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MESSENGER ITEMS.

Some promoters are still unmindful of the necessity of inscribing on the *Intention Sheets* the name of the parish or institution they represent.

We would call the attention of Associates to the notice on another page, of the Life of Blessed Margaret Mary. All the good we have said of it might, though in a lesser degree, be said of the Life of Father de La Colombière, her spiritual director.

All correspondents will be kind enough to give in full their address in every communication they send. If this little formality be not observed, it is scarcely fair to express astonishment when answers are delayed. This address should be given just as it is to appear on the envelop of the letter, or on the wrapper of the MESSENGER to be sent them.

As previously stated, no new orders for beads are received at the Sacred Heart Offices. The last supply

ordered reached us on August 31 only. If, through some oversight, some should not have received what they had ordered, they will have the goodness to inform us at once.

New subscriptions to the MESSENGER are always dated from January or July, and back numbers are sent. To adopt any other system would require a larger staff of clerks than the MESSENGER, yet in its infancy, can afford to keep. On the other hand, even *individual* subscriptions of fifty cents yearly can scarcely be much of a drain on resources the most limited.

We have in preparation a map, to appear in the MESSENGER, of that part of Simcoe county which more than a hundred and fifty years ago was the country of the Huron nation. The object proposed is to determine the sites of the different Indian villages mentioned in the *Relations*. If this can be accomplished satisfactorily, we shall be able to point out the exact spots where Antoine Daniel, Jean de Brebœuf and Gabriel Lalemant suffered martyrdom.

Later on, if leisure permit, a similar work will be undertaken for the remainder of the great Ontario peninsula, comprising what was then the region occupied by the Petun and Neutral nations, where Charles Garnier and Noël Chabanel, other missionary priests, met with a glorious death at the hands of the savages.

Let those who wish to see this project carried out encourage the MESSENGER by securing for it a still larger circulation. Its prosperous financial condition will be an important factor when this and other contemplated improvements are taken into consideration.

Masters, do to your servants that which is just and equitable, knowing that you also have a Master in Heaven.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER.

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

POPULARIZING OF THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES AMONG THE
FAITHFUL.

The *Exercises* of St. Ignatius are not only a series of pious reflections collected together in one book, from which each individual may learn how to commune humbly with his own heart, and to hold holy converse with God. Were they no more than this, they could not with propriety be called the *Exercises* of the Saint whose name they bear.

Long before St. Ignatius was born, men knew for what end God had created them; they knew the malice of sin, and that its punishment was hell; the necessity for the examination of conscience, for confession, the mysteries of the life of Christ, etc.

But to reduce to an art the knowledge of our spiritual maladies; to discover the efficacy of certain considerations in remedying these maladies; in short, to form as it were a code wherein the different means of purifying, consoling and fortifying the soul, should be re-united; by which it, may be led first to a perfect disengagement from all worldly things, and then to an intimate union

with God ; this certainly did not exist until the unlettered soldier of Pampeluna, with supernatural assistance, combined these disjointed elements into a perfect whole.

That this work was not the outcome of his own unassisted natural powers, may be gleaned from a declaration embodied in his process of canonization.

The members of the Congregation of the Rota expressed themselves thus : " The said Exercises were composed at a time when the blessed Father (Ignatius) was still an illiterate man, we are therefore constrained to acknowledge that such understanding and light came to him rather as supernatural acquirements."

Paul III, on the 31st of July, 1548, published a bull approving the *Exercises* in the most formal manner. The following is but one phrase taken from that document :

" Considering, moreover, as we ought to do, the abundant fruits which Ignatius, and the Society founded by him, have produced in the Church of God throughout the world, and to which these same Exercises have so much contributed ; we declare by the present bull, that we praise and approve of the said Documents or Exercises, and all and each of those things which they contain ; we earnestly exhort the faithful of both sexes throughout the world to make use of these pious *Exercises*, and to endeavor to profit by them, so as to increase in piety."

Not to speak of the marvelous conversions wrought in individuals, within the pale of the Church, who abandoned a life of sensual and voluptuous ease to embrace the cross of Christ with its accompanying self-denial and suffering, it may be safely affirmed that if the great intellectual and religious revolt of the sixteenth century was checked, it was mainly due to the Exercises, which, in the hands of zealous preachers, were used as a weapon against Satan.

We are all familiar from boyhood with the remarkable essay of Lord Macaulay on Ranke's History of the Popes. The bitterness of the vein in which he wrote cannot prevent us from detecting the real reason he invokes to explain the discomfiture of the Reformers. He may style it the fanaticism of an Ignatius or a Theresa, but it remains true that that fanaticism was naught else than the religious fervor infused into souls by the Spiritual Exercises.

The result he describes as follows: "The history of the two succeeding generations is the history of the struggle between Protestantism possessed of the North of Europe and Catholicism possessed of the South, for the doubtful territory which lay between. All the weapons of carnal and spiritual warfare were employed. Both sides may boast of great talents and of great virtues. Both have to blush for many follies and crimes. At first the chances seemed to be decidedly in favor of Protestantism; but the victory remained with the Church of Rome. On every point she was successful.

"If we overleap another half century, we find her victorious and dominant in France, Belgium, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, Poland and Hungary. Nor has Protestantism, in the course of two hundred years, been able to reconquer any portion of what was then lost."

".... Fifty years after the Lutheran separation, Catholicism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Mediterranean. A hundred years after the separation, Protestantism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Baltic. The causes of this memorable turn in human affairs well deserve to be investigated."

And the great essayist proceeds to investigate them in the ten following pages to the best of his ability. He catches here and there a glimpse of the truth, but being

purblind to the supernatural, his misnomers are numerous. He sums up in the following passage:

"We have dwelt long on this subject, because we believe that of the many causes to which the Church of Rome owed her safety and her triumph at the close of the sixteenth century, the chief was the profound policy with which she used the fanaticism of such persons as St. Ignatius and St. Theresa. The Protestant party was now indeed vanquished and humbled, etc."

That fanaticism was the fruit of the Exercises, and its nature is not hard for the children of the Church to understand when we are told by our common Father, Leo XIII, that these Exercises constitute "an enterprise of regeneration directed with wisdom and zeal for the good of souls and the salvation of society."

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular that the practice of the Spiritual Exercises may become general among the faithful.—Amen.

Live in the world, said St. John of the Cross, as if God and your soul only were in it; so shall your heart never be made captive by any earthly thing.

The constancy displayed by the Saints in their glorious martyrdom cannot be isolated from their previous lives, but is their natural sequence. If we wish to emulate their perseverance, let us first imitate their fidelity to grace.

VIA CRUCIS.

There are wrongs that cannot be righted ;
There are crosses that must be borne ;
There are duties so sacred they cannot be slighted ;
There are thorn-crowns that must be worn.

There are griefs that cannot find comfort,
And wounds that cannot be healed ;
There are sorrows so deep in the human heart,
They cannot be half revealed.

But, oh ! let us carry our crosses—
We carry them not alone ;
Let us thread our way over earth's rough places,
Even as Christ has done.

Let us bury our bitter sorrow
Deep in His Sacred Heart,
And think what a blessed thing it is
To have in His sorrows a part.

Let us think of the wrongs He suffered,
Let us think of the Cross He bore ;
Let us think of His many and weary journeys,
Let us think of the crown He wore.

Surely the pain and the sorrow
Christ chose for Himself must be best ;
Let us follow Him, then, in the way of the Cross ;
It will lead to eternal rest.

ANON.



THE PERFUME OF THE CUBAN LOTUS.

I. THE BEGINNING OF THE EXPERIMENT.

MISS Gardiner's two sisters had married Catholics,—Dermot Riordan and Richard Hackett, and they had adopted the Faith of their husbands. Miss Gardiner had disapproved of this at first ; but when she found that her sisters were no less sisterly and that their husbands were honest and honorable men, she ceased to regret the marriages. She was a quiet young woman when they married, possessed of a fair income and a number of prejudices which were only to be removed by actual experience that they were prejudices and not principles. She read much, and she fancied that she was an impartial observer. Her sisters, who had both become enthusiastic converts, plied her with books, from Milner's *End of Controversy* to the *Faith of Our Fathers*. She had great respect for the Catholic Church, but she had formed the opinion that "broad" Christianity was enough. She was opposed to the Catholic idea of religious education. It was her opinion that the world had grown so much better

and kindlier since dogmas had ceased to hold its people, that orthodox religion was really not at all necessary.

Her nephew, Carroll Riordan, often said that this belief was easy enough for a woman who had merely to draw her income every quarter. If she had to struggle with the world, things would no doubt assume a very different aspect. At any rate, it was Miss Gardiner's impression that Catholics in practical life were no better than other people. And she said many times that a religion which made such claims ought to produce better results in everyday life. She never took the trouble to inquire into the workings of the magnificent works of Catholic Charity in New York; she expected her servants—she would employ none but Catholics who attended to their duties—to be models of good temper. "Sarah," she would say, "I know I lose *my* temper sometimes, but then I am not expected to be good all the time. But it is different with you; you're a Catholic, and your Church ought to keep you straight." There was no replying to this. As to honesty, Miss Gardiner believed that most people were honest, but at the same time she took good care to see that her bolts and bars were staunch.

The two sisters died young. Carroll Riordan was her favorite nephew. His father went to Cuba to look after certain sugar interests at Matanzas, and remained there, leaving Carroll, a lad of eighteen, in the care of his aunt. Her other nephew, whose father had died, was at a preparatory school under the charge of a community of priests. Here Carroll had likewise been until Miss Gardiner sent for him. She did not like Cyril Hackett; he was not handsome; he was blunt in speech; he had light eyebrows and blue eyes,—she detested both,—and he never said a polite thing merely for the sake of politeness; he was a bear, she said.

Carroll, on the other hand, was tall and elegant, olive-complexioned and dark eyed; he wore a most interesting "bang," and Miss Gardiner regretted that Le was too large to dress up as Little Lord Fauntleroy and to pose as an ornament at five o'clock teas. Both he and Cyril were well instructed in their religion. In addition to his other good qualities, Carroll was clever, and showed it. Cyril was clever, but, as a rule, he did not show it.

Miss Gardiner, who was growing richer year by year, came to the conclusion that she would bear the expenses of her nephews' college course. She did this partly out of good nature, partly from a desire to make an experiment which she felt sure would prove her theory that a "broad" education produced just as good results as the religious kind. She could not send Cyril to a "broad" college; she had promised his parents to the contrary. She was not sorry for this; Cyril was unpromising, while Carroll was, in her opinion, charming and brilliant.

Carroll's father was dazzled by the prospect of having his son's name enrolled on the list of one of the most noted and notorious colleges in the country. This college was noted for its age and for the standing of its faculty, and notorious for the wild and barbarous conduct of some of its students.

Miss Gardiner smiled at the faint objection of Carroll's father that he might lose his faith. What if he did? she said to herself. He would mingle with the world at Warward College and gain great culture. Mr. Riordan's conscience troubled him a little. But, after all, he said to himself, he had been sent to a National school in Ireland and not lost *his* faith. He forgot the difference between a country in which religion fills the very air and one in which the atmosphere is entirely irreligious. Miss Gardiner had her way. Carroll went to Warward College

and Cyril to the Jesuits'—Miss Gardiner paying with great satisfaction for both.

“The Jesuits will have the worst of it,” she said, with a ladylike chuckle, “for Cyril is as obstinate and hot-tempered as he is ugly, while Carroll is as amiable as he is handsome.”

She made no secret of the fact that she had made Carroll her heir, while Cyril was to have five hundred dollars a year for life.

II. HOW IT SUCCEEDED.

As the years went on Miss Gardiner grew richer through lucky investments. She bought a place at Newport, and presented Carroll to society during the vacations. Cyril was with her, too, during these times of rest, but he was always in the background. He stuck to his work. He knew that he must work for a living; he had chosen to be a civil engineer; and he kept hard to his books. Sometimes he was tempted to envy, sometimes to anger; it was hard that all the roses of life should be for his cousin and none for him. Cyril had inherited a hot temper from his father; he was obstinate and, worst fault of all, naturally inclined to be envious.

If Miss Gardiner—now become a gentle-looking, graceful old lady,—wanted an attendant, she asked for Carroll. He might be seen every day sitting opposite to her in her victoria, admired and willing to be admired, dressed in the latest fashion prescribed by the English tailors, and adorned with a button-hole of his aunt's choicest orchids; and he was a prominent object in all the important entertainments. Miss Gardiner was quite proud of him. Cyril was entirely neglected. He had his breakfast alone, he dined alone whenever there was a dinner party, for his aunt said that he “did not know how to wear an evening coat.”

Of course Cyril Hackett resented this. He was often tempted to envy and anger,—two passions to which he seemed particularly open. He had inherited this susceptibility from his father; but he had learned, too, that his father had overcome one of the most diabolical tempers that ever cursed a man by the means of grace which the Church freely offers to her children; consequently, Cyril did not attempt to excuse himself for indulging in his predominant passions because he had inherited them. He fought, he struggled, he fell, he rose again, and the good Jesuit, his confessor, knew best how hard his life was.

Miss Gardiner watched her two nephews closely. She saw the flash in Cyril's eye and the curl of his lip when Carroll was lavishly praised or pointedly favored, and in her heart she said that her scheme had succeeded; it corroborated her belief in the uselessness of religious education. Certainly Carroll was a very charming person. He fitted himself admirably to the butterfly life of Newport; he was always amiable, always willing to amuse or be amused. At Warward, too, he was a favorite; his aunt had given him an ample allowance; but she had refused to increase it, although Carroll insinuated several times that he would find it very agreeable if she would do so.

One afternoon towards the end of the summer, Carroll found Cyril under a rock near the ocean, reading.

"We haven't seen much of each other this year," Carroll said, "and we used to be such good friends."

"It hasn't been my fault," answered Cyril; "you've been too much engaged with other people," he added, with some bitterness in his tone.

"I couldn't help it," Carroll said, with a laugh. "I really couldn't,—people like me, and I am fond of society, besides, my aunt insists that I must be with her a great deal."

A gloom seemed to settle on Cyril's heart at these words,—he hardly needed to be reminded that Carroll was the preferred one. The sense of Carroll's superiority filled him with such envy that he had an impulse to seize his cousin and toss him into the waves, which were beginning to come in upon the beach like a crowd of wild horses with tossing white manes.

"You must be very happy," he said, saying a prayer and striving to suppress the temptation. "Life is very bright for you."

Carroll Riordan shook his head and drew figures in the sand with his cane.

"No, Cyril," he said, "I am very miserable. If it were not for your narrow life in that Jesuit Coll. ge,—which I never could stand,—I should almost envy you."

"Why should you be miserable?" asked Cyril; "you have friends, prospects,—your father is living, my aunt loves you as if you were her son—"

"Oh, yes," said Carroll, impatiently, "I know all that."

There was silence. The waves continued to come in with a force that boded a storm, and their spray almost touched the feet of the two young men. Cyril's white flannel shirt and soft slouch hat were very much of a contrast to his cousin's correct attire. From the glossy silk hat to the brilliant patent leather shoes, Carroll Riordan was what Shakespeare calls "point device in his accoutrements." His nails were delicately pink and carefully cut, his slight moustache was trimmed fashionably, and he wore a bunch of carnations in his buttonhole. Cyril, looking at him, felt half admiration, half contempt. Suddenly a most delightful perfume filled the air, overcoming the smell of the salt and seaweed.

"What is that?" asked Cyril. "Was there ever such a delicious odor? Does it come from the flowers in your buttonhole?"

"From carnations?" laughed Carroll. "How ignorant you are! One might as well expect to get wine from turnips as the scent of the Cuban lotus from carnations." And Carroll fluttered his handkerchief in his gloved hands. "Cordovas, who left to-day, had just a few drops of this perfume left in a glass vial. He dropped it on my handkerchief at parting and threw the bottle into the sea. Everybody is wild over new perfumes just now, and it will make a great sensation to-night at my aunt's dinner party. If I can only keep the scent from going off entirely." He thrust the handkerchief into his pocket.

"It is very strong," said Cyril; "I have never taken any interest in the present passion for scents,—against which, as an evidence of corrupt and enervating luxury, my Latin teacher would probably quote Juvenal; but it is certainly most delicious."

"I suppose they don't encourage æsthetic tastes of that kind at your college," said Carroll, with a half sneer.

"They don't encourage us to be dukes," said Cyril, hotly.

Carroll shrugged his shoulders.

"You should see some of the men's rooms at Warward, rugs, antique lamps, perfumes burning in censurs, statuettes,—all kinds of beautiful things are in them. In fact, as our professor of Arts says,—beauty is religion, and it's about the only religion I believe in."

Cyril raised his face, with a shocked look on it; he came out from under the rock and stood beside his cousin.

"You don't mean to say that you are not a Catholic any more!"

Carroll's eyes fell before the earnestness of the other; he recovered himself quickly.

"What's the use? People don't trouble themselves about old-fashioned religious forms any more——"

"You mean *your* people at Warward," interrupted Cyril, shrugging his shoulders; "people who believe that science can work miracles and that God cannot! I am not good, though God knows I want to be!—but I would rather die this moment than honestly admit what you have admitted."

"I haven't been at Mass for a year," said Carroll flippantly: "in fact, I've taken so little care of my faith that I am afraid I have lost it altogether,—and yet I fancy I'm just as well conducted as you are, Cyril, and as virtuous."

The rustling of a gown was heard, and Miss Gardiner came from behind the rock. She wore a white-brimmed hat, carried a lace draped parasol and a large pocket-book.

"I agree with you there, Carroll," she said with a grave and reproachable look at Cyril. "I just happened to hear your last words, and I *quite* agree with you. In spite of all Cyril's high *Christian* education, he is frequently envious of you. I have read that many times in his eyes when you have been praised."

Cyril turned his face away from her, and asked for strength to control his anger.

"Is this not true?" Miss Gardiner asked.

Cyril made no reply.

"Sulky, as usual," said his aunt; "for Heaven's sake, control your temper and talk less about your Faith!"

Carroll good-naturedly floated his handkerchief in front of the old lady. Her attention was diverted at once.

"Where did you get that perfume," she said, taking the handkerchief. "It is rare, it is exquisite! You will give me some, of course,—new and rare perfumes are all the fashion."

"I wish I could give you some, aunt," said Carroll; "but young Cordovas gave me the last drop he had, and

then he left for New York. It is the scent of the Cuban lotus,—a magnificent pink flower, they say.”

“Too bad, too bad! I wish I could have had some,” said Miss Gardiner, smelling the perfume and giving the handkerchief back to her nephew. “Oh, dear, isn’t it hot?” she broke off. “I toiled up to the bank only to find it closed. My attorney paid me a thousand dollars in one hundred dollar notes this morning, and I wanted to deposit the money,—but it’s a legal holiday or something,—it’s quite too vexatious,—that’s all! I know! Now I’ll have to keep it in my desk all night, and run the risk of finding it gone in the morning.” The old lady passed on, with a smile for Carroll and rather a grim look for her other nephew.

“Ah, that perfume!” she said. “It is very delicious. I shall always associate it with you, Carroll.”

“I am sorry Cordovas is gone,—he’s a jolly fellow, and fond of fun, like all the Cubans; he is in my set at Warward,—but I’ve got to pay him five hundred dollars next week,” said Carroll, as his aunt disappeared.

“Five hundred dollars!” cried Cyril, aghast, “*five hundred dollars!*”

“A man must have a game of cards occasionally at college,” said Carroll, “and I lost the cash. What are you staring at?”

“Do they let you gamble at Warward?”

“Let us!” cried Carroll impatiently; “who is going to prevent it? But I know that my aunt would never forgive me if she thought I played cards. It’s the one thing she made me promise not to do. I’d give half my life for that thousand dollars she is hoarding away; for if I don’t pay him next week he’ll apply to her and raise an awful row.”

“I thought you said he was your friend.”

"No, I didn't,—I only said he is a jolly fellow, and of course he has to pay the five hundred dollars to other people. If my aunt finds this thing out, I am done for,—she always keeps her word. You'll be the favorite then," Carroll said with rather a hollow laugh.

Cyril could give him no consolation; he knew from experience that his aunt always did keep her word; she prided herself on it.

"It is awful!" Cyril said, much alarmed. At the same time a thrill of delight ran through his mind,—Carroll would be abased; his aunt would see that the paragon was not perfection! He crushed the thought with all his will. "I wish I could help you," he said, "but I have just ten dollars in the world."

"Do you know," Carroll said, as they strolled up to the house, "that if I can't pay Cordovas I think I'll kill myself. What are you staring at now? It's the only way out,—two students at Warward committed suicide last session."

"You're a fool!" exclaimed Cyril, losing his temper. "I beg your pardon, cousin," he added, "but you are!"

There was a gleam in Carroll's eye, as he looked back longingly at the sea, that frightened Cyril. He went up to his room, sad at heart, all his envy and bitterness gone. He knelt before his picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel in supplication for his cousin and in penitence for himself. He asked that the example of the Man of Sorrows might guide and strengthen him.

Miss Gardner's guests left early that night, and she called her nephews into the drawing room to show them a new picture she had bought. Her study was at the back of this drawing room, shut off from it by curtains. Carroll was in the study when he was called; Cyril in his room.

After they had looked at the picture,—the study of a sunset at sea,—Carroll went to his room.

“Oh! by the way, Cyril,” Miss Gardiner said, sinking into a low chair, “I believe I left the key in my little desk in the study. Go and get it for me,—I am tired,—but before you lock the desk, see that the money is safe.”

Cyril went into the study. A very graceful little desk of Louis Seize period, painted with garlands of roses, stood in one corner under a drop light. The key was in the lock; Cyril raised the lid; the desk was empty; there was no money there! He looked and looked again. He could hear Miss Gardiner, in the drawing-room, humming an old song to herself. He turned cold and hot. A white handkerchief was all the interior of the desk contained. He became sick at heart as he recognized the perfume of the Cuban lotus; the handkerchief, which had evidently caught in the lid, was Carroll's. There was no initial on it; no other sign of ownership; but there was the fatal scent of the Cuban lotus streaming richly from it.

Here was Cyril's chance to drag down the curled darling from his place. Left to his own natural impulses, he would have done so; and the temptation was strong upon him. But his education had been, since his earliest infancy, against the indulgence of bad natural impulses. He took the handkerchief,—with a prayer in his heart and Miss Gardiner's plaintive song sounding in his ears,—up to Carroll's room. He entered it, a slight knock barely warning Carroll that he was coming. Carroll, who was standing at the window, turned; his cheeks were flushed and his eyes glittered. “You took my aunt's money,” Cyril said, throwing the handkerchief on the bed, “give it to me; she has asked for it,—give it to me, and I will return it before she discovers the loss. Do not hesitate. I know it was you.”

Carroll glanced at the handkerchief, and defiance faded

from his eyes. He drew his aunt's pocket-book from the breast of his coat and handed it to his cousin.

"You will not ruin me?" he said piteously.

Cyril snatched the pocket-book and dashed downstairs. He could replace it in an instant. But he was too late. Miss Gardiner had become impatient and gone herself to the desk. She turned, her face as white as death, as Cyril entered the room.

"So you are a thief, sir," she said, with a sneer. "Give me that pocket-book! I knew you were evil-minded, but I never dreamed you would steal!"

Carroll in the door-way behind Cyril heard these words, and a great weight lifted from his heart.

"For heaven's sake," he whispered to Cyril, "let her think it was you; *you* have nothing to lose."

"No," Cyril said bitterly to himself, he had nothing to lose. He had no father to suffer from his disgrace; his aunt could not have a lower opinion of him than she had already; he would at once crush out all the envy in nature by making this great sacrifice; he would be silent. In a second all this flashed through his mind.

"You are a thief!" cried Miss Gardiner, shrilly. "Think of it, Carroll, *your* cousin is a thief!"

Carroll did not speak.

Suddenly Miss Gardiner bent her head under the up-raised lid of the desk,—the rich perfume of the Cuban lotus was still there. She had said that "she would always associate it with Carroll." She looked at the faces of the two young men with a keen glance; the truth dawned upon her; her intuition was not at fault.

There was a pause; Miss Gardiner suffered terribly for a moment, and Cyril suffered with her.

"God help me!" she said, covering her face with her

hand. "Go, Carroll Riordan, go!—and yet I have made you what you are!"

* * * * *

Miss Gardiner has been a changed woman since the failure of her experiment; she listens humbly to the religious instructions which Cyril Hackett—now a Jesuit scholastic—gives her. Carroll Riordan is in Cuba, an utterly spoiled and reckless pleasure-seeker, without hope and almost without Faith,—the despair of his father's life. — MAURICE F. EGAN, LL.D., in *Catholic Home Almanac*.

Leo XIII's Letter of Approval of the great Chicago Exhibition, commemorating the discovery of America by Columbus, is an unmistakable proof of the interest he takes in its success. But he did not limit himself to a manifestation of approval. As a further mark of his goodwill, he has consented to place, while the Exhibition lasts, at the disposal of its organizers the first map that was ever made of the New World. It belongs to the Vatican Library, and is known as the *Carte de Diego Ribera*. Commenced in 1494, it was completed in 1524, and was bequeathed by Cardinal Borgia to the library of the Sovereign Pontiffs.

Think how much, said St. John Chrysostom, and how often thy mouth has sinned, and thou wilt devote thyself entirely to the conversion of sinners. For by this one means thou wilt blot out all thy sins in that thy mouth will become the mouth of God.

God rewards a simple spirit of submission to the clergy, for the honor done to them is done to Him. Your virtue is unreal, your faith in danger, if you fail in this.

AN INVITATION.



come, when the toils of the day are all over,
And silence and twilight are reigning above ;
Come, bring all your crosses, your joys, and
your sorrows,
And bury them here in the Heart of your Love.

Come, whisper in secret the wrongs that oppress ye,
The doubts, the temptations, that loom in your way ;
Or, resting like John, your tired head on His bosom,
Attend in wrapt silence to all He may say.

Ye weary and way-worn, O, haste to come hither,
In Jesus' sweet Heart will ye surely find peace ;
For here there is calmness and joy beyond telling,
In this soothing Presence all sorrow must cease.
All ye who are tempted, and fearful of falling,
O come to this refuge and hide ye from harm ;
Come, drink of this fountain, whose wealth is unmeasured,
And worldly allurements no longer shall charm.

And ye who are toiling from dawn until sunset,
With head, or with hand, for the bread ye must eat,
Come hither at nightfall, and rest ye, and murmur
Your needs, as ye kneel at the dear Master's feet.
Doubt not, but each prayer in His Heart will find echo,
Each pain and each cross will meet sympathy there.
The Heart of the Saviour most tender and loving
But waits, in our joys and our sorrow to share.

Then come to His Heart when the day is declining,
And lean on its strength, be ye weary or weak.
Fear not, for your heart shall be filled to o'erflowing,
Be it sympathy, solace, or rest, that ye seek.
And, when from His Presence stern duties may call ye,
Enlightened, and strengthened, and joyful depart,
Remembering ever the pure crystal fountain
Of peace that wells forth from the sweet Sacred Heart.



POWERFUL INDUCEMENTS
To embrace the Devotion to the
Sacred Heart.

II.

ARE YOU THIRSTING FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS?
 AND ARE YOU DESIROUS OF SAVING MANY?

“**H**UR Lord disclosed to me,” says Blessed Margaret Mary, “the treasures of His love and grace, which He is ready to place at the disposal of those who consecrate and devote themselves, and lead others to render to His Heart all the honor, love and glory they can. But these treasures,” she adds, “are so great that it would be impossible to give adequate expression to them in words.”

2. “My Divine Saviour,” she elsewhere says, “gave me to understand that those who toil for the conversion of souls will possess the secret of softening the most obdurate and insensible, and will labor with most consummate success, if they themselves be penetrated with a tender devotion to His Sacred Heart.”

III.

IS IT THE LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST WHICH MAKES MOST
IMPRESSION ON YOUR HEART? DO YOU FEEL
YOURSELF IMPELLED TO MAKE SOME
AMENDS FOR THE INGRATITUDE
OF MANKIND.

1. "Jesus Christ assured me," writes the same blessed servant of the Sacred Heart, "that He looked with the greatest complacency on the honor paid to the interior affections of His Heart and of His love, figured by His Heart of flesh, as it was shown to me, and which He desired to have depicted and exposed to the gaze of the faithful, so that, He added, it might touch the callous hearts of men.

"He promised me that wherever that picture would be exposed with the intention of specially honoring it, the spot would be hallowed by all kinds of blessings.

"Behold," said that Divine Saviour to His servant, "behold my Heart which is burning with love for all mankind and for you in particular, which, no longer able to contain the flames of its charity, must by all means allow them to spread;" and again, "Behold this Heart which has so loved men. It has left nothing undone, even to the exhausting and consuming of Itself, so as to make manifest to them Its love."

2. "I receive in return from the greater number," was our Lord's complaint, "but ingratitude through their irreverence, their scorn, their sacrileges and the coldness with which they treat the Sacrament of my Love."

On another occasion He disclosed to Blessed Margaret Mary His Heart all torn and transpierced: "There," He said, "are the wounds I have received from my chosen people. Others are satisfied when they wound my

body, but these wound my very Heart, which has never ceased to loved them."

"What affects Me more than all the sufferings of my passion is the ingratitude of men. So much so that if they returned love for love I would think little of all I had done for them, and I would, were it possible, do even more. But they meet all my loving offers for their welfare with repulsive coldness."

"You, at least, become pleasing in my sight by making what amends you can for their ingratitude."

"In the spring they (Jolliet and Marquette) embarked at Makinaw in two frail bark canoes, each with his paddle in hand, and full of hope, they soon plied them merrily over the crystal waters of the lake. All was new to Marquette, and he describes as he went along the Menomones, Green Bay, and Maskoutens, which he reached on the 7th of June, 1673.

"He had now attained the limit of former discoveries, the new world was before them; they looked back a last adieu to the waters, which, great as the distance was, connected them with Quebec and their countrymen; they knelt on the shore to offer, by a new devotion, their lives, their honor and their undertaking, to their beloved mother the Virgin Mary Immaculate; then launching on the broad Wisconsin, sailed slowly down its current amid its vine clad isles, and its countless sand-bars.

"No sound broke the stillness, no human form appeared, and at last, after sailing seven days, on the 17th of June, they happily glided into the great river. Joy that could find no utterance in words filled the grateful heart of Marquette. The broad river of the Conception, as he named it, now lay before them, stretching away hundreds of miles to an unknown sea."

*Shea's Discovery and Exploration
of the Mississippi Valley.*

BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

The feast of Blessed Margaret Mary falls on the 25th of October. Every Associate of the League of the Sacred Heart cannot fail to look forward to the coming of that day with devout expectancy. She it was to whom the Lover of mankind revealed the devotion to His loving and adorable Heart. She was the instrument, divinely chosen, to make known to men the unspeakable treasures of grace in store for them, if they would but join her in extolling the unfathomable depth of our Redeemer's love, and in atoning, by their own fervent communings with that Heart, for the indifference and slights of their fellow-men.

But much as we, who have experienced the sweets of this devotion, owe her, it must be said that many of us know little of her life. Some, on account of their many occupations, have no leisure to devote to the reading of a voluminous biography of the blessed servant of God; others have as yet to acquire a taste for the reading of the lives of God's favored ones. We therefore draw the attention of both the former and the latter to the little life of Blessed Margaret Mary, translated by the Sisters of the Visitation, Roselands, and edited by Father Anderson.*

It is comprehensive but extremely attractive, suited for all, but more especially for the young. It is contained in a little pamphlet of 32 pages. In this small compass we find depicted the different stages of a soul, after Christ's own Heart, led on in the road to perfection.

We cannot forget the incidents of a life when they are impressed indelibly upon our memory by suitable illustrations. This the editor had in view when he placed at the head of every page a vignette, of real artistic merit,

* See last page of the cover of the October number of the MESSENGER.

thirty-two consequently in number, illustrative of various scenes relating to the Saint's earthly career.

Such is the short biography we would wish to see in the hands of every Associate. How many have not time to hasten the coming of our Lord's Kingdom upon earth by word of mouth, but who could work towards the accomplishment of this great end by distributing just such devotional and attractive little books as the one here mentioned.

Those who are interested in children, and who occasionally visit schools or asylums, are often at a loss to select a little keepsake to leave behind them. Here is one the possession of which would not only bring joy to the heart of every child, but would sow therein the seeds of piety to be developed later on and brought to maturity under the rays issuing from the Heart of Him whose delight it was to be with the children of men.

MATER DEI MEMENTO MEI.

The seventeenth of next June will be the 220th anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi. The discoverers of "The Father of Waters" were two pious Catholics, the Sieur Jolliet and Father Jacques Marquette, the former a pupil, the latter a missionary priest of the Society of Jesus.

Marquette died Saturday, May 18th, 1675, at a lonely spot on the eastern shores of Lake Michigan, while returning from his second expedition. His last words were, "Mother of my God, be mindful of me."

His map of the Mississippi and the journal of his second expedition, both autographs, are preserved as precious souvenirs in the archives of St. Mary's College.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 3.*

(Translation.)

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO REV. FATHER RICHARD,
PROV. OF THE PROVINCE OF GUYENNE,
AT BORDEAUX.

Reverend Father,—Pax Christi—



Embarked, May 29, on the Ruby, under the command of Mons. le Chevalier de Chaon, and we remained two days in the harbor waiting for favorable winds. For that matter, these two days were quite sufficient to give us a foretaste of the tediousness of our voyage. The mere sight of the gun-room (la Ste. Barbe) was a revelation for all, but for me more than the others.

* Little is known of Father Luc François Nau, save what may be gleaned from the *Aulneau Collection*. His native place, the date of his birth and

It is a room about the size of the Rhetoric class-room at Bordeaux, where a double row of frames were swung up, and which were to serve as beds for the passengers, subaltern officers and the gunners.

We were packed into this dismal and noisome hold like so many sardines in a barrel. We could make our way to our hammocks only after sustaining sundry bumps and knocks on limbs and head.

A sense of delicacy forbade our disrobing, and our clothes, in time, made our backs ache. The rolling and pitching loosened the fastenings of our hammocks and hopelessly entangled them. On one occasion I was pitched out sprawling on a poor Canadian officer. It was quite a time before I could extricate myself from ropes and counterpane; meanwhile the officer had scarcely breath enough left to give vent to his profanity.

that of his entrance into the Society have not yet been determined; but he belonged to the province of Aquitaine. He reached Quebec on August 16, 1734, as he himself informs us. He toiled, as missionary, at Sault St. Louis (Caughnawaga), from 1735 to 1743. There he received from the Iroquois the name of *Hale riata*.

At Quebec, February 2, 1738, he took the four vows of the professed fathers. Father Lauzon officiated, and Father Barthélemi Galpin and Nicholas de Gonnor witnessed the act.

He was present at Quebec at the arrival of Father Pierre Potier, Oct. 11 1743, and his last letter from Canada to Madame Aulneau was dated from that place on Oct. 17 of the same year. He was then completely broken down in health, almost helpless from gout and threatened with loss of sight. He mentions that he is to return to France as soon as other missionaries arrive. His name no longer appears in the catalogue of Canadian missionaries of 1746, while from a letter of Charles Aulneau to his mother,—Luçon, Apr. 4, 1745,—we learn that he was at Larochele at that date, and on the point of being named superior of the Seminary.

He returned, consequently, to France in the autumn either of 1743 or 1744. The place and date of his death are unknown.

Of the forty-eight letters which go to make up the *Aulneau Collection* eight were written by Father Nau.

After the very first day's experience of the *Ste. Barbe* (the gun-room) one of the missionaries broke down, and Reverend Father de Lauzon began to fear that if we were obliged, by the rough weather, to go ashore, the disconsolate man could never bring himself to set foot on board again.

Another disagreeable feature was the company we were thrown in with day and night..... We shunned them as much as possible, and banded together with three priests of *St. Sulpice*, men of intelligence and of rare piety.

The officers were very attentive. We were indeed bearers of many recommendations for them from *Monsieur de Maurepas*.

A third disagreeable feature was the stench and vermin. We had on board a hundred soldiers or so, freshly enrolled, each one of whom carried with him a whole regiment of "*Picardie*." In less than a week these ravenous "*Picards*" migrated in all directions. No one was free from their attacks, not even the Bishop nor the Captain. Every time we went on deck, we could see that we were covered with this vermin. We found them even in our shoes.

Another centre of infection were eighty smugglers who had already passed a twelvemonth in durance vile; they also sent out swarms of marauders. These wretched beings would have caused the heart of a Turk to melt with pity.

They were half-naked and covered with sores; some even were eaten alive with worms. We clubbed together and made a collection on board to buy them shirts from the sailors who had them to spare. All that we could do did not prevent the outbreak among them of a kind of pest, which spread throughout the ship, attacking all in-

discriminately, and which carried off twenty of our men at a stroke.

So those of the officers and passengers who were not down with it were obliged to work the ship instead of the sailors. Reverend Father de Lauzon was made boat-swain's mate for the ecclesiastics.

This sickness afforded a fine field for our zeal. Father Aulneau distinguished himself by his assiduity in serving the sick. God preserved him in health during the passage across, for the good of the ship, but scarcely had he set foot on shore, when in turn he was stricken down and brought by two different attacks to death's door. No one could tell now that he had been sick. I was the only Jesuit who had nothing to suffer, not even from seasickness.

We reached Quebec on the 16th of August, that is to say, the eightieth day from the time of our embarking. It is one of the longest trips on record from France to Canada.

What kept us so long at sea was that we always had contrary winds and so violent that we had to change our fore-top-mast when off shore near the Grand Banks. We were eight days tempest-tossed unable to carry a shred of sail; our ship, like a mere skiff, became the plaything of the billows, and the seas dashed over the gunwale as if it had been a shell. A pirate or an English man-of-war would have made short work with us, had they attacked us at the time we had so many sick on board.

We seemed, however, safe from alarms of that kind. The size of our ship struck fear into all whom we met; we frightened even one of the King's vessels we came across at the Grand Bank. They caught sight of us seven hours before we noticed them. They immediately bore away; but the wind was not to their liking, and as we

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sailed faster we overhauled them about three in the afternoon, and relieved them of further apprehension.

Their ship was the *Charante*, commanded by M. de la Sauzaie. He sent an officer with "naval refreshments," that is *liqueurs*. We had a good laugh over their fright; but had they been enemies they would have had more reason to make fun of us, for they had the decks cleared for action since eight in the morning, and we had not a cannon in position to fire.

At last the fatigues and dangers of the sea are past, and nothing but what is pleasant awaits me. Reverend Father de Lauzon means to send me to the mission of Sault St. Louis, where he himself spent seventeen years. It is the most agreeable and flourishing mission of Canada. The number of Christian Indians there is nearly twelve hundred. I will be with Father la Bretonniere* and a brother.

Father de Gonnor † leaves the Sault, where his services

* Father Jacques Quintin de la Bretonniere was a native of Meaux, and born May 5, 1689. He entered the Society Sept. 20, 1710. He arrived in Canada in 1721 and was appointed to the Iroquois mission of Sault St. Louis, and made his profession of the four vows at that village, Feb. 2, 1726.

In 1728, he acted as chaplain of the Iroquois contingent in M. Marchand de Ligneris' expedition against the Foxes, passing over the present site of the city of Chicago, Aug. 14, 1728. Father Emmanuel Crespel, a Recollet, and a secular priest, François Michel Pellet, attended to the spiritual wants of the remainder of the force.

He acted in the same capacity for a body of 300 Iroquois, forming part of the expedition against the Chickasaws, in the spring of 1739. He died at Quebec, August 1, 1754. *Taorhensere* was the Indian name he bore.

† Father Nicolas de Gonnor belonged to the province of Aquitaine. Born Nov. 19, 1691, he entered the Society Sept. 11, 1710. He came to Canada, in 1725. In 1727, he was sent to the Sioux Mission, and afterwards he was stationed some time at Sault St. Louis. In 1749 he had returned to Quebec, thence he was once more sent to the Sault, where he was superior in 1752. There he remained until 1755, when he was transferred to Montreal, and the following year to Quebec, where he died, Dec. 16, 1759. His Indian name was *S renhiés*.

are not of much use, as he has great difficulty in applying himself to the study of the Iroquois language.

Father Aulneau is to pass the winter at Quebec, there to prepare his examination of the fourth year (of theology). He may next spring set out with an expedition to discover the Western Sea, for the Court is absolutely determined to have concerning it more than mere conjecture.

The French who returned this year from the upper country have informed us that the Indians told them that, eleven hundred leagues from Quebec, there are white people wearing beards who are subjects of a king; that they had horses and other domestic animals. Would they not be Tartars or stragglers from Japan?

The Indians spoke about the French to these nations, and they were delighted to learn that in Canada there was a white nation bearded like themselves. "The French, to all appearance, are our brothers," they said, "and we would like to see them. Invite them to come here among us."

If this story be true, there is there another grand opening for the Gospel. But we cannot count much on the sincerity of the Canadians (Indians) who have spread this report, for there is no country in the world where more lying is done than in Canada.

The war is still carried on against what remains of the Fox nation, and against the other tribes which have taken them under their protection. Father Guignas* was not

* Father Michel Guignas was born at Condom in the present *département* of Gers, France, January 22, 1681. He entered the novitiate of Bordeaux, Dec. 9, 1702. He embarked for Canada in June, 1716. After spending one year at Quebec, he was sent to join Fathers Jean Baptiste Chardon and Joseph Marest, at the Ottawa mission on Lake Michigan. He made his solemn profession of the four vows at St. Ignace, Michilimakinac, on Feb. 2, 1718. Father Guignas accompanied Boucher de La Perrière's expedition to Lake Pepin, where Fort Beauharnois was commenced, May 17, 1727.

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taken, as it was feared, but he has had much to suffer, for nothing can be sent him safely. For two consecutive years the provisions sent him have fallen into the enemy's hands.

Father Deblonfort, whom we expected from the province of Lyons, and who had set out from that city for La Rochelle, has not made his appearance in Canada. We do not know what has become of him. It is surmised that Father de Laneurville has enticed him away to the Mission of the Islands.

We stand, however, in much need of laborers: if a dozen came over next year, we would not have too many. I intend to stir them up in the home province by my letters, so as to have a good levy. I am writing to some of the willing ones among our Jesuits who formerly spoke to me about their vocation to the foreign missions. I am sure that they will have every facility with your Reverence in carrying out their design.

I stand as much in need of your fervent prayers as ever, and earnestly ask you for them. I beg you to believe that I will be for life, with the most profound respect,

Reverend Father, your Reverence's most humble and obedient servant,

NAU, of the Society of Jesus.

Quebec, October 20, 1734.

This was the first post established in Minnesota. The mission bore the name of St. Michael the Archangel. The unsatisfactory issue of the expedition against the Foxes caused it to be abandoned, and while returning with Boucher, the Father was taken by the Kikapous and Maskoutis, August 15, 1728. He was held captive for five months, and was at one time condemned to be burnt at the stake. Dakota and Michilimakinac were the scene of his labors until 1739, when he was transferred to the Saguenay missions in the lower St. Lawrence. From 1740 he resided in the College at Quebec until his death, which occurred on Feb. 6, 1752.



AN APOSTLE OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE historic village of Tadousac is built upon splendid heights, affording the most exquisite prospect. It overlooks the Bay of Tadousac, a safe and pleasant harbor, where ships anchor, even, during the winter months, as the ice rarely grows thick enough to prevent navigation. Into this Bay of Tadousac empties the lovely and mysterious River Saguenay, the deep and silent current of which is swollen by twenty five streams.* It is guarded on either side by rocky mountain slopes. The rocks upon its shore have a fantastic character, being many-shaped and many-hued. Tadousac has preserved, with many varied memories, its ancient church of 1747. Time has dealt gently with the little edifice. It is in excellent condition so as scarcely to suggest that it has stood for a century and a half, overlooking the tranquil bay."

Its history was until 1782 to a great extent the history of the Jesuit missionaries who labored there, and amongst whom were numbered some of the most remarkable men of the Society of Jesus, in Canada. Amongst them all, perhaps the most romantic and picturesque figure is that of the saintly Father Jean Baptiste de La

* Balbi says it is 900 feet deep at its mouth.

Brosse. The charm of this exquisite region throws his fine and ascetic character into strong relief. Those deep and almost inaccessible woods, those mighty hills, the peculiar stillness, tinged with gloom, which overhangs the poetic Saguenay, form for it a fitting background.

Born at Magnat, a hamlet in the parish of Jauldes in Angoumois, April 29, 1724, he entered the Society of Jesus on the 9th October, 1740, in the French Province of Aquitaine. He was ordained February 2nd, 1753. His name first occurs on the catalogue of the French provinces as a Missionary to Canada in 1754. In 1755 he is catalogued as attached to the Abenaqui Mission, probably at Riviere St. Jean, as there is no record of his having ministered during that year at St. François du Lac.

In the autumn of 1755, he went to Petcoudiac and performed the pastoral duties there and at Chipoudy until the following June. The ensuing letters show that Father La Brosse was really in Acadie during those troublous times which have been made the theme of song and story. Abbé Le Guerne, Cure of Acadie and Vicar General for the Bishop of Quebec, wrote as follows:—

“When I arrived at Three Rivers” (in Acadia) “about St. Andrew’s day (Nov. 30, 1755), orders from the General were already received. Each inhabitant was to remain half a league in the depth of the wood, opposite his dwelling. M. Boishebert was ordered to winter at Cocagne with the savages, to be in position to harass the enemy. Father Charles Germain went with him; and *Father La Brosse* went to Petcoudiac and relieved me of that River and of Chipoudy until Easter” (18th April, 1756), “at which time he returned to Quebec.” *

He added, moreover: “I wrote a very long letter to the

* Letter of Mgr. Le Guerne, 1757, published by Mgr. C. O. Gagnon, Quebec, 1889, page 42.

inhabitants of Chipoudy in which I warned them at length of the dangers they ran in remaining in their quarters, which *Father La Brosse* was to explain to them for me. They turned a deaf ear, and what I had predicted happened. The enemy coming at Pentecost, 1756, to Chipoudy, found a score of people working about their huts (their houses had been burnt as well as a beautiful church which I had built), killed two of them, took their scalps and carried off two young men with them whom they had overtaken in their flight." *

Records of baptisms and other documents also attest the presence of the celebrated missionary in those parts.

In an act of the 16th June, 1756, preserved in the Registry of Petcoudiac, *Father La Brosse* testifies that the above acts which had been drawn up between the 16th November, 1755, and the 16th March, 1756, are authentic and to be inserted in the registry of the parishes of Petcoudiac and Chipoudy; and he adds that he discharged the pastoral duties in those regions by the permission of M. Guerne, Curé of Petcoudiac and V. G. for the Bishop of Quebec. †

In fact he exercised the sacred ministry in the chapel at Petcoudiac or in private houses, which were converted into chapels during the war, and in a chapel built by the people of Petcoudiac, who had taken refuge in the woods. *Father La Brosse* also filled various offices in the famous Residence and College at Quebec, the home of many an illustrious confessor and martyr whose name adds a real glory to the annals of those primitive days. He also acted for a time as chaplain to the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, where some years after he reappears preaching at a profession.

There is a record of his own profession of the Four

* *Ibid*, p. 46.

† Notes by Mgr. Gagnon, p. 18

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Vows, which took place on Thursday, Feast of the Purification of our Lady, 1758. At this ceremony the celebrated Father Coquart, his predecessor in the mission of Tadousac, presided as deputy for the superior, Father de Saint Pé.

The years that follow are one long record of missionary work, now at St. François du Lac, now at St. Henri de Mascouche, for a brief space at the Residence in Montreal, and again, according to his own description, as a "missionary priest, serving the parish of St. Laurent, Ile d'Orléans."

He went to Tadousac in 1766, and his name is connected with that interesting region until his death, which occurred there in 1782. Tadousac in the Algonquin language signifies Mamelon. "It is a place full of rocks" says the Jesuit Relation of 1646, "so high that one would say the giants of old who scaled the heavens planted here, their scaling ladders." But as it was full of rocks, it was also full, even at the date of the advent of Father La Brosse, of historic interest. It had been the theatre of many a stirring incident, famous as a trading post, the point of departure for celebrated exploring expeditions, the landing place of the great pioneers, Cartier, Champlain and their co-laborers. Thither as its pastor came Father La Brosse, of whom a Canadian author has thus written: "Father La Brosse, I really believe, was a missionary everywhere, for there is mention of his name on both sides of the Baie des Chaleurs, at Rimouski, on the South coast, at Ile d'Orléans, at Quebec, in the parishes above. He has baptised and confessed Frenchmen, Canadians, Acadians, Irish, English, Scotch, Abenakis, Hurons, Malechites, Micmacs, and above all Algonquins (Montagnais). It was Father La Brosse, again, who converted the first of the Napakis.*

* J. C. Taché, *Forestiers et Voyageurs*, pp. 116-117.

Such was the man, a missionary for thirty-five years in Canada and New Brunswick, whose name remains enshrined at Tadousac, in a halo of local traditions. Half fact, half fancy, numerous legends are told of him, which even when they lack historic truth, are evidence of how beautiful must have been the life which could so have inspired the imagination of the simple people amongst whom his lot was cast. His memory lives in these dim mountains of the Saguenay, on its lovely shore, one might say in the cry of the sea-birds, in the waves that break upon the shore, at Point Rouge, at the Moulin Baude, in the garden of the Jesuits, that once fertile region, now arid and desolate rock.

"The labors accomplished by this zealous missionary during the sixteen years of his apostolate in these remote regions," says the author of a work upon Tadousac,* "are so extraordinary that it might really be supposed that they partook of romance or legend, if the registers of the numerous parishes which he has traversed had not faithfully guarded the traces of his passage."

"If," says the same author, "the Micmacs of Acadia have faithfully preserved in everlasting remembrance the patriarch Maillard, if the ancient Abenaki tribes of Maine still remember the martyr Rasle—the strong race which inhabits the Lower St. Lawrence have not forgotten the Jesuit, Jean Baptiste de La Brosse. Of all the missionaries who have exercised the apostolate in the Saguenay district and the regions of the Gulf, his memory lives in the deepest veneration. His name is to be heard everywhere in the wilds of Lake St. John, on the desolate shores of Labrador, in the flourishing villages which line the river shores from Cacouna to the distant confines of Gaspé and of New Brunswick. The fisher as he mends

* J. E. Roy, *Voyage au Pays du Tadousac*

his nets, the shanty man resting from the hard labor of the day, the mother beside the cradle of her child, the hunter in the long evenings by the watch fire, recount the most marvelous tales of the good Father." In his day, the tribes still came to Tadousac, as Jacques Cartier had seen them there in 1535, and as a century later they had greeted Champlain, the women dancing upon the shore, with streaming hair. The Iroquois and Huron, the Micmac and Etchemen, the Nepakis and Porcupines, came thither to trade with the Algonquins or with the ships coming from France. And amongst these migratory tribes, as well as amongst those indigenous to the soil, Father La Brosse exercised his ministry with indescribable zeal and devotedness, and with a power and persuasiveness which were due to his attractive personality, combining with his saintliness.

Here, in this historic region, where Jacques Cartier had landed, despatching Roberval on his voyage of exploration up the Saguenay, where Champlain had combated the Iroquois, where English and French fleets had landed, whence missionaries and explorers had set out to the wilds of the North-West, Father La Brosse dwelt winter and summer. But far from confining his ministrations to this little village of Tadousac, he ministered at the Islets de Jeremie, where he built a church; at Poquemouche, where he blessed one in honor of St. Michael; at Sept Isles and Ile Verte, where he founded schools; while Trois Pistoles, Cacouna, Rimouski, Baie des Chaleurs, Restigouche, Bonaventure, Caraquette, Nipissing, Niguoak, Richibucto, Tracadie, Bergeron, Chicoutimi and Lake St. John, each preserve tokens of his presence. Baptismal records, certificates of marriage or of burial, were signed with his familiar name. At Ile aux Coudres a large white cross commemorates the first Mass said to have been celebrated there by Father La Brosse.

(To be continued.)

THE LEAGUE AT QUEBEC.



ON Sunday evening, September 4th, a very imposing scene was witnessed in St. Patrick's Church, where 70 new Promoters received the Cross and Diploma of the Holy League from his Grace Archbishop Begin. Before conferring the crosses upon the new Promoters his Grace preached a very eloquent and touching sermon on the League of the Sacred Heart. In choice and forcible language he explained how the Holy See had established a festival in honor of the Sacred Heart, and had also given a special Mass and an office for that feast.

He explained how the Holy League had for its object the perpetual adoration of the Sacred Heart wounded for men: the physical Heart of Jesus wounded on Calvary by the Centurion; and the Spiritual Heart constantly wounded by the sins and ingratitude of those for whose salvation He had suffered and died. "The motives," said his Grace, "which should incite us to devotion and love for this Treasure of treasures is in the first place that greatest of God's Commandments, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. The ardent love of Jesus for us demands a return of love from us. Moreover, Jesus being our model we must imitate His infinite charity.

"The graces and blessings our Saviour has promised to bestow upon those who would strive to spread this devotion, and to make His Heart venerated, should urge us to practice and propagate this most beautiful devotion; which is really the substance of the worship of God.

"Finally, gratitude to that Sacred Heart for its innumerable proofs of charity, gratitude for the life of Christ upon earth, gratitude for His passion and death upon the cross, and gratitude for the institution of His Sacrament

of Love, the Holy Eucharist, should impel us to cherish a great love and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and should urge us to make a return of love for love."

In conclusion, his Grace congratulated the people of St. Patrick's parish in having the League established among them, and exhorted them to be faithful in the practice of the virtues inculcated by the League, for by fidelity in this regard they would draw down upon themselves and their families the blessing of God. He expressed his pleasure in seeing so many of the parish enrolled in the League, and hoped that before long every individual member of St. Patrick's would belong to it.

After the sermon his Grace blessed the Crosses and presented them with the Diplomas to the new promoters, exhorting them at the same time to wear them upon their hearts, that it might ever remind them of the love of Jesus towards them, and of the love they owed to the Sacred Heart in return.

After the Crosses and Diplomas had been distributed, the most Blessed Sacrament was exposed and the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart pronounced by the Rev. Fr. Moloney, C.S.S.R.

His Grace closed the ceremony by giving the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The ceremony all through was very solemn and imposing. The choice and devotional music was excellently rendered by the members of St. Patrick's choir.

The memory of this imposing ceremony will not soon fade from the minds of those who had the pleasure and happiness of being present at it.

The League was inaugurated here about fifteen months ago, and now embraces almost every member of the parish. This is due to the indefatigable zeal and efforts of the Rev. Fr. Oates, and all the Rev. Fathers of St. Patrick's together with the deep interest which all the officers and promoters take in the good work.

IN THANKSGIVING.

GUELPH.—A member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for two special favors obtained by a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

HAMILTON.—For a great favor for which the recipient is very grateful.—A Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for a very special favor.

KINGSTON.—Thanks are returned for a very special temporal favor, after promise to publish if obtained.

MONTREAL.—A promoter tenders his sincere thanks to our dear Lord, through the MESSENGER, for having granted eight or more special favors.—Prayers of the League are requested in thanksgiving for a spiritual favor obtained through the prayers of the League.—For a position obtained for a brother through the Sacred Heart with a promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER.—A lady thanks the Sacred Heart for the miraculous escape of a dear brother from a great accident.—Several other favours not specially determined.

OTTAWA.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of one to his religious duties who had been careless for years.

QUEBEC.—For the recovery of a person who had lost her reason.—For a spiritual and temporal favor asked and received, promising if obtained to acknowledge in the MESSENGER.—Another great temporal favor granted, it is believed, in consideration of the devotion of the person to the Sacred Heart.—Many other favors, spiritual and temporal.

RICHMOND.—A promise was made to acknowledge in the MESSENGER two positions obtained through the prayers of the League last July.

SAULT STE. MARIE.—Two special graces obtained with request to publish in the MESSENGER.

TORONTO.—Pupils of St. John's School thank the Sacred Heart for successful examinations and promotions.—Favors also obtained through the Sacred Heart are gratefully acknowledged by the pupils of St. Paul's School.

WINNIPEG.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for different favors received, with a prayer that many new members may be added to the League.

WOOLER.—A lady wishes to publish in the MESSENGER, according to promise to the Sacred Heart, the success of a critical surgical operation undergone by a friend.

BRIGHTON.—Thanksgiving, from a member of the League for a temporal favor received after a promise to make it known if granted.

Urgent requests for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Montreal, Cacouna, Ottawa, Richmond, Ste. Agathe, Monastery of O. L. of Charity, Parkdale, Kingston, Amherstburg, Penetanguishene, St. Bridget's, Montreal, Galt, St. Joseph's School, Burlington, St., Burlington, Ont., Bassin-du-Lievre, Antigonishe.

The *Liverpool Catholic Times* announces the conversion at Constantinople of the Nestorian patriarch with 1000 of his flock. They have all been received into the Church. The Nestorian schism is the oldest which still counted followers in any considerable number.

INTENTIONS FOR OCTOBER

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

- 1.—S.—*St. Remigius, Bp.* Perseverance in good. 19,577 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—S.—**HOLY ROSARY.** g.† r.f. Devotion to the Rosary. 8,162 in affliction.
- 3.—M.—**HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.** Honor the Angels. 5,559 Deceased Associates.
- 4.—Tu.—*St. Francis Assisi.* p.†. Poverty of Spirit. 19,323 Special.
- 5.—W.—*St. Placidus, M.* Avoid Sadness. 1248 Communities.
- 6.—Th.—*St. Bruno, F.* h†. Recollection. 9,359 First Communions.
- 7.—F.—*St. Mark, P. a.*†.g.†. Fervent H. Communion. 22,052 Departed.
- 8.—S.—*St. Bridget, W.* C.†. Say the Daily Decade. 7,900 Employment.
- 9.—S.—**MATERNITY, B.V.M.** Trust in Our Mother's Love. 2,575 Clergy.
- 10.—M.—*St. Francis Borgia, S. J.* C. Love of the Holy Eucharist. 37,378 Children.
- 11.—Tu.—*St. Germanus, Bp. M.* Mortify self will. 16,137 Families.
- 12.—W.—*St. Maximilian.* Care in daily duties. 51,958 Perseverance.
- 13.—Th.—*St. Edward, King, h†.* Purity of Heart. 4,421 Reconciliations.
- 14.—F.—*St. Callistus, P. M.* Fidelity. 12,979 Spiritual Favors.
- 15.—S.—*St. Teresa V.* pt. Invoke St. Joseph. 9,622 Temporal Favors.
- 16.—S.—**PURITY B.V.M.** Cherish Holy Purity. 16,327 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—M.—*St. Hedwige, W.* Horror of Sin. 11,104 Youth.
- 18.—Tu.—*St. Luke, Evan.* Seek God's will. 2,492 Schools.
- 19.—W.—*St. Peter Alcantara.* Spirit of Penance. 8,808 Sick.
- 20.—Th.—*St. John Cantins, h†.* Love of Prayer. 72 Retreats.
- 21.—F.—*Sts. Ursula and Companions.* Christian Activity. 81 Works Guilds.
- 22.—S.—*St. Mary Salome.* Charitableness. 1,680 Parishes.
- 23.—S.—**MOST HOLY REDEMPTION.** Gratitude for Priceless Gifts. 20,000 Sinners.
- 24.—M.—*St. Raphael, Arc.* Take good advice. 13,921 Parents.
- 25.—Tu.—**BL. MARGARET MARY.** Pray for her canonization. 9,921 Religious.
- 26.—W.—*St. Evarist, P.M.* Revere holy things. 1,525 Novice Seminarians.
- 27.—Th.—*St. Yves, Lawyer, h†.* Think of God's presence. 1,530 Superiors.
- 28.—F.—*Sts. Simon and Jude, h†.* Confidence in God. 3,860 Vocations.
- 29.—S.—*St. Narcissus, Bp.* Seek God's will. 8,597 Promoters.
- 30.—S.—**PATRONAGE B.V.M.** Avoid self-praise. 23,470 Vocations.
- 31.—M.—*St. Quentin, M.* Think of Heaven. The Directors.

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

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