



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

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No. II.

MESSENGER ITEMS.

THE *spiritual offerings*, which are to be recorded in the memorial *Album* of the Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, should be handed in, on Christmas, to the Local Directors or Secretaries by the Promoters and Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, otherwise the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so that they may be transcribed on special blank forms which will be forwarded to the several centres for that purpose.

In making application for these special forms for the Album, Directors or their Secretaries will be kind enough to state the number of Associates who have undertaken to contribute to this *spiritual treasure*, so that the number of blanks required may be sent.

To leave room for no misunderstanding, we would have all know that, to be entitled to a place in the Album, the lists of good works must bear the name *in full* of the contributing Associates. No note will be taken of any-

mous communications. We respectfully beg Directors and their Secretaries to adopt the same rule.

In localities where there is no regular League organization, Promoters and Associates may send in directly to us, during Christmas week, the general summary of their little treasure, that is, the works of each month summed up on a *single treasury form*, or on a sheet of paper of similar dimensions and with similar divisions.

When special forms shall have been sent to Directors or Secretaries, Associates, at their option, may set their autograph signatures to the sheet, on the line reserved to each contributor respectively. It would be gratifying to be able to send to the Holy Father the autographs of all our Associates, and it would be an interesting feature added to the Album.

The special forms which we shall send to Directors will be in duplicate, so as to enable us to preserve in our archives a copy, as a lasting memorial of the devotion of our Canadian Associates to the Holy See.

We are pleased to be able to announce that Associates have taken to heart the success of the Spiritual Offering in the Jubilee Album. Seventy-five thousand blank forms have been ordered thus far from the Sacred Heart offices.

If a compassionate charity towards all who are in any distress, even towards the most flagitious, and those who labor only under temporal miseries and necessities, be a most essential ingredient of a Christian spirit, and that in which the very soul of religion and piety towards God consists, if the least alms given to the poor be highly rewarded by Him, will He not exceedingly recompense our charity to His friends and most beloved children, the Suffering Souls, in their extreme necessity?



GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER.

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

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF IRELAND.

AT this moment the eyes of the Catholic world are turned with a keen and loving interest towards that nation whose home, if not whose dwelling, is the Green Island of Erin. Its home but not its dwelling,—for its children have gone forth by thousands as exiles from their country, and are fast building up new empires and republics beyond the seas. Their hearts are still, and will be forever in the land of their fathers, and their gaze turns back with that intensely wistful longing towards Ireland, which betokens the deep and everlasting love of the poor wanderer for his home.

There is not a true-hearted Irishman among the millions in America, Australia, India and the Cape who does not look with a kind of pious envy upon the comparatively insignificant remnants of his nation still clinging to their holdings, despite want and every hardship, for they have, in his eyes, the unspeakable privilege of treading the soil of the fatherland and of breathing in the air of its mountains.

But if the attention of the faithful of every language and clime be now centred on Ireland, it is owing not so much to the admiration which the pure patriotism of her sons has excited, as to the marvellous religious heroisms, outlasting centuries, which prompted this race of stalwart Christians to forego every earthly advantage, to rise above every worldly consideration, to affront death and exile rather than prove recreant to its faith.

To-day that interest is more marked than ever, for a rift in the clouds, which hitherto have cast a gloom on Ireland's national life, has allowed a ray of sunshine to beam down upon her—a promise, and, we hope, a harbinger of a more peaceful and prosperous future.

Who better than the great Cardinal, now gone to his rest, could read the past and conjecture what a just Providence held in reserve as a recompense for her fidelity? He was not an Irishman by either birth or blood, but his Catholic heart and sympathies were all for the suffering population of the Sister Isle. He was ever eloquent in her cause; he pronounced her people the most profoundly Christian, the most vigorously Catholic, of any on the face of the earth; he declared that in the past she had undergone trials which the most refined cruelty alone could have devised; that all the evils entailed by a warfare which had run on through centuries, wherein race was arrayed against race and creed against creed, had been her inheritance; but that the day of reparation was nigh at hand: he counted upon seeing its dawn; but for others who would survive him, they would witness its noonday brightness.

In his letter to William O'Brien, Cardinal Manning made it clear what he meant by the breaking of that day for Ireland. She was to be reinstated, within the limits of the possible, in the possession of her soil, and, as far as could be, entrusted with the framing and administration

of her laws, retaining her place meanwhile at the Imperial Legislative Board.

We all feel that if there is a Providence for nations as for individuals, which leads them on mildly but irresistibly to their appointed ends, and that if nations, unlike individuals, are to be rewarded in time and not in eternity, even for their natural virtues, the day of which the Cardinal spoke will as surely come as there is a just God in Heaven.

The Almighty does not allow Himself to be outdone in generosity, and the special object of His complacency here below are those whose work is most efficient in perpetuating the mission of Jesus Christ among men, and in widening the boundaries of His Kingdom upon earth.

Such emphatically has been the sublime calling of the Irish race, so much so, that to no other can we apply with more truth the words of St. Peter :—“ You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people ; that you may declare His virtues, Who hath called you out of darkness into this marvellous light.”

From the time of St. Patrick, when that “ marvellous light ” of God’s truth was first shed upon their isle, must we date back the beginning of their exceptional mission as a nation. The empire of pagan Rome, when its legions were going forth to conquer the world, was being fashioned by the hands of Providence, and was blindly, it is true, but not less effectually, preparing the way for another empire, whose seat was to be in its regenerate capital, the Eternal City. The power of this Christian commonwealth was not to crumble like the palaces of the Caesars, but to witness alike the birth of new nations, and stand by unmoved, when, of the earth earthly, they should go down before the ravages of time and sink into decay.

There was a Providence shaping all things to its ends. The language of the Pagan, after having served as the vehicle of faith that "cometh by hearing," became the liturgical language of the Church and the visible emblem of Christian brotherhood; the circumscription of Pagan municipalities and provinces marked out the jurisdiction of her sees; Roman triremes and ships of burden, dotting every sea, bore her apostolic men on their divine errand; and Roman highways opened up for them impenetrable forests and the fastnesses of mountain regions, until the glad tidings of the gospel had reached the uttermost limits of the earth. Nothing was further from the mind of the perverse Pagan than that he was being made the blind instrument in the hands of Providence for the founding and consolidating of Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

In modern times, we are confronted with a marvel as great since the apostacy of nations, for it would lead us too far to recall the part which Irish saints took in the civilizing and christianizing of Europe. Of all northern nations, Ireland alone clung to the See of Peter, and refused to follow in the wake of the so-called Reformers. How to rob her of this precious inheritance of Faith was the question ever uppermost for three centuries, and ever left without a solution in the minds of her powerful conquerors.

The history of the moral, intellectual and religious persecution she withstood, hideous in its details and wearisome by its very sameness, is familiar to all impartial minds who have, from that very fact, sympathized with her in her sufferings; its outline is slowly breaking upon the minds of her former persecutors, and they begin to ask themselves if it be possible that they could ever have connived at measures fraught with such desolation and ruin.

But ruin and desolation there have been; and the exodus of the Irish finds no parallel in the annals of modern Europe. But they went forth from their land as "a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people," and they bore with them their living faith and their priesthood, that the germs of that faith might be scattered broadcast on every continent and island, as an offset to the prevarication of those nations which had broken from the Church; they went forth that the prophecy of Malachias might be accomplished through them: "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is offered in my name a clean oblation, for my name is great among the Gentiles."

They have built up God's altars, through the earnings of poverty, in the remotest corners of the earth, pinching themselves to add to the splendor of His service. Abroad, they have astonished unbelievers by their tenacity to the faith, their trust in Providence and the warmth of their piety. The purity of their lives, their respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the cheerfulness with which they endure the encumbrance of a family, rather than sully their homes with the modern sin of the refined: all these are so many riddles for the worldly-minded economist.

They have to the letter declared His virtues, Who hath called them out of darkness into His marvelous light. And God is giving 'hem to possess the land, for they are gradually crowding out the Puritan from New England, and the Quaker from Philadelphia, as they will in time the western pioneer from the prairie.

They have even brought back the blessing of faith to the doors of their former oppressors, and the early-twilight echoes in London, Manchester and Liverpool are

awakened by the footfalls of the Irish servants and operatives wending their way to the Catholic chapel.

The aim, in their persecution, was the extinction of the faith in Ireland. The faith is as strong there to-day as it was in the days of St. Patrick, while it has gone forth with the exile and added to Peter's spiritual empire the great Churches of Australia, Africa and North America, with their Princes of the Church, their Archbishops, Bishops, Mitred Abbots, their trained Clergy, their Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits, their cloistered Nuns and Sisters of Charity, with millions of the Faithful, all sending up to God's throne that prayer in unison "Thy Kingdom come!"

Britain, like Rome of old, has in God's hands helped to further the designs of His Providence, and while thousands driven from home and fatherland wept bitter tears, as they saw dear ones on all sides perish around them of want or contagion, God accepted the sacrifice of those lives, and angels treasured up those tears, as the price of boundless realms to be brought within the pale of Christ's Church, and as an earnest of future peace and happiness for the martyred nation.

Unlike other races, whose Faith is endangered by the loss of their native tongue, this loss proved for it but a blessing in disguise, for while its own Faith remained unshaken, the knowledge of the English language made it possible for it to become a nation of apostles, and in fact contributed powerfully to the spread of Catholicity.

Anglo-Saxon energy with its characteristic enterprise had carried its language and commerce to the confines of the earth, and had built up a vast colonial system of which the great American Republic is but an offshoot. And now the story of Pagan Rome was repeated. Human effort the most powerful, on the one hand,

blindly straining after a perverse end, and on the other, God, apparently passive, but irresistibly bending the same rebellious energies to the working out of His own so widely different purpose.

Happy nation, with all your material weakness, but with your supernatural strength, to be singled out by the Most High as a fitting instrument for the manifesting of His power, and like the Divine Master, purchasing this glory with suffering! We may not be of you, but our hearts are with you, for every child of the Church, to what nationality soever he may belong, owes you a debt of gratitude he can never sufficiently repay. Would that we could hasten the day of your deliverance! But when prosperity at last brightens your homes and your firesides, let it not rob you of that jewel which none could wrest from you by persecution—the Faith of Christ.

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 Ireland may be blessed, in her sons and daughters, with peace, happiness and prosperity, and with still greater increase of Faith.

God's tender mercy recommends the Suffering Souls to the charitable succors which we as their fellow-members in Christ have in our power to afford them, and He invites us to appease His anger by interposing by our prayers in order to avert from them the weight of His justice.



THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

One of the most consoling devotions of the Church is that which tends to alleviate the sufferings of the Holy Souls. It should find place in the pious practices of our every-day life; but when the month of November comes round, we should join, if possible, in the public exercises held in the church or chapel, and when not feasible, make these exercises a special feature in our family prayers.

The devotion to the Holy Souls practically reminds us that we can assist our friends beyond the grave, and thus make amends for whatever might have been wanting in our conduct towards them while they were yet with us. It moreover holds out to us the hope that when we have passed into eternity we in turn shall not be forgotten by those whom we have left behind, and shall be helped by the intercession of those then in heaven, whom we may have relieved in their sufferings by our prayers.

The Church teaches us that the souls of the just who have left this world with a debt to Divine Justice, contracted by mortal sin forgiven in life, but not wholly cancelled as to its temporal punishment or satisfaction due, or who have gone forth soiled with the stain of venial sin, remain for a time in a place of expiation, where they suffer such punishment as may be due to their offences. It is a matter of faith that these suffering souls are relieved by the intercession of the Saints in heaven and by the prayers of the faithful upon earth.

To pray for the dead is, then, both an act of charity

and of piety. We read in Holy Scripture : " It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." And when our Lord inspired St. Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, towards the close of the tenth century, to establish in his Order a general commemoration of all the faithful departed, it was soon adopted by the whole Western Church, and has been continued unceasingly to our day.

Let us, then, ever bear in mind the dead and offer up our prayers for them. By showing this mercy to the Suffering Souls in purgatory, we shall be particularly entitled to be treated with mercy at our departure from this world, and to share more abundantly in the general suffrages of the Church, continually offered up for all who have slept in Christ.

All works of mercy draw down God's most abundant graces, and will be richly repaid by Him who at the last day will adjudge the immortal crowns of His glory to this virtue. But except the leading of others to Him by our instructions and prayers, what charity, what mercy can we exercise equal to that of succoring the souls in Purgatory?

Did we but behold Purgatory opened before us, or had we a view of the torments which the Suffering Souls endure, how would this spectacle affect us? How would their pains alone speak to us more pathetically than any words? How would our eyes stream with tears and our hearts be moved to behold innumerable holy and illustrious servants of God, and our brethren in Christ, suffering " by wonderful but real ways," more than our imagination can represent to itself?



OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS.

What follows is the substance of several letters at hand recording favors received through the intercession of our Canadian martyrs. Want of space alone prevents our publishing them in full.

QUEBEC, August 20, 1892.

Will you be kind enough to allow me, through the MESSENGER, to thank the Sacred Heart for a signal favor obtained through the intercession of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant?

In straightened circumstances, I resolved on an undertaking, and in it were centred the hopes of the family. But obstacles and disappointments were plentiful, and, as a result, I was disheartened. Sunday evening I was sadder than usual, for things looked desperate. I chanced to open the August number of the MESSENGER, when I was struck with what was there said of the blessed martyrs.

I took heart at once, and promised to make it known if, through them, I was extricated from my difficulty. On Monday morning, I saw my undertaking crowned with success.

To tell all, my family was in want, and I had opened a school. It met with but little encouragement until I had recourse to the Canadian martyrs. On the morrow a

large number of pupils presented themselves, and I am now in a position to earn bread for my family. I should be more than grateful if you would send me the relics of my benefactors.

A. G.

PENETANGUISHENE.

A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for her recovery from an illness which all feared would prove fatal. To obtain this favor she had invoked the Sacred Heart through the martyrs de Brebeuf and Lalemant and had worn their relics.

MONTREAL.

An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart, for having granted, through the intercession of the martyrs of Canada, the cure of a person whose sickness had already lasted two years.

ORILLIA, September 29, 1892.

On the 10th inst., I received a relic of our Canadian martyrs, Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant, which you so kindly sent at my request for a relative who was dangerously ill—so dangerously, that it was thought that nothing short of a miracle could lead to her recovery. From the first moment that the relic was applied—it was done daily, and a novena made—the disease and pain gradually passed away, so that the doctor was astonished at the speedy recovery.

The lady is now able to be up and about every day. She and her family, as well as myself, wish to return thanks to our dear Lord for this great favor granted through the intercession of his martyrs.



DEVOTION TO THE HEART OF JESUS.

BY THE LATE REV. J. FARRELL OF MONASTERVAN.

A "CATHOLIC DEVOTION," sanctioned by the Church, is no mere outcome of sentimental piety. It is no mere expression of devotional enthusiasm. It is something very real, something very solid. If it be a blossom with brilliant hue, and fragrant perfume, it is a blossom of a noble tree that rears its branches as high as Heaven, and has its roots as deep as the faith that is the life of the Church. A Catholic devotion is always, in its ultimate analysis, the expression of a Catholic dogma; and many a theological conclusion which, to untrained intellects, might appear obscure in its technical wording, makes itself a home amongst the humblest of the faithful, when it expresses itself in one of those practical devotions, which, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, take, as if by storm, the hearts of a people.

So it is with the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is a devotion which cannot be understood without an accurate knowledge of the mystery of the Incarnation, cannot be practised without securing for those who cultivate it an ever-growing love for our Incarnate Lord. When this has been said, when it has been asserted that the two results of this devotion are wider knowledge and deeper love of our Blessed Lord, we feel that enough has been said to convey to Christian hearts a due sense of its importance.

It is desirable to understand precisely what the Church means by that devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which she has given her warmest approbation and her most solemn sanction.

By a *devotion* is ordinarily meant a certain honor or worship paid to some particular sacred person, or sacred thing, for some special reason. Hence, to explain fully the nature of the special devotion to the Sacred Heart we must lay down three things: First, the *object* of this devotion; second, the *motive*, or, in other words, the reason which induces us to pay this special honor to this special object; third, the *nature* or character of this special honor.

The object of this devotion is the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that is, the material Heart of flesh that beats within His breast; the Heart that was formed at the moment of the Incarnation from the most pure blood of His Immaculate Mother; the Heart that was pierced on Calvary, and that is now enthroned as part of the Sacred Humanity, at the right hand of His Father in Heaven; the Heart that from the first moment in which "the Word was made Flesh," was the Heart of the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity.

The motive of the devotion, or the special reason for selecting the Sacred Heart as the object of a special devotion, is, first, that this Sacred Heart was set forth by Christ Himself, as the peculiar seat of those virtues in which He specially desired that men should imitate Him. "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart."* Secondly, because, by the consent of mankind, expressed in the received usage of every language, the heart has always been selected as the symbol of love. Hence the Heart of Jesus is the symbol of that unbounded love

* St. Matt. xi. 29.

which caused Him to do and to suffer so many things for the Redemption of men ; led Him to die on Calvary, and to leave us Himself in that ineffable Sacrament, that has been called the Sacrament of Love. Thirdly, because this Sacred Symbol is in itself eminently calculated to cultivate and keep alive the memory of His Sacred Passion and to prompt us to make a return of love and gratitude to that Divine Lord, Who, for love of us, humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.

Hence, taking these two together—the object and the motive—the honor we pay to the Sacred Heart in this devotion, is paid to the Sacred Heart, both considered *in Itself*, and, at the same time, considered as a symbol of the love of Jesus.

The nature of this honor. This honor, or, as it is theologically termed, this *cultus*, is the supreme and absolute adoration due to God alone, and which, in this devotion, is paid to the Sacred Heart inasmuch as it is the Sacred Heart of a Divine Person, from which Person It neither is nor can ever be separated.

From all this it will be seen, that special devotion to the Sacred Heart has been, as it were, inaugurated by our Lord Himself in that sublime sentence, which contains in itself the whole philosophy of Christian life : “ Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.” It will be seen that it is based on the dogmatic teaching of the Church, on the mystery of the Incarnation ; that it is a devotion eminently calculated to bring home to the hearts of the faithful the abstruse conclusions of theology on the subject of the Hypostatic Union ; and, finally, that it is a devotion admirably adapted to lead men to the love of Jesus, by the avenue of those natural feelings that God has planted in the human heart, and has intended to be the foundation on which grace may erect the edifice

of that supernatural life, which the Church of God is the divinely appointed instrument in conferring, in preserving, and in crowning with everlasting happiness.

When a devotion has once made itself a home in the Church, when it has been consecrated by the approbation of Supreme Pontiffs, and been crowned by the spontaneous affection of the faithful, Catholics may safely, nay, must necessarily, conclude, that in the Providence of God it has a special mission to fulfill, a particular work to do, in the age in which it is manifested.

If one evil more than another is manifested in the world of our unhappy time, it is, not so much, as in other days, speculative errors, which might be called heresies of the intellect, but rather the result of long courses of intellectual error, developing into their natural consequence—corruption of the will.

Love has grown cold. The world has become indifferent to dogma and corrupt in morals.

What two lessons, consequently, have more need to be impressed upon those who, amidst this indifference and corruption, strive to live the supernatural life of Christianity, than the lesson of Humility and the lesson of Meekness? Of humility—that real self-knowledge that teaches a man his true place in the order of creation, and teaches, consequently, the reasonableness and the necessity of submitting his intellect to God's teaching, and of conforming his will to God's commandments. Of meekness—that is, so to speak, the natural bearing of one who, profoundly convinced of the supreme dominion of God over the warring elements of evil, can afford to leave the final issues of all earthly things in His Omnipotent Hand; that can, in the degree that is permitted to a creature, partake of His infinite patience, and can so present to the "Gentiles who rage, and the peoples who devise vain things," the spectacle of a man, uncomplaining, indeed,

but "just and steadfast in his purpose;" such man as even the pagan poet could deem sublime, but who is a thousand-fold more worthy of admiration, when the justice which he loves is the justice of God, and the purposes to which he clings have the basis of the infallible teaching of the Church of Christ.

And these lessons are, of all others, the special lessons of the Sacred Heart.

OPERARII PAUCI.

Lord of the harvest !
 On Thee we call !
 O send us laborers !
 See ! 'tis the Fall :
 The harvest is ripening,
 The weighted ears bend ;
 Unto the harvest, Lord !
 Laborers send.

MARY MULLALLY.

Perhaps in Purgatory we have a parent, a brother, a bosom friend and companion. For if we may be permitted to dive into the secrets of the divine judgments we shall be persuaded that the number is very small of those that departing this life pass immediately to glory without having some satisfaction to make, some debt to cancel. How rare is the grace for a soul to leave this infected region without the least spot ! If then we have lost any dear friends in Christ, whilst we confide in His mercy, and rejoice in their passage from the region of death to that of life, light and eternal joy, we have reason to fear some lesser stains may retard their bliss. In this uncertainty why do we not earnestly recommend them to the divine clemency ?

THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

A. T. S.

“E must be very near the place now,” said Mr. Wallace to his wife and a friend who accompanied them; “it was a few miles from the town of B—— which we passed some time ago.”

“We are both very curious to see this wonderful spot,” observed the wife, smiling, “for it made such an impression on you, Henry. Let me see, it must be fully twenty years since you were here.”

“Add five to that and you will be nearer the truth,” said Mr. Wallace. “The house with its pretty garden was so quaint; its mistress so cheerful and obliging, and she had such a fine little boy. Do you know, Mrs. Layton, I had serious thoughts, from time to time, of adopting that lad.”

“What did you say to that, Mary?” said Mrs. Layton, addressing her friend.

“I negatived the proposal,” said Mrs. Wallace, half laughing, half serious. “In the first place, we might not have made him so happy as he was in the idyllic home which Mr. Wallace describes, and then, the care, the responsibility, the anxiety.”

“There was a huge apple-tree before the door,” soliloquized Mr. Wallace, “and.... Why, there it is, laden with fruit as I saw it more than twenty golden years ago. Driver, stop, stop, this is the place.”

The carriage stopped and the party alighted. Mr. Wallace looked around him with that half melancholy air with which one returns to a spot hallowed by past association. He looked half wistfully at the great tree, its wide-spreading branches falling over the fence of the

pretty garden, full even now of late flowers, marigolds, poppies, pansies and golden-rod. He smelled, again, the familiar scent of honey, mingled with the odor of boiling maple sugar, so characteristic of Canadian country districts. He looked unconsciously for the figure of a little lad, rosy-cheeked, with brown curls protruding from a torn straw hat. He listened for the merry laugh.

"I spent a very pleasant summer here," he said to his wife, repeating the oft-told tale with emphasis.

"I do not wonder," said both the ladies together, as they looked around them admiringly.

"And I was actually looking about for the little chap," said Mr. Wallace, pulling himself together, and laughing; "he must be a great, sturdy man now, if he is alive."

At this moment the door opened and a woman appeared curtseying to them, but regarding Mr. Wallace, like the rest, with a blank smile of non-recognition.

"Alas! for the flight of time," sighed Mr. Wallace.

"Why, Mrs. Lalor, have you altogether forgotten me?"

"It seems to me, sir," said the woman, hesitatingly, "that I have seen you before, and heard your voice, too; but——"

"Twenty-five years have done their work, I suppose," said the gentleman, cheerily, "and you have had time to forget the summer of —— and the lodger who had the end room overlooking the garden."

Mrs. Lalor's face brightened into more than recognition, into positive pleasure.

"Is it you, then, Mr. Wallace?" she said, heartily; "then it's myself that's proud and glad to see you again," and with a quick glance at the two ladies, she added, singling out Mrs. Wallace, "and this beautiful young lady is your wife."

Both husband and wife felt a curious gratification at the homely compliment, while they were surprised at the readiness with which she had hit upon the truth.

"Come in, sir, come in, and the ladies too, God bless them," said Mrs. Lalor, warmly, and in they went, to the self-same little parlor which Mr. Wallace had so often and so glowingly described. There was the smell of lavender and sweet-scented dried plants, mingling with the fragrant odors from without; there was the apple tree, nodding in at the window, and in its shadow were the gravelled, garden paths; and there was the home-made rag-carpet, with its stripes of yellow and red, grown somewhat faded now, and the stiff-backed, wooden chairs, and the odds and ends of curious crockery or glass, and the religious pictures. Over the mantel, as Mr. Wallace presently noted, was a new picture of the Sacred Heart, an engraving differing much in quality from the other rude prints with which he had been familiar.

"There, from that window," said Mr. Wallace to the ladies, "is the view of which I have so often spoken."

It was, indeed, an exquisite view, pine-clad mountains overtopping each other, their monotony varied by clusters of fiery-red maples, and the trickling of a limpid, mountain stream.

"How lovely!" whispered Mrs. Layton, "quiet and still and beautiful as a poet's dream!"

And whilst they admired the views and even strolled out, passing the limits of the garden, and wandering a little among the wooded slopes above, Mrs. Lalor busied herself with hospitable cares. Upon their return, despite all protestations, they were forced to sit down at table, where awaiting them was a veritable rustic feast. There was a delicious cup of coffee, with home-made bread and cake, butter of Mrs. Lalor's making, and thick cream, with the inevitable accompaniment of grated maple sugar.

"And what about the little lad?" said Mr. Wallace, when they were all seated to enjoy the good things. "Do you

know, Mrs. Lalor, I have never tired entertaining my friends with his pranks, his queer sayings and his bright promise."

"Oh, he's not a very little lad now, sir," said Mrs. Lalor, with her genial laugh; "but before I tell you all, sir, I'm going back, by your leave, to a conversation we had about him when you were here. You mind, sir, that his poor father was still living, that time."

"I do; and I never heard of his death," said Mr. Wallace, with some emotion, for he, too, had been part of the picture of that by-gone summer, a strong, stirring typical farmer, strong of frame, bronzed of face, and with a hearty if somewhat coarse manner. "When and of what did he die?"

"It was five years after you left, sir. He got pneumonia, and it carried him off inside the week. Lord be merciful to him, but it was a sudden call. He was in his full strength on the Sunday, and that day week he was buried."

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Wallace, "poor fellow."

"Well, sir," went on Mrs. Lalor, "do you recall a conversation we had together, yourself, the poor man that's gone, and myself? It was about them public schools. You warned us against them, and you begged of us whatever came or went that we would send our Johnny to a Catholic school. For a time we did our best, there was a little village school taught by a Catholic, and kept him there till, at last, some men from town got around Michael and myself, for the matter of that. They said we were wronging so bright a boy to keep him at such a school, and that he could easily take the train every morning and go into B——, where, a stone's throw from the station, was the public school. They flattered our foolish pride by telling us he'd be pushed on there, and

that there was no telling what high station might be in store for him."

Here Mrs. Lalor broke off in her discourse, to replenish her visitors' cups with coffee, and otherwise busy herself with their comfort. At length, at her visitors' request, she continued.

"To make a long story short, we did send him to the public school."

"*You* with your staunch, old Irish faith," cried Mr. Wallace; "if anyone else had told me I wouldn't have believed it."

"You may well say that, sir," sighed Mrs. Lalor; "it was a poor day when any of my stock, or of Michael's either, was brought to do such a thing. Well, all went well for a time. Johnny was forward in his studies and he got fine prizes, and he seemed to grow smarter like every day. But the first thing that opened my eyes to what we were doing was, when I heard him call dear old Father William, *Mister*, and he kept his hat on talking to him, and it was all one, as if it was a Protestant minister or any other man for the matter of that. Then I spoke to Michael, and I told him I was afraid the boy would lose his faith. At first he made light of it, but it wasn't long till *his* eyes were opened, too. But, mebbe, I'm wearying the ladies with the long story."

"Not a bit of it," cried Mr. Wallace, while the two ladies begged that they might hear every detail of it.

"We both began to notice the difference in his behavior to us, and a way he got into of talking of religious matters and his conduct in the church. And in a history he had, he showed me how everything was turned wrong, as it seemed, about the church. I'm not much of a scholar myself, but I knew enough to know all wasn't right in *that* book. At last the boy began to stay in town of an evening, not very late, but late enough

to frighten us. One night, as God would have it, his father was kept late in the town, where he had gone to buy grain, and in the railway station he saw Johnny with seven or eight other lads."

The woman paused as if the recollection were painful to her, and rested her head on her hand a moment, while only the ticking of the old clock in the corner broke the silence.

"Michael saw at a glance the boy had been drinking," she presently resumed, "beer or mebbe something stronger, and he was talking of his father, the poor man that was so fond and proud of him, as 'the stingy old governor,' and he was boasting—God forgive him, it was the ignorance of a child,—that he supposed he was a Catholic, but he'd take good care not to go to confession to a man like himself, and that one religion was as good as another. I won't weary you with all that followed," added Mrs. Lalor, wiping away her tears, "but the next day the boy went off a boarder to the nearest Catholic college. We made sore sacrifices to keep him there; at one time we feared the old house would have to go, but he stayed there, and, thank God, it was not too late. In course of time, he became the same dutiful, affectionate son he had been before, and as pious and good as he was quick with his lessons."

"And where is he now?" cried Mr. Wallace.

"Is he with you still?" said Mrs. Wallace.

"What have you put him at?" asked Mrs. Layton.

The woman smiled at all her questioners, in turn, as she answered their questions.

"He is in ———, he is not with me, and I had a letter from him this morning. If I may make so bold I'll read you a bit of it."

She unfolded a letter, while her visitors bent forward in speechless interest.

"My dearest Mother,

"I am as busy as ever with my parish duties. Even the curate of so large a parish has his hands full, and lately I have had a great but a happy addition to my work. I have been made director of the League of the Sacred Heart. As you are an associate, I need not tell you what that means. But, oh, my beloved mother, I am never tired of reflecting upon what I owe you and my poor father. I need not say that I remember his soul every day in my mass. What might have become of me had I not left that godless school in time? It was at a great sacrifice you sent me to the College and left me there, but surely the result has repaid you."

"A priest," cried Mr. Wallace, "glorious, my fine curly headed philosopher, a priest. Give me your hand, Mrs. Lalor. I shall go to see him if I have to travel five hundred miles."

"I think I have already seen him," said Mrs. Layton. "Is he not stationed at —— Church?"

"He is, dear lady, he is."

"And are not his initials, J. F.?"

"They are, indeed."

"Then, to him I owe the happiness of being received into the Church; and let me tell you, Mrs. Layton, mine is not an isolated case. Many, many more have been brought to the truth through his indefatigable labors. His name is a synonym for zeal. His charity to the poor, the great good he does amongst them, the edifying example of his own life, and his great solicitude for Christian education, are common talk in —— . He is a real apostle."

The tears were streaming down the mother's face. She was thinking of the long years, after her husband's death had left the whole burden to her, during which she had

sold the poultry and the eggs, the butter and the cream, the apples and the honey, adding always to the little store set apart for her son's education. She was thinking of the constant privations, how she had deprived herself of all but the barest necessities for his sake. But well was she repaid, even in a material sense. For her son, as she told her guests, out of his small salary, and also by means of some literary work which he did, contrived to send her every year a sum sufficient to keep her in comfort at the old home.

"I must show you my Promoter's cross," said Mrs. Layton smiling, "which I got only last June from Father Lalor's own hands."

The mother looked at it as if it were a relic.

"He is so devoted to the Sacred Heart," said Mrs. Layton, "many people say that that is the secret of his success."

But time was flying, the sun was beginning to dip behind the mountain, and to shed a golden-colored haze over the wooded slopes. So the little party again got into the carriage and drove away, waving salutations to Mrs. Lalor at her door until a turn of the road hid her from their view.

"What a charming history is now associated with your favorite spot," said Mrs. Layton to Mr. Wallace.

"Say with *our* favorite spot," broke in Mrs. Wallace; "henceforth we all have a share in it, garden, orchard, apple tree, dainty little house and warm-hearted mistress."

"But to think of my curly-haired philosopher," cried Mr. Wallace, "my prattling guide, companion and friend become a priest. It is too good altogether. Who knows, had I adopted him, all might have gone wrong, and the widow's only son might never have become the Apostle of the Sacred Heart."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The English *Messenger* relates the following edifying incident in connection with the Columbian celebration at Genoa. May the example be of benefit to the weak ones among our Italian Catholics.

Sailors from our English ironclads have been giving example to the Genoese on Sunday. The King and Queen are here to take part in the solemn festivities in commemoration of Columbus; and the second division of the Mediterranean Squadron is present in honor of the occasion.

At the request of the Archbishop, Father Lonergan, O.S.B., arranged for a special Mass for the sailors in the Basilica at ten o'clock. The Father met with the greatest kindness and courtesy from the commanding officer of the flagship, who expressed his pleasure at the arrangements proposed; and accordingly, at the time appointed, H. M. S. "Sanspareil," "Australia" and "Phaeton" marched their men to the Basilica.

There were close upon two hundred of them, and they certainly assisted most reverently at Mass, which was said by a Canon of the Cathedral. Meanwhile, however, the people had heard of what was going on, and began to flock in to see this wonder, until the great church was thronged with them.

At the end of Mass, Father Lonergan read the Epistle and Gospel, and then gave them a very effective and fervent little sermon on the text, *Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.*

But when, at the end of the sermon, he called upon Jack to answer the English prayers, the loud grave tones of the united voices had a perfectly electrical effect upon the witnesses, who looked at one another in amazement as they said: *And these devout Catholics are the sailors of the Queen of England!*



AN APOSTLE OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

(Continued.)

It gives but a slight idea of Father Labrosse's stupendous labors to say that he administered the sacraments, tended the sick, buried the dead, instructed neophytes, educated children, for he himself taught reading and writing to the Algonquins, who transmitted these arts from generation to generation, long after his death, and preached everywhere and always the Gospel of Christ. And besides his indefatigable care for those who were within the actual scope of his pastoral duty, he constantly wrote to those at a distance letters of advice, encouragement and instruction. The following letter, which has been preserved,* is touching, because of the interest which it shows in the merest details of family life on the part of one so overburdened with varied occupations. It is written to a lady residing in Rimouski :

MY DEAR CHILD,

The two chances upon which I counted of having my first letter delivered to you have failed, and I have been obliged to await the old man Luineau's convenience. I had even come to the determination of going down with him, and you can imagine that I would have been much pleased to see you were it but for a brief moment, especially if I could contribute to your recovery or your solace. But the difficulty of securing a conveyance, and

* In the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

the fear lest, on account of the busy season, I should not find a chance of coming up here again, deterred me.

It is about the 15th of next month that the agent of The Seven Islands is to send for me, provided the wintering at Point Des Monts actually takes place. It is true that Mr. Stuart has informed me that very few families have showed a willingness so far. Be that as it may, I am still bound by my promise as long as there is a possibility of my being called upon to go.

Mr. Stuart tells me also in his letter that Mr. Lepage assured him that I was to winter at Rimouski, and relying on that announcement he seems to fear that next spring I shall *again* arrive too late.

But there is nothing to fear on that score, for I have made no promise in the matter, not even to you to whom I could refuse nothing. You know indeed how much inconvenience and embarrassment would be occasioned by another hibernation like the last, and what reliance can be placed on the promises of a set of men who have no scruple in breaking them.

It is true that on account of Baptiste, your son, it would be preferable not to winter any great distance from you, but I do not think that Mr. Lepage has his Lordship the Bishop's consent for this choice of our wintering quarters, for if it were the case, he would have spoken to me, or at least have written concerning the affair; because if I were destined to pass the winter at Rimouski, seeing that I could not take up my quarters at the residence belonging to the King's Domain, I should have to exercise much caution in securing some other house at a distance from the rest.

As for your son Baptiste, if he still be animated with the same sentiments, and be still very desirous of serving God of working for his own salvation and that of others, as there is little prospect of my going down to Point Des

Monts and of taking him as I pass, he would do well to come here as soon as he can. I have had a Latin grammar sent me, and I count upon his making good use of it.

It would be better not to make a start than to give all up afterwards, for it would be a loss of time, displeasing to God while it would render him ridiculous in the eyes of others.

One of the reasons which might induce me to go down even now, would be to suggest these and other considerations to him in your presence; but after all, he is no longer a child, and must exercise the reason he has in choosing a state of life, since there is question of his happiness in this life, and, what is of far more importance, of his happiness in the next.

If, however, there be any prospect of my wintering at Rimouski, then, if he were any use to you, he might remain; but what is clear for me is that the safest alternative would be to have him come up as soon as possible.

I beg you to remember me kindly to your family, Julian included, and not forgetting poor Teresa, whom I would request not to bear me in mind, but her course of reading and the recommendations so often insisted upon even in your presence.

I am persuaded that if everything depended upon you and her I should soon be provided with all things necessary to pass the winter near you.

I beseech God to bless you with health and happily to preserve you in its enjoyment.

I am, with deep gratitude and affection,
My dear child,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

J. B. DE LA BROUSSE,

Missionary of the Society of Jesus.

ISLE VERTE, September 23, 1776.

I pray you present my respects to your brother, his wife and to all his family.

These labors, it must be remembered, were performed in the face of hardships and difficulties, which it is almost impossible at this distance of time adequately to realize. The journeys from place to place by canoe or on foot, by treacherous rivers, through forests, over mountains, with guides, often perfidious, in the depths of Canadian winters, encountering perils of every sort, and enduring hardships which can best be expressed by referring to the journal of another celebrated Jesuit, also residing for a time at Tadousac, Father Crespieul.

"The life of a Montagnais missionary," he writes, "is a long and slow martyrdom, an almost continual exercise of patience and of mortification, a truly penitential and humiliating life, especially in the wigwams and on journeys with the savages."

He describes the wigwam built of bark or of branches, snow-covered, wherein the missionary had no room to stand, but must kneel or sit or lie in a cramped position, exposed to smoke, so painful to the eyes, that often when morning came the eyes would scarcely open. He had to sleep upon the frozen ground or upon some branches, his head often protruding from the wigwam, so that severe headache or toothache was caused by the cold, while frequently his clothing, which he had to keep on night and day, was scorched or burned from being too close to the fire. Usually on awaking he found himself surrounded by five or six dogs. He had to eat half cooked meat, served on platters licked by dogs, and accompanied by details too disgusting to our modern sensibilities to permit mention. And he had to eat and drink from the same cup and plate as the savages, even when they were suffering from small-pox or other revolting diseases. He frequently had, for his only beverage, muddy water or melted snow, while even that sometimes failed upon long journeys. He was persecuted with the

unwelcome attentions and the continual crying of filthy children, and had to sleep side by side with savages, the odor of whom, he observes, was intolerable.

These are but a few of the miseries amidst which the life of a missionary was passed. He was never permitted under any circumstances to show disgust, or weariness, or aversion. He must of necessity be patient, gentle and, hardest of all, invariably cheerful.

It is no small proof, therefore, of the splendid courage and sublime self-devotion of Father La Brosse that constant reference is made by his biographers to his peculiar light-heartedness and overflowing gaiety. When he is seen as the father of the poor and afflicted, ready with the tender and consoling word for the various forms of human misery by which he was daily surrounded, it is not so amazing as to read of his witty sayings, his genial laugh, his ready repartee. Assuredly whilst he thus realized that ideal of the poet,

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor,
And childhood's heart of play,"

he rose to the most exalted heights of saintly perfection.

It would be impossible, in these limits, to attempt anything like a detailed account of the work he accomplished. He had mastered many of the Indian dialects, and left various works, particularly in the Algonquin language. Catechisms, primers, translations of many portions of Holy Scripture and a dictionary at which he labored for eight years, remained as monuments of his zeal. He was regarded as a saint by the people amongst whom his lot was cast. Tradition asserts that he converted the tribe of Nepakis by the working of a miracle. It is told in this wise: A pious Algonquin convert, deploring the

obstinacy with which these savages clung to their errors, suggested to the missionary a remedy :

"The Nepakis," he said, "have no ears, but they have eyes," and intimated that he must perform for their benefit a prodigy. Father La Brosse, very naturally, disclaimed all supernatural power, but the savage became so urgent and so wrought upon his own desire to convert the obdurate tribe, that he consented to shew them the power of prayer.

It was in the vicinity of Lake St. John, and forest fires were at that time raging. The savages, Algonquins and Nepakis alike, were preparing to depart, for the circle of fire was closing swiftly about them. Father La Brosse commanded them to await the event, and, accompanied by a few Christian Algonquins, advanced to a point at a sufficient distance from the wigwams. There he traced upon the ground a line, commanding the flames in the name of God to pause there, and sitting down, Indian fashion, observed the result. The flames advanced as far as the line of demarcation, paused, writhed, divided, and finally fell back. And thus were the Nepakis brought to believe in the true God.

(To be continued.)

BROKEN CHORDS.



REAMINGLY playing old pieces,
 My fingers caressing the keys,
 The music was strangely mingled
 With the drowsy hum of the bees.
 The lullaby, sweet and tender
 And soft as an angel's sigh,
 When he kneels at the feet of Jesus,
 Rose and fell as it floated by.

My thought with the melody mingled
 Till my hand struck a broken key,
 And a sound, like the shriek of a demon,
 Came quivering back to me.
 Oh, wonderful cry whose wailing
 Banished my golden dream,
 And drew my thoughts to the real
 From the fairy things that seem.

Was the chord I struck a token
 Of the many I touch to-day?
 Of the heart-strings rudely broken
 And silently laid away?
 Alas! that the sweetest music
 May die in a broken key,
 Or a heart-string, snapped asunder,
 Rob a life of its melody.

Then, let us think of each other
 And touch with a gentle hand
 The heart whose want of music
 We ne'er may understand;
 For the keys perhaps are broken
 And their echoes harsh and cold—
 We only hear with a mortal ear,
 So the music will not unfold.

Ah ! the chords that here are broken
May be sweet in our Home above,
And hearts now sad and silent
May teach our own to love.

S. M. C.

ORATIO AD SS. COR JESU.

Cor Jesu purissimum, O ara Sanctitatis !
Cor meum purga sordidum, infectum tot peccatis.
Qui movit Tibi vomitum, auferto hinc teporem :
Infunde novum spiritum, et spiritus fervorem.
Cor mite, Cor humillimum, Cor plenum bonitatis,
Cordi Tuo da simillimum, da ignem charitatis !
Sed quid ? Si vel seraphico amore cor flagraret,
Non tamen hoc incendio, non satis Te amaret !
Ut ergo Te diligere, Cor Jesu, possim satis :
Immensum da, quo amas me, ardorem charitatis.
Hoc, hoc amoris jaculo cor meum accendatur,
Et hujus ab incendio in cineres solvatur.
O mors exoptatissima ! sic mori vi amoris,
Amoris sit cor victima pro Corde Redemptoris !
Amore Tui moriar, Cor Jesu, Amor meus,
Ut novo corde ordiar amare Te, O Deus !

ANON.

Do not amuse yourself in always devising new means of perfection. Remember that yours consists entirely, in one word, in conformity of life and actions to the holy maxims of the Heart of Jesus, especially to His gentleness, humility and charity.

(Maxims of B. Margaret Mary.)

The principal means by which we obtain relief for the Suffering Souls in Purgatory are sacrifice, prayer and almsdeeds.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 4.

(Translation.)

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO FATHER BONIN, S. J.

Reverend Father,—Pax Christi—

IF I longed to see the “Ruby” safely arrive at Quebec, my longing was scarcely less intense to see her set sail again, that she might bear to you the expression of my kind regards and news from one of whom, I flatter myself, you sometimes think, and who often allows his thoughts to turn with an affectionate remembrance to you.

Here I am at last in a country for a long time the object of my yearnings. Here I am specially singled out to labor for God's greater glory. My happiness must needs remind me that I have to render thanks beyond measure to a God of all goodness for having inspired me with the resolution to cross the seas, but neither can I thank you yourself too much for all your care and atten-

tion for me, you the first father, in a spiritual sense, of my soul, since without that special care I never would have had, or at least I never would have followed, that vocation from our Lord.

After God, therefore, it is to you I owe the happiness of having entered the religious state, and of having come to Canada. But what were the dangers I encountered on the way? I give you them here in detail.*

Quebec, October 20, 1734.

No. 5.

(*Translation.*)

FATHER AULNEAU TO HIS MOTHER.

(Address:—"A Monsieur Chaterere, Procureur et Notaire Royal à Luçon, pour faire tenir à Madame de la Touche Aulneau,—aux Moutiers—à Luçon—Bas Poitou.)
My Dearest Mother,

I again with joy and eagerness take advantage of the sailing of a vessel for La Rochelle to renew the expression of that respect and affection which I shall bear for you throughout life. I wrote to you already the full account of my voyage on the King's vessel, and you have no doubt received my letter. I hope that it found you in perfect health; my own is now as robust as it ever was. I wrote also, by the same vessel, to my uncle and sisters.

It is now over a month since winter set in here, and at the present writing, the ground is covered with snow. It is as cold as it was in France in 1729. This severity of temperature will increase, and we shall not catch a glimpse of the ground until next May.

This need not alarm your affectionate heart on my account, for we have every means of protecting ourselves

* The particulars which follow are the same as in the preceding letter.

against the rigor of the climate and the season. And after all, were it not so, I would not be a subject of commiseration, since I would have more frequent occasion to suffer something for the love of a God who has suffered so much for us.

Persevere, my dear Mother, in beseeching Him to render me worthy by His grace to achieve something for His glory and His service.

Father Nau is on the point of leaving for Montreal or for Sault St. Louis, some seventy or seventy-two leagues from here. I have not yet learned if his appointment be for good. As for myself, I shall start only in the spring; and I do not know for what place Providence destines me; but wherever it be I shall find the God of goodness there as everywhere, and I am confident that He will bear me up and not abandon me.

I am writing to Father Faye, who is to make some purchases. In case he is able to execute the commission, be kind enough to send him the money you destine for me. As what I am asking him for is not for myself, the sum will be refunded at Quebec. But if, on the contrary, he should not be able to undertake it, be good enough to send the money to Father Deceron, at La Rochelle, who will make use of it to purchase some books I shall need.

You see, my dear Mother, I do not reject all your loving offers of assistance; and were they less generous than they are, that would never prevent me from cherishing for you the same sentiments of respect and love. I have often said Mass for you, and I have no greater pleasure than thinking of you. This I do often, and always with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

I am, my dear Mother, with profound respect,
Your most humble and obedient servant and son,

J. P. AULNEAU,

Jesuit Missionary in Canada.

QUEBEC, October 29, 1734.

Please present my respects to my dear uncle and to Mr. L'enuot.

IN THANKSGIVING.

ALEXANDRIA.—For favors obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A promoter returns thanks for a spiritual favor received.

BROMPTON.—Thanks from a member of the Sacred Heart Union, for a very great temporal favor received after promise to publish.

DUNDAS.—Members of St. Augustine's School return thanks for two special favors received.

EGANVILLE.—In accordance to promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor granted, together with several others of lesser importance.

GALT.—A member returns thanks for a great spiritual favor obtained by invoking the Sacred Heart.

GLEN NEVIS.—A Promoter wishes to return sincere thanks for a great temporal favor received, after making a novena to the Sacred Heart and promising to acknowledge through MESSENGER.

HAMILTON.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for success at a recent examination, after promise to publish.

HASTINGS.—A grateful soul wishes, through the MESSENGER, to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor obtained through a novena and a promise to report in the MESSENGER.

INGERSOLL.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors received during the summer.

MONTREAL.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained after a novena with a promise to have it acknowledged in the MESSENGER.—Sincere thanks are tendered to the Sacred Heart for obtaining for an Associate a good

position.—According to promise, heartfelt thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the conversion of a husband addicted to drink, who had been some years away from the Sacraments. After being recommended to the League for two or three months, and being given the water of St. Ignatius, he ceased drinking, and made a fervent confession and communion.—A family returns thanks for one special temporal and one special spiritual favor and other blessings received.—An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for past favors.—An Associate wishes to thank the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for four safe journeys and the recovery of a sister's health.

ORANGE, MASS.—In fulfilment of a promise, a person wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the peaceful and happy settlement of a false claim on property, with a promise to publish in the MESSENGER and with a Mass of Thanksgiving.

OTTAWA.—According to promise to publish, thanks are returned for a favor received through the bounty of the Sacred Heart.

PETERBOROUGH.—A child of Mary thanks the Sacred Heart for three temporal favors obtained.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Thanksgiving for the return to the practice of their religious duties of three members of a family, also for a spiritual favor received through the prayers of the League.

QUEBEC.—Thanks for a favor obtained from the Sacred Heart of Jesus by a gentleman promoter.—A lady returns thanks for the recovery of her sister who was dangerously ill. A promise was made to publish in the MESSENGER.

ST. CATHARINES.—Thanks are returned by nine Pro-

motors for a favor obtained by making a novena to the Sacred Heart, and a promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER if granted.

TORONTO.—An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for the deliverance of a family from a serious misfortune. A promise was made to have it published in the MESSENGER. The prayer was granted the same day.

WINDSOR MILLS.—In fulfilment of a promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great temporal favor received.

Urgent requests for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Almonte, Calgary, Chatham Ursuline Convent, Kingston, Moncton, Ottawa, Parkdale, Prince Albert, Quebec, Toronto Monastery of Our Lady of Charity, and Wyoming.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

LONDON, O.—Ursuline Convent, Chatham, Ont.

TORONTO.—St. John's Grove, Toronto, Ont.

RUSTICO, P.E.I.

The Reverend Father Ronald B. Macdonald writes, under date of Sept. 27th: The League is working wonders in this parish. The attendance at Mass is better, and the communions five times what they used to be.

God answers the moans of the Suffering Souls, that His justice must be satisfied to the last farthing, and that their "night is come in which no man can work" But they address themselves to us, and we can deliver them by our prayers and good works.

THE LEAGUE IN TORONTO.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO MONSIGNOR ROONEY.

On Monday evening, the 3rd October, the Promoters and Associates of the Sacred Heart League in St. Mary's Parish, Toronto, met to congratulate their beloved parish priest, Vicar General Rooney, upon his recent elevation, by the Holy Father, to the dignity of Domestic Prelate.

The following address was read by the President, Mrs. Devine :—

To Monsignor F. P. Rooney, V. G.

Right Reverend and Dear Father.

The members of the League of the Sacred Heart in your Parish have heard with the greatest joy the welcome news of the honor which the Holy Father has been pleased to bestow upon you, our Father, Pastor and Friend. We do not forget that, according to the constitutions of our League, the Pastor of the Parish is always the true director and guide of the Council, Promoters and Associates, though he may delegate to another a portion of his labors, still retaining the general supervision of the Society.

You, then, Right Rev. and dear Father, are the Director of the League of St. Mary's Parish, and to you we owe many precious blessings, amongst which stands pre-eminent, the glorious privilege of the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the first Friday of each month. You, as Vicar General of the Diocese, granted us this greatest of favors, for which we can never be sufficiently thankful. Through your kindness also, those of us who cannot be present at the late Mass on the First Friday have a Mass said at half-past five.

Your kindly advice often given to us through our local Director has ever been appreciated at its true value,

knowing as we do that it comes from a heart full of love for us and totally free from human respect. Accept then, Right Rev. Father, our warmest congratulations on the high honor you have received. We hope and pray that you will be spared many years to guide and watch us with the faithful interest you have ever displayed ; and that when at length our Lord will call you to rest on His Sacred Heart forever, you will not forget your devoted Parishioners, the members of the League of St. Mary's.

As a souvenir of our friendship, we request your acceptance of this Baptismal Font ; and that you may live long enough to cleanse from original sin thousands of the generation to come is the fervent prayer of your loving children in Christ.

MRS. DEVINE, *President.*

MRS. LYSAGHT, *Treas.*

MISS BEGLEY, *Secretary.*

MRS. COLLINS.

Monsignor replied briefly, thanking the Leaguers for their kind expressions and for their gift. He said that though others might surpass him in what they had accomplished, yet he would yield to no parish priest in the love which he had ever borne to his flock. So it had been with him in the various parishes in which he had been placed. He had always tenderly loved his people, and constantly sought their welfare by every means in his power. He concluded by giving his blessing to the assembled Promoters and Associates.

Perhaps the souls of some of our dear friends may be suffering in Purgatory on our account ; perhaps for their fondness for us, or for sins of which we were the occasion by scandal, provocation or otherwise : in which cases motives not only of charity, but also of justice, call upon us to endeavor to procure them all the relief in our power.

INTENTIONS FOR NOVEMBER

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

- 1.—Tu.—ALL SAINTS. fa. fb. fg. †
m. fr. Desire to share their glory.
21,015 transgivings.
- 2.—W.—ALL SOULS. g †. Pray
for the dead. 11,980 in affliction.
- 3.—Th.—St. Malachy, Bp. h †.
Trust in prayer. 5,864 Dead Asso-
ciates.
- 4.—F.—St. Chs. Borromeo, a. †
g. †. Love the Church. 6,688 Spe-
cial.
- 5.—S.—St. Emeric, C. Help the
Negro Missions. 1,332 Communities.
- 6.—S.—St. Leonard, C. fa. fg. fr.
Watch and Pray. 13,921 1st Com-
munion.
- 7.—M.—St. Engelbert, B. C. Hate
sin. 25,801 Departed.
- 8.—Tu.—The Four Brothers, M.
M. Union and Charity. 4,248 Situa-
tions.
- 9.—W.—Our Saviour's Basilica,
Reverence God's house. 3,979 Clergy.
- 10.—Th.—St. Andrew Avellino.
h. †. Kindness at home. 60,025
Children.
- 11.—F.—St. Martin, Bp. C. p. †.
Trust in God's mercy. 10,588 Fami-
lies.
- 12.—S.—St. Martin, P. M. Pa-
tience in sufferings. 17,355 Persever-
ance.
- 13.—S.—St. Stanislaus, Kostka,
Love of our Lady. 9,209 Reconcilia-
tions.
- 14.—M.—St. Lawrence O'Toole,
Pray for God's blessing on Ireland.
18,497 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—Tu.—St. Gertrude, V. Seek
to know our Lord. 10,055 Tempo-
ral favors.
- 16.—W.—St. Josephat, Bp. M
Be earnest in zeal. 9,899 Conversions
to Faith.
- 17.—Th.—St. Gregory, wonder-
worker, h. †. The spirit of sacrifice.
9,543 Youth.
- 18.—F.—Basilica of St. Peter &
St. Paul. Devotion to the Apostles.
1,937 Schools.
- 19.—S.—St. Elizabeth of Hun-
gary, p. †. Mercy to God's poor.
8,604 Sick.
- 20.—S.—St. Felix Valois, C. Con-
tempt of worldliness. 41 Retreats.
- 21.—M.—PRESENTATION B.V.M.
r. †. Offer yourself to the Sacred
Heart. 108 Works, guilds.
- 22.—Tu.—St. Cecilia, V. M. Purity
of Heart. 1,295 Parishes.
- 23.—W.—St. Clement, P. M.
Generosity. 68,924 Sinners.
- 24.—Th.—St. John of the Cross,
h. †. Patience under calumny. 23,583
Parents.
- 25.—F.—St. Catharine, V. M.
Desire true wisdom. 4,522 Religious.
- 26.—S.—St. Sylvester, Ab. Zeal
for God's glory. 1,209 Novices.
- 27.—S.—Bl. Margaret of Savoy.
Begin Advent well. 1,250 Superiors.
- 28.—M.—Sts. Ireneus and Comp.
Esteem heavenly things. 3,831 Voca-
tions.
- 29.—Tu.—St. Saturninus Bp. M.
Reparation of Sin. 5,386 Promoters.
- 30.—W.—St. Andrew, Ap. De-
voted love of Christ's Cross. 10,181
Various.

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

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