

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE CANADIAN HIERARCHY.

SINCE the time the February number was put in press, our *Messenger* has received with joy and thankfulness the following letters from distinguished Prelates of the Canadian Hierarchy. We can also report to our promoters and readers the good news of a special approbation given the Holy League and its organ for the Archdiocese of Kingston by the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary.

Archbishop's House, Halifax, N. S., 16th Jan., 1891.

DEAR FATHER CONNOLLY,—I wish a large measure of success and a long career of usefulness to your *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart. So long as it is a faithful *Messenger* of that loving Heart which bled for sinners, it will be productive of great good. As such I bless it and pray for its prosperity.

Yours in Christ,

† C. O'BRIEN,

Archbishop of Halifax.

Archi-episcopal Residence, Ottawa, 24th Jan , 1891.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,—The Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart should have as many subscribers as there are English-speaking Catholic families in this Canada of ours. We would wish to see it in every household of our Diocese.

Hoping that this very useful publication will meet with every success, I remain,

Reverend Dear Father,

Yours in Christ,

† I. THOMAS, *Archbishop of Ottawa.*

Chatham, N. B., 11th Jan., 1891.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,—I beg to thank you kindly for the first number of the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart. I have read it with interest and pleasure. The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been since many years established in Chatham, and our diocese has been specially dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart is also established under the direction of the superioress of the Hotel-Dieu, and has a numerous and fervent band of members. We shall all be glad to hail the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, and I hereby approve of its circulation in my diocese. With kindest souvenirs of past friendship,

Yours devotedly in J.-C.,

† JAMES ROGERS,

Bishop of Chatham.

Peterborough, 21st Jan., 1891.

C MY DEAR FATHER CONNOLLY,—I heartily approve of the publication of a Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, devoted to matters of local interest, and tending to promote love for our Lord and greater fervor in the practice of religion.

Beseeking the blessing of God on your undertaking, and praying for its abundant success,

I am, Yours in Christ,

† R. A. O'CONNOR,

Bishop of Peterborough.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

CATHOLIC RECORD.

“Most welcome to our office is that neat and very instructive little monthly, the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart. The articles are carefully prepared, and are always of an interesting character. Catholic families will indeed be much benefited by perusing its pages, and at the end of the year the numbers when bound will make a valuable volume in the family library. The subscription price is only fifty cents a year.”

AVE MARIA.

“As a proof of the rapid spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it is announced that no less than thirty *Messengers* are in present circulation. The latest, though not the least in any sense, to appear is the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, which, though not professedly a literary periodical, manifests, in addition to the devotional spirit, unusual regard for the canons of good taste. The initial number is highly creditable. We wish our new co-laborer unbounded success.”



GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH.

PURITY OF CHRISTIAN MORALS.

WE should fail to reach the source of the prevalent feebleness of faith and to indicate a remedy, if we did not go to the heart. Out of the heart go forth not only the evil thoughts and desires that defile the conscience, but also the clouds that darken the mind. It imparts to the mind its own likings and dislikes. It occupies the mind with low and groveling pursuits. It fills the mind with thoughts of frivolous and sensual objects. It drags down the attention, fixes and absorbs it in the satisfaction of its desires, thus blinding the mind to all considerations that require exertion, purity and elevation above the things of sense. The loss of faith is the result as well as the punishment of sensual indulgence. The Apostle of the Gentiles, describing the nations of pagan antiquity in the height of their civilization, says that "knowing God" with the light of natural reason "they did not glorify Him or give Him thanks, but became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened."

A similar darkening process is going on amongst modern nations that were once remarkable for the fervor and brightness of their faith. The world is lapsing back into a paganism not the less degrading and terrible in its consequences because the more refined. Paganism is but the deification of self and the

passions of the heart—what St. Augustin called the “love of self unto the contempt of God.” The ancients worshipped all the corrupt passions of the heart in idols of their imagination and handiwork ; modern paganism, more subtle and refined, dispenses with the block of wood and stone, and worships self without intermediary in Nature. Naturalism is the religion of the day. Nature and more particularly human nature, is the idol—not human nature elevated and deified by grace and sanctity, not an ideal nature purified by imagination and sentiment from all that is gross and vile, but a realistic nature in which every passion wears a crown, every instinct has its right of play, every emotion its expression and liberty of action. This is the only god recognized by the philosophy and the science of the age in its pet theory of evolution ; this is the god which gives inspiration to the literature and the art, and is exhibited on the stage of the French School, from which the world takes its fashions. Its object is to portray and idolize in realistic colors what the modern French man with cynical frankness calls “the human beast.”

This religion of naturalism has also its church and hierarchy and organization in the Lodge. Free Masonry, adapting itself to the ideas and prejudices of nations, is presented to the eyes of England and English-speaking countries as an institution of benevolence and fraternization ; but in the Catholic countries of Europe and South America, where it has succeeded in enslaving the masses, it shows itself in true colors, in literature and art, in the press, on the stage, in legislation, all animated with one purpose, rallying to a single cry, carrying out vigorously a simple plan : Destroy the Church of Jesus Christ by corrupting the hearts of her children. First dispose the heart of youth for corruption by imparting to it a mere pagan education without faith or religion, and then subject it to all the influence of an impure press.

It were, however, an illusion to suppose that this naturalism is confined to a few nations. The world's atmosphere is infected with it. It is taught from Sunday pulpits, in books of science, dealt out from railway stalls, placarded on the street walls

and public thoroughfares. It is exhibited in shop windows and in theatrical representations. A pharisaical secular press reeks with it. Whilst it devotes one column to the detailed narration and vivid description of crimes which the inspired Apostle tells us should not be so much as mentioned among Christians, it will deplore in another the growth of lawlessness, and censure the negligence of officials in repressing it, ignoring the fact that the very crimes it stigmatizes could not unfrequently be traced to its own disclosures and descriptions.

The punishment, too, of modern paganism is similar to that of the ancient. "Thinking themselves wise, they became fools. Therefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart, and they changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator." This perversion and blinding of the mind, proceeding from the corruption of the heart, is the most dreadful of God's punishments. It is the beginning on earth of that eternal reprobation consisting in hell endured not once or twice but a thousand times over in the intensity of its pains and torture.

If we seek a remedy, we shall find it to be the same as that applied to ancient paganism—Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and the same forever. He came upon earth to lift man from the degradation of paganism in all its forms. He began by the heart, setting before it the example of the highest sanctity. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us that we might see in human form and habit the splendor of infinite holiness. "For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus." He is still with us in His Holy Church, from which He desires to shine in the hearts of all by the teaching of His heavenly doctrine, by the infusion of His grace through the Sacraments, by the devotion which has for its object to draw the hearts of all men close to His Sacred Heart, that they may be enlightened and warmed with His love. It is especially in the worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist that Christ shines in the heart, and the heart is drawn close to the Heart of Jesus. It

is the aim of the Holy League to draw hearts to the Heart of Jesus through prayer and the frequentation of the Sacraments. If it will succeed this year, consecrated to the Patron of Youth, in drawing the youth of all lands to the more frequent use of the Sacraments, how powerfully will it not contribute to the future sanctity of Christian morals!

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary I offer Thee the prayers, work and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular to save Thy children from the corruption of the world, ever growing more covetous, wilful and impure. Heart of Jesus, may we fly from all that is against Thy love. Amen.

TO THE SACRED HEART.

Oh Sacred Heart!

Witness compassionate of ev'ry woe
Which mortal e'er hath known, or e'er shall know!
Heart which hath borne all care,
Carried all sorrow that on man can press!
Oh! writhing frame and tortur'd spirit bleeding!
Against inhuman outrage vainly pleading!
Each secret dark, each innermost recess,
All to thy sight laid bare.
Who shall Thy pangs express?

Oh Sacred Heart!

Thy love for man hath to the altar bound Thee,
To expiate the very sins that wound Thee—
For thine own wrongs to die!
That thou of suffering's chain might'st miss no link,
From the dread vision of Thy Mortal Pain
Outspread before Thee, Thou did'st not disdain.
With fear's intensest agony to shrink!
In trembling shall not I
Of Thy dread chalice drink?

Oh Sacred Heart !
 Sated with insult, mock'd, revil'd, despis'd !
 Butt of all scorn by man or fiends devis'd !
 What, save Thy Holy Will,
 Restrain'd or yet restrains angelic swords,
 As each vile worm, unawed by fear or shame,
 Profanes Thy Truth, Thy Venerable Name,
 The air polluting with his impious words !
 My cup so let them fill
 As they have filled my Lord's !

E. G.

THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

IS THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART NEW ?

“**Y**ES, Father, as you rightly divined at the close of our last conversation, I have a strong objection to all this League business. The old church is sufficient for me. To hear some people talk one would think there was no love of God, no genuine Catholicity before Margaret Mary and outside the Sacred Heart League. Was not Christianity, on your own showing, everywhere and at all times a religion of love ? I tell you what, in the good old days in Ireland we had none of those devotions, first-Fridays, this week-day church running, and yet there was just as much as now, and more too, of honesty and uprightness. My opinion is that all these new devotions are only spoiling the people. I have proof of it in my own wife and——”

What you say, dear friend, is partially true. The Christian religion, such as the Saviour of mankind founded it, the Apostles preached it, and the Church has always inculcated it, is essentially a religion of love. The love of God, our Saviour, which, I said the last time we met, is the chief object of this devotion, is not new. It is as old as Christianity, as old as eternity. Nor

is the human heart in which eternal love became incarnate new. It is as old as the Incarnation. The side against which it had been wont to beat was opened by a lance on Calvary. The stream of commingled water and blood that issued from the wound but figured the Church springing from the Heart of Jesus. So far, you see, Catholicity and devotion to the Sacred Heart are the same in their beginning and end and fountain-head. The principal object of this devotion, the love of the Man-God, is not new ; the material object, the heart of flesh, which is its organ and instrument, is not new ; but what is new is *the manifestation*. Though the side was opened on the Cross to signify that all had easy access through the Church to the love of the Heart of Jesus, nevertheless the heart itself remained buried in the Sacred Humanity. Likewise the devotion of which the seeds were planted on Calvary remained hidden in the Church through the long centuries. A few of the saints like an Augustin, a Bernard, a Gertrude, an Aloysius, and our own Mary of the Incarnation, in the light of contemplation and the ardor of ecstasy, caught but glimpses of it, which served as a preparation for the great manifestation vouchsafed to the Blessed Margaret Mary. Then, for the first time, did the Saviour set forth His Heart to be the especial object of our adoration and love. Then did the devotion to the Sacred Heart begin to spread like a conflagration, till it wrapped the universe, gaining strength from the very obstacles that stood in its way. This rapid spread was doubtless to be ascribed to the authentic approbation of the Church through her ritual, the solemn declarations of her Pontiffs, and the encouragement of her indulgences ; but there is a deeper cause still, namely, the spirit of God stirring in the Church, drawing souls by His inspirations and heavenly consolations, bestowing particular graces and favors, fulfilling, in a word, all those magnificent promises made by our Lord Himself in behalf of those who practised and promoted this devotion.

“So far so good, Father ; but you are not yet at the root of my difficulty. Why was this special manifestation needed ? Could not the children of the Church go on loving God and our

Saviour as they had done before any apparition, without actually thinking of the divine Heart or making it an object of special worship?"

Yes, my friend, there was a reason for this manifestation. You have often read or heard the latter-day prophecy of St. Paul. "In the latter-days," he says, "there shall come dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves,—covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked, without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness, traitors, stubborn, puffed up and lovers of pleasure more than of God. Having an appearance indeed of godliness but denying the power thereof." The times always have been marked with the signs of anti-Christ, fraught with danger to souls and to the Church. Even in her children there has always been a tendency to lukewarmness and selfish indifference. Poor humanity in its struggle upward to that higher life which is set before it as a goal is only too prone to weariness; and not to press forward is to fall back. Nevertheless, in the sixteenth century those signs of the latter-days were multiplied and became more apparent till a furious tempest broke on the bark of Peter. Then were nations like loose planks swept from her deck and carried away by a deluge of error, "Making shipwreck of the faith." Even on those who escaped the Reformation a cloud lowered in the shape of Jansenism, which, spreading from Belgium into France and thence to Ireland, and even beyond the seas to America, threatened to blight all spiritual life in the hearts of God's children. It instilled an exaggerated reverence and false humility that estranged the faithful from their Saviour, His altars and sacraments, especially the Eucharistic banquet of His love. From this exaggerated reverence there is but one step to indifference. France took the fatal step in the days of the Revolution, and has not yet risen from her fall. But Christ, always dwelling by His spirit in His Church, met the evil by what our reigning Pontiff has styled a new and gracious pledge of His charity for mankind. He took the heart that from the Cross lay buried in His

Sacred Humanity, set it before the eyes of men, bade them fix their gaze upon it, and consider the immense love of which it is the organ and symbol. He demanded in return an entire consecration, showing itself in zeal for His interests, in gratitude and reparation. Thus, the love is old, the heart is old, but the manifestation is new, and it has sent through the Church the thrill of a new life in the form of a devotion which has its widest development in the Holy League.

Listen to our reigning Leo XIII, who, if anything, is an intellectual Pope, not much given to pious exaggerations: "We desire with all the ardor of our soul that the devotion to the Sacred Heart may be propagated and diffused over all the earth. Knowing in truth how salutary and profitable it is to souls, we entertain a sweet and firm hope that great graces will be derived without fail from the Sacred Heart to be the efficacious remedy of the evils which afflict the world. Our confidence is further increased, when we reflect that the manifestation of this devotion is a new and gracious pledge of the charity of Jesus Christ, who has wished thereby to call back to Himself the world which has gone astray, that it may make its peace with God and enjoy the plentiful fruits of redemption."

One word before parting. Do not be too hard on the faults of devout people, especially of your own family. All of us here below have our faults. Even the just man falls seven times a day, and before setting yourself to remove the mote from your neighbor's eye, be sure there is not a beam in your own.

So now, my dear Catholic man, no more objections; but give your name for the Men's League, and show you are in earnest by subscribing to the *Messenger*.



IRELAND TO THE SACRED HEART.
Ode in commemoration of the universal consecration,
Passion Sunday, 1873.
BY DENNIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

*(May we not venture to express the hope of seeing our own
Canada at no very distant day consecrated to the Sacred
Heart by the Hierarchy assembled in national Council.)*

WHERE'ER beneath the Saving Rood
The nation kneels to pray,
A holy bond of brotherhood
Unites us all to-day ;
From north to south, from east to west,
From circling sea to sea,
Ierne bares her bleeding breast,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

She bares her breast, which many a wound,
Which many a blow made sore,
What time the martyred mother swooned
Insensate in her gore.
But, ah, she could not die, no ! no !
One germ of life had she—
The love that turned through weal, through woe,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

She gave her sighs, she gave her tears,
To Thee, O Heart Divine !
She gave her blood for countless years
Like water or like wine ;
And now that in her horoscope
A happier fate we see,
She consecrates her future hope,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

She consecrates her glorious past—
For glorious 'tis, though sad ;
Bright, though with many a cloud o'er-cast ;
Though gloomy, yet how glad !
For though the wilds that round her spread,
How darksome they might be,
One light alone the desert led,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

She consecrates her dark despair,
Though brightened from above—
She consecrates her Patrick's prayer—
Her Bridget's burning love—
Her Brendan sailing over seas
That none had dared but he—
These, and a thousand such as these,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

And even the present, though it be,
Alas ! unwisely sage—
Its icy-cold philosophy,
Its stained historic page,
Its worship of brute force and strength
That leaves no impulse free—
She hopes to consecrate at length,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

But oh! forgive what I have said—
 Forgive, O Heart Divine!
 'Tis Thou hast suffered, Thou hast bled,
 And not this land of mine!
 'Tis Thou hast bled for sins untold
 That God alone doth see;
 The insult done, so manifold,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

But still Thy feet I dare embrace
 With mingled hope and fear—
 For Joseph looks into Thy face,
 And Mary kneeleth near.
 Thou canst not that sweet look withstand,
 Nor that all-powerful plea,
 And so we consecrate our land,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

For us, but not for us alone,
 We consecrate our land;
 The Holy Pontiff's plundered throne
 Doth still our prayers demand;
 That soon may end the robber reign,
 And soon the Cross be free,
 And Rome, repentant, turn again,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

One valiant band, O Lord, from us
 A special prayer should claim—
 The soldiers of Ignatius,
 Who bear Thy Holy Name:
 Still guard them on their glorious track,
 Still victors let them be
 In leading the lost nations back,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

Like some tired bird, whose homeward flight
 Reseeks its distant nest ;
Ah, let my song once more alight
 Upon my country's breast ;
There let it rest, to roam no more,
 Awaiting the decree
That lifts my soul, its wandering o'er,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

Then break, ye circling seas, in smiles,
 And sound, ye streams, in song ;
Ye thousand ocean-girdled isles,
 The joyous strain prolong—
In one grand chorus, Lord, we pray,
 With Heaven and Earth and Sea,
To consecrate our land to-day,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

SAM ALLEN'S LITTLE JOKE.

 blithe cheery woman was Mrs. Lanigan, albeit that the battle of life was a hard one for her and circumstances were dead against her. Left a widow while still young, with three little children dependent on her for support, her days were spent in hard toil from Monday morning till Saturday night, and this she bore without a murmur, thanking God for the good health that enabled her to work for the children she so fondly loved. The only thing that troubled her was the hard necessity of going out on certain days to work, and so leave her little ones all day long without protection.

It was her custom, on those days, to give the children their breakfast and prepare their little mid-day meal before leaving them in the morning. On her return in

the evening she cooked the frugal supper, which she and her children enjoyed beyond everything, because they were together and could talk over all their family affairs at leisure. Then, when the little deal table was cleared and the tea-things washed and neatly arranged in the corner cupboard, good Mrs. Lanigan took up her sewing or knitting, and with her children nestled close around her gave herself up to the pleasure of listening to their innocent prattle, while they told her over and over the little incidents of the day,—how the task assigned to each had been executed, the plays they had played and the sights they had seen.

The humble abode of the family was in a small court opening on a broad suburban thoroughfare of a large city, where the stream of life ran swiftly past in all its bustle and excitement. So the Lanigan children, from their door-step, or the little window in their kitchen, saw many a thing to interest them in the street beyond their court, during the long hours of their mother's absence.

In those quiet hours of well-earned rest, the mother laid hold, too, of every opportunity of instructing her children in religion and virtue in the measure of her lights—not over brilliant, it is true, but sound and judicious, inspired as they were by simple faith and fervent piety.

* * * * *

Only one of the children was old enough to go to confession, and had not yet made her first communion. This was Bessie, nine years old, a thoughtful, quiet child, whose chief pleasure it was to assist her beloved mother in any way she could, and to watch over her little brother Peter, seven years old, and Jennie just turned of five.

This last was not so easy a task as might be supposed, especially in regard to Peter, who had already "a will of his own," as his mother used to say, and was somewhat

given to climbing poles and fences, hanging on at the back of passing vehicles and other gymnastic feats, to the constant terror of poor Bessie and in forgetfulness of his mother's oft-repeated injunctions.

Another source of anxious fear to mother and daughter, on Peter's account, was the proximity of a well, situate in the centre of the court, and which supplied the families dwelling therein with water. It is true, there was a substantial parapet surrounding this well, strong enough and high enough to protect those who rested against it while drawing water from below. But who knows not the danger-loving propensity of boys, especially small ones? So it chanced that of all Peter Lauigan's amusements during the enforced absence of his good mother, the foremost was that of mounting the stone parapet of the well and leaning over to catch sight of his own image reflected in the water beneath.

Evening after evening, Bessie had to complain of little Peter's disregard of her advice and reckless indifference to danger. Then the poor mother in her easy, good-natured way took the little culprit to task :

" I declare now, Peter, you'll break my heart if you go on so. Don't you know it's a sin and a shame for you to be disobeyin' your mother this way, and keepin' poor Bessie runnin' after you when she has the work of the house on her hands all day long ? "

Peter was ready enough to acknowledge his fault and promise amendment ; but alas ! after a day or two, he forgot all about it, and raced and ran and climbed on the parapet all the same. What would you have ? After all, poor Peter was only Jean Ingelow's seven times one, and was left all the day long to his own resources for amusement. The worst of it was that, not content with running all sorts of risks himself, the sturdy urchin was fond of leading his little sister Jennie into all the pranks and gambols that were his own delight. This was, of

course, when tidy, matronly Bessie was too much engaged to notice their escapades.

It was hard enough for good Mrs. Lanigan to keep up her spirits and brace her energies day by day to take up the burden of her toil and to leave her little ones, so often, to the many perils to which the two younger were exposed, in her absence, from Peter's giddy and reckless nature.

The neighbors were wont to wonder how she could content herself away from her children, all so young, and one so wild and harum-scarum, as they said. Some five or six families dwelt in the same court, all of them working people like Mrs. Lanigan; but, more fortunate than she, the other women having their husbands to earn for them were not obliged to go out to work.

They were a kindly little colony, those dwellers in the court, and, as far as their own avocations permitted, the women were quite willing to look after little Peter and Jennie now and then, when Bessie—a general favorite among them—had to go an errand for her small *ménage* and leave the children to their own devices.

Amongst the families in the court only one was Protestant. Irish Protestants they were too, Allen by name, consisting of the father, mother and four children,—two boys and two girls. These children were not bad, as the world goes; the two elder, a boy and a girl, went to school, and the others spent their time, week in, week out, in the more or less noisy sports of their youthful comrades. The father worked in a foundry and the mother had constant work at home from a large clothing store.

“Why in the world don't you try to get work to do at home, Mrs. Lanigan, so as to be all the time with the children,” was Mrs. Allen's frequent question. “I don't know how you can make up your mind to leave them, and they so young. Of course, Bessie is a wise, steady

little thing, but she can't be everywhere at once, and Peter would need some one after him the whole time not to speak of Jennie, the dear little lammie!"

"True for you, Mrs. Allen," would her neighbor reply; "but you see it's this way with me: I get three or four days' steady work every week at house-cleanin' and washin', and that's a great thing, you know, for a lone woman like me, for it helps me to pay the rent and to feed and clothe the little ones. So what can I do?"

"But don't you be thinkin' all day long that somethin' bad might be happenin' at home—some terrible accident, you know? If I was in your place I'd never have an easy hour when I'd be away from the children."

"Well! I declare to you, Mrs. Allen," said the little woman with an easy smile, "that's not the way with me, at all, at all. I don't fret a bit about the children while I'm gone from them. You see, ma'am, when I go out in the mornin' to my work, I just put the children and even the little place we have under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, an' I ask Her to be a mother to them till I come back."

"Well! an' what then?" asked the other with an amused smile.

"Why, just this," said Mrs. Lanigan simply, "that I have no fear for my fatherless little ones when I'm out earnin' their livin', for I know they're better cared for than if I was with them."

A mocking laugh behind her startled the blithe little widow, and, turning, she beheld Sam Allen, who had entered, unperceived by her.

"What are you laughin' at, Sam Allen?" she asked a little testily, for her.

"Why, what would I be laughin' at, Mrs. Lanigan, only at your simplicity? How do you think your Virgin Mary, up in heaven, can hear what you say down here in the court, or take care of your children? I always took

you for a sensible woman, but now I begin to doubt it."

"Sensible or no, Sam Allen, that's my belief; and you may laugh as much as you please, you'll not laugh me out of it. So, good-bye, Mrs. Allen dear, an' many thanks for the pattern you gave me for Jennie's hood."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Lanigan," called Sam after her from his door. "Won't you put in a word for us here with your Virgin Mary?"

"Put in a word with her yourself, Sam," replied Mrs. Lanigan, looking back over her shoulder. "My doin' it would be little use when you don't or won't do it yourself."

A few minutes later Mrs. Lanigan and her children were kneeling before a little plaster statue of the Virgin ever Blessed, saying the Rosary, as was their hallowed custom before retiring to rest.

The Allens enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of poor simple widow Lanigan, and after talking the matter over for some time, decided that it was tiresome to hear Papists going on about "their Blessed Virgin," all as one, as if she could hear them or help them.

"They're a queer lot all together," observed Sam, with a yawn, as he arose and began to prepare for bed. "You never know what they'll come out with next when you get talkin' with them. I'd like to make the trial some day of Mrs. Lanigan's belief, as she calls it, in that Virgin Mary of hers. I'll see about it when I have time on my hands for a little fun. Any way, let us get to bed,—we have to be up early."

* * * * *

The long dreary winter had passed away, and the emerald sheen of the Spring was in its transit towards the more mellow brightness of the summer. One evening, Mrs. Lanigan, coming home tired from work, was met some way down the street adjoining the court where she dwelt by no less a person than her neighbor,

Sam Allen, wearing, as it struck the good woman, a particularly sombre aspect. He was ordinarily a long-visaged sallow individual, but on this occasion he looked doleful in the extreme.

"Why, then, Sam Allen," cried the widow stopping short and fixing her eyes on the man's face; "is there anything wrong with you at home? You look as if all belongin' to you were dead and buried."

"Well! no, Mrs. Lanigan, there's nothin' the matter with *us*,"—laying a strong emphasis on the pronoun,— "but—but—"

"But what, man? Out with it, whatever it is!"

"Oh! Mrs. Lanigan! Mrs. Lanigan!"

"Now, Sam," said the resolute little woman, "I want to hear the news. I see by your face that something has happened. What is it, I say again?"

"Oh! indeed, then, it grieves me sorely to tell, but I suppose I must. Poor little Peter—"

"What about Peter, Sam?"

"Why, he fell into the well there a little while ago, an' I'm afeard he's drowned. We haven't got him out yet."

"No, you didn't," Mrs. Lanigan quickly answered, "for the best of reasons, that he wasn't in it! Don't tell me, Sam Allen, that *my* child is drowned. If any one is, it isn't him."

By this time the pair had reached the entrance to the court, where beyond all doubt there was a wild commotion and a crowd of excited people. A child had just been taken from the well, and efforts were being made to resuscitate the little body, but evidently in vain. The child was dead. But it was not Peter Lanigan, for his mother found him with Bessie and Jeunie on the doorstep of their little home, crying in piteous accents that Christie Allen was drowned in the well.

Yes, it was, indeed, poor Sam's youngest boy, a bright

little fellow of six or seven years old, who had come to so sad an end. Sam's little joke turned out no joke after all! And Mrs. Lanigan's confidence in the protection of the Mother of God, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, was triumphantly justified. It is worthy of remark that the Allens, from that sad day forward, laughed no more at widow Lanigan's trust in "her Blessed Virgin."

ST. JOSEPH, FRIEND OF THE SACRED HEART.

With many a noble title,
By the fervent hearts of those
Who call themselves his clients
And recount to him their woes,
Is the great St. Joseph greeted ;
And from heaven's height he bends
To listen to the praises
Of his clients and his friends.

He is called the Foster-Father
Of the Eternal Son ;
The Patron of the Dying ;
The Just, the Holy One ;
The Model of all Purity ;
The Guardian of Youth ;
The Image and the Shadow
Of the Almighty Truth.

But there's one among his titles
In which we'd fain take part ;
And that one we hold the dearest
Is "Friend of the Sacred Heart."

By the blessed cot of Nazareth,
And those years of sweet content
Which in that holy friendship
By thee were gladly spent,

Obtain for us, thy clients,
To bear with thee a part,
And become in thought and action
Friends of the Sacred Heart !

RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL,

FIRST BISHOP OF KINGSTON.



ON the 17th of July, 1762, was born on the borders of Loch Ness, Inverness, Scotland, Alexander Macdonell, the future bishop of Kingston. Early showing a vocation for the priesthood, he was educated successively at the Scotch colleges of Paris and Valladolid, at the latter of which he was ordained in February, 1787. While at the Seminary in Paris, he was brought face to face with the revolutionary horrors, having at one time been dragged with his companions to dance around a liberty pole. It was only by affecting lameness that he escaped the ordeal.

Thus did it please God to try his servant and prepare him for that life of self-devotion and zeal which he was called to lead first among his fellow-Highlanders in Scotland, on whom the shadow of the penal laws was still darkly resting, and afterwards amidst the uncultivated wilds of Upper Canada, to-day the rich Province of Ontario. At the close of the last century, when the proprietors of small holdings in the Highlands were ejected to make room for sheep walks, Father Macdonell accompanied

some seven or eight hundred dispossessed farmers to Glasgow, where he found interest with the manufacturers to give them employment, and in face of the anti-Catholic agitation consequent on the Gordon riots, courageously administered to their religious wants.

The alarm caused by the outbreak of the French revolution was followed by a general summons to arms throughout the British dominions, and volunteers were urgently demanded. Father Macdonell, seeing his men exposed to be drafted into regiments where they would be compelled to follow the Protestant worship, organized, with permission of the Government, a Catholic regiment, the first since the Reformation, which rendered valiant service for many years as the Glengarry Fencibles. On the disbanding of the regiment he obtained in recognition of his merits certain grants of land in Upper Canada, whither he determined to transport his impoverished flock. After overcoming many obstacles, he arrived with his little colony at Glengarry in 1804, where he lived with them for a quarter of a century.

Having secured the holdings of his people by legal tenure, he set about building churches and schools. He found but two churches in the whole Province, and but two priests, one of whom was a Frenchman unacquainted with the English tongue, and yet there was a by no means inconsiderable number of Catholics, chiefly Irish, scattered over the wide expanse of country from the frontiers of the Province of Quebec to Lake Superior. Father Macdonell began at once his missionary labors. His zeal and charity overcame all obstacles. To him it mattered little that there were no bridges over rivers, no pathways through the forest. A bark canoe, a rude waggon, or the saddle, sufficed to speed him on his way, bringing the light of the Gospel into the rudest of encampments, the most remote of wildernesses. Here it was rude men, long strangers to sacramental grace; there it

was the child who had never been baptized. He followed the lumberman, the voyageur, or the shantyman upon his adventurous course, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated where the name of God had scarcely before been heard. The extent of his labors, his self-abnegation, the privations he endured almost surpass our imagination.

Mgr. Plessis of Quebec was then the only bishop in the British North American possessions. Father Macdonell was one of his vicars general, and finally coadjutor, being appointed Vicar Apostolic for Upper Canada. The difficulties put in the way of this appointment by the English Government were trifling to those attendant upon the foundation of the see of Regiopolis or Kingston, of which Father Macdonell became the first bishop. His history, it has been well said, was the history of his section of the country. His vigorous and active mind saw what was essential for the good of religion and the glory of God, and he allowed no obstacles to stand in his way. Despite the magnitude of such an undertaking in those days, he made more than one visit to England, treating with the Colonial Office concerning the spiritual interests of his diocese. He brought thence with him some co-laborers, notably Father Peter Macdonald, who became his Vicar-general, and assisted him in the foundation of St. Raphael's Seminary. This institution, for the education of priests, was followed by the foundation of the College of Regiopolis, of which the corner-stone was laid on the 11th June, 1838. Within the walls of this institution many a learned and devoted priest received his classical and theological training. Some went forth to adorn the ranks of the secular clergy, others the regular orders, and many more to carry the torch of learning and religion among a prejudiced population. Education was a work which the good bishop had much at heart, and not content with the propagation of secular

learning, he was wont to distribute books treating of piety amongst his people.

In the troubles of 1837, Bishop Macdonell proved himself a valuable aid to the Government in exhorting his flock to loyalty, in warning them against the insidious counsels of agitators. It was not that he ignored the existence of serious grievances, but he argued that time and a resolute constitutional stand must overcome them, while an appeal to arms could only involve all who participated therein in a common ruin.

Meanwhile, the work of religion went on apace. When Mgr. Plessis made his first pastoral visit to Upper Canada, before the appointment of the Bishop of Kingston, there were colonies of Catholics at Gleugarry, Sandwich, and at Kingston, where 55 Scotch and 20 Irish families had located. There were St. Peter on the Thames, and Malden on the very outskirts of civilization. As early as 1818, two French ecclesiastics had gone to the Red River, there laying the foundation of the flourishing church of the North-West. Before the death of Bishop Macdonell, churches and schools had sprung up, priests were multiplied, and the corner-stone had been laid of that splendid Cathedral, of which to-day Kingston is so justly proud. To the sturdy Highlanders, who had brought their faith with them as a most precious legacy, to the faithful children of Ireland who preserved their ancient creed in the wilds of Western Canada, Bishop Macdonell was ever the devoted apostle. He had cheered them in the dark days of struggle and hardship and disappointment. He lived to see their prosperity, and to celebrate his own Golden Jubilee at old St. Raphael's. The memory of the noble old Highlaud bishop who laid the first foundation of the Church in Ontario, and who fought its first battles, hovers over it like a benediction, for "praise becometh the upright."



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Mexico.

In Mexico, too, the episcopate has turned to the Holy League for aid to effect that change in the ideas and sentiments of the people which must eventually bring about good laws and good government. The part they assign the *Messenger* in this happy transformation may be inferred from the fact of their granting 80 days indulgence to all who subscribe to the *Messenger*, who make it known, or who read any of its articles.

Australia.

In no country is the Holy League making such rapid strides or accomplishing so much good as in Australia. In fact, though it originated in France, it seems to be specially adapted to the wants and character of English-speaking people, and amongst none does it receive more encouragement. At a meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia, the programme was arranged for the celebration of the Blessed Margaret Mary's tercentenary, — *general communion* of all the faithful, *first communion* for children, and, finally, the *solemn consecration* of all the children to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

We congratulate our younger sister colony, though as far as the Holy League is concerned we humbly acknowledge her seniority. If we mistake not, the Australian *Messenger* is entering on its fourth year of usefulness.

Ireland.

To those who read only the newspapers, Ireland's thoughts and energies seem all absorbed in the Home Rule agitation. But there is another movement going on in the land of faith, affecting the interests not so much of time as of eternity, and with currents wider and deeper still. During the past five years, the Holy League has swept like a triumphant wave over the island, with results that bid fair to regain for Ireland the most glorious of her lost titles, that of the Isle of Saints.

The last fibres are being torn up of the spirit of Jansenism which preached the doctrine of fear and instilled an exaggerated reverence estranging the faithful from the love of their Saviour and the reception of His sacraments. Thus it chilled and froze the spiritual life in the veins of a people remarkable for its deep and sturdy faith, and there was disappointment and surprise that a root so vigorous, a trunk so ancient and so sound, should not yield a more exuberant foliage, a richer efflorescence of piety, more abundant fruits of sanctity. But the winter is passed, and the summer with its bright warm sunshine and golden harvests is coming on. According to an English Catholic periodical, Ireland is the only country in the world where you will see the Holy Table frequented, on week days as well as Sundays, by as many men as women. The *practical* Catholic Irishman of forty or fifty years ago, who gloried in his *Sunday* mass and his *Easter* communion, for which the time was lengthened out until July, and who stigmatized as Pharisees and hypocrites those who went at other times, this type of Irishman is fast passing into the stage of fossilhood. If he would see the outcome of his *practical* Catholicity, he should follow his sons throughout the length and breadth of America, and find how many go to the Sacraments or Sunday mass only once, perhaps, in five years, when the band of Missionaries comes around that way, and hardly do that much unless they *chance* (which is not always the case) to have a Catholic wife who herself had been stirred up by a week's mission.

We have another gauge of the movement in the unparalleled increasing circulation of the Irish *Messenger*, which, after four years' existence, counts twenty-eight thousand subscribers. Father Cullen is carrying out *his* plan of campaign on very practical lines. Starting from the principle that there is no home like the Irish home if it gets a fair chance, he has inaugurated a series of crusades against the enemies of the Irish home. The first he directed against the castle of the invader, —intemperance, which he followed up by several others against its attendants and allies,—uncleanliness, untidiness, lack of thrift and self-helpfulness, to which latter cause he attributes the fact that so many mature Irish men and women do not marry. If our promoters on their rounds should enter homes with signs which betray a tippling father and especially a tippling mother, unscrubbed floors, untidy children and furniture, dusty curtains, broken doorbells, dingy wall-paper, etc., let them advise subscription to the Irish *Messenger*, not, however, to the exclusion of the Canadian. It can be obtained at 5 Great Denmark street, Dublin.

What they say and do down South.

(Letter from Father Ryan, S.J.)

Loyola College, Baltimore, 1st Feb.

DEAR FATHER,

Mille mercis for *Messenger*, *mille pardons* (you see I have not forgotten my French) for not saying so sooner. 'Tis—. I hereby subscribe for a year. Have it sent to me regularly. The League here is doing well, about 5,000 in all. We have 1,700 men who have a meeting to themselves every third Friday, and a men's Communion every third Sunday of the month. It takes all my time.

Yours in C.J.

F. RYAN, S.J.

AT HOME.**LEAGUE CELEBRATIONS.****Gesu, Montreal.****CONFERRING THE PROMOTERS' CROSS AND DIPLOMA.**

(From the *Montreal Star*, Jan. 14.)

The organ poured forth its sweet melody of Christmas symphonies, as two hundred promoters and countless associates of the League of the Sacred Heart gathered Sunday night in the Gesu. It was to be the celebration of their anniversary feast, the decoration of the new promoters with the gold cross, and blessing of badges for the associates. At eight o'clock every seat was filled, and Father Connolly, S. J., director of the League, ascended the pulpit to tell the vast audience how Jesus loved the children of men with a human heart; how, from the moment of His Incarnation, on through all the varied scenes of His wonderful life till His last breath on the cross, that sacred heart throbbed with love for mankind. After death His side was opened with a lance that He might draw all hearts to His heart. Nor, notwithstanding the ingratitude of men, was his love unrequited. For, from the cross of Calvary the preacher, as he looked down through the generations, saw myriads of red-clad martyrs who gloried in laying down their lives for Jesus; he saw groups of white-robed virgins who followed the Lamb wherever He went, and sang the privileged canticle, a multitude of confessors practising the sublimest Christian virtue in every walk of life, an endless hierarchy of popes and bishops and priests carrying on His work in labor and toil and sweat. After the great schism of the sixteenth century, the sacred flame began to grow cold among the children of the Church, even the more

faithful, on account of the errors and spirit of Jansenism, The angel of darkness transformed himself into an angel of light, and, under the garb of an exaggerated reverence for God and holy things, estranged men from their Saviour, rendered them timid and fearful in approaching His temple, His altar and His sacraments. But the Divine Lover would not allow Himself to be vanquished. He opened His bosom and laid bare His wounded heart, and invited all to fix their eyes on that furnace of love, and form with Him a compact of everlasting friendship. "Such is the devotion of the Sacred Heart." It is chiefly practised and spread by means of the League of the Sacred Heart, an organization the main feature of which is a body of lay promoters, who, moving in their own sphere, by their influence, good example and zeal, draw others to the practice of the devotion. They are the recognized and accredited assistants of the priesthood carrying on the work of the Church. This is the meaning of the diploma and cross which are accompanied with special blessings and privileges. After the sermon Vicar General Marechal, administrator of the diocese, assisted by the Rev. Father Drummond, proceeded to bless the badges and confer the crosses on the new promoters who had merited this distinction. Some thirty gentlemen and ladies were decorated. This imposing ceremony was concluded by one of those solemn benedictions which have won for the Gesu a reputation more than continental. The orchestra and soloists under Professor Clerk acquitted themselves in their usual creditable manner, and all returned home pleased with the celebration.

The Montreal English Centre counts over three thousand associates in two hundred and thirty Rosary bands, under one hundred and fifty promoters, representing the most influential classes of the city, not, however, to the

exclusion of the poorest. It has nine hundred *Messengers* in monthly circulation.

The men's Sacred Heart Union counts two hundred members under fifty promoters, mostly of the professional and higher business walks. They pledge themselves to the Monthly Communion of Reparation, subscribe to the *Messenger*, and have a meeting on the first Friday evening of each month.

At their meetings, according to the spirit of the Holy League, they aim rather at benevolence than self-improvement, choosing as subjects of their lectures and papers topics of interest to Catholics of our times. Papal Infallibility, the Temporal Power, American Free Masonry, Capital Punishment, Catholic Education have been treated. Besides diffusing truth they use their example and influence to help on Catholic observance in social life, by temperance, Friday abstinence, etc. They walk in a body with the badge of the Sacred Heart pinned on at the Corpus Christi procession, to the edification of the city.

A body of lady and gentlemen promoters like the Sacred Heart Union will of necessity seek outlets for its zeal and activity. In the Gesu Church, Montreal, it has established a free circulating Catholic library, from which five hundred volumes on average are taken out every month. The ladies have also organized a benevolent sewing society, which collects and refits cast-off clothes and distributes them among the poor in winter time.

St. Gabriel's, Montreal.

On Sunday, January 25th, took place the Holy League celebration at St. Gabriel's Parish. First, an exhortation was given to the promoters, who formed quite a representative body assembled in the Vestry. The rev. local

director, the officers, and promoters under them were congratulated on the flourishing state of the Holy League in the parish, and exhorted to extend the work more and more. At the evening service a crowded church listened to a sermon on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, at the close of which all were exhorted to join the Holy League and embrace its practices, since they were intended for all who desired to be good Catholics. Then took place the imposing ceremony of the decoration of new promoters with the gold cross and the blessing of the badges. Father O'Meara, the pastor and local director, presided at the blessing, assisted by the rev. central director, who distributed the diplomas and crosses. Ten new promoters who had given proof of their zeal and constancy were decorated with the indulgenced cross. At the solemn benediction which followed, the officiating priest being assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart was read before the exposed Host surrounded by a blaze of lights. The music for the ceremony was furnished by a full choir. The St. Gabriel's League number five hundred associates under thirty promoters, who distribute every month about one hundred *Messengers* and thirty sets of rosary leaflets.

A PROMOTER.

Ingersoll, Ont.

Convent of St. Joseph.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—I am happy to tell you that the children of our school are much interested in the Holy League. They go to Holy Communion every first Sunday, wearing their little badge. We have noticed with pleasure that since they have become children of the Sacred Heart there is a marked change in their behavior. All strive now to conquer self, and their highest ambition is who will

be the most meek and amiable in order to resemble the Sweet Heart of Jesus.

The promoters are very zealous in furthering the interests of the Holy League among their relatives and near friends. Their field of labor, to be sure, is very limited, but they look forward with pleasure to the day when it will be more extended.

Begging prayers for the success of the Holy League among us, I remain very respectfully,

SR. M. S.

What they say at Home.

Ont., ———

DEAR FATHER,

It will be so nice to have our own Canadian *Messengers*. We will take fifty. I am afraid we will be getting vain, having our own Canadian *Messengers* and Rosary sets.

Yours sincerely,
Secretary of the Holy League.

New Aggregations.

Since our last issue, diplomas of aggregation have been granted to the following new centres:—

Convent of the Sacred Heart, London, Ont.

St. Joseph's, London, Ont.

"De La Salle" Institute, Hamilton, Ont.

The Congregation, Our Lady of the Lake, Kingston.

Loretto Academy, Wellesley Place, Toronto, Ont.

From Various Centres.

Amherstburg.—The League was established here the week before Christmas. It is working admirably so far, and the people are quite enthusiastic.

Montreal.—Would you please announce in the *Messenger* the following favors obtained through petitions to the Sacred Heart: My brother who was out of employment since last Fall has obtained a nice situation. A lady who was in bad health has quite recovered, and her husband who came nigh losing fourteen hundred dollars has been spared the loss. I feel happy to be able to acknowledge these favors in our dear little *Messenger* which the members of the League appreciate so highly.

London, Ont.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart through the *Messenger* for the gain of a hopeless lawsuit by a family of which all the members belong to the Holy League.

Goderich.—Thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a young man who had been years away from his duty, and of whom all his friends had despaired.

Montreal.—In a difficulty I promised the Sacred Heart that I would acknowledge the favor through the *Messenger*. The very next day the favor was obtained.

Montreal, Jan. 11.—(The following, alas, is but one of a score of similar letters that reach our intention box or office every month.) "Your prayers and those of the League are earnestly requested for the conversion of one greatly addicted to the vice of intemperance. By offering your prayers and those of the Holy League to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus for his amendment, you will give great consolation to a most unhappy wife."

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

It has been remarked that promoters who have been punctual at meetings and zealous in paying the monthly visit to associates have been first in with subscriptions, and have experienced no difficulty in obtaining them. Associates, excepting a few of the ungrateful, are found prompt and willing to give when they have been well attended to throughout the year. If they are slow, or refuse altogether, to renew their subscriptions, in most cases it is because they have been left weeks and perhaps months without Rosary tickets or *Messengers*.

2. Now is the time for promoters to examine their conscience on the manner in which they have attended to the interests of the Sacred Heart for the year 1890, especially that portion of them confided to their zeal, and which they undertook to provide for. They have a great deal to be thankful for. Their humble efforts have been rewarded with such results! But, if we all had been more exact in the observance of the rules of our office and charge, and the instructions given for their perfect fulfilment, what a harvest, if not of souls, at least of deeds, would have been gathered into the Lord's barn-floor! Let us begin to be as we should like to have been.

3. It may not be out of place at this season of the year to recall a piece of strong advice lately given by the Director General of the League, to certain Spanish Local Directors who had allowed their centres to fall into a decline: "If on examination they found themselves unable to fulfil their duties, they would render a great service to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by asking to be relieved and replaced." We consider this piece of sound advice is particularly applicable to the Officers and Councillors of the several local branches, on whom more than on Local Directors it depends to keep the centre in a flourishing condition. It is bad enough to neglect the interests of the Sacred Heart without becoming a block in the way of their progress, by excluding from posts of influence those who would advance them with zeal and energy.