a cure from nervousness. For the recovery of three children from diphtheria through the Sacred Heart of Jesus and by the intercession of Blessed Brother Gerard Majella.

ROCKWOOD.—For a special favor obtained through the Sacred Heart.

SEAFORTH.—For a favor obtained after special prayers said in honor of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin.

ST. CATHARINES.—For success in a temporal affair. For spiritual and temporal favors received after novenas. For many favors received, both spiritual and temporal. For restoration to health of a dear mother, through Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

ST. RAPHAEL'S.—For a spiritual and temporal favor received.

ST. THOMAS.—A Member, who has suffered many years from a painful malady, has made the nine First Fridays in hope of obtaining from the Sacred Heart what science failed to give: an extraordinary improvement is taking place, and she feels that an entire cure is to be accomplished. For a temporal favor.

SUDBURY.—For two temporal favors received through the loving Heart of Jesus.

TORONTO.—For the conversion of a son, through a mission in the Church of St. Paul; he had been estranged from the sacraments for many years. For a great temporal favor obtained. For two temporal favors. For the conversion of a soul that had gone astray. For the conversion of a husband from drink, in the month of January, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. For a request granted to a Member through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and Holy St. Joseph.

WARKWORTH.—For two great spiritual favors obtained. For many temporal favors obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors both temporal and spiritual have been received from Almonte, Amherstburg, Antigonish, Barrie, Calgary, Chatham, Ont., Dundas, Hamilton, Kingston, Manotic Station, Ont., Midland, Montreal, Ottawa, Port Arthur, Quebec, Richmond, Smith's Falls, Toronto, Warkworth.

K. I. P.

Mr. John O'Dowd Murray died at Buckingham, Feb. 5; Mrs. Catherine Byrne died at Hamilton, Jan. 29; Margaret Loney, Annie May, Titus Kuhn and Annie McDougall of Cornwall; Mrs. James Patton, Miss Susie Cranley and Miss Alice Moore of Orillia; Mrs. Catherine Murphy died at Sherbrooke, P.Q., Dec. 16; Mrs. Henry McVeigh of Phelpston, Ont.; Miss Bridget Fitzgerald of Medonte, Ont.; Maggie Mulronev died Feb. 9, and Catherine Coleman died Feb. 23, both of Guelph; Miss Edith Smith died Feb. 14, Mrs. C'Donnell, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Freel, Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. McDonnell, all of Montreal; Mr. D. T. Flannery of Sudbury, who died at Beaumont, Cal., Feb. 6; Mrs. Francois Derouin of Quebec. Mrs. Archibald Macdonald died Jan. 9, Mary Campbell died Feb. 3, Mrs. Ogiste Charlebois died Feb. 14, Thos. O'Neill died Feb. 22, Mrs. James Vallee died Mar. 2, all of Alexandria.

INTENTIONS FOR APRIL.

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

- 1.—S.—*St. Hugh, Bp.* at, gt, rt Respect innocence. 7,354 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—M.—ANNUNCIATION B. V. M. ht, mt, rt, st. Devotion to our Lady. 7,526 In affliction.
- 3.—Tu.—*St. Gabriel Archangel.* Devotion to the Angels. 6,718 Departed.
- 4.—W.—*St. Joseph, Spouse B. V. M.* ht, gt, mt, pt, rt. The Spirit of Work. 6,241 Special.
- 5.—Th.—*St. Vincent Ferrer, C.* ht, pt. Zeal for Souls. 2,352 Communities.
- 6.—F.—*St. Benedict, Ab.* at, dt, gt. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. 6,424 First Communions.
- 7.—S.—*St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. D.* Say the Daily Decade. The Members of the League.
- 8.—S.—*St. Ecclesius, M.* Devotion to the Good Shepherd. 4,059 Means.
- 9.—M.—*St. John Damascene, C. D.* Sorrow for Sins. 4,791 Clergy.
- 10.—Tu.—*St. Isidore, Bp. D.* Spirit of Resignation. 20,666 Children.
- 11.—W.—*St. Leo the Great, Bp. D.* dt. Greatness of Soul. 805 Families.
- 12.—Th.—*St. Zeno, Bp. M.* ht. Generosity. 6,875 Perseverance.
- 13.—F.—*St. Hieronymus, M.* Love the Faith. 3,410 Reconciliations.
- 14.—S.—*St. Justin M.* Suffer for Christ's church. 7,191 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—S.—PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH. ht, mt. Confide in St. Joseph. 6,506 Temporal favors.
- 16.—M.—*St. Benedict Jos. Labr.* Love for Vocation. 3,268 Conversions to faith.
- 17.—Tu.—*St. Anicetus, P. M.* Patience with Self. 9,941 Youths.
- 18.—W.—*Bl. Mary of the Incarnation.* Interest in Missions. 3,949 Schools.
- 19.—Th.—*St. Elphege, Bp.* ht. Devotion to the Holy See. 6,159 Sick.
- 20.—F.—*St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, V.* Spirit of Kindliness. 123 Missions.
- 21.—S.—*St. Anselm, Bp. D.* Beg Perseverance. 1,579 Works, Guilds.
- 22.—S.—*Sts. Soter and Caius, M. M.* Detachment from the World. 1,508 Parishes.
- 23.—M.—*St. George, M.* Pray for England. 7,790 Sinners.
- 24.—Tu.—*St. Fidelis, M.* Spirit of Penance. 9,508 Parents.
- 25.—W.—*St. MARK, EVANG.* Love of the Truth. 4,147 Religious.
- 26.—Th.—*Sts. Cletus and Marcellinus.* ht. Meekness. 1,540 Novices.
- 27.—F.—OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL. Pray to Mary. 3,811 Superiors.
- 28.—S.—*St. Paul of the Cross, C.* Devotion to the Passion. 5,807 Vocations.
- 29.—S.—*St. Peter, M.* Morning Offering. The Directors and Promoters.
- 30.—M.—*St. Catherine of Sienna, V.* pt. Loyalty to the Pope. 11,766 Various.

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

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