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*In the interests of the League of Prayer in union with the
Sacred Heart of Jesus.*

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER.

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

Help for Souls in their Last Agony.



O pray for souls in their last agony, is to procure the greatest glory for Jesus our Redeemer, the greatest good for our fellow men, and unspeakable advantages for ourselves.

To pray for souls in their last agony, is to afford the Heart of Jesus the sweetest and fullest consolation, by rescuing souls whose loss was the chief cause of Christ's long agony.

To pray for souls in their last agony, is to exercise the most far-reaching apostleship, and the only kind which, strictly speaking, may be said to be universal, since no man is exempt from death. It is the most necessary of all apostleships, since its aim is to insure the grace of a happy death. It is one that admits of no delay, since for those who await its help there is but one moment left upon which

their eternity depends. This very day more than eighty thousand souls will be summoned to appear before God's judgment-seat. Alas, how many thousands of that great total are taken unawares by death's premonition, while in a state of mortal sin! How many others are dismayed by the outslaughts of the devil, or appalled through fear of the Sovereign Judge! Pray for them this very day, and without loss of time — to-morrow it will be too late. You pray for the Souls in Purgatory, — and what charitable plans have you not already formed for this present month of November — and yet their happiness is assured though it be deferred for a time: but you are unmindful of those who are in their last agony and whose salvation is uncertain! You pray for the conversion of sinners and of unbelievers, though you are aware that as long as they are in health the evil of delay is not necessarily irreparable: and you would neglect those who are at the point of death, and who are already on the threshold of eternity! In a day, in an hour, in a minute, it will be heaven or hell for them, and that for ever and ever!

Can we not hear our dear Lord Himself pleading their cause, and whispering to our own souls:— “I have partaken of the bitterness of all the agonies of men. For all those in agony I have a special care, and their very abandonment appeals most forcibly to My Heart. I know full well what it is to be abandoned. During My agony on the cross, I gave vent to My anguish at being abandoned by My Father, though at the foot of the cross stood Mary My Mother, and John My beloved disciple. In My agony in the Garden, it was with poignant grief that I beheld the indifference and drowsiness of My apostles. It was to you, as well as to them, that I spoke, when I bade them watch and pray that they might not enter into temptation. But *watch and pray* also for those in their last agony, for those who are suffering and dying this day and every day, and at this very moment while I am whispering to your heart.”

It was a wholesome thought to have placed all those who are dying under the protection of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus. Who could feel for them in all their anguish better than He? Who could come to their relief more speedily and more effectually? And all He is waiting for is an earnest supplication from us. A few drops of that life-giving stream, which flowed so abundantly in the Garden and on the rock of Calvary, will, in answer to our prayer, fall like a gentle dew from heaven, laden with mercy, upon the souls of sinners who are to die this day. To have recourse to the Agonizing Heart of our Lord with unbounded confidence in behalf of sinners who are at the point of death, that He may snatch them from the yawning abyss and open up heaven to them, is to render a most fitting homage to the agony of Jesus Himself. It is to acknowledge His divine strength, it is to give proof of unfaltering faith in Him, just when He would seem most helpless in His dejection and powerless to help others. This trust in the sovereign efficacy of His Passion and abandonment is a most grateful tribute to His Sacred Heart, athirst for the salvation of souls. How little so ever we may have thought of this in the past, let us at least now, and in the future, yield to Jesus this acceptable tribute of our love. Let us lay before His Agonizing Heart the dying of every day; — place them in His Sacred Heart, as in a sure refuge, and beseech Him to save them, blending our own supplications with those of thousands of others who are praying for their eternal salvation.

Other practices of Christian piety may admit of postponement or delay; but there is no time to lose if we would help the dying. They have no longer a year, nor a month, nor a week, not even an entire day wherein to repent and seek forgiveness. Before the sun goes down, before the young day has grown old, time shall have ceased for them, their doom shall have been sealed for eternity. For them, it will be heaven for ever thereafter, or hell; the joys of endless

bliss, or the everlasting, avenging pool of fire. The eternal conflagration has all but reached them ! It is not the dwelling of my neighbour, or of my friend, that is threatened by the flames, but it is his body, his soul, his whole being. To the rescue, then ! Open upon him the flood-gates of prayer ; stretch forth a pitying hand and he shall escape from the devouring element which rages around him. The little that is asked of you in his behalf, will bring redemption home to his soul ; for it will render applicable for him, and efficacious, all the sorrows of the Heart of Jesus, all the miracles of Jesus, all the teaching of Jesus, all His Blood, His very life and His death itself.

Consider also among the eighty thousand who are passing out of this life to-day how many are idolaters, how many are forlorn sinners, how many are forsaken and destitute of all spiritual help. No other succour will reach them but what you will be pleased to give. Mete out this succour in proportion to their needs, their number, their abandonment. See that the succour you do give be generous enough in its measure to close hell beneath their feet, and to open out heaven above them. See that it be not too scant, lest they be not strong enough to cope with the temptations with which they are assailed, or the crowd of evil spirits who seek them as their prey. Take pattern on the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who has lavished blessings on you without measure. There were no restrictions, nor limitations in His liberality to you. Let there be no parsimony in the relief which you extend to Him in the persons of those in their last agony.

Generous souls are not wanting who make over all their spiritual treasures to those who have departed this life and who are yet detained in the cleansing fires of Purgatory. Others there are who exert themselves to bring back sinners to their duty. See what our missionaries have dared and are doing for the conversion of the heathen. But, as we have already remarked, the soul that has reached Purgatory

is assured of its eternal happiness. Its sufferings, no doubt, are intense, its temporary separation from a God whom it loves beyond what it is given to us to conceive, must far exceed all earthly trials. All this, however, will have an end, and it is conscious that every pang brings it nearer to the object of its love. While for the sinners and unbelievers here on earth, who are won back to God to-day, they may again relapse to-morrow. Far different is the case of dying sinners when you succeed in rescuing them from their sin and from hell which is open before them. They cannot fall from grace, final perseverance is within their grasp, for they are about to die.

Thus, without going abroad you can become a missionary, — one who converts and saves souls. The wide world is open to your apostolate, for in every clime of the habitable globe multitudes are dying every day, and the prayers you offer for them are their salvation. By prayer we can reach shores our fleets have never spied, lands our soldiers have never trodden, and to which our missionaries have never made their way. The bearers of the Gospel tidings are not ubiquitous, they cannot be near to assist every human being in the throes of death. But as no wayfarer in the flesh is beyond the reach and influence of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the prayers you send up to Him for those who are dying every day will make their comforting and saving influence felt wherever they are most needed.

Pray not only with the lips and heart, but offer up your meritorious actions, and make entreaty through your sufferings patiently undergone. Offer to God for the dying your trials, your afflictions, your days well spent, and there will be nothing in the life of the active missionary that may excite your pious envy, save perhaps his fatigues and his toils. You will have, as he has, whole nations to evangelize; you will labour in spirit by his side in Japan, in China, in India, on the inhospitable shores of Africa or the Islands of the Pacific. You will follow him in his wanderings among the restless tribes of our own great continent.

Finally, if God's glory and the salvation of souls are not motives sufficiently strong to determine us to join in this work of mercy, let us consult our own interests. *Date et debetur vobis*: give and it shall be given to you; "good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall be measured to you again" (St. Luke vi, 38). "Take heed what you hear. In what measure you shall mete, it shall be measured to you again, and more shall be given to you" (St. Mark iv, 24). These are our Lord's own promises which He has confirmed elsewhere in other words: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy" (St. Matth. v, 7).

In your mercy, therefore, be mindful of the dying, and when your last moments come, you shall not be forgotten. What a comfort, if when all the dread of that final struggle is upon you, you can truly say to the Master: For ten, for twenty years, my Saviour, have I daily besought your Sacred Heart to have mercy on the dying. My own hour has come. Lend a favourable ear, O Jesus! to the prayers of the thousands of my fellow associates who are now interceding with you in my behalf. And should the merciful Saviour then deign to draw from before your mortal eyes the veil that shuts out the unseen world, you will behold thronging round your death-bed the thousands of happy souls whom you have helped in their agony and who await your last breath to greet you as one of their own, and bear you company to heaven.

We know that the cup of water given to the parched wayfarer for Christ's sake will not go unrewarded; and yet the cup of water slakes but a passing thirst. What then will not be the reward of a prayer for the dying! That prayer prevents the awful, everlasting thirst which consumes the reprobate in hell fire. Remember the drop of water for which Dives prayed and longed, and for which he will crave in vain throughout all eternity. With this in view, we may

well say that no work of charity can be compared with the one that forestalls the endless ills awaiting the unrepentant sinner who dies in enmity with God. Wherefore the one who practises it may with confidence count upon the greeting of the King when he shall come in His majesty, throned on the clouds of heaven, and for which our Lord has vouched so solemnly during His sojourn upon earth : " Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat : I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink : I was a stranger, and you took Me in : naked, and you covered Me : sick, and you visited Me : I was in prison, and you came to Me. Then shall the just answer Him, saying : Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, and fed Thee, thirsty, and gave Thee drink ? And when did we see Thee a stranger, and took Thee in ? or naked, and covered Thee ? Or when did we see Thee sick or in prison, and came to Thee ? And the King answering, shall say to them : Amer I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me." (St. Matth. xxv. 34-40.)

As much as eternal interests exceed the perishable, just so much more rapturous will be the welcome for those who have assuaged by their prayers the anguish, the foreboding, the terror of the dying, and have brought them, through the commiseration of the Sacred Heart, peace, confidence, compunction and restful hope. What other words could the King use in their regard than : Come, ye blessed of My Father, for I was in My agony, and, like My angels, you comforted Me ?

The power for good of an association is, as every one knows, far greater than that of any individual effort. This is true in the order of nature and it holds good in the order of grace. Several persons banded together often accomplish what one alone could never succeed in bringing about. Christ Himself tells us : " If two of you shall consent upon

earth, concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by My Father who is in heaven. For where there are two or three gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them" (St. Matth. xviii, 19, 20). This is the secret of the success of all associations sanctioned and encouraged by the Church.

It was in view of rendering greater assistance to the dying of every day, that the Confraternity of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus, with its central control in Jerusalem, was instituted in 1848. Its main object is the special worship of the sufferings and agony of our Divine Saviour, and through this act of religion the obtaining of a happy death for all who are actually in their last agony. Its special practice is to offer up every day a short prayer to the Agonizing Heart of Jesus for all, irrespective of sex, age, country, or religion, who, to the number of about eighty thousand, pass in one day from time to eternity.

On the 23rd of August, 1867, Pope Pius IX. solemnly extended to this association the privileges of an Archconfraternity, and from that date to the present it has been enriched, at different intervals, with numerous indulgences. It has been established in many dioceses in America, and among others, on October 16, 1878, in the Church of the Gesù, in the Archdiocese of Montreal. The special prayer of this Archconfraternity, which the members recite three times a day, is as follows: "Most merciful Jesus, Lover of souls, I beseech Thee by the Agony of Thy most Sacred Heart, and by the Sorrows of Thy Immaculate Mother, cleanse in Thy Blood the souls of sinners throughout the world who are now in their agony and who are to die this day. Amen.

"Agonizing Heart of Jesus, have mercy on the dying."

By a decree of February 2, 1850, an indulgence of 100 days is granted each time this prayer is recited, and a plenary indulgence to those who during the month recite it, at intervals, three times a day, after having approached the

Sacraments and prayed for the intentions of 'he Sovereign Pontiff. These indulgences are applicable to the Souls in Purgatory.

If we do not enrol ourselves in this Archconfraternity, let us at least add the foregoing short prayer to our other devotions, so as mercifully to assist the dying and increase the number of the elect.

PRAYER.

O Jesus ! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer : in particular for the dying of every day. Amen.

THE LEGEND ON THE LOCKET

I WAS in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell wakened me. It was a bitter cold night in January, and the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall as I opened the door made me pity the delicate-looking child who stood at the threshold. Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight — long hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall never forget it. Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiancy about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature. These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me :

" Father, can you come with me at once? My mother is dying, and she is in trouble."

" Come inside, my little girl," I said, " and warm yourself ; you must be half frozen ?"

" Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat as she made answer.

" Your mother's name, my child ?"

" Catherine Morgan, Father ; she is a widow and has lived like a

saint, and now that she is dying she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick about a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you need not be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so slight and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snowflakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed under the airy fall of her fairy feet. Her hand was in mine with the confiding grasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly, youthful innocence. How beautiful she looked! More like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God, than one who walked in this valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket fashioned in the shape of a heart. She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers released the locket and handed it to me.

"It is a heart," I said.

"Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father — now look." How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend —

"Cease! The Heart of Jesus is with me."

"Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father." And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence. I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as if in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death. Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve — oh, so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees. I pushed open the door, which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying

woman. A glance told me that there was no time to lose. The woman in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of Death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble. I was at her side in an instant, and, God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love, such as I have rarely seen, received the last Sacraments of the Church. Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned towards a little box at the farther end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box," I asked.

She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress?" I said.

She whispered, and there was love in her tones: "My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued, "she brought me here you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed: she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed. I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of the child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God, tell me where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips and say: 'Cease! The Heart of Jesus is with me.' She died a year ago."

Then the mother's face grew very radiant. Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

"Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you, my darling: 'Cease! The Heart of Jesus is with me.'"

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

Edith and she were again united.

FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J., in the *Australian Messenger*.

*Heaven is the prize!**Andantino con moto.* (♩ = 76)

Solo. *mf*

♩ Yes. Heav - en is the prize! My

soul shall strive to gain:..... One glimpse of Par - a-

disc Re - pays a life of pain.

CHORUS. *f*

'Tis Heav - en: 'tis Heav - en; yes

Heav - en is the prize!..... 'Tis Heav - en: 'tis

Heav - en: Yes. Heav - en is the prize!

The musical score is written for piano and features a solo section and a chorus. The solo section begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andantino con moto' with a quarter note equal to 76 beats per minute. The solo part is marked 'mf' and includes the lyrics: 'Yes. Heaven is the prize! My soul shall strive to gain:..... One glimpse of Paradise repays a life of pain.' The chorus, marked 'f', begins with the lyrics: ''Tis Heaven: 'tis Heaven; yes Heaven is the prize!..... 'Tis Heaven: 'tis Heaven: Yes. Heaven is the prize!' The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

2. — Yes, Heaven is the prize !
 My soul, oh think of this ;
 All earthly goods despise
 For such a crown of bliss.
 'Tis Heaven, &c.
3. — Yes, Heaven is the prize !
 When sorrows press around,
 Look up beyond the skies,
 Where hope and strength are found.
 'Tis Heaven, &c.
4. — Yes, Heaven is the prize !
 Oh, 'tis not hard to gain ;
 He surely wins who tries,
 For hope can conquer pain.
 'Tis Heaven, &c.
5. — Yes, Heaven is the prize !
 The strife will soon be past ;
 Faint not, but raise your eyes
 And struggle to the last.
 'Tis Heaven, &c.

TREASURY, OCTOBER, 1897.
RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	80,836	Pious reading.....	32,616
Acts of mortification.....	72,352	Masses celebrated.....	5,870
Beads	204,852	Masses heard.....	35,695
Stations of the Cross.....	22,355	Works of zeal.....	21,638
Holy Communions.....	15,107	Various good works.....	134,688
Spiritual Communions..	142,059	Prayers.....	283,102
Exams of conscience	35,929	Sufferings or afflictions..	21,013
Hours of silence	89,349	Self conquests.....	56,512
Charitable conversations.	86,129	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	64,436
Hours of labour.....	134,789		
Holy Hours	4,238	Total.....	1,543,563



Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MANTLE

THE sound of advancing footsteps, slow, regular and heavy, fell upon the ear of a miserable, abandoned unit of humanity who clung for shelter close to the walls of the old city of Amiens, in France, one cold winter's evening many hundred years ago. Scarcely a who garment covered his pinched and worn frame. Hunger and thirst had made their ravages on him, and a look of fear and distrust of everyone and everything was on his face.

When the sound approached and he perceived the lines of a detachment of soldiers marching by, the poor man forsook the shadow of the wall, came tremblingly forward and asked for a morsel of food, or an alms, of one, then another, down the long ranks.

Some looked ; others did not ; others turned him scornfully away.

One only stopped, a young officer with a handsome and noble face, and spoke kindly to the old man. Having no alms, he swiftly threw off his mantle and dividing it with his sword, bestowed it on the beggar. He then sped on, carrying with him the blessings and gratitude of one of God's poor.

To learn something of this young soldier we must go back many years, many centuries, even to the early ages of the Church.

In the little town of Sabaria, in Hungary, in the year 317, Martin, the future great apostle and patron of Gaul, first saw the light of day. Springing from a military race he

inherited the qualities of his soldier-father who held a position of tribune, something equal to our modern colonel in the army.

From his earliest years, God's special grace was upon the child. Providence was preparing Martin gently for a great apostolic career and inspired him to steal away to the Christian church, and there, unnoticed by his pagan parents, earnestly to entreat baptism at the hands of the Christian priests.

Here was no case for temporizing or refusal, and the ministers of God, taken with the sincerity and piety of the pagan lad, admitted him as a catechumen. But many years were to elapse before Martin received the seal of a child of faith.

His father brought him, while yet young, to Italy to complete his education. Little dreaming of the marvellous career that the God unknown to him was shaping for his son, the pagan father was anxious that he should succeed him in the noble profession of arms and win military glory. Martin underwent the severe training of the camp, but this was a part of God's programme, to prepare by hardship and rigid discipline the future soldier of the cross. An imperial edict commanded the sons of officers to bear arms; Martin was constrained to enter the Roman cavalry and take the military oath at the age of fifteen.

Thwarted in his desire to become a Christian and to live a holy and retired life, the young soldier was determined at least to live in a manner worthy of his aspirations. He kept himself aloof from the dangers that surrounded him and lived a life untainted by the follies of the camp. Virtue ever conquers; the gentle, upright, generous nature of the young soldier soon won the respect and esteem of those who knew him. Martin was the friend of all in trouble, and if unable to take away suffering he would at least share it. Though, yet unbaptized, he was so thoroughly filled with the Christian spirit that his own servant shared

the privileges and the few luxuries of his tent, and was even attended upon by his master who divided his salary with him. The incident narrated at the beginning of these pages happened during his term of military service, and has made the Knight of the Mantle, St. Martin of Tours, famous during the centuries. We know that the night following the young soldier saw in a dream Jesus Christ clothed in the torn mantle and heard him say to the angels that surrounded him: "Martin, yet a catechumen, has clothed Me with this garment."

This consoling vision confirmed him in the desire he had to abandon military camps and embrace the religious life. After five years of active service he threw down his arms, received baptism and placed himself under the guidance of Hilary of Poitiers. This holy man valued at once the virtues of the saint, and would have raised Martin to the office of deacon had not the latter, through humility, refused anything higher than exorcist.

The young Christian converted his pagan mother and many others, though history records that his father remained unconvinced.

The saint — for saint he was — had henceforward to endure many hardships, and withstand many trials. He suffered at the hands of brigands while travelling. At one time death stared him in the face, the sword that would despatch him being uplifted ready to be lowered; but his intrepid bearing brought the blush of shame to his assailant's brow, and he went his way unmolested. At another time, for having opposed the detestable Arian heresy, he was publicly scourged and banished from Illyricum. Driven from Milan by Auxentius, the invader, he chose a secluded spot near Poitiers in Gaul, and built a monastery, gathering about him many who wished to lead a secluded life.

The fame of his holiness and miracles spread far and wide, and he was chosen Bishop of Tours. In the history of his life written by Sulpicius Severus we read that on his eleva-

tion to the episcopacy he gave himself up to greater austerities than ever. He built another monastery outside the city of Tours, and filled it with holy men. Many of these were afterwards chosen to fill other sees in Gaul. His zeal for God's glory and the extension of the Christian faith was unbounded, and he communicated this zeal to his disciples. Jealous of the purity of Catholic doctrine, he fought against the errors of Arius and confounded the heretics by his arguments.

To his sanctity, learning and zeal for souls, he added the gift of miracles by which he cured the sick and raised the dead to life.

Long before his death he had promonitions of its approach, which he clearly made known to his monks. When his last illness had come, all his children gathered about him entreating him not to leave them. St. Martin said: "Lord, if I am necessary to my people, I refuse no labour." But God took home the faithful soldier who had fought for Him during eighty years. He expired November 8th, 397, amid the tears of the whole of Gaul. St. Martin is the revered patron saint of France; his was a striking example of a life humble and subdued, filled with grace and possessing powers unknown to the proud.

LEAGUE AT HOME

LONDON, ONT. — Those who attended the evening devotions in St. Peter's Cathedral on the first Friday of September were glad that they did so, since they did not miss the opportunity of seeing the reception of eight ladies as Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. Precisely at 7.30 o'clock the director, Rev. Father Tobin, ascended the pulpit and read the prayers customary for such occasions. This being finished, at a sign from Father Tobin the eight candidates who had completed their term of six months' probation, advanced to the altar rail. Kneeling, with lighted tapers in their hands, they recited the Act of Consecration, after which took place the conferring of the Promoters' crosses and diplomas. The ceremony was performed by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, assisted by Rev. Father Tobin. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by Rev. Father Tierman. Rev. Fathers Noonan, P. McKeon and P. L'Heureux were also present in the sanctuary.—*London Record, Sept. 11.*



A PRELATE'S DEATH



DEATH has silenced forever the voice of a scholarly and saintly prelate in the person of the Right Reverend John Nicholas Lemmens, Bishop of Victoria, Vancouver Island. This admirable man succumbed to an attack of yellow fever at Coban, Guatemala, in the last days of August, whither he had gone on an errand of charity and zeal. He was travelling through South America exercising episcopal functions in the stead of several aged bishops whose infirmities had rendered them unable to attend to their large and scattered flocks. He performed these duties of charity for several months for the exiled Bishop of Guatemala.

The Portland (Ore.) *Sentinel* pays the following well-deserved tribute to the memory of this cultured and saintly man: "Bishop Lemmens was one of the ripest scholars hailing from the American College at Louvain. He was an eminent philosopher; as a theologian he had few equals. He was justly noted for his rare attainments in church music. All who met him admired his high-minded character of humility and devotion, his condescending sociability and unfeigned hospitality. His great learning, his true piety and his zealous devotion to the service of God eminently qualified him for the dignity of the episcopacy and endeared him to his priests and people."

Meanwhile, Very Reverend Father Nicolaye, V. G., is acting as administrator. The MESSENGER extends its sympathy and sentiments of condolence to the bereaved priests and people of the Diocese of Vancouver Island. Bishop Lemmens showed how he appreciated the devotion to the Heart of Jesus when, like the recently appointed Archbishop Bruchesi, he placed the image of that adorable Heart on his coat-of-arms.



Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

A HUMBLE HEROINE

BY EMMA C. STREET.



ONE mellow September afternoon two ladies were seated in a pleasant room, in a small villa which commanded one of the loveliest views to be found in the whole of Lower Canada. River and mountain and fair blue sky combined to form a panorama of exquisite beauty and freshness, well calculated to soothe and alleviate the weary lot of a chair-bound invalid; for such was Mrs. Maxwell, the mistress of the villa and one of the two women who occupied the pretty boudoir on

the day referred to. The other was her sister-in-law and transient visitor, Mrs. Croftt.

For some little while the conversation had flagged and Mrs. Croftt had been scanning the room with interest, and silently wondering what it felt like to be shut up within its four walls—despite their artistic decorations—day after day and month after month.

"Ugh!" she said to herself with a little shiver, "if I were in Mary's place I should go crazed, I believe," then, shaking off the unpleasant thought, she asked suddenly: "Why do you keep that odd looking picture in such a prominent place? It quite spoils the effect of that wall?"

Mrs. Maxwell looked at the picture indicated—a common little print of Our Lady of Sorrow enclosed in a peculiarly ugly green and gold frame—and smiled but answered seriously:

"That is a memorial of an unknown saint."

"It has a history, then?"

"Yes. Would you care to hear it?"

"By all means, if it will not tax your strength too much to tell it."

Mrs. Maxwell was silent for a moment and then began: "My acquaintance with the former owner of that picture began, when I was living in Ottawa five years ago. Through various causes there had been an unusual amount of housework, and one day Maggie—do you remember Maggie Dunphy?—came to me and asked for extra help

in the kitchen, saying at the same time that she had a desirable person in view who would come in during the day to help if I would permit it. I gave the required permission and heard no more about the matter until one day a week or two later when Maggie came flying to my room to say that her new assistant was dying. I hastened downstairs and found the poor creature lying on the lounge in the dining room with all the servants in the house around her, each of them suggesting a different remedy. I sent them all away but Maggie, and between us we brought her to. She was rather a nice looking little woman, but it was easily to be seen that her once sturdy constitution had been broken down by hard work and care, and when I heard her story later I could not but admire her. For three years she had been a deserted wife and had been obliged to work hard to support her two children — a boy of five and a girl of three. She was the most independent little person in the world and would take nothing from anyone but what she earned.

When I had grown to know her well, I insisted upon her bringing her little girl with her on the days she came to assist Maggie, and I soon grew so attached to the child that I would gladly have adopted her if I could have persuaded Mrs. Nolan to give her to me. She was a lovely little thing, with the largest and brightest Irish-grey eyes I have ever seen; but there was at times an expression in them that made me quite uncomfortable — a far away, dreamy look that gave her baby face the weirdest expression. I had a presentiment that she was not destined to live, and I think her mother felt it too, for she could hardly bear the little one out of her sight.

The more I saw of Mrs. Nolan the more indignant I felt at her husband's desertion of her. Pious, industrious and good tempered, she was a model mother, and I am quite sure she had also been a good wife.

It was only by degrees that I discovered the deep rooted piety that governed the poor woman's whole life; for she was the lightest hearted of creatures and talked very little about her troubles or solaces; and it was only when an unlooked for blow fell upon her that I found out her real worth. One day she had left her little girl at home, having been to work somewhere in the early part of the day before coming to me, and during the afternoon word was brought to her that little Nellie had fallen downstairs and been severely injured. I shall never forget the poor creature's face as she hurried away — it haunts me yet, at times. I went to see her the next day and heard to my great sorrow that the child had been fatally hurt and was dying. When I entered the room Nellie was lying unconscious on the bed and Mrs. Nolan was kneeling beside her with her eyes fixed upon that

picture which you inquired about a few moments ago and which then hung above the bed in the humble little room that was the deserted woman's home.

It would be idle to attempt a description of the mother's agony when her child died. The look on her poor, worn face makes my heart ache even now to think of ; but in the midst of my faltering attempts to console her she turned her eyes toward the picture and said :

"Sure it is'n't for me to complain about giving up my child when the Blessed Virgin had to give up her's. Poor Nellie will never know what sorrow and misery's in this world — but oh, 'tis hard to part with her," and with that she broke down and fell to sobbing as if her heart would break while I stood by ashamed and conscience-stricken, for I had just begun to have a dim foreshadowing of *this*, she touched the arm of the invalid chair lightly ; "and was bitterly and wickedly rebellious."

"You rebellious!" echoed Mrs. Croftt incredulously, "why, you are an angel of patience, Mary."

Mrs. Maxwell laughed softly : "a pinchbeck angel, my dear," she said, with a little shake of her head ; "my sentiments are far from angelic at times, I assure you ; but to continue my story — as soon as Mrs. Nolan's neighbors heard that little Nellie was dead they flocked in and began to put the room in order and to lay the child out ; and one of the women, in the excess of her good nature, undertook to cover the walls with sheets, removing, for the purpose, the few pictures that adorned them. By some accident this picture of Our Lady of Sorrow was placed upon the window of an adjoining apartment, face outwards, and about an hour afterwards a dilapidated looking man rang the bell and inquired who lived there. When he was told, he exhibited a great deal of agitation and insisted upon seeing Mrs. Nolan immediately ; nor would he leave without doing so, though the neighbors tried to make him understand that she was not in a state of mind to see strangers. At last one of the women went for her and then it transpired that the man was her long-missing husband. According to his explanation he had been looking for his wife and children for over a year, having repented of forsaking them, but could find no clue to their whereabouts until he had recognized the picture in the window. I had my own theory about his repentance when I heard the story and learned that he was ragged and penniless and in bad health ; but if his wife doubted his sincerity she gave no outward sign, but went on with her round of dally toil as usual, even working harder to supply the nourishments and medicines prescribed for him by the doctor. I remonstrated with her once, but she told me quietly that she was only doing her duty by him,

and that she was sure it was Our Lady of Sorrows who had sent him home to prepare for death instead of letting him die in some public hospital where h'd get no chance to see a priest. I did not know whether to condemn or admire her, because I did not believe he was as ill as she said he was, but it was quite true, for he died in less than three months after his reappearance. She nursed him and waited on him and worked for him until the end, and when he passed away peacefully after receiving the last rites of the Church, she was as devoutly thankful for his happy death as if he had been the most devoted of husbands. And in all this there was no lingering trace of natural affection; for she confessed to me afterwards that when she saw him standing by her child's coffin and reflected that if he had done his duty the little one might have been alive and well, she could have found it in her heart to kneel and curse him; nor could she ever after approach him, even when he was dying, without doing violence to her feelings.

A few weeks after Nolan's death I noticed a change in her. The excitement of her husband's return and subsequent illness had given her very little time to grieve over lost her child; but when this was removed nature asserted itself and she began to look hollow-eyed and ill, and I caught her several times on her knees sobbing as if her heart would break. But no murmur of complaint ever crossed her lips — nothing but words of thankfulness that God had been so good to her. She had quite an extraordinary devotion to the Seven Dolours, and I am sure that it was her continual meditation upon the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin that gave her the fortitude under long continued trials which distinguished her above any one I have ever met.

At last what I had long dreaded came upon her. She fell into a lingering illness and had to be taken to the Sisters' hospital where she died within a month; her last request being that her much loved picture of Our Lady of Sorrows should be given to me. By a singular coincidence she died on that feast in the month of September, and I believe if ever a soul went straight to heaven her's did.

Now you know the story of the picture, Alice, and I think you will agree with me that it is what called it — a memorial of an unknown saint.



CHIDED

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed
With hard words and unknissed,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,
A peice of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A dottle with blue bells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said :
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

Fall Mall Gazette.



Written for the
CANADIAN MESSENGER.

DE PROFUNDIS

(Sonnet)

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

Out of the depths, oh Lord! to Thee I cry,
Out of the depths, to Thee, do I confess
All mine offences, mine unworthiness;
Lo! in the very dust of death I lie
The chief of sinners, yet I dare to sigh
To Thee for mercy, — pardon, Lord, and bless,
Save Thou my soul from out of dire distress,
Jesu! have pity on me, lest I die.

Before the morning watch for Thee I wait,
Thou who art rich in mercy; Lord, I grieve
For all my sins against Thee; Thou art great,
Yet full of sweet compassion; oh receive
Thy servant's prayer. Thou surely wilt not leave
Here, in the depths, my spirit desolate.

R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the following members lately deceased:

Alberton, P. E. I.: Mrs. Peter Ahearn, d. Sept. 11; Patrick Hickey, d. Sept. 18. *Alexandria*: Alexander L. Macdonald, d. Sept. 28; William J. Macdonell, d. Sept. 28. *Amherstburg*: Francis Park, Michael O'Connor, Mr. Grondin, Mrs. Joseph Beaudoin, d. in Sept. *Antigonish*: Martia Somers, d. Sept. 4. *Apple Hill*: Alexander King, d. July 11. *Brantford*: James Feeny, d. Aug. 25; William Fleming, d. Aug. 26. *Brockville*: Mr. John H. Pennock, d. Sept. 19. *Calgary*: Frank W. Murphy, d. Aug. 25. *Canso*: Marie Marchand,

d. Sept. 1. *Coburg*: William Holmes, Sr., d. July 21. *Cornwall*: Mrs. Dubreuil, d. June 4; Antoine Baptista, d. in Sept.; Mrs. Hopkins, d. in Sept. *Denver, Col.*: Andrew G. O'Brien, d. July 17. *Dundas*: Mrs. Fahey, d. Aug. 9. *Eganville*: Thomas Green, d. Sept. 8. *Forest*: John Love. *Fredericton*: Gertrude Delaney. *Frcellon*: Maurice Dineen, d. Sept. 8. *Grand Falls, N. B.*: Mrs. Julia Maley, d. Aug. 24; James Maley, d. Aug. 26. *Halifax*: Elizabeth M. Currie, d. Aug. 28. *Hamilton*: William Kehoe, d. Aug. 9. *Harrison's Corners*: Alexander McIntosh, d. Sept. 19. *Hastings*: Mrs. Mary Barry, d. Sept. 17. *Kingston*: Mrs. Mary McDonald, d. Aug. 24; Dr. D. M. Higgins, d. in July. *Lancaster*: Mr. Patrick O'Neil, d. Feb. 10; Miss Margaret McDonell, d. June 12. *London*: Alice M. Moylan, d. Aug. 22; Rev. Sister M. Bouaventure, d. Sept. 3; Mr. Patrick Murray, d. Sept. 16. *Maidstone*: Mrs. Thomas Kelly, d. Aug. 29. *Montreal*: Mr. Robert Sangster, d. Apr. 9; Patrick Fitzgerald, d. March 24; John Munro, d. June 22; Richard Hennesey, d. Aug. 31; Joseph John Lanning, d. July 8; Peter O'Neil, d. July 11; Patrick Graham, d. July 20; Mrs. John Glenny, Miss Mary F. Lamont, d. July 19; Owen Portland, d. May 14. *Murillo*: Allan McDonald, d. Aug. 19; Alexander Peltier, d. Sept. 12. *Newcastle*: William Carney, d. Sept. 3; Mrs. Denis McCabe, d. Sept. 2. *Newmarket*: Mrs. Mary James, d. Aug. 30. *Niagara Falls*: Agnes Timbs, d. July 19; Mr. John Hall, d. Aug. 29. *Orange, Mass.*: Mr. Henry Frand, d. May 14. *Osgoode*: James O'Brien, d. May 13. *Peel*: John McMulligan, d. May 15. *Portsmouth*: Mrs. Peter Beauré, d. Sept. 16. *Quebec*: Mrs. Patrick O'Connor, d. Apr. 18; Mrs. Margaret Moore, d. Sept. 18; Rev. Sister St. Camille (Miss Margaret Trumble), d. Sept. 10; Miss M. Gamble, d. Sept. 28. *St. John, N. B.*: Mrs. Thomas Creary, d. Aug. 20; Mrs. Martin Kane, d. Sept. 2; Mrs. Ellen Walsh, d. Sept. 19. *Sarnia*: John O'Hagan d. Sept. 2. *Streetsville*: Elizabeth Bennet, d. Aug. 12. *Toronto*: Miss Mary Ann Downs, d. Sept. 23; Mrs. John Barf, d. June 7; Mrs. Murphy, d. in May; Mrs. Boland, d. in Aug.; Mrs. Gibson; Miss Margaret Somers. *Trenton*: Mrs. Louis Dubé, d. Sept. 22. *Windsor, Ont.*: Kathleen I. Collier, d. in June. *Zurich*: Mr. Charles Lindenfeld, Sr., d. July 20.



BISHOP DONTENVILLE

SOME months ago the Rev. A. Dontenville, O.M.I., director of St. Louis College, New Westminster, B.C., was appointed by the Holy Father coadjutor to the Right Reverend Bishop Durieu, of the diocese of New Westminster. This nomination gave the greatest satisfaction to all, owing to the talents and general popularity of the young Oblate Father. The consecration of the new Bishop took place in St. Peter's Cathedral, New Westminster, on August 22nd, in the presence of a large number of people of all denominations. The consecrating prelate was Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, assisted by Bishops Durieu and Clut, of the dioceses of New Westminster and Athabasca-Mackenzie respectively.

Bishop Dontenville is a comparatively young man. He was born in Strasbourg, Germany, and went to Buffalo, N. Y., shortly after the Franco-Prussian war. He studied in the Ottawa College and there joined the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. He was raised to the priesthood in 1885, and four years later left for the Pacific coast where he has been ever since actively engaged in educational work in the town of New Westminster. The young bishop's field of labour will in future embrace the whole of British Columbia, with the exception of the Island of Vancouver. New Westminster was the seat of a vicariate Apostolic for twenty-seven years previous to 1890, with the Right Rev. Bishop d'Herbomez as the first incumbent. On the accession of the present Bishop Durieu in 1890, the see of New Westminster was granted full diocesan privileges.

According to Hoffmann's Directory the diocese embraces

the mainland of British Columbia west of the summit of the Rocky Mountains, extending from the southern international boundary-line to the frontiers of Alaska, while the Catholic population, though widely scattered, comprises about thirty thousand souls. It is a consoling fact to record that with a few unimportant exceptions the entire Indian population of British Columbia is Catholic. This is a permanent and brilliant testimony to the self-sacrificing zeal of the sons of Mgr. de Mazenod.

To the present occupant of the see of Nev. Westminster, Bishop Durieu, accrues much of the honour incident on the prosperous state of this Church. But age and labours undertaken for God's glory are leaving their traces on the venerable missionary bishop; and though still actively engaged in visiting the various parts of his extensive diocese, he felt the need of younger arm to take up and continue the work. He has an energetic coadjutor in the person of the Right Reverend Bishop Dontenville. May the Sacred Heart of Our Lord give the young prelate all the strength necessary for his arduous field of labour. The MESSANGER, while offering congratulations, promises His Lordship the prayers of its six hundred thousand Associates throughout Canada.





A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR

Some years ago the Little Sisters of the Poor opened one of their Homes in a suburb of the large city of L... in England, and in a short time had gathered in quite a houseful of aged waifs of both sexes whom they supported by begging from door to door. The locality was a very poor one, and as anti-Catholic bigotry was still rife the Sisters met with many rebuffs and had to shoulder more than one cross for their Master's sake. They bore it all very patiently, however, and little by little, as their good work spread and their devotedness became better known, prejudice gradually died out and gave place to an admiring respect almost amounting to veneration.

One morning in the middle of summer two of the Sisters sallied out with their baskets, bent as usual on a begging round. The older of the two was somewhat past the middle age and seemed to take the matter quite calmly as though she had been on many similar errands before. Her companion, on the contrary, was very young, and her sweet gentle face was quite a study as she went slowly down the steps. It was evidently her first expedition, and as she looked timidly about her, she seemed somewhat uncomfortable and ill-at-ease. Her hesitation was short-lived, however, for taking a firmer hold of her basket she soon caught up to her companion and trudged along bravely by her side.

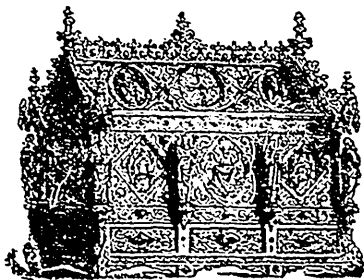
Some little distance from the Home was a large vacant place used as a market, where under broad awnings stretched over their waggons, the market-gardeners displayed their produce to tempt the neighboring housewives. The Sisters often came here, and many a plump turnip and curly-leaved cabbage had the large hearted market-women stowed away in their baskets.

On this particular morning, our two Sisters were to make this their first stopping-place. The cart which lay nearest to them as they approached belonged to a big rough-looking man whose thick lips and red bloated face told their own story. He always scowled and looked so fierce whenever any of the Sisters came his way, that they had never dared to approach him hitherto. This time however, the older Sister motioned to her companion that she was to begin here. The younger one went up very timidly to the cart and asked the owner if he could not spare her a little something for Christ's sake. The fellow

seemed quite thunderstruck at the audacity of a Sister asking anything of *him*. Quickly recovering himself, however, he looked at her contemptuously for a moment, then thrusting his hands deep into his pockets he leaned forward and deliberately *spat in her face* . . .

Without a word of complaint, and with a barely perceptible flushing of her pale cheeks, the little Sister wiped her face and, turning again to the cowardly brute, said very gently: "And now will you give me something for my poor?" What the answer to this appeal would have been, it is hard to say, for just at this point there was a rather sudden interruption.

The fellow was no favorite in the neighborhood, where his rough bullying ways and a rumour that he occasionally beat his wife had made him cordially detested. And when the Sisters approached him that morning the occupants of the neighboring stalls had turned around curiously to watch the scene. But no sooner had they witnessed the dastardly act than five or six stout market-women with cries of execration made a simultaneous onslaught on the wretch, knocked him down, pulled his hair, tore his face and belaboured him so unmercifully that the luv'ly coward had all he could do to escape from their clutches. Not satisfied with this, the enraged women made a rush for his cart, pushed it out into the street and scattered its contents along the road. And then, from their own stores, they poured such a supply of choice vegetables into the Sisters' baskets that they had no need of going any farther that morning.





THANKSGIVINGS

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

ALTON.—For the cure of a weak mind and headache, after praying to the S. H.

AMHERSTBURG.—For a special temporal favour, after having two masses said for the Souls in Purgatory. For many spiritual and temporal favours. For success at an examination, through the intercession of the B. V. For the recovery of the body of a person drowned. For the recovery of a very sick child, by applying the relics of the Canadian Martyrs.

ARNPRIOR.—For the cure of a sore throat, after applying the Badge. For having passed an examination, after praying to the B. V. For many favours spiritual and temporal.

BATHURST, N. B.—For a very special favour, through the intercession of O. L. of P. Help, St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory.

BEAURIVAGE, P. Q.—For restoration to health, and the recovery of eyesight.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.—For twelve very great temporal favours. For the finding of a purse. For the unexpected payment of money, after going to Communion in honour of the S. H. For a very special favour, after praying to the Souls in Purgatory. For three very great favours, after praying to the S. H. For a very great favour, after praying to the B. V. and S. J. For several temporal favours, after prayers to the S. H. For the cure of insomnia, after wearing the Badge. For a cure obtained, after application of the Badge.

BIG POND, C. B.—For many favours obtained in the past, through prayers to the B. V., St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory.

BUCKINGHAM.—Three, for successfully passing an examination. For a great favour obtained, through the intercession of St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory, and promising a certain number of masses.

CALEDONIA, ONT.—For two great favours, obtained in the spring, after prayers to the S. H.

CANSO.—For a great many favours both spiritual and temporal, after prayers to the B. V. and to the Angels and Saints.

CLINTON.—For the grace of a happy death for a father.

COBOURG.—For passing an examination, after prayers to the B. V. and St. J.

DEBEC, N. B.—For success in an undertaking, after prayers to the S. H. and B. V. For two temporal favours, after praying to the S. H. and B. V. For a temporal favour, through the B. V. and St. Anthony. For a very great favour, after hearing a mass for the Souls in Purgatory.

DWYER HILL.—For several favours, after prayers to the S. H., St. J., St. Ann and St. Anthony.

EGANVILLE.—For a temporal favour, after promising to say the Stations for the Souls in Purgatory. For success in an examination.

FAIRVILLE, N. B.—For recovery from a dangerous sickness. Two, for employment. One, for a temporal favour. One, for a reconciliation. For having made the Nine First Fridays.

FREELTON.—For the cure of a sore breast, after praying to the S. H. and S. Ignatius.

FREDERICTON.—For a father's health restored, after praying to the S. H. For employment for a brother. For the cure of headache, after applying the Badge. For success in two examinations, through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory. For a spiritual favour, after making the Stations of the Cross, and reciting the Rosary for the Souls in Purgatory. For two great spiritual favours. For obtaining new members for the League. For the return of a friend to the Sacraments, after praying to the S. H.

GALION, O.—For having passed examinations successfully.

GALT.—For a temporal favour. For a position obtained, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J.

GODERICH.—For three special favours, through the intercession of St. Anthony and by making the Nine Tuesday Communions and giving St. Anthony's bread. For finding a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony, the B. V. and St. J.

GRAFTON.—For many spiritual and temporal favours received.

GUELPH.—For the cure of a severe pain, after applying the Badge.

GUYSBOROUGH.—For a special favour, after saying the Litany of the B. V. For many other favours, after praying to the Five Wounds, and the B. V.

HALIFAX, N. S.—For a spiritual favour. For spiritual and temporal favours. For the recovery of a person from a serious illness, through the intercession of O. L. of Perpetual Help and St. Ann. For a conversion. For a temporal favour, through the intercession of the B. V. For spiritual and temporal favours granted, through devotions to the Precious Blood.

HAMILTON.—A Protestant having given her name and fifteen cents to a promoter in order to join the League, and after receiving the leaflet and MESSENGER faithfully for a time, became a most devout Catholic, going to mass every morning and giving generously to the Church. For a special temporal favour, through the Thirty Day's prayer. For a favour obtained, through the S. H. For having passed an examination. For a temporal favour, after praying to the Infant Jesus of Prague.

KEARNEY.—For a spiritual and temporal favour, after a novena to the B. V. and St. J. For many favours spiritual and temporal.

KILLARNEY.—For the cure of sickness, after saying prayers to St. Ann and O. L. of Victory. For a spiritual favour, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For the success of a brother in an undertaking, after special prayers to the S. H., the B. V. and St. J.

LINDSAY.—For a great many favours granted, after praying to the S. H.

LINWOOD, ONT.—A mother, for the speedy recovery of her daughter who underwent a very painful operation, through the prayers of the League and having a number of masses said in honour of the S. H. for her recovery.

LONDON.—For having been enabled under great difficulties to make the Nine First Fridays, through prayers to the B. V. For many favours.

MAIDSTONE.—For the cure of a sore neck, after praying to St. J. and the B. V. For many spiritual and temporal favours. For the cure of sore eyes, by saying the beads five times in honour of St. Ann for the Souls in Purgatory. For a narrow escape from death, through prayers to St. Paul.

MEMRAMCOOK.—For a very great favour.

MONCTON, N. B.—For two great temporal favours, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For the recovery of a much prized medal, after praying to St. Anthony.

MONTREAL.—For great temporal blessings conferred upon a family during the past year. For the cure of deafness, after praying to St. Anthony for four days and promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For recovery of health, after praying to St. Anthony. For favours received. For the cure of a bad cough, by applying the Badge.

NEWBURGH.—For a little boy obtaining relief from asthma, by applying the Badge.

NEWMARKET.—For a request granted, by praying to St. J.

ORILLIA.—For many spiritual and temporal favours, through the intercession of O. L. of P. Succour. For several favours spiritual and temporal.

OWEN SOUND.—For a temporal favour, through the intercession of O. L. of Victory. Three, for situations. For a daughter's continued good health, after prayers to the Precious Blood. For many favours. For success in an examination, after saying the Thirty Day's Prayer in honour of the B. V. and promising two masses for the Souls in Purgatory.

PETERBOROUGH.—For two temporal favours, through the intercession of St. J. and St. Anthony.

PEEL.—For a person cured of scrofula, after offering a novena of masses to the S. H.

PICTON, ONT.—For the cure of a sore on the face, after applying the Badge. For a spiritual and temporal favour, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For success in an examination, after prayers to the B. V., St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory. For preservation from diphtheria and for the disappearance from the neighbourhood of that disease. For a spiritual and temporal favour. For the restoration of a sister's health, through the intercession of St. Ann. For a favour, through the Souls in Purgatory. For the return of a father to his religious duties, after an absence of two years. For a temporal favour, through prayers to the S. H. For many great temporal favours. For being saved from contagious sickness when in contact with it, after prayers to the Holy Souls. For a father escaping having his fingers amputated when his hand was crushed. For good news from a father, after a novena in honour of St. J. and keeping a light burning before an image of the S. H. For success in business and several spiritual and temporal favours, after continued prayers to the S. H.

PRESTON.—For success in an examination, after a novena to the B. V. For the passing of a successful examination by a friend.

QUEBEC.—For a great spiritual favour. For many spiritual and temporal favours obtained, through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory and promising masses for their benefit.

ST. ANDREW'S WEST.—For two spiritual favours, through prayers in honour of the Precious Blood and the B. V. For favours, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For three temporal favours, after praying to the S. H. and the Souls in Purgatory.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Seven, for employment. Three, for restoration to health. One, for the cure of eczema, after burning a light before a

picture of the S. H. in June. One, for the recovery of health, through the intercession of Blessed Br. Gerard. One, for relief from a distressing affliction. One, for the reform of a man addicted to drink. One hundred and sixty-four, for various favours and graces.

ST. MARY'S, ONT.—For employment by praying to the S. H. For a temporal favour.

ST. TERESA, P.E.I.—For success in an examination, after praying to the S. H.

THOROLD, ONT.—For a great temporal favour received, after making the Stations of the Cross and receiving Holy Communion. For favours, through St. Anthony. For a special favour received. For another very special temporal favour, through prayers to the B. V. and St. J.

TORONTO.—For two requests that were granted, through the intercession of O. L. of Victory, St. J. and St. Anthony. For a person restored to reason, through the prayers of the League.

WELLINGTON, B. C.—For three temporal favours, by praying to St. Anthony.

WINDSOR, ONT.—For a situation obtained, through the intercession of St. Ann and the Souls in Purgatory.

WYOMING.—For strength obtained to be able to undergo an operation, after making a novena to the B. V., St. J. and St. Ann, and promising a mass in honour of each.

URGENT REQUESTS, for favours both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Alton, Amherstburg, Bedford, P. Q., Caledonia, Calgary, Dwyer Hill, Fort Erie, Hamilton, Kearney, Kingston, London, Marysville, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, St. Andrew's West, St. George's, P. E. I., Streetsville, Tottenham, Toronto, Woodslee, Wyoming, Zurich.



St. Augustine and the Conversion of England.

An Historical Parallel.

Extract from the Inaugural Address delivered at Ramsgate on September 13, by H. E. Cardinal Vaughan, on the occasion of the Thirteenth Centenary of the Landing of St. Augustine at Ebbs Fleet.

In the year 597.

THIRTEEN hundred years ago St. Gregory sat in the Chair of Peter and governed the whole Church. There was no doubt as to his authority. To one he wrote: "It is clear to all who know the Gospels that the care of the whole Church was committed to Blessed Peter" (Ep. v.); to another "the Apostolic See is placed over all the Churches by the authority of God" (Ep. iii); and to another, "I know not what Bishop is not subject to the Apostolic See" (Ep. ix); and his acts of jurisdiction bore out his statements. There were heresies and schisms then as now.

Among his many apostolic labours Gregory undertook the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons — a fierce and pagan people, who 150 years before had invaded England and had well high exterminated the former occupiers of the soil. Reports of their barbaric cruelties had spread far and wide over the continent. The Church herself was everywhere in such straits, that Gregory thought the end of the world was at hand; still he pursued his project to evangelize the Anglo-Saxons.

Italy at that time sorely needed all her priests; yet Gregory would send his best missionaries to Britain. The question was whom should he send on so perilous an enterprise? There were the Benedictine monks of Monte Cassino, founded sixty years before by St. Benedict. These had been driven from their monastery by the Lombards, and had sought refuge near the Lateran in Rome. There were also the monks of the same order founded by St. Gregory in his own Senatorial Palace on the Coelian. His choice fell upon Augustine, the Prior, and on a number of monks drawn from his own monastery and probably from that of the Cassinese. For two or three years, as he wrote to Syagrius of Autun, he had been carefully preparing for this mission. Finally he despatched the timorous band of monks with his blessing and definite instruction,

It is probable that the monks spent the winter of 596 at Autun, where the Bishop had received them with open arms — giving to France an example of zeal for the conversion of England that was to bear such rich fruit in subsequent ages. For this charity St. Gregory afterwards conferred a signal mark of his gratitude upon the See of Autun, for he bestowed upon all its Bishops the privilege of the Pallium from the body of St. Peter — although Autun is not a Metropolitan See. Augustine and his missionaries were everywhere speeded on their way by the Bishops of Gaul.

In 597 — probably about Ascension time — they landed on this Isle of Thanet, then occupied, says Bede, by a population of about 600 families. They went in procession, it may have been on the Rogation day, to meet the King, singing the Litany, preceded by a silver cross, and carrying a panel on which was depicted in colours on a gold ground a representation of Our Lord, perhaps in the arms of His Mother, like the pictures still shown in Rome before which St. Gregory used to pray. How well they were received and provided for by the King and Queen in Canterbury is well known.

As to St. Augustine, he was in constant communication with St. Gregory. He sought his guidance on all matters of importance, and faithfully carried out his instructions. When the time had come St. Gregory bid him proceed to Arles, the Metropolitan Church in Gaul, to receive episcopal consecration from the hands of St. Virgilius. He then sent to him the Pallium, and the relics of Saints to put into the altars, and pontifical books and many other things. He also invested him with the power to establish bishoprics throughout England — twenty-four in number — as he might see fit, and gave him jurisdiction over the few British Bishops who survived in the western part of the island. He also sent definite instructions not to destroy the temples of the idols, if they were well built, but to sprinkle them with holy water and set up within them altars, with relics of Saints for Mass.

By rapid degrees England became Catholic. Under the authority of the Apostolic See cathedrals and monasteries sprang up over all the land — not at first splendid piles such as were erected in the Norman period, but buildings in harmony with the taste and resources of those primitive times. Everywhere the cathedrals and monasteries became the nurseries of the Christian civilization of England. They were schools of learning ; hives of industry ; centres in which the nation was disciplined into a love for law and order ; homes of English liberty ; and, at the same time, barriers against the encroachments and tyranny of the secular arm. It was they that first introduced the principle of free popular education, and opened paths whereby even

the poorest, if they had merit and ability, were enabled to ascend to the highest posts in Church and State. While as to legal tribunals, the clerical gown and tonsured wig, still worn by Judges and Barristers, speak of the source to which the people formerly resorted for the administration of law and justice.

The influence of the Popes, of the Bishops and monks, was popular and democratic in the best sense, *salus populi suprema lex*. And there is no one now who will deny that the making of England was largely the work of the Catholic and Roman Church. But the paramount benefit, after the faith, conferred upon England by the Apostolic See was the establishment in the midst of the nation of a Spiritual Power, which stood on its own independent basis, beside the Civil. This Power, instituted by Christ, had for its main object to safeguard the interests connected with man's eternal welfare. But indirectly it secured to the individual and to the family its dignity, its rights and independence, as against the State. In the old pagan civilization the Spiritual and Civil Powers had been united in the hands of Cæsar, thus making the State omnipotent and despotic. Their separation and respective independence in England was the work of the Apostolic See. The Spiritual Power was exercised always on the side of law and liberty, and served as a check, in the interests of the people, upon the despotism of kings and barons.

And here let me add a word as to the independence of the Spiritual Power. Even in these modern times philosophers and statesmen, both Protestant and Catholic, have strongly advocated the temporal independence of the Apostolic See. They have declared that the highest interests of Christian civilization and of modern society demand that the Pope's temporal independence should be effectually guaranteed, in order to secure the freedom of the Spiritual Power. An independent Spiritual Power is the more necessary wherever the power of the State is absolute and unfettered. But to return to our theme.

After the Spiritual Power of the Apostolic See, introduced by Augustine and his monks, had served the people of England for nearly a thousand years, a tyrant arose in his lust and overthrew it. By the Statute of 1534, Henry VIII. declared himself "the only Supreme Head of the Church in England." Like the pagan Cæsar he attempted to weld under one crown the Civil and Spiritual Powers. The result was that within five years all the monasteries in England were suppressed, More and Fisher were sent to the block, and between 1535 and 1681 over 300 English Catholics suffered death for the Spiritual Power of the Pope. Christianity was broken up into fragments, the land became filled with sects, Catholics were reduced to a remnant. Let us draw a veil over the rest.

In the year 1897.

To complete the parallel between the scene at Ebbs Flett in 597 and that in which we are taking part to-day. Thirteen hundred years have passed, and instead of Gregory, Leo now governs the Church, exercising over it precisely the same jurisdiction as his predecessor — only that he exercises it over a far more extended area, over the New World as well as the Old, and over a population immensely more numerous.

Like Gregory he turns his attention to England. As the pagan Anglo Saxons had formerly all but exterminated the Catholic Church in Britain by a persecution that lasted a century and a half, so later had the Protestant English attempted to sweep the Catholic Church out of the land by a persecution which lasted three centuries. But finally toleration, a spirit of inquiry and of good will supervened after the storm; and now Leo, like Gregory, yearns to bestow again upon the people, whose great qualities he admires and loves, the blessings of the one true faith and of union with the See of Peter, which had been broken. He sends to England his representatives, his gifts and Apostolic Letters, as Gregory had sent his.

Next, in the place of St Augustine, you have here, however unworthy, St Augustine's successor. His mission, like that of Augustine, is from the Apostolic See. He wears the same Pallium; exercises the same metropolitan jurisdiction; teaches the same doctrines; uses Holy Water, venerates relics; offers the same Sacrifice of the Mass as in the days of St. Augustine. Like Augustine, he is in constant communication with the Pope, seeks his guidance on all important matters; obeys his directions as commands, and venerates him as the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ upon earth. Nor is he alone in this; but, as in the time of Augustine, all the suffragan Bishops, all the priests, all the monks, all the faithful laity, are united with him in belief and in obedience to the same central jurisdiction of the See of Peter — a perfect instance of visible unity.

St. Augustine landed here in Thanet with forty Benedictine monks, we have here to-day forty Benedictine monks, and more. They will to-morrow sing the same litanies and to the same chant. They profess exactly the same rule as that which Augustine brought from Rome. And what is still more singular, that rule, in spite of three centuries of persecution, has been professed in England without a break unto this day. Thus the continuity between the monks now assembled here and those who landed here thirteen centuries ago is undoubted and unbroken.

Here, too, we have from Italy, the Prior of the renowned Abbey of

Monte Cassino, the cradle of the Benedictine Order, come to testify that these English monks, descendants of St. Augustine, are one in faith, religious rule, and practice with the unbroken monastic line of Monte Cassino and Subiaco.

Our first missionaries before setting foot in England had spent nearly a year in Gaul. The Bishop of Autun had been their counsellor, their friend, their generous host. The most distinguished and most eloquent in the long line of occupants of that See, His Eminence Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, is here with us to-day. Inheritor of the same faith, of the same large-hearted zeal for the conversion of souls, he has undertaken this long journey to show that the Catholic Church of France is one with the Catholic Church of England to-day as in the beginning. We welcome him with loving and most grateful hearts. We thank the Bishop of Autun for the hospitality given by Autun to our first Fathers in the faith. With enthusiasm we hail his presence here to-night. We listened with reverent submission and delight to the words of wisdom which he addressed to us on Sunday, as the heralds of Christian civilization of England had listened to the words of his predecessor, St. Syagrius, 1300 years ago. And we look forward eagerly to hear him speak to us again in Canterbury, where the memory of St. Augustine still lingers with that of St. Thomas, St. Edmund and Cardinal Pole.

We have with us another link of connection with the Church of France. St. Augustine received episcopal consecration from the hands of St. Virgilius in the old cathedral of Arles. The archpriest of this most ancient cathedral, representing the successor of St. Virgilius, is upon this platform. He has come to share and add to our joy by assuring us that Arles still remembers the first Archbishop of Canterbury, that it is in close communion with us, and that the success of our mission, like that of Augustine, has a large place in its prayers. Welcome then, hearty welcome, to the successor of St. Virgilius in the See of Arles. But how is it that these representatives of the enduring churches, with which Augustine and his monks were in communion, have found their way to our humble gathering and not to Lambeth? The question needs no reply. All England knows that the fair line of continuity in faith and doctrine falls among those who no longer hold the ancient cathedrals or dispose of the ancient revenues. We hold the ancient faith, others hold the ancient foundations.

INTENTIONS FOR NOVEMBER

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

1. —M.—ALL SAINTS. bt.gt.mt.rt. Honour the Sain's. 11,271 Thanksgivings.

2. —Tu.—ALL SOULS. gt. rt. Help the Holy Souls. 4,759 In affliction.

3. —W.—St. Winifred, V. M. Patience in trials. 19,948 Deceased.

4. —Th.—St. Charles Borromeo, Bp. ht. Pray for seminarians. 10,820 Special.

5. —F.—St. Emeric, C. at.gt. Forget self. 1,635 Communities.

6. —S.—St. Leonard, Hermit. Recollection. 4,021 First Communions.

7. —S.—St. Anthony Baldenucci, C. at.gt.rt. Generosity. The Associates of the League.

8. —M.—Octave of All Saints. Think often of heaven. 5,582 Employment and Means.

9. —Tu.—Dedic. of the Lateran Basilica. Respect God's House. 5,660 Clergy.

10. —W.—St. Andrew Avellino, C. Filial confidence. 95,751 Children.

11. —Th.—St. Martin, Bp. ht.pt. Self-sacrifice. 12,951 Families.

12. —F.—St. Martin, P. M. Morning offering. 10,163 Perseverance.

13. —S.—St. Didacus, C. Pray for schismatics. 3,033 Reconciliations.

14. —S.—St. Josephat, Bp. M. Confidence in God. 20,972 Spiritual Favours.

15. —M.—St. Gertrude, V. Peace of heart. 43,122 Spiritual Favours.

16. —Tu.—St. Stanislaus Kostka, C. Union with God. 7,540 Conversions to the Faith.

17. —W.—St. Gregory, Wonder-Worker, Bp. Spirit of faith. 9,198 Youths.

18. —Th.—Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul. ht. Zeal for God's House. 1,897 Schools.

19. —F.—St. Elizabeth of Hungary. pt. Charity for the poor. 4,338 Sick.

20. —S.—St. Felix de Valois, F. Honour the Trinity. 1,556 Missions, Retreats.

21. —S.—Presentation B. V. M. rt. Self-oblation. 150 Guilds, Societies.

22. —M.—St. Cecilia, V. M. Angelic purity. 3,131 Parishes.

23. —Tu.—St. Clement, P. M. Despise the world. 13,021 Sinners.

24. —W.—St. John of the Cross, C. Patience in suffering. 17,967 Parents.

25. —Th.—St. Catherine, V. M. ht. Spirit of wisdom. 12,515 Religious.

26. —F.—St. Sylvester, Ab. Zeal for God's glory. 1,568 Novices.

27. —S.—St. Leonard of Port M., C. Constancy. 2,453 Superiors.

28. —S.—St. Sosthenes, C. Kindliness. 4,093 Vocations.

29. —M.—St. Saturninus, Bp. M. Zeal for conversions. The Promoters.

30. —Tu.—St. Andrew, Ap. bt.mt. Pray for Scotland. 9,974 Various.

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

Y=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; l=2nd Degree; g=Guard of Honour 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.