

MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART

*Organ of the League of the Sacred Heart,
Apostleship of Prayer.*



~~SIXTH YEAR~~

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Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

“A HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

A. M. D. G.

A happy New Year! a clean new page,
Turned over in life's brief story!
Leaving the *Past* to the mercy of God,
All for His greater Glory.

A happy New Year! — Give the *Present* hour
Into His tender keeping.
Our Lord may sleep, but His Heart will keep
His own, with a Love unsleeping!

A happy New Year! To His Providence
Leave the *Future* of life's brief story.
They sweetly rest, who trust Him best,
All for His greater glory!

JEAN E. U. NEALIS.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY.

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

THE FOURTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE BAPTISM OF THE
FRANKS.

Fourteen centuries is a long period on which to look back even in the history of the Church, which has lasted nigh two thousand years. And yet the celebrations to be held this year, and which are to culminate in the solemn Christmas festivals of 1896, are intended to commemorate an event which took place on the feast of Our Lord's Nativity as far back as the year 496. This event may fittingly be called "The Baptism of a Nation."

Remote, though it be from us Christians of to-day, it has ever exercised a preponderating influence on the changes and vicissitudes of Christendom during the ages which succeeded it; nor has that influence been other than benign for the successors on the throne of the Fisherman. So much so, that the great achievements of the nation, which was then christened, in upholding the rights and prerogatives of the Church have been passed down in history as the *Gesta Dei per Francos*.

We may safely conjecture that, long before the final conquest of the Gaul by the Franks, this warlike race had

gained some knowledge of Christianity. Their very wars brought them into contact with Christians of other lands.

Intrepid in battle and rapid in attack, they had time and again broken through the chain of Roman outposts along the Rhine, and crossing over into the frontier regions of the Empire had laid under contribution both town and country.

It was, no doubt, their partial successes which emboldened them, later on, to aim at gaining a permanent foothold in those coveted regions lying further to the west. Years before their conversion to Christianity many had served in the legions of Rome, and they were thus brought into close and familiar intercourse with the current thought and every day life of the Romans.

About the second half of the fifth century, the Franks settled permanently in Gaul, and had split into two great branches, the *Salii* and the *Ripuarii*, the former occupying the country between the Scheldt and the Meuse, whilst the latter dwelt between the Meuse, Moselle and Rhine. The rapid extension of their power was due especially to the valour of Clovis, the Son of Chluderic and chief of the Salic Franks, who, by his victory at Soissons, A. D. 486, over the Roman governor Syagrius, put an end to the Roman supremacy in Gaul.

Although the Franks, during their numerous wars, had sacked and destroyed many cities, and carried desolation far and wide, there is no evidence that they purposely oppressed the Christians, or manifested any special dislike to their religion. On the contrary, it would seem that they were, if not well disposed towards Christianity, at least tolerant of its practice; for, while they held possession of the cities of Cologne, Maestricht, Tongres, Treves and Toul, not a single church was destroyed. It is, moreover, certain that Comes Arbogastus, who ruled, perhaps in the name of the Roman Empire with sovereign

authority at Treves, as early as A. D. 470, was both a Frank and a Christian. Nor was the Christian religion unknown in the royal house of the Salii, for Lautechild and Audefleda, the daughters of Childeric, were Arians.

These various circumstances may serve to explain why the Frankish chieftains entertained so high an admiration of St. Ambrose, and ascribed to his friendship and goodwill the victories of the Frankish Comes Arbogastus.

St. Remigius, the most illustrious of the Gallic prelates, was at the time bishop of Rheims, and Clovis, who was as skilful a politician as he was an intrepid warrior, made every effort to win his favour and that of the Catholic clergy to his cause, for he held their holy mission and salutary influence in the highest veneration. An exchange of good offices followed which was pregnant in great results.

St. Remigius, struck by the noble qualities of the barbaric king, desired nothing more ardently than to implant the true faith in the heart of a prince whose power kept pace with his renown, and who was evidently destined to rule the whole of Gaul.

He deemed that this could be best brought about by giving to Clovis a Christian wife. The task was not a difficult one, for there was then living at the Burgundian court a princess, by name Clotilda, the reputation of whose virtues, whose beauty, whose sweet disposition had reached the ears of the conqueror of the Gauls.

Clotilda was the niece of Gundebald, King of the Burgundians, who had murdered her own father. This princess and her sister were spared in the general massacre of their relatives, on account of their youth. Brought up by an Arian uncle, she had clung to her religion, and the holiness of her life corresponded to the purity of her faith. She consented to marry Clovis, but, as he was a pagan, insisted on the promise to be allowed the free

exercise of her religion. They were united at Soissons in 493 ; and from that instant Clotilda prayed incessantly for the conversion of her husband, and lost no opportunity of explaining to him the doctrines of the Christian faith.

The death of their first-born, baptized under the name of Ingomar, threw Clovis into a state of despair, and bitterly did he reproach his wife.

“ My son has died only because he was baptized in the name of your God. He would still have been living had he been placed under the protection of my gods.” The Queen only replied :

“ I return thanks to my God, the Creator of all things, that He has not found me too unworthy to associate in the number of His elect the fruit of my womb ; for I know that the children whom God takes in their white garments of baptism enjoy His beatific vision.”

The miraculous recovery of their second son, Clodomir, from a sickness which, as far as human prevision could determine was to end fatally, made a deep impression on the father who was obliged to acknowledge the power of the God of the Christians.

Clotilda wished to profit by this occasion, in order to induce him to abandon the worship of idols, but political considerations still retarded the effects of grace. Clovis feared lest in changing his religion he might alienate the hearts of his subjects. He contented himself, therefore, with promising his wife that, on the first favourable occasion, he would fulfil his intention. But who could tell when such an occasion would present itself ? God in his wisdom was shaping events and He would provide.

The clouds of war had been long gathering on the western frontiers of the newly acquired dominions of the Franks. On a sudden, in 496, great bodies of Suevi and Alemanni swarmed across the Rhine at Cologne and poured into the Kingdom of the Ripuarian Franks, over

whom Sigebert held sway. Left to their own resources the latter would have been powerless to stem the tide of invasion, but Clovis armed the Salic Franks and hastened towards the Rhine to the help of Sigebert.

The two armies met near Tolbiac, now Alpich, in the Palatinate. Both nations were equally brave, equally jealous of their glory and their freedom. The shock of battle was appalling, and for hours victory hovered uncertain over the rival standards. Sigebert fought with all the intrepidity of his race for his kingdom, and wherever there were signs of wavering thither would he hasten to cheer on his warriors by word and example. But finally he fell wounded, and his troops were thrown into a state of disorder.

The panic was rapidly spreading along the ranks, so that even the veterans of Clovis were losing ground, when, seeing the desperate state of the Frankish cause, he raised his battle-axe towards Heaven and cried aloud :

“ God, whom Clotilda worships, I have no refuge but Thee. Come to my help and I will believe in Thee, I will be baptized in Thy name ! ”

This vow, uttered in a loud voice, rallied his scattered warriors about him. Clovis himself felt a new courage within his bosom, and cheering on his Franks, rushed with headlong daring upon the enemy. In turn the invading hordes were filled with consternation and fled before the exterminating arms of the Franks, leaving their king dead on the field of battle.

On his return to his own domain, after this victory, Clovis put himself under the direction of St. Remigius and of St. Vedastus; a holy priest from the neighbourhood of Toul.

The bishop joyfully made preparations for the baptism of the king and of his Franks, and assisted by Vedastus, continued to instruct and to prepare them, according to

the canons, by some days of fasting, penance and prayer. The baptismal fonts of St. Martin's, the great church of Rheims, were magnificently adorned; the nave was decorated with white hangings; the same emblematic colour also appeared in the dress of Clovis and the other catechumens chosen from among the flower of the Salians.

On Christmas night, A. D. 496, all the streets were tapestried from the king's palace to the basilica; the church blazed with a thousand fires shed from richly perfumed tapers. The procession moved on towards the basilica, preceded by the cross and the book of Gospels borne in state.

St. Remigius led the king by the hand; they were followed by Queen Clotilda, and the two princesses Audeflida and Lautechilda, sisters of Clovis. Upward of three thousand officers and nobles of the court, all dressed in white ornaments, were going to receive baptism with their king.

Clovis, struck by the splendour of this august night, asked the holy bishop:

"Father, is this the kingdom of Christ, into which you promised to lead me?"

"No," answered St. Remigius, "it is but the opening of the path that leads to it."

The king and his royal train at last reached the baptistery at the entrance of the great cathedral where the vast procession halted. Standing before the font, the king begged the grace of regeneration in this saving water. Turning towards the multitude, the king kneeling before him, and with uplifted hand ready to pour the water upon the brow of the royal catechumen, St. Remigius, in a tone which could be heard by all within the sacred precincts, thus addressed him:

"*Mitis depone colla, Sicamber, adora quod incendisti, incende quod adorasti.*—Bow down your neck in

meekness, great Sicambrian prince ; adore what you have hitherto burnt, and burn what you have adored."

Then, having received from him the profession of his belief in the Holy Trinity, he baptized him and anointed him with holy chrism. The three thousand officers and soldiers who accompanied him, besides a great number of women and children, were then baptized by the attendant bishop and other clergy. Audefreda received baptism, and Lautechilda, who was already a Christian, but had fallen into Arianism, was reconciled to the Church.

Clovis, unwilling to see the rejoicings of so happy a night, marred by the tears of the unfortunate, ordered the release of all captives and made costly offerings to the churches.

That Christmas night, which lighted the birth of the Franks to the true faith, has always been dear to France as a family festival.

"Noël!" was ever the cheer and the battle-cry to her warriors.

The news of the conversion of Clovis was hailed with joy throughout the whole Christian world. Pope Anastasius I. was more than all others overjoyed, when it was announced to him, for he hoped to find in this new Christian prince a powerful protector of the Church. Clovis, in fact, was the only true Catholic sovereign then reigning. In the East, the Emperor Anastasius was given up to Eutychianism ; Theodoric, in Italy ; Alaric II., King of the Visigoths, in Spain and Aquitania ; Gundebald, King of the Burgundians in Gaul ; Thrasimund, King of the Vandals, in Africa, were all, without exception, Arians. Both the Pope and St. Avitus, bishop of Vienne, wrote long congratulatory letters to the new Constantine of the West.

The hopes that both these latter prelates centered in the nation of the Franks were not doomed to disappoint-

ment, nor were their prayers for her prosperity and glory without result. The subsequent history of Christiendom and the Church brings this fact out in bold relief.

It was the sword of the Franks, under Charles Martel, that saved Europe from Mahometan barbarism. It was the sword of the Franks, under Charlemagne, which consolidated the temporal independence of the Church, and together with it, and through it, the freedom and independence of all Christian kings and peoples. It was the sword of the Franks, under the leadership of Godfrey and Tancred, which prepared from afar the deliverance of the Western nations from Moslem tyranny. It was the piety of the Franks, more resistless even than their sword, which, in the person of St. Louis, triumphed over his conquerors by his very misfortune.

The zeal of the Franks and of their princes, down to our own day, for the propagation of the faith, has rendered their name illustrious throughout the Catholic world. What wonder if, now that the faithful in France are about to enter upon a jubilee year, commemorative of an event that made that Kingdom Catholic for all time, our sympathy should go out to them? that we should join in thanking God with them for the gift of faith? that we should mingle our supplications with theirs that the eldest daughter of the Church be rid of the degrading masonic yoke that oppresses her?

Surely long since would she have been up and doing, at the sight of the aged pontiff, a captive in his own palace, were it not that the vampire sects are draining her life-blood and little by little destroying the vigorous spirit of her early Christian days.

Oh! that the Sacred Heart of our Lord take pity on France, and lead her back, penitent, to the baptistery of Rheims and re-echo again in her hearing, "Burn what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burnt."

When a Christian renews the promises of baptism, he vows, on the Gospel, to renounce Satan and to adhere to Jesus Christ. France, struggling so long in the toils of secret societies, is to arise, and this year of 1896, is to go in pilgrimage to Rheims. There, before the tomb of her first Apostle, she will again pronounce the solemn vow of chivalrous and Christian fealty. The masonic sects are even now devising means to crush her in the person of her religious. Let her arise ; let her renounce Satan, and let her return to the allegiance of her true Suzerain, her Redeemer, her God.

We ask all our associates of the Apostleship to unite their prayers with those of the associates in France, that the Jubilee of Rheims, in 1896 may, be for the children of Clovis the dawn of their country's regeneration.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and suffering 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 ; in particular that France, steadfast in the faith of her baptism, may ever prove worthy of her so glorious title of eldest daughter of the Church. Amen,

R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the following members lately deceased.—Mrs. Johanna Brennan, of Halifax, d. Nov. 16; Miss Mary Blake, of Hamilton, d. Sept. 28; Rose McKenty, d. Oct. 25, Mr. Michael Leahy, d. in Aug., both of Kingston; Nellie Bricklin, d. Nov. 4, Thomas Power, d. Oct. 29, both of London, Ont.; Mr. Francis Bolger, of Lindsay, d. Nov. 3; Mrs. Catherine Malay, of Moncton, d. Oct. 30; Mrs. Bolton, d. Nov. 28, Mr. Patrick Leahy, d. Aug. 12, Mr. Edward Polan, d. Nov. 17, Mrs. Patrick Polan, d. Nov. 19, Willie Fairbairn, John Ireland, John McHugh, Thomas Dwyer, all of Montreal; Mrs. Mary Normore, of Newfoundland, d. in Oct.; Mrs. Margaret Brennan, of Ottawa, d. in Nov.; Mrs. R. V. Chisholm, d. at Lochiel, Nov. 17; Mrs. Richard Parkinson, d. at Princeton, Nov. 1; Miss Maggie Murphy, Miss Theresa Doyle, both of Phelpston; Mrs. Charles Barrett, of Puslinch, d. in Oct.; Mrs. W. Barron, d. Oct. 22, Almie Delory, d. Nov. 22, Mrs. W. Tucker, d. Oct. 10, all of Toronto; Louis Freno, of Admaston, d. Oct. 2; Mr. Angus A. McDonell, of Bridge End, d. Nov. 23; Thomas Nichols, of Coburg, d. Sept. 23; Mrs. Adeline Derochie, of Cornwall, d. in Oct.; Mr. Dennis Dunn, of Dundas, d. in Nov.; Mrs. J. Fitzgerald, Miss Teresa Doyle, both of Flos; Katie Regan, d. at Kingston, in Nov.; James Dowley, d. at Kingston, in June; Paul Dulin, d. Nov. 24; Mrs. Flora Chisholm, of Montreal, d. Nov. 4; Mrs. Patrick Hartin, d. Feb. 4, 1895, Mrs. Michael Byrne, d. June 18, M. Martin Hammon, d. Nov. 10, all of Quebec; Mr. Michael Connolly, d. at Little River, Nov. 20; Mrs. Mary Morn, of Vanleek Hill, d. Nov. 23.

THE HOLY FAMILY

Dolce.

SOLO. Hap - py we who thus u

ni - ted Jo'n in cheer - ful mel - o -

dy, Prai - sing Je - sus Ma - ry

Jo - seph, In the Ho - ly

Fa - mi - ly In the

The Holy Family

15

Ho - ly Fa - mi - ly. CHORUS. Je - sus,

dolce

Ma - ry, Jo - seph, help us

That we e - ver true may

be To the pro - mi - ses that

cresc.

bind us To the Ho - ly Fa - mi - ly.

- 2.—JESUS, whose Almighty bidding
All created things fulfil,
Lives on earth in meek subjection
To his earthly parents' will.
Sweetest Infant ! make us patient,
And obedient for Thy sake.
Teach us to be chaste and gentle,
All our stormy passions break.
- 3.—MARY ! thou alone wert chosen
To be Mother of thy Lord :
Thou didst guide the early footsteps
Of the great Incarnate Word.
Dearest Mother ! make us humble,
For thy Son will take His rest
In the poor and lowly dwelling
Of an humble sinner's breast.
- 4.—JOSEPH ! thou wert called the father
Of thy Maker and thy Lord,
Thine it was to save thy Saviour
From the cruel Herod's sword.
Suffer us to call thee father,
Show to us a father's love ;
Lead us safe through every danger,
Till we meet in heaven above.
-



Written for the
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER

HITHERTO.

Master ! hitherto
We have found Thee true ;
Thou hast helped us, Thou hast strengthened,
Hitherto our days hast lengthened ;
Jesu ! till the end,
Be our Guide and Friend.

Master ! lead us still,
Guard us safe from ill ;
In our sorrows, doubts, temptations
Grant us courage, faith and patience :—
Through the coming year,
Jesu ! be Thou near.

Master ! in the past,
Thou hast held us fast ;
When we grieved Thee, hast forgiven,
Sheltered us when tempest driven ;—
In the days to be
May we cling to Thee.

Master ! at Thy Feet
See Thy servants meet ;
Hear, oh hear us, we implore Thee,
Saviour ! when we bow before Thee :—
Jesu ! every day
Be our strength and stay.

THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Albania. — TRIUMPHS OF THE SACRED HEART. — Among the twenty-seven foreign editions of the MESSENGER, writes the Director General of the League, which labour in every land to propagate the devotion of the Sacred Heart and to found His universal Kingdom, we can count, since 1892, an Albanian edition.

Until the present date, we have received but little information as to the progress of our holy League in Albania, and as to the results of its apostleship in propagating the knowledge, love and service of the Divine Heart. However, on October 8th, there reached us from Portore an interesting account which will bring joy to our Associates.

In Albania, as everywhere else, the devotion to the Sacred Heart works wonders. It quells the most rebellious passions of man, and in cases where all else has proved inadequate the devotion to the Sacred Heart triumphs. This our readers will see for themselves by the letter that Rev. Father Gattin has kindly addressed to the Director General.

* * *

Reverend Father, — In your *French Messenger*, I scarcely ever come across anything relating to the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Albania; and yet this devotion has its triumphs in this poor country, still subject to Turkish domination. — triumphs, perhaps, greater than in any other of the countries of Europe; two years already have I been the happy witness of it.

“You must know, Reverend Father,” wrote us quite lately Father Pasi, the superior of this Albanian Mission, “you must know that here, both in town and country, an immense good is being done; and all this good is to

be ascribed to the Sacred Heart devotion, propagated through the instrumentality of the *Albanian Messenger*, and by the Apostleship of Prayer. So far, in every parish, where we have given a mission, we have established the Apostleship, and I have a firm persuasion that the devotion to the Sacred Heart will bring about the conversion of Albania."

In fact, not only a few, but all the missions given here for the past six years have been real triumphs for the Heart of Jesus, and perhaps on no other spot on earth has it been given to see realized in such a remarkable degree as here in Albania, the promise: "I will give to priests the power of moving the most hardened hearts."

And here is a striking instance.

The chain, with which the devil holds the unfortunate population of Albania bound tightest, is the *spirit of revenge*; it is here called the *law of blood*.

There are no regular courts of justice in this wild mountainous region, so that every one, with savage fury, claims the right of administering justice for himself. The Albanians carry their muskets about with them, and use them freely, not only to shoot down the murderer of a friend or relative, but for the most trivial cause. An insult, which elsewhere would be resented with a blow and end in a simple war of words, is enough to make an Albanian raise his gun and fire. When he kills his enemy or the one who insults him, he has wiped out his dishonour and passes for a *hero*. He is brought by his act into prominence before an admiring public and receives its praise; and should he be molested, he finds everywhere shelter and protection in his flight. Occasionally it is a subject of bitterness and regret for an Albanian on his death-bed to think that he has never had an opportunity of killing a fellow-being.

A Missionary was once called to the bed-side of a young

Albanian of twenty-four ; he had not long to live. The Father noticing that he was very despondent, did his best to cheer him up.

“ Ah ! Father, I die young and without honour ! ”

“ And why, pray, without honor ? ”

“ Because I have never had occasion to kill any body. ”

Judge from this to what extent the *law of blood* has become the curse of Albania. Hence that endless series of bloody deeds and vindictive murders, in which not only the inhabitants of a village, but whole tribes are concerned. To make it more palpable : in a single parish, previous to the giving of missions, four hundred and eighty had fallen victims of this vendetta in a single year.

None other than the Sacred Heart could have remedied in the least such a deplorable state of things, and how powerful and often miraculous has His influence not been ! Just listen to what Father Pasi, the Superior of the Albanian Mission, relates :

The standing marvel in the Mission of Gumsisce, which calls for special mention, is the all but miraculous cessation of vengeful deeds.

“ At Prekali, a man had sworn to wreak vengeance on a countryman, his mortal enemy. He called on me and told me he was dishonoured and was determined to take revenge. I dwelt on the necessity of pardoning, and I must say that I had no end of difficulty in persuading him. At last he gave in, kissed the Crucifix and generously forgave the injury. At Kiri and at Sciosci there were just such other instances of mortal offences wholly forgiven ; so is it in hundreds of other parishes. ”

These reconciliations are harder than one can imagine, —they are even most extraordinary, and hitherto no one has been able to bring them about.

“ No matter, ” continues Father Pasi, “ the Sacred Heart can do anything : Jesus holds in his hands the

hearts of men, He moves them to pity, He delivers them from the blind fury of hatred, He frees them from the thirst of vengeance, and replaces these outbursts with sentiments of Christian charity and forgiveness, for all these conversions must be ascribed to the devotion of the Sacred Heart and to the Holy League, Apostleship of Prayer. They have been effected more particularly by the many *Golden Crowns* of the Sacred Heart recited or chanted in common by the multitudes enrolled in the *Apostleship of Prayer*."

* * *

But here, Reverend Father, you may enquire: "What do you mean by the *Golden Crown* of the Sacred Heart?" I shall satisfy your legitimate curiosity. Father Pasi, some years ago, was rummaging among the old prayer-books in the community library at Scutari to find material for an Albanian *Manual of Piety* for the sodality of the Children of Mary, established in that city. By chance a title, *Golden Crown of the Sacred Heart*, caught his eye. To read the explanation of it was to be immediately taken with it. The Father hastened to have this *Crown* or *Rosary* approved by the diocesan authorities, intending to have it taught to the people, so that it might be sung during his many missions. You must know that everything is sung in Albania, catechism, beads, in fact, every public prayer. In this way the words are better graven on the memory, and our illiterate parishioners need those chants. But we shall allow Father Pasi to relate the facts:

"On October 3rd, 1892, we began to teach the Congregation of Sciakola the *Golden Crown* of the Sacred Heart. Seeing how well it was received and with what pleasure it was sung by all present, we continued to teach it wherever we preached a mission. I saw clearly that

the success of all the missions given could be traced to this pious practice, especially the quelling of angry and revengeful passions."

To sing the *Golden Crown* the Congregation is divided into two choirs, that of the children and that of the adults, and, with the beads in hand, an ejaculatory prayer is sung on the large beads.

The children sing :

"O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the most precious Blood of Jesus Christ."

The adults continue :

"In expiation of my sins and for the needs of Holy Church."

Then on the decade of the smaller beads the Children sing :

"Jesus meek and humble of Heart."

To which answer is made by the adults :

"Make my heart like unto Thine." The *Gloria Patri* is replaced by the invocation :

"Sweet Heart of MARY be my salvation."

It would, indeed, be difficult to find a prayer better adapted to the needs and intelligence of the people. It is short, easy to remember and enriched with numerous indulgences. We, moreover, ask in this prayer for what is most necessary for us, the likening of our hearts to the very Heart of Jesus, the protection of Mary in the work of our salvation, the expiation of our sins and help for the Church Universal, offering to God, the Father, the treasure of infinite value, the blood of His Divine Son.

May this prayer become popular, not only in Albania, but may it also cross the mountains, traverse the seas and be propagated everywhere!

Here, in Portore, we have printed and distributed about fifteen thousand copies both in Italian and Croatian.

I must not close this communication, Reverend Father, without giving you an account of two incidents which have lately been brought to my knowledge.

At Scutari, where we have a seminary, a college and a handsome church, with an altar of the Sacred Heart and a statue, a little Turkish maiden of seven had learnt to say the *Golden Crown*, in which practice she took great delight. She would say ingenuously in her Albanian idiom :

“ I have the Sacred Heart of Jesus in my heart, and I want to be a Christian. ”

Having fallen sick, she got her parents to carry her to our church and place her before the Sacred Heart altar. She was accompanied by her mother, who is a Turk, and by a Christian servant-maid. The child prayed to the Sacred Heart and recited her *Crown* with great piety, and without the aid of any other remedy, she was restored to health. A few days later all three came back to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus, bearing a costly offering. I trust that the loving Heart of Jesus will fully enlighten both mother and child, and bring them safely into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

Here is another incident, but this one is truly dramatic and startling. You will judge for yourself.

A Mission was being given at Scialla, a fervent Christian centre. The crowd of people attending was very great : for, while a mission is going on, all projects of vengeance are laid aside, and a truce is proclaimed, so that the bitterest enemies may meet without fear, and the offender kneel beside the offended without peril. But the Albanian never parts with his weapon, and in spite of the truce all had their indispensable muskets with them.

Meanwhile the mission of Scialla was progressing peacefully, and the parish was preparing to make its con-

secration to the Sacred Heart. The procession was about to start, when the bearer of the banner of St. Nicholas was abruptly accosted by a youth of twenty :

"No. No," said the intruder, "you are not always to carry this banner. It's my turn to-day and I intend to carry it."

Of course, the one already in possession had no inclination to yield. Invectives, taunts and threats were exchanged. The more peaceably disposed strove to separate the disputants, but the attempt failed. Thereupon all the men made a rush for their arms, which they had laid aside for the nonce so as to join in the procession. Each one snatched up the gun nearest to him, and thus armed, assumed an attitude of defence. With the eye they singled out the ones they had reason to distrust, and those they could rely on in case the signal for the opening of hostilities should be given.

Meanwhile the members of the weaker sex, belonging to the family of the young aggressor, endeavoured to drag him away, and stopped his mouth to prevent him from making matters worse, while with tears and supplications they besought him not to bring ruin upon his family.

But the insult had he uttered and an insult in Albania must cost a life. As sudden as a flash of lightning the sharp report of a single gun rang out as the warning that the truce had expired, and each one was now bent on wreaking vengeance on his enemy. How this happened no one seemed to know, but evidently the devil did not wish to be balked of his prey.

"At that dreaded sound," writes Father Pasi, a shudder ran through my frame. I saw the different factions split up rapidly, each taking its position with muskets levelled and awaiting the final signal for the beginning of the fray.

The children, who, up to this moment, had remained quiet, were terror-stricken, and with cries and tears scattered in all directions. In vain did we, priests, endeavour to interpose; our supplications were not heeded. Never, no never, in all my life was I present at such a heart-rending scene. There, before us, were upwards of a thousand persons hurling defiance at each other, with their guns levelled ready to begin the butchery. A few seconds more and, instead of a consecration to the adorable Heart of Jesus, we were to witness a general massacre. Oh! what an agonizing moment it was, but with what burning fervour did we not pray that so dire a calamity might be averted. A sudden inspiration from the Heart of our Lord prompted me to cry out in a commanding voice, to which grace lent more power:

“Attention! let all who will stand by me and by Christ respond!” and thereupon I intoned:

“Jesus, meek and humble of Heart!”

Those who were nearest, on hearing that chant, that heart-felt appeal, instinctively gave out a vigorous response:

“Make my heart like unto Thine!”

And lo! as the chant, dear to all their hearts, began to swell, and rise, clear above the turmoil, the commotion began to subside, the muzzles of the guns were gradually lowered and silence little by little was restored. Then I cried anew in even a louder tone;

“Who then among you are with me and Christ?”

“We, we!” answered a number of Albanians.

“Well then,” I continued, “all those who are with me and with Christ our Lord follow me!”

And as we continued singing the *Golden Crown*, we turned into a meadow where the ceremony of Consecration was to have taken place. I perceived on entering that so far I was followed but by one of the several cor-

porations ; the others were not yet in line. I called upon them to form in procession and join us, and continued the chant :

“ Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation ! ”

The Blessed Sacrament borne by Father Bonetti was now nearing us. It was enthroned under the canopy prepared for it just as the chant of the choir, now increasing in volume and strength, gave out :

“ Jesus meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine ! ”

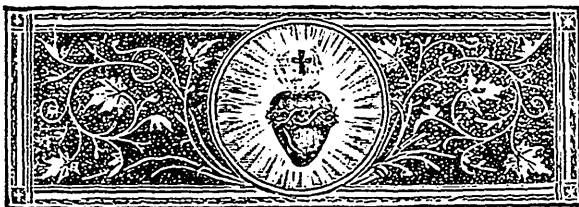
At the sight of the Blessed Sacrament, all our turbulent mutineers of a moment ago, crestfallen and repentant, drew near the altar, and, falling on their knees, assumed an attitude of recollectedness and prayer. A few minutes after the encircling hills re-echoed with the pious canticles voiced by all the vast multitude. The parish then made its public consecration to the Sacred Heart amidst the most profound quiet and with the most fervent piety. Thus, instead of a fearful massacre we witnessed, with grateful hearts, a most solemn and consoling ceremony.

Endless thanks to the Divine Heart of Jesus, and glory to the Immaculate Heart of Mary !

Such are the fruits, such the wonderful results of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in Albania.

I have written, Reverend Father, enough for one day ; but let me, in conclusion, ask all the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer to help us by their joint supplications. Let them kindly remember our poor Albania in their prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, and often intercede for our beloved and rugged mountaineers.

MICHAEL GATTIN, S. J.



Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

Hurrying, scurrying clouds, bringing masses of snow down upon the city, to whiten the pavements, drape the trees and obscure the mountain. The New Year had opened with a blizzard. All its sounds of good cheer seemed deadened by the snow-fall. From a train just arrived from the North-West, stepped forth a traveller, his coat buttoned to the chin, his fur cap drawn over ears and brow, his satchel clasped in a gauntlet-clad hand. He had come back, after many years, to his native city.

Having walked down the platform and into the station, he laid his bag upon the seat, drew off his glove and searched his right breast-pocket, then his left, for something which did not seem to be there. Not finding it, he grew more energetic in the quest, his brow contracted, his face expressed a deep anxiety. Thus preoccupied, he did not perceive that a man stood beside him, till the latter laid a hand suddenly upon his shoulder.

"Cyril Ames, or my eyes deceive me?"

The traveller drew back and surveyed the speaker an instant, uncertainly. Then he put out his hand.

"Maurice d'Artois, and after twenty years!"

Their hands met in a cordial clasp.

"Come with me, Ames."

"I can't. I must find this address."

For resuming his interrupted search, he had, with an air of quiet satisfaction, drawn forth a paper from his breast-pocket, reading aloud, as he did so :

"Mrs. Wharton, No. 10, — Street."

Maurice d'Artois started slightly.

"You know her, d'Artois?"

"Not in the least."

"At all events by name?"

"To be sure."

"Otherwise," continued the traveller, "I should have been glad to breakfast with you."

"But you cannot go there at this hour."

"On the contrary, I must go there immediately."

"It is so early."

"My business cannot wait."

"And on New Year's morning."

"The better day, the better deed."

"When shall we meet?"

"I cannot precisely say. It depends upon this affair, which has brought me all the way from Rat Portage."

"Can you come to my rooms this evening?"

"If possible, leave me your address."

"I will wait for you. But in the meantime give me yours, in case you don't turn up."

"St. Mary's College, — Street."

"What *you*, Ames?"

For the first time, Maurice d'Artois glanced at his companion's dress.

But the latter was already waving a farewell to him from a sleigh. D'Artois stood still a moment.

"Who would ever have thought it! Ames, of all men."

"And now for No. 10, — Street," thought Cyril Ames to himself, "and a veritable New Year's surprise."

ii.

"Mrs. Wharton will not receive visitors at this hour," said the servant at the door of that lady's splendid residence.

"I must see her."

"She is in her dressing room as yet, and has not breakfasted.

"I will wait."

"But, Sir,—"

"Take up my card."

The servant, seeing that further discussion was useless, opened the door of a small and luxuriously furnished sitting-room, and Cyril Ames found himself confronted by a portrait of the mistress of the house.

He stood regarding it intently a few moments.

"Very life-like, very natural," he said half-aloud.

"Marion Colby just as she was a score of years ago."

"Marion Colby just as she is to day, they tell me," said a lady, who had advanced into the room unheard, "but Cyril Ames, have you breakfasted?"

It was a strange question with which to greet an old acquaintance after the lapse of so many years. But Cyril Ames answered quietly :

"No, not as yet, that can wait."

"Only till it is served," Mrs. Wharton said, touching a bell and giving an order to a servant.

"The same, old, imperious manner," thought the visitor smiling. "God grant she has changed in some respects."

He felt encouraged by her prompt descent on receipt of his card; a descent which had much astonished the servant, for she had not even waited to ask a question.

"Mrs. Wharton," said Cyril Ames, gravely, "a matter of more importance than breakfast has brought me from Rat Portage in mid-winter."

"So I presume, and that matter is—"

"One which admits of no delay. So that you will pardon my rushing into it as it were."

"It concerns—?"

"Lawrence."

There was a change in the woman's countenance, a sudden, even an awful change. But her self-control was marvellous.

"Well?"

"He is probably dying."

Cyril Ames did not hesitate to deal her the blow, for he had faith occasionally in the curative process of a shock.

"Dying, my Lawrence!"

The tone was one of heart-felt agony, but it cheered Cyril Ames.

"Can you come?"

"Where?"

"To his dying bed. To Rat Portage."

"When?"

"You must start to day."

"With you?"

He shook his head.

"I will join you there."

"Can you not come to day?"

"Impossible."

"I forgot, you are a—priest."

"Soon to be one if God pleases, and that I owe to Lawrence."

"And I owe him years of regret, sorrow, bitterness."

"Were you about to add remorse?"

There was something approaching to sternness in the searching glance of the ecclesiastic, and Marion Wharton turned away.

"Breakfast is served," announced the servant.

"You will join me—Father Ames."

There was a curious hesitation in the woman's manner of pronouncing the name.

"Mr. Ames for a short time longer," he said, smiling, as he signified his acceptance of the invitation. In truth, he was as one from whom a severe strain had been lifted. He had feared she would not receive him, that years of worldly prosperity had rendered her callous, that she would not obey the summons. He had feared a thousand things, and he felt that he had done her heart injustice, as he sat opposite her at table and perceived that she did not even attempt to eat.

With Lawrence, he felt that it might be the means of salvation for her, if she stood beside what might be a bed of death, in the far, frozen North, and heard what Lawrence had to tell.

III

When Cyril Ames kept his appointment with Maurice d'A-tois that evening, it was to make a request of him.

"I want you to grant me a favor," he said.

"Consider it granted."

"Hear it first, and you will see that it admits of no delay."

"Go on."

"I want you to be at the station to-night to see a lady off by the late train for the West."

"A lady? But how am I to know her?"

"You know Mrs. Wharton by sight?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is she."

"Mrs. Wharton?"

"Precisely. As soon as she arrives, you will go up to her and present my card. After that, I ask you, in the name of our old friendship, to do all you can for her, and to keep the matter secret. At least, it is her wish that

there may be as little talk as possible about her journey. You understand?"

"Perfectly. I am quite at your service."

"Thanks, dear boy, and let me remark at the same time how totally you are lacking in the bump of curiosity. You have never asked where she is going or on what errand."

"It is enough that you know."

"Well, there need not be any secrecy between you and me. She is on her way to what is probably her brother's death-bed."

"Her brother?"

"You must remember Lawrence Colby?"

"Why, of course I do. You and he were such chums."

"Yes, it was through him I went to the North-West, through him I became a Catholic, through him, I may say, I am soon to be a priest."

"Through Lawrence Colby?"

There was so incredulous a note in the speaker's voice, that Cyril Ames laughed.

"It does seem queer, doesn't it?" he said. "Yet, so it was. The marriage of Colby's sister very much annoyed him for various reasons, the chief of which was that she gave up her faith for the sake of an advantageous match. This side of the subject, which then appeared to me as of little moment preyed deeply upon Lawrence. There was a stormy scene between brother and sister. The former decided, in consequence, to go to the North-West and I to accompany him there."

Maurice d'Artois listened attentively to this chapter from past history, which had been hitherto but a matter of curious conjecture to the friends of those concerned.

"As Lawrence was at this time a very indifferent Catholic, it impressed me as strange that his sister's perversion should so deeply affect him. And, oddly

enough, this deep feeling upon his part was the first thing which turned my attention to the Church, but only in a spirit of curiosity, at the outset. He led a wild life after his arrival in the North-West, and I was powerless to restrain him, though, thank God, I did what I could. He received a reproachful letter from his sister, to which he answered that she had been the cause of his ruin. Then, there was silence between them, though I knew it must have gone hard with her, for seldom have I seen so devoted a sister. News reached us from time to time of the brilliant life she was leading as a society leader, as the promoter of fashionable philanthropic schemes and also of Protestant enterprises of all sorts. But you, doubtless, know this end of the story."

D'Artois nodded.

"Two years ago a band of missionaries came into the section of the country where we were. Providentially Lawrence was induced to go to the church. I went with him. The sermon was upon the Sacred Heart. It had no effect apparently upon me, and on our way home, Lawrence made some careless joke about his own want of religion. Encouraged by his manner I attempted what I now know to be a blasphemous and irreverent jest. Lawrence promptly knocked me down. Had it not been for the interference of passers by, matters might have been serious, indeed. For I arose furious, eager to retaliate. Next morning, before I was up, Lawrence was at my bedside, begging my forgiveness almost with tears, and explaining how great had been his provocation. Happily for both of us, we became firmer friends than ever. But I soon saw that Lawrence was a changed man. In six weeks' time, he announced to me that he was going to Winnipeg on some business. I afterwards learned that it was to see a priest, and as he himself put it, to begin life over again."

Cyril Ames paused a moment as if absorbed in the recollections thus evoked.

"Never have I seen any one," he continued, presently, "so absorbed in the good work of reformation. He was so humble, so persevering, so zealous, so charitable. I shall not weary you, d'Artois, with the story of my own conversion, entirely due, under God, to Lawrence, as was also, of course, my vocation. He himself, though declaring his unworthiness to become a priest, has laboured unceasingly for the salvation of souls.

"And what of his sister?" asked d'Artois.

"Lawrence's letters to her, written after his conversion, remained unanswered. All seemed lost. Lawrence had determined to seek her in person, when seized with his present, probably fatal illness. It was, then, agreed between us that I should go to Montreal, and with the full force of old associations in my favor, induce her, if possible, to make the journey northwards. 'It may be the saving of her soul,' Lawrence said to me, 'and in any case, it will be an inexpressible comfort for me to see her face once more.' I undertook the mission and have so far, thanks to the Sacred Heart, wherein we both placed the matter, succeeded."

Whilst Cyril Ames spoke, Maurice d'Artois could not help a backward glance to those far off days, when the man before him had been "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Scores of young men had looked up to him as the arbiter on all questions of taste, fashion and elegant dilettantism. He was aroused from his reverie by Ames' voice.

"You will have to be at the station in an hour's time, Maurice."

"I shall not fail. And what are you going to do?"

"Return northwards by the morrow's train."

"Shall I not see you again?"

"Most probably not. And a word, d'Artois. You must not think it intrusive. But it is my mission now. How do you stand as regards the life to come?"

"Indifferently enough."

"Is it going to continue so? Or, will you not stop and look matters fairly in the face as we have done?"

"For your sake, I will try."

"Good-bye."

There was a cordial hand clasp, and Maurice d'Artois saw his friend go out into the darkness, vanishing from sight, as it were, after this one brief glance, most probably for ever.

However, Maurice d'Artois, being very human, presently set himself to give some careful touches to his toilet. For Mrs. Wharton belonged to a very wealthy and exclusive circle and she was a widow. Of course, he could not realize how severe was the blow she had that day received, when, with the reawakening of a host of old memories by Cyril Ames' reappearance, she had learned of the critical condition of the brother, whom she so loved.

IV.

New Year's, again, bright and sunshiny, with bells pealing out upon a clear air, greetings to the new-born monarch, and voices crying to each other Happy New Year! Voices which woke echoes in every heart as they shouted their glad tidings on the house tops. It was in the air this refrain of human hope and happiness, aye of human sadness and despair, too, which have their occasional awakenings; Happy New Year.

Father Ames had considerable of the season's joyfulness about him, as he read three telegrams. The first was signed, Lawrence Colby, and was as follows:

"New Year's greetings, friend of my soul. My health nearly restored. Hope soon to be with you bodily as

now in spirit. God give us both years of work. May He reward you for your faithful friendship."

The second signed, Marion Wharton, was :

"Best New Year's wishes for you, to whom I owe my present happiness, reconciliation with my brother, peace with God. God bless you."

The third signed, Maurice d'Artois, read :

"Happy New Year to you. I am to dine with the reunited brother and sister, where we will speak much of you and of last New Year's. We were all at Communion together this morning, thanks to you."

The bell sounded at No. 10, — Street, and a telegram was handed in from Father Ames, which read :

"God have you all in His keeping forever and grant you many Happy New Years."

There was silence around the dinner table, and when the three sitting together spoke it was of him. But they could not see the smile upon the priest's face nor the joy in his manner as he read their telegrams and despatched his answer.

JAPAN.

In 1870 the known Catholic population of Japan amounted to 10,000 ; in 1880 there were 23,989, in 1891, 44,505. There is at present one Catholic Archbishop, at Tokio, with three suffragan bishops at Nagasaki, Ozaka and Hakodate respectively. There are eighty-four priests of the *Foreign Missions* ; twenty-eight native priests, thirty-one Marianite religious and one hundred and four missionary nuns. There are two hundred and six Catholic churches or chapels, forty-three schools, with two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five pupils, one episcopal seminary at Nagasaki with forty-four seminarians, two colleges under the direction of the Marianite fathers and one hundred and fifty-four collegians.

UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 43.

(Translation.)

FATHER BESSOU TO MADAME AULNEAU.

(Continued.)

God be blessed for what you tell me about Luçon, for He can draw glory from all. It is to be hoped things will change, and meanwhile we must submit to our Lord's holy will.

What you tell me about Mr. Baret does not surprise me much. He abandoned the state of life he had chosen, to try another, wherein he finds much more that is distasteful. It is what generally awaits those who have not been faithful to their vocation, and yet it is not an uncommon occurrence. They seek freedom, and meet with many deceptions.

You ask for an account of what concerns myself. Things are very much as usual. I am at present in charge of a mission which does not necessitate journeys as long as those I had to undertake where I was before. That mission was just at its inception, and I had to move about a great deal to perfect its formation. Where I now am, though the journeys are not so long, they are nevertheless far more trying for me. My stomach rebels when I attempt to journey by sea in small canoes; but this is sometimes necessary. Once when I tried to shun the trip by water I paid dearly for the experiment. I had been asked to go and hear the confession of a sick person

five leagues away. I chose to go by land, on foot, rather than take to the sea. The going was easy enough, for the tide was out, but on my way home the incoming tide forced me off the beach, so that I had to walk nearly all the time on the muddy and soggy shore. This reduced me to such a state of exhaustion that more than once I thought I would stick fast. I finally managed to pull through a little before nightfall. A severe attack of dysentery was the immediate result, followed the next morning by hemorrhage and violent tenesmus. As a crowning misery, I suffered agony from a toothache. I was laid up for a fortnight with a serious illness, but am now pretty well restored to health.

I have gone into all these particulars because you insist upon my keeping nothing from you which concerns myself. Shortly before the incident related above, I met with another mishap, but followed by less serious results. It was another sick-call, and at night. I had to pass through a thicket to reach the mount they had sent me. Providentially I had provided myself with a small lantern, and it was well I had. I was walking on in front to light the way for two negroes, one of whom carried my bed and the other my portative chapel. I heard an unusual sound. I looked more carefully ahead, and there, right in the roadway, which could scarcely be narrower, I saw a wriggling mass of something. It was a serpent "*à grappe*," the most venemous that infests these regions, whose bite is fatal if not instantly attended to. It was as thick as a child's thigh. I thought at first that it was an adder, and it was preparing to coil for a spring. I had a thick stick cut at once with which it was despatched. It measured about twelve feet in length.

On my way back from the sick-call, my horse sank in a quagmire. Forthwith I dismounted, but in its struggles to free itself, the beast's hoof came down on my ankle,

and in rising the haunch struck me in the chest and stretched me in the puddle. I was in sorry plight, as you can easily fancy. I escaped, however, with a sprain and a good daubing from head to foot.

Our Indians are very much the same, which means that, for the most part, they are good Christians, less addicted to vice than the negroes, and than many even of the French; albeit, some stray one may relapse into his primitive savage state, or return from a trip to the Dutch settlements a perverted Indian.

There, Madam, is all I have leisure to communicate to you at present. Once more I beg you to remember me in your fervent prayers, and to ask for me from our Lord those graces I need to work with fruit for the sanctification of the Indians and for my own. Rest assured that I shall not forget you, and shall ever remain with respect and sincere affection in Our Lord,

Madam, your most humble and obedient servant,

BESSOU, of the Soc. of Jesus.

No. 44.

(Translation.)

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO MADAME AULNEAU.

Address: Mademoiselle de La Touche Aulneau—Près Luçon — Aux Montiers sur le Lay.

QUEBEC, SEPT. 28, 1742.

MADemoisELLE, my very dear Mother and Sister in J. C.

Pressing business and sorrow, by which I am overcome, do not permit of my writing to you at as great a length as I should desire. The death of our dear Father De Lauzon,

the best friend I had in Canada, which occurred at Quebec on the 5th of this month, has necessitated my coming down here in haste to gather up the remnants of our little fortune, and to settle the business of which the dear departed had charge. I reached Quebec quite sick two days ago, and the King's ship sails the day after to-morrow. Judge yourself if, in my affliction and trouble, I am able to commune with you as long as I would have wished. Pity me, my very dear Mother ; pray our Lord to bear me up and to give me the grace of filling, according to His desires, the place of superior at Sault St. Louis, to which I have been appointed since the death of Father De Lauzon.

I thank you with all my heart for the beads you had the kindness to send me. If there be the least difficulty about the veil for the Chalice, don't give it a second thought. I have something more important on my mind now, for this year the best part of our revenue has been retrenched. All that now remains to us is a paltry five hundred *livres* of income, much too little for three missionaries. But God be blest, for if we are famished it will be for His glory. We did not come over here to seek for the comforts of life ; indeed they would be hard to find, especially these two last years when hardship has been extreme in Canada. Good by, my very dear Mother. I would fill the four pages were it not for other pressing and indispensable affairs.

I remain, in union with your holy prayers, and with the feelings of a dutiful son, Mademoiselle and very dear Mother,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

NAU, of the Soc. of Jesus.

THANKSGIVINGS

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

ALEXANDRIA, ONT.—An Associate, for a great favour, after making a novena. An Associate, for the speedy cure of a serious malady when the doctors in attendance had resolved upon an operation. For a cure of a troublesome ailment. For a situation. For a favour. A Promoter, for a great favour. A Promoter, for the return of a brother to the Sacraments and the practice of his religion.

AMHERSTBURG.—A Member, for a cure after applying the Badge For the partial cure of a cripple, a Protestant, who after being on crutches for a number of years, through the intercession of the S. H. is now able to walk. A member, for a special favour, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory.

ANDERDON.—An Associate, for the recovery of a child from a dangerous illness through the intercession of the B. V. and a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For a special favour.

ANTIGONISH.—For a temporal favour. A Promoter, for several temporal favours. A Promoter, for a spiritual favour in the month of November, and for several temporal favours.

ARNPRIOR.—A Member, for recovery from a fit of sickness. A Member, for a situation through the intercession of B. V. and St. J. For several temporal favours.

BARRIE.—An Associate, for the cure of toothache, after a promise to have a mass said for the souls in Purgatory.

BATHURST, N. B.—A Promoter, for two temporal favours through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For means to pay debts, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For the cure of a toothache. A Promoter, for a successful operation performed, through

prayers to the S. H. For a favour obtained some time ago. A Promoter, for the cure of a pain in the side, through the intercession of the B. V., St. Ann and the Souls in Purgatory. A Promoter, for restoration to health, through the intercession of St. J., St. Benedict, and the Holy Souls. A Member, for the recovery of a sick person through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory, St. J. and the B. V. For a favour. A Member, for two temporal favours, through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory.

BERLIN, ONT.—A Promoter, for a great favour, through a novena in honour of the B. V. and St. J. A Promoter, for a very great favour through prayers to the B. V. and St. J.

BRECHIN.—A Member, for relief from great pain, after prayers to the Precious Blood, the S. H. and the Holy Souls in Purgatory. A Member, for the cure of toothache after applying the Badge. A Member, for the settling of a troublesome affair.

BRIGHTON.—For passing an examination successfully.

CANSO.—A Promoter, for favours, after a novena. An Associate, for several favours, after novenas to the B. V. and St. J. An Associate, for the cure of a painful disease after asking the prayers of the League.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—For relief from pain after applying the Badge.

DETROIT, MICH.—For money obtained to pay a tax. For the successful examination of four young girls.

DULUTH.—A Promoter, for two situations, through the intercession of St. Joseph, and a promise to make the Stations of the Cross for the Souls in Purgatory twice a week until Christmas.

N. B.—Other Thanksgivings received, will be published next month.

INTENTIONS FOR JANUARY.

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

- 1.—W.—CIRCUMCISION (of obligation). Self-denial. 69,737 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—Th.—Octave of St. Stephen, M. h†. Pray for your enemies. 11,620 In affliction.
- 3.—F.—St. Genevieve, V. at gt, pf. Humility. 48,731 Deceased.
- 4.—S.—Octave of Holy Innocents. Morning Offering. 27,392 Special.
- 5.—S.—St. Telesphorus, P. M. at, gt, rt. Confidence in God. 2,800 Communities.
- 6.—M.—THE EPIPHANY (Oblig) bt, gt mt. Thanksgiving. 12,689 First Communions.
- 7.—Tu.—St. Lucian, M. Zeal for Souls. The Associates of the S. H.
- 8.—W.—St. Severin, Ab. Fidelity in trifles. 19,208 Employment and Means.
- 9.—Th.—SS. Julian and Basilisa, MM. h†. Forbearance. 12,509 Clergy.
- 10.—F.—St. William, Bp. Sorrow for sins. 69,054 Children.
- 11.—S.—St. Hyginus, P. M. Crush human respect. 22,672 Families.
- 12.—S.—St. Arcade, M. Purity of heart. 22,556 Perseverance.
- 13.—M.—Octave of Epiphany, Kindliness. 7,809 Reconciliations.
- 14.—Tu.—St. Hilary, Bp. D. Read good books. 32,776 Spiritual favours.
- 15.—W.—St. Paul, Hermit. Retirement. 17,215 Temporal favours.
- 16.—Th.—St. Marcellus, P. M. h†. Generosity with God. 5,837 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—F.—St. Anthony, Ab. Detachment. 23,311 Youths.
- 18.—S.—St. Peter's Chair at Rome, dt. Devotion to the Holy See. 1,334 Schools.
- 19.—S.—HOLY NAME OF JESUS. Repair blasphemy. 13,377 Sick.
- 20.—M.—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM. Knowledge of self. 6,043 Missions, Retreats.
- 21.—Tu.—St. Agnes, V. M. Love holy purity. 977 Guilds.
- 22.—W.—SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM. God's holy will. 1,753 Parishes.
- 23.—Th.—ESPOUSAL B. V. M. h†. Say Daily Decade. 34,305 Sinners.
- 24.—F.—St. Timothy, Bp. M. Respect authority. 20,255 Parents.
- 25.—S.—Conversion of St. Paul. Guard the eyes. 2,997 Religious.
- 26.—S.—The Holy Family, J. M. J. Sanctify home-life. 1,248 Novices.
- 27.—M.—St. John Chrysostom, Bp. D. Fear mortal sin. 1,295 Superiors.
- 28.—Tu.—St. Raymond Pennafort, rt. Guard the tongue. 14,877 Vocations.
- 29.—W.—St. Francis of Sales, Bp. D. pf. Judgenot. Promoters.
- 30.—Th.—St. Martina, V. M. h†. Patience in trials. 21,606 Various.
- 31.—F.—St. Peter Nolasco, C. Be firm in hope. Directors.

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

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; l=2nd Degree; g=Guard of Honor and Roman Archiconfraternity; 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.