



# THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

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*In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.*

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## MESSENGER ITEMS.

**T**IME and again we have been asked for an emblem of the Holy League which all Associates indiscriminately could wear habitually as an outward badge, as the Scapular of the Sacred Heart is too conspicuous a badge for every-day use, though—and it must be well understood—it still remains the official and distinctive mark of membership at all the church ceremonies of the League.

This very reasonable request has been taken into consideration all the more willingly as we are fully persuaded of the paramount advantages offered by such insignia as a means of mutual recognition among members, otherwise strangers, in a great city or when abroad.

Such emblems have become now-a-days all but an absolute necessity. Societies inimical to Catholic interests use them as a lure to increase their membership. Mutual aid and benevolent societies have each their distinctive emblem, and at last, we are glad to be able to make the announcement, our Associates are to have theirs which yields to none other in beauty of design and finish, and, what is of great importance, in durability.

The emblem of the Apostleship is a Greek cross, three quarters of a inch in size, the four branches being of equal length. The rim, design and inscriptions are in relief, and are the only parts of the metal which show, but as the depressions are filled in with enamel, the emblem presents an even surface. Care has been taken to braze the ring of the cross for greater security.

The main feature on the obverse side is the well-known representation of the Sacred Heart, the outlines and surrounding rays are in metal, filled in with red enamel for the heart and flame, and green enamel fills the depressions of the crown of thorns. The background is of white enamel, with the latin inscription in metal, "Adveniat Regnum Tuum," *Thy Kingdom come.* A metal and blue enamel fillet follows the contour of the cross and separates the white enamel from the *bordure*. The colors do not clash, as gold, white and red predominate.

On the reverse the enamel is all blue with a fillet in metal and the latin inscription: "Apostolatus SS. Cordis Jesu," *Apostleship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.\**

It is needless to add that the coloring of the enamel never fades nor does its vitrified surface wear away, so that the emblem is always presentable, and after being worn for years will certainly be as attractive as the day it was first put on.

Local Treasurers will please bear in mind that this badge is intended for members only, consequently they will never order them for others who might wish to wear them as triukets.

Of course, Promoters will understand that they may be worn together with the special badge of their office, the Promoter's Cross.

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\* See last page of cover.

No Associate, eager to enter fully into the spirit of his devotion of predilection, will have failed to remark that the month of the Sacred Heart opens with the feast of Corpus Christi. This Eucharistic gift of our Lord's fondness for man, whom His Heart loved with an unspeakable love, is at the same time the pledge of His friendship here below and an earnest of the glorious recompense in heaven which He holds out to the devoted souls who labor on earth to extend His Kingdom. On that day, the Novena preparatory to the feast of the Sacred Heart will begin, and will no doubt impart its own special character of confiding intimacy to the whole of this month of blessings.

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Local Directors, Promoters and Associates will be mindful that it is during the month of June that the solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart is renewed. The time chosen for this renewal is either in the morning at a Mass of General Communion, or in the evening during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Promoters wearing ostensibly their crosses at this ceremony gain a plenary indulgence. The semi-annual reception of new Promoters is generally held in the evening, and should be accompanied with as much pomp and ceremony as the circumstances of time and place will permit.

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Correspondents will kindly bear in mind that, in spite of our most earnest desire to satisfy all demands, it is often impossible for us to answer them or to fill their orders *by return of mail*. We are kept busy in their service from morning to night, and are obliged to adhere strictly to the familiar rule in business of *first come first served*. The only deviation permissible is when the order comes from a very remote centre and the materials are needed for some impending and important ceremony.



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE.

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

### CHRISTIAN FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

Substantially, the Christian family is made up of the father and the mother cordially and strenuously co-operating in the all-important work of bringing up their children and of rendering them worthy of the ultimate designs of God in their creation. These combined efforts of father and mother should result for their children in the possession of God in heaven,—the one great object of all our hope. The sublimity of this mission of Christian parents with regard to those confided to their care is apparent to anyone, enlightened by faith, who reflects upon the function of the least of the elect in heaven, and considers the increase of accidental glory secured thereby to the holy and august Trinity, and the corresponding increase of splendor and eternal joy for the father and mother who have been the cause for that one of the elect of such transcending happiness.

But even in this world there is no happiness, if we except that of souls consecrated entirely to God in the priesthood or religion, comparable to the very real happiness of the truly Christian father or mother.

And finally, from a social point of view, ever excepting the religious and the priest, nowhere do we find influence and action so necessary and powerful as the parental in

securing the prosperity and aggrandizement of earthly commonwealths. What could even the pastors of Holy Church effect in behalf of those cherished little ones of Christ, the hope of future days, should parents, through want of foresight or some reprehensible motive, give them over body and soul to be trained up in godless schools or in those where their religion or their morals are endangered?

But it would be asking but too little of fathers and mothers to require of them that they should not, in imitation of Judas who sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, sacrifice the eternal welfare of their children for some wordly advantage howsoever precious it may seem to them. Something more is required. It is their bounden duty to form before all in the domestic sanctuary, their Christian home, true children of God, animated consequently with a lively faith, a firm hope and a generous love of God and of their fellow-men.

To acquit themselves of such a task, it requires but a moment's consideration to see in what urgent need fathers and mothers of families stand, especially in our own times, of exceptional graces from the Heart of our Lord, and of the fervent prayers of His faithful servants.

Now, on the working out of this noble mission, if they would achieve success, both father and mother must bring to bear the concerted action of their threefold apostleship of prayer, word and example; but over and above, they have each well defined duties with which they should first make themselves acquainted and then accomplish faithfully.

Energy in the exercise of his authority is the prime requisite in the father. He himself should first inculcate the leading principles of sound sense, probity, morality and faith. He should in the second place govern with a firm hand, and, when necessary, chide and correct with moderation doubtless, but without weakening.

What should predominate in the Christian mother is, on the one hand, that entire self-sacrifice which her beautiful vocation calls for ; it should be proof against every trial, and it should exercise itself in the constantly recurring cares, vexations and anxieties of every-day life ; and, on the other, that unalterable sweetness of disposition which harmonizes so well with her character of spouse and mother, tempering, if you will, paternal authority, but seconding it when needful, and even supplementing it when found deficient.

In a word, both father and mother, if they wish to be worthy of their responsible and heaven-ordained mission, must keep constantly before their eyes the admirable examples of the house of Nazareth, the divine ideal of the Christian family ; and sustained by the united prayers of all the members of the Holy League they must endeavor to derive all the advantages possible from the succor afforded them so bounteously nowadays by the most providential of all devotions, that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

PRAYER.

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



## A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.



OD'S ways are not our ways". Many times have we heard this said ; many times perhaps have we given utterance to this old truth without realizing the full import of it.

But, to those of us who are on the down slope of life, and given to occasional retrospection, how clear it all seems : the tender ways, so different from all our planning, by which God's dear Providence has furthered our highest and best interests. In chance acquaintances, in seemingly trivial incidents, yes, even in painful trials and sore crosses lay hidden God's blessings for us.

When the strange young lady, so pale, so gentlemaned, so retiring, succeeded in obtaining the position of teacher in the form next above mine, in the principal school in our town, a position for which I also had made application, I felt wickedly resentful, felt that I could almost hate her. Little did I dream that she, under God, was to be the means of bringing to me the greatest happiness of my life, that I should look upon that day as blessed when she was preferred to me. Truly, God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts.

Let me begin by the beginning. Around the blazing hearth in a cosy, old-fashioned sitting-room are gathered four young persons. On the right is May Earle, the

winsome young daughter of the house. That grave, grey-haired man seated by the table under the chandelier, absorbed in his evening paper, is her father, Judge Earle. Seated next to May is her orphaned cousin, Helen Earle, brought up from her babyhood by her uncle; she is betrothed to Mr. Clive, a prominent young lawyer. That is he seated on the left side of the grate, and laughing at May's merry chat. Next to Helen is Charley, her cousin, and May's brother.

May resumes the conversation which we interrupted to introduce them to the reader. "I shall die of dullness, of moping before Lent is out. Parties, the opera, the theatre, all interdicted by society's *fiat*. I have a half notion to turn Catholic and keep Lent in good earnest. I despise this aping of Catholic practice."

Here let me remark for the benefit of the inexperienced reader that among Protestants of the higher social grades it is not considered *good form* to attend public amusements during Lent.

"Then you acknowledge, May, that your observance of this point of the penitential code springs from a *social* and not from a *religious* motive," Charley said with mock gravity.

"Here I come, like knight of old, to the rescue of lady fair," said Mr. Clive, with a merry laugh. "You can be entertained this evening, and be at the same time in harmony with the sombre spirit of—the season, I was about to say, but there is a mocking look in Miss May's eye, so I shall say, *in touch with the tone of society*. There is what Catholics call a 'mission' in progress at St. Peter's Church. I have heard that a star orator preaches there to night. Let us go and hear him, and be intellectually feasted. The service begins at half-past seven, it is now within a quarter of seven. Shall we go?"

"Splendid, my knight!" cried May, springing up. "Come, Helen, come, Charley, and be converted from the error of your ways."

"What does uncle say?" questioned Helen; for he seemed oblivious of their presence. But Helen knew that he always evinced a bitter hatred for all things Catholic, and fancied the proposal would not be to his liking.

"Perhaps it is better to go than have May die of *ennui*," he said, smiling at his bright-faced daughter.

Soon the young people were equipped for their walk, and chatted merrily till they reached St. Peter's. The church was packed, but a courteous usher found a pew in full view of the pulpit for our party. A priest, surrounded by altar boys, was kneeling in the sanctuary, and reciting, as our friends seated themselves, the last decade of the Sorrowful Mysteries, for it was Friday in Passion week. A few moments after, another priest entered the sanctuary, knelt a brief space in prayer, then proceeded to the pulpit.

Those who heard that thrilling sermon years after spoke with emotion of its soul-moving, soul-enlightening effect. 'Twas a picture painted by a master-hand, each eloquent sentence a stroke of magnificent power and matchless beauty; a picture of a woe-worn, broken-hearted Mother, standing underneath the blood-stained Cross on which her Son was dying, dying for the world's redemption. The stillness of death reigned over the vast, awe-stricken congregation while that magic voice detailed every anguish that rent that Mother's soul on that day of days when we were purchased at such a tremendous price.

The preacher showed the reasonableness of our hope in her intercession, its perfect harmony with the Gospel teaching, and that far from being derogatory to the

honor of the "One Mediator," it was a true expression of our love, our profound veneration for Him, a proof of our loyal worship.

One woman sat with her face as white as snow, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously, and biting her lips to still their quivering, while the divinely tragic story of that woman "blessed among women" was related as she had never heard it or even thought of it before.

Helen Earle was moved to her heart's core, and when the preacher descended from the pulpit and opened the tabernacle door, she sank on her knees and remained thus with her face buried in her hands till the Benediction service was over. *The others sat rigidly.*

When the congregation began to file out, she lifted her face, which showed that she had felt the sorrows of the Mother of Sorrows, and with her company quitted the church.

The walk home was singularly silent. As soon as they entered the hall the young ladies pleading weariness bade the gentlemen "good night," and all retired to their several apartments. But May followed Helen to her room. "I can't sleep," she said. "Let us chat a while. Oh, Helen, wasn't he splendid! I almost thought the Catholics were not so wrong after all in their worship of the Virgin."

"But they do not worship her, May," Helen replied. "I think he proved that conclusively. I see nothing but what is beautiful and consoling in the Catholic view of the Blessed Virgin." May gave a little start as Helen used that un-Protestant epithet *blessed*. "And then, oh, May, how can Protestants ignore her, much less deride her, the Mother at the foot of the Cross" and the tears rose in Helen's eyes,

"O let's go to bed!" broke in May rather inconsis-

tently, and bidding each other "good-night" they separated. That night was the beginning of a new era in Helen Earle's life.

Those around noticed no change. Exteriorly she was the same, except a shade graver, and this no one remarked. But May was watchful and uneasy, and about a month after their visit to St. Peter's she one day led the conversation to the sermon given that night.

"Have you thought of it since, Helen?" she asked. "It has been running through my head often. If there had been as much logic in it as there was eloquence I should be a half Catholic by this time," and May gave a keen glance at Helen.

"To my mind there was logic in it, unanswerable logic. I have ever since been trying to prove it unreasonable, and have failed signally," Helen gravely said.

May broke into a laugh that had a bitter ring in it. "So you could find no answer, my brave doctor of divinity. Don't try theology, Helen, I beg. I shall ask Mr. Clive to present you with a rosary, and you can murmur *aves* without caring if they be reasonable or religious." And again May laughed her discordant laugh.

A burning flush swept over Helen's face, but she spoke gently. "Why should we not honor the Mother of Christ, who, after all, was so intimately associated with Him? Surely, she could not be in such close connection with the all-holy Son of God without becoming, were she not so already, the purest and most perfect of creatures. I am not a theologian, it is true, May, but to think disparagingly of the Mother of my Saviour, to look upon her as an ordinarily good woman is no longer possible for me. I should feel that in so considering her I was offering a direct insult to the sanctity of Christ. I cannot but marvel now at the dullness of mind

and heart which prevented my seeing long since the self-evident proof of Catholic teaching regarding her."

"The dullness of which you speak is so dense in my case," May said hotly, "that it cannot be so far dissipated as to lead me to place the Mother above the Son, and look to her alone for my salvation."

"Are you sure, dear, that Catholics do so?" Helen quietly asked. "That sermon proved the contrary, proved it conclusively. Why are we so ridiculously unjust as to pretend that we can understand and explain Catholic belief better than Catholics themselves can?"

"Oh, if you are determined to become a Catholic, I have nothing further to say; but I did not think you were so weak-minded as to renounce your faith in God at the word of a wily Jesuit, nor would I have believed that you could be induced to dishonor the teaching of those who instructed you from your cradle."

"May!" Helen exclaimed, her voice breaking in painful tremors. "You are what I never knew you to be before,— unjust and cruel. How dare you say I renounce my faith in God because I am determined henceforth to honor her whom Scripture says: 'All nations shall call blessed!' If God so honored her as to choose her to be the Mother of His Son, if His ambassador saluted her as full of grace, can I be very wrong in revering her? Even our Protestant poet has styled her 'our tainted nature's solitary boast.' I pray God to direct me in this matter, for I would sooner die than give to any creature one jot or one tittle of the honor or the love due to the Creator alone. Neither shall I dishonor those to whom I owe so much. Oh, May! how could you?" and Helen's tears broke into a bitter flood.

At once May's arms were around her. "Forgive me, dear Helen; 'twas my love for you that spoke. A change of religion would be for you the direst misfortune. It

would break papa's heart, he is so proud of you. And then Mr. Clive,—imagine! Oh, let us never mention this subject again! Let us never even think of it."

"Well, dear," Helen said, "we shall not speak of it." But she did not say she would not think of it.

Earnestly did she implore God to direct her, and with many tears besought Him to remove from her mind this new born conviction if it was against His honor or true worship. But, as she afterwards declared, the more she prayed the more convinced did she become of the reasonableness of this devotion to the Blessed Virgin. She consulted no one, but she procured from Catholic book-sellers such works as explained Catholic devotion, practices and doctrine. These she studied prayerfully for one year, examining also during that time what Protestant writers had said on the various controverted points. While this research was in progress she attended regularly the service in her own church, and identified herself with every charitable work in connection with it, so that her uncle said laughingly she was training to be the wife of a grave minister rather than of a gay, young lawyer, and May was satisfied that Helen's crotchet, as she termed it, had melted away. "Helen is emotional," thought she "She saw in this Catholic teaching, as portrayed by that dangerously eloquent priest, a sweetness, a beauty that commended itself to her poetic mind. The Madonna of the poet and the artist, the halo of pathos and loveliness they have thrown around her captivated Helen's ardent imagination; but sentiment is not reason, and her good judgment has put the fancy to flight."

Meantime Helen had found that not alone was Catholic devotion to the Mother of God proved reasonable and in perfect conformity with Holy Scripture, but also that every point heretofore looked upon by her as mere superstition was truly Scriptural, honorable to God, and

satisfying to the soul's cravings. She must speak out now; to delay longer would be criminal. After a few days of fervent prayer for strength, with many ardent petitions to her newly-found Mother in Heaven, Helen asked her uncle one morning to give her a private interview. He smiled into the grave, pale face turned towards him, and led the way to his study, believing that she had something to say of her approaching marriage. He placed a chair for her, and seated himself beside her, but bounded from his seat when Helen without preamble said, "Uncle, I am a Catholic."

"She is mad!" was his first swift thought. "Helen, child, what ails you?" he asked, calming himself by a strong effort. "What wild talk is this?"

One swift cry of the heart to God for aid, then Helen told her story, with many choking pauses, but still firmly on to the end. He did not interrupt her once, but sat as if turned to stone, till she had finished. "Have you done?" he asked hoarsely. He knew now she was not mad; he would have preferred madness. "Go to your room, girl," and rising, he led her to the door and thrust her out. Then a messenger was sent in haste for Mr. Clive. When he arrived, the family was summoned to the library. The scene that followed could not well be described. Tears, threats, fondest caresses, mockery, tender entreaties were tried, each in turn, on the quivering heart of the young martyr—for martyr she was by the cruel torture and rending of her heart's fondest affections; the axe of the executioner would have been mild by comparison.

"I cannot be other than I am,—a Catholic," was her final declaration.

"Let me pass, Judge, I can hold no further conversation with an apostate," cried Mr. Clive, and rushed from the room.

Judge Earle knew that further expostulation was useless, he saw it in Helen's deeply white but resolute face. He would say no more. He would act.

Next day Helen's effects were ordered to be packed, the family forbidden to hold any intercourse with her, and on the second day her uncle handed her a check for three hundred dollars, and bade her go, whither she knew not, and he cared not. Her tearful entreaty to see May was sternly refused. Providence directed her to the city of B—, where she found in the pastor of one of the parishes a friend and guide. The Sisters offered her a home, and with them she remained till her course of religious instruction was finished. Her reading and her clear mind had already prepared her well, and on the last morning of May, Helen Earle received, in the Convent chapel, her first Holy Communion.

"I am ready now, Father," she said that day to Father G—; "ready to face the world and earn my bread. How cheaply, after all, have I purchased this vast happiness," and Helen's face glowed. She remained with the Sisters until the close of the summer vacation, when, backed by her credentials from the college whence she was graduated, she succeeded in obtaining the situation which I so much desired to obtain. For I, too, was an orphan, and single-handed had to make my way in the world, and provide moreover for a crippled little brother solely dependent on me. Two hundred dollars extra in salary meant a fortune for me in those days. But Miss Earle, as I have said, was preferred to me, though she knew nothing of my applying for the position, and I was much chagrined. Why was a stranger and, unlike myself, a Catholic given the preference? It was inexplicable then. It is clear to me now. God ordained it for my greater good.

All the other teachers—there were nine in that school—

liked her from the start, though they knew her to be a Catholic, and an ardent one. I alone disliked her, and took no pains to conceal my dislike. But she was ever gentle, ever courteous.

At the beginning of the summer vacation, just one year after Miss Earle became a teacher in our school, Ben, my little brother, fell ill. Scarlet fever in its worst form, the doctor said. Then Helen Earle came to me when others fell away. "Let me stay with you and help to nurse your brother," she said.

"But your friends, what will they think?" I was too astonished to say any more, and I was touched to the heart by her unselfish kindness.

"I have no friends, no home," she answered sadly. She begged me to let her share my burden, and Benny, who had taken a fancy to her, cried to have her stay, and I, humiliated indeed, consented.

So it was while with me nursing Benny back to life that she told me her story. But never a word of reproach did she utter against those who had thrust her out into the cold world alone.

"I do not blame them," she said; "they could not see what was so plain to me. They felt I had disgraced them and, most painful of all to me, that I was ungrateful for all their care and love. That is the hardest part to bear. For the rest, I am satisfied, more than satisfied. God has given me, undeserving as I am, the gift of faith. My life will be too short to thank Him for that priceless boon."

The September term began. Miss Earle and I returned to our classes. Ungenerous that I was, I still doubted, and set myself to watch her. "There must be a flaw somewhere," I thought. But no, she was consistency itself. Ever earnest and painstaking in her class-work, ever gentle in word and manner, ever enthusiastically

devoted to her religion, and, I found that out too, ever the friend and consoler of all who came within her sphere of influence and needed help or pity; the poor found her slender purse ever open for them; and all this done so quietly, so unobtrusively.

"Helen," I said to her one day,—she had asked me to call her so,—“tell me something of your religion.” So Helen Earle became my teacher in that grandest of all sciences, the study of the Catholic faith, and finally knelt by me at the altar on the happy morning of my First Communion. And thus it was that though Helen Earle took from me, though unwittingly, the place I coveted, she brought to me the assured hope and means of obtaining the highest position to which mortal ambition can aspire—even a place in the Home of God.

E. R.

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## THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.

 HE chapel is bright with its myriad tapers,  
The fairest and freshest of blooms are there:  
High o'er the altar, the incense vapors  
Float thro' the hush of the perfumed air.  
The sweet-voiced choir cease their singing,  
Resplendent rays from the monstrance dart,  
And the bell of the Benediction ringing  
Hallows the feast of the Sacred Heart.

O dear, dear feast! we have watched thy coming  
Thro' the long, glad days of this golden June,  
While the birds sang clear, and the bees were  
humming

Over the flower-beds, morn and noon.  
From the sunrise-glow till the stars were burning  
Like glittering lamps in the summer skies,—  
Our hearts to the great Heart ever turning  
Longed for Its feast with prayers and sighs

Welcome, O day of supreme salvation !  
 Welcome, acceptable time of grace !  
 Beautiful hour of love's reparation,  
     Hither, dear souls, to the light of His face.  
 Haste, while ye may,—'tis a pitiless craven  
     That sports with the pleadings of Infinite  
Love ;—  
*Cras, cras*, is the cry of the raven,  
*Nunc, nunc*, is the note of the dove.

What tho' the spirit be steeped in sorrow ?  
 What tho' the soul be heavy with sin ?  
 To-day, if we call, He will hear ; to-morrow,  
     His Heart may be closed, would we enter in—  
 Swift from the fetters of hell He frees us,  
     Washing as white as snowiest fleece ;  
 Deep in the glorious Heart of our Jesus,  
     Grief is forgotten, and all is peace !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

### R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the following deceased members :— Miss Rose McNally, Promoter, and Mr. Trihey, Associate, both of Montreal. Mrs. Mary O'Beirn, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Miss Elizabeth Doris and Miss Ellen Clarke of Peterborough ; Mrs. John Baine of Hamilton ; Mrs. Donald McKinnon, Mr. Bradley Fitzpatrick of Moncton, N.B., Miss Sarah Ann McDonald of Prescott, Mr. James Barry of Ottawa, and Mrs. John Wright. The latter died on the first Friday of April.



## HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

**A** LOVELY, balmy morning towards the close of June. The garden fronting St. Joseph's Hospital is aglow with hundreds of rich hued roses that fling their fragrance through the opened windows as if they sympathized with the white-faced sick lying in the neighboring wards, and would fain soothe their sufferings.

Good Doctor W.—has just finished his morning visit to the patients, and is now in the dispensary writing out fresh prescriptions and giving directions to Sister Celestine, the dispenser and infirmarian-in-chief.

“All our patients are doing well,” he says, looking up from his writing, “and it could not easily be otherwise, the air here is, of itself, almost sufficient to make disease fly. By the way, has Mother Superior told you that I shall send a new patient this afternoon?”

“Yes,” Sister Celestine answers; “the adjoining room is prepared for her. You wished to give the lady a room with an eastern prospect, did you not, Doctor?”

“Yes,” the Doctor says; “plenty of sunlight, with the breath of the roses, will have a beneficial effect. The lady is not an ordinary patient in any sense. I can find no actual disease; there is a general spiritlessness,—a gloom, I may call it,—and a debility that may develop into something serious, if not soon cured. She was, until a

week ago, engaged in teaching school here, a business of all the most destructive of health. The School-Board readily gave her leave of absence, being anxious to see her health restored, for she is an excellent teacher. She is certainly a lady of much refinement. You must help me to rebuild her health, Sister."

"Surely, Doctor, we shall do all we can for the young lady," Sister makes reply, with just a little note of surprise in her tone, caused by the Doctor's unusual communicativeness as well as unusual injunction.

"The fact is," the Doctor continues, with a constrained smile, "she objected very strongly to coming here. Some foolish prejudice, or a little touch of bigotry, that will vanish before she has been here a week. I have told you all this, Sister, that you may know better how to treat with your patient."

"Thank you, Doctor; I shall do all in my power for the lady's health and comfort."

In the evening Sister Celestine was summoned to the reception-room. She entered it to see Doctor W.—and with him a very pale young lady with regular features, clear brown eyes, and a mouth and chin that spoke of a decided will. The face was intellectual rather than good-looking, but very attractive.

"Sister Celestine, allow me to introduce to you Miss Archer," the Doctor said. "You are to bring back Miss Archer's vanished roses, Sister."

A crimson tide swept over the pale face, the only indication of any inward trepidation, for she returned Sister's salutation quietly and gracefully.

"I shall show you to your room now if you wish, Miss Archer," Sister said.

"Thank you," was the brief reply.

A pleasant room it was, large, bright and cool; a bed with snowy drapery, a writing desk, an invalid's chair, a

table on which was a freshly gathered bouquet of roses, a picture of the Sacred Heart hung above the bed, and facing it, that blessed emblem of love and hope, a crucifix; these with a few other articles made up the furniture of the room. Miss Archer did not seem to notice anything, but sank wearily into the nearest chair. A week passed. The patient, though perfectly polite and seemingly thankful for Sister's unremitting and delicately tendered attentions, wrapped herself in a deep reserve, and made no advance towards friendliness.

More than once Sister noticed traces of tears upon her face, and was so touched by the patient's evident unhappiness that she asked the Superior to begin a novena for her and to place a lighted lamp before a picture of the Sacred Heart which was in the dispensary. The whole community joined in the novena, which was finished on the first Friday of July. Sister Celestine was busy that day in the dispensary—cupboards, bottles, jars, etc., were being cleaned and re-arranged. She was in the midst of her work when a timid knock sounded on the door leading into Miss Archer's room. Going to open it, Sister was not a little surprised to find Miss Archer on the doorstep, who, blushing violently, said, "You are busy to day, Sister; may I help you?" An unspoken thanksgiving flew from Sister Celestine's heart to the Heart of Jesus. Miss Archer was warmly welcomed, and at once some light work, pasting fresh labels on bottles, was given her.

The constraint which Miss Archer showed at first melted before Sister's cheery, cordial manner. The red flame in the lamp seemed to Sister to glow more brightly and the benign face in the picture to look down more lovingly. Presently Sister, looking up to the clock, said, "I must leave you now, Miss Archer; our prayer-bell will ring in a few minutes. If you are not tired will you

paste these few clippings in my scrap-album?" producing them as she spoke. "I give myself this relaxation sometimes when I am free from other work," she said. "I have not a choice collection, just little articles which struck my fancy more for the sentiment expressed than for the manner of its expression."

"I shall find this pleasant work; may I read your collection, Sister?" Miss Archer questioned.

"Certainly," Sister answered; and the bell ringing out its call she hastened away. When she returned, she found Miss Archer with her head upon the table, sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter?" Sister cried, in quick alarm; then added hastily: "I should not have permitted you to remain so long; you have exhausted yourself."

"No, no, Sister," the patient said, in a gasping voice; "but your book has said to me what conscience often tried to say, but I silenced it, I killed it," and she laid her hand on the opened page, where the astonished Sister saw that what had so powerfully excited her was the following little poem on "The Long Ago," written probably by one who found that life is not all sunshine and that the only true happiness comes from being at peace with God:—

Sometimes when our very hearts grow tired  
 Of the wearying cares of life,  
 When our hopes are dead and our joys all fled,  
 And sorrow and sin are rife,  
 When each to-day brings an added pain,  
 Each to-morrow seems fraught with woe,  
 Then with aching hearts and burning tears,  
 We gaze through the gathered mist of years  
 On the scenes of the "Long Ago."

To-night my thoughts have wandered far  
    Back through the shadowy past,  
To its days so fair, its joys so rare—  
    Too joyous and bright to last.  
But mid all the scenes of childhood's years,  
    There is one which stands apart,  
'Tis guarded with love that never dies,  
'Tis endeared to my heart by a thousand ties,  
'Tis a shrine of the Sacred Heart.

'Twas an humble chapel, poor and plain,  
    Away from the haunts of men ;  
But I found there peace and heavenly grace  
    I never may know again.  
At the morning Mass I knelt to pray  
    Before that lowly shrine,  
And to ask our Lord to hide me there,  
Away from woe, and sin, and care,  
    i His wounded Heart Divine.

And somehow it seemed to my childish faith,  
    That my simple prayers were heard.  
And all the day, while at work or play,  
    Strange joys my young heart stirred ;  
And then when the busy day was done,  
    And the evening shadows fell,  
I would come to kneel 'neath the lamp's faint light,  
And whisper a childish, though fond good-night,  
    To the Heart I loved so well.

The years sped on ; Time's golden chain  
    Grew shorter link by link ;  
As the days whirled by, in my pride and joy.  
    I had no wish to think  
Of that faithful, patient Heart so true,

Burning with love untold.  
 And I heeded not that He waited there  
 In His altar-prison, year by year,  
 For my love had waxed faint and cold.

But I have found that the fairest morn  
 The darkest night can know,  
 That earth's false joys bring tear-dimmed eyes,  
 And hearts o'erwhelmed with woe.  
 And I feel that the brightest, happiest hours  
 My life can ever know  
 Were those I spent in that for-off shrine,  
 When I wispered each thought to the Heart Divine,  
 In the beautiful "Long Ago."

"Why, Miss Archer, are you?——do you?——" and Sister Celestine stopped in bewilderment, but Miss Archer cried out piteously, "Do not reproach me, Sister, do not despise me, I am a Catholic!"

"Child!" was all the astounded Sister could say. But in a moment she recollected herself. "Come," she said, "this excitement is exceedingly bad for you," and she drew her patient gently back to her room.

"Let me tell you, Sister, tell you all my degradation."

"Not now, dear," Sister said gently, and unbinding the girl's hair, she proceeded to smoothe its disordered masses and to bathe the burning hands and face: Next, she firmly insisted on the patient's lying down, then she administered a sedative; "I shall be up all night attending a patient, and shall remain a time with you if you are wakeful," Sister said.

This is the story Sister Celestine heard that night:—

"My father was an English physician, a Catholic though not a very practical one. My mother died when I was only seven years. I was their only child.

Their indulgent affection for me strengthened a will naturally obstinate. Two years after my mother's death I was sent to be educated at a convent in a distant city. The Sisters did all that was possible to correct my wayward disposition. I made rapid advances in my studies, and shamed by the kindness of my teachers I labored sincerely, if intermittingly, to correct my proud, obstinate spirit. Many times I shed repentant tears before the altar of the Sacred Heart after I had given way to a fit of obstinacy, and many times did I promise there that I would endeavor to become meek and humble of heart. Despite my unruly temper, I was happy there. I have known neither peace nor happiness since. How could I, a traitor to God, expect either? When I was sixteen, my father married a widow, a Protestant. She had one child, a girl one year older than I was.

"When I came home at the usual vacations, my step-mother showed me particular affection. But I saw with bitter pain that I was now only second in my father's affection, saw, too, that the woman he had married was worldly and extravagant and thoroughly selfish. Of course, I dared not even hint at my fears. When I was eighteen, I had finished my school-life and came home, but it was no longer home for me. Had I followed the teaching of the Sisters and sought for patience and courage where alone they can be found, all might have been better, and for a time I did so, but the constant irritation to which I was subjected, backed by my perverse nature, made my life miserable.

"When Doctor K.—, my father's partner, a Protestant, made me an offer of marriage, I unhesitatingly accepted him, though I had many misgivings as to the rightness of so doing. My father was well pleased. Doctor K.— stood high in his profession, and was reputed very wealthy. A few months after, my father died quite

unexpectedly. A short time before he died he said to me, 'I have left you merely what will procure your marriage outfit, Doctor K—is wealthy, your future is secured. Are you satisfied?' 'Perfectly satisfied, father,' I said.

"My step-mother showed herself gentler towards me, but, would you believe it possible, Sister? my father was not dead more than a month when I saw that she had set herself to draw Doctor K — from his allegiance to me and transfer his regard to her daughter.

"'She shall not,' was my unspoken determination. 'She stole my father from me, that was enough.' I shall not detail to you, Sister, the line of conduct she pursued to gain her end, but I shall tell you, for my shame, that to please Doctor K—I accompanied him to his church when he asked me, threw aside my religious duties at his word, and listen, Sister, before the year was out he had married my step-mother's daughter, and I had fled from my father's house. The money designed to purchase my trousseau kept me from want until I obtained a position in this city, miles and miles away from my early home. 'Tis seven years since my father's death, seven years of apostacy, seven years of horror, of unrest by day and by night. I did not relent, but steeled my heart against God, as if He were to blame for my miserable treason. O Sister, Sister, what am I to do?"

"Child, what are you to do but go back to God and find Him what your faith long since told you He ever is,—the God of mercy. Come, the Sacred Heart is waiting," and rising, she drew the weeping girl into the chapel. The faithful lamp shed its soft, faint light on the altar where the Sacred Heart waited to welcome back the poor, erring wanderer. Prone on the floor she fell, and sobbed out her sorrow and her shame, while Sister Celestine, weeping also, knelt at our Lady's altar to implore the sweet intercession of the "Refuge of Sinners."

The words of Saint Teresa came to Sister Celestine's mind as she looked at the prostrate form mourning in bitterness of soul before the Heart she had outraged: "I grew tired of offending His Majesty before He grew tired of forgiving me."

O changeless love of the Sacred Heart, how is it that we ever forget Thee?

Miss Archer stayed with the Sisters until Christmas, when, feeling fully restored to health in mind and body, a situation was obtained for her in a Separate School in the peaceful country. There she labored for some years, edifying all who conversed with her, unobtrusively though ardently pious, gentle, silent, humble, the dark, proud spirit had gone from her forever.

At length her health broke down utterly and she returned to the Sisters. "I have come to die," she said to Sister Celestine. "I cannot but believe that God who showed me such mercy here will give me here the last and greatest of all mercies,—a happy death." In a few months that grace of graces was vouchsafed her, and the Heart of Jesus once again verified the promise made of old to Blessed Margaret Mary:

"Sinners shall find in my Heart an ocean of infinite mercy."

TERESE.

### TREASURY, JUNE, 1893.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity,.....	\$8,022	Works of charity,..	39,515
Beads,.....	227,227	Works of zeal,.....	55,617
Stations of the Cross	213,132	Prayers,.....	1,102,100
Holy Communions,..	\$4,503	Charitable conversa-	
Spiritual Commu-		tions,.....	325,130
nions,.....	988,414	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions,.....	23,405
conscience,.....	27,541	Self-conquests,.....	227,228
Hours of labor,.....	403,389	Visits to Blessed	
Hours of silence,....	467,880	Sacrament .....	486,693
Pious reading,.....	20,724	Other good works,..	763,776
Masses celebrated,..	64,256		
Masses heard,.....	59,088		
Mortifications,.....	4,000		
		Total.....	5,671,640

IN MEMORIAM.

ROSIE McNALLY.

Promoter of the Sacred Heart League, D. April 23, 1893.

I say to you "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

Thank God, oh ! grieving heart, that so at rest  
She lies at last with tired eyelids closed,  
And patient hands meek folded on her breast.

Dear eyes, so weary once with eager striving  
To peer beyond the morrow of our night,  
Straining in vain to pierce death's thickening shadows,—  
Open at last on everlasting light !

Dear empty hands, and yet I know in heaven  
God gives them back their store of other years,  
Love's roses crimsoned with the blood of Jesus,  
Heart's passion-flowers dewed with Mary's tears.

Why murmur that life joyous beckoned to her  
Through all these weary weeks ? For, patient grown,  
Beneath the shadow of the Cross she lingered,  
And prayed : "God's will be done and His alone !"

"But oh ! to live and of His cup drink deeper,  
To wear His crown and tread the path He trod ;  
Yet oh ! to die ; for what is death but living  
Forever in the loving Heart of God ?"

Oh ! grieving heart, God's gift is life eternal,  
'Tis hers, for gathered to the Saviour's breast,  
I say to you : "She is not dead but sleepeth :"  
E'en so He giveth His beloved rest.

C. S. M.

MONTREAL, May 9, 1893.



## UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

1734-1745

No. 16.

*(Translation.)*

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO FATHER BONIN.

(State of the Iroquois Mission of Sault St. Louis in 1735.)

*(Continued.)*

Other members of our French population, who flock from all sides to the tomb of the servant of God, Catherine Tegahkouita, to accomplish the vows made in time of sickness, keep me pretty busy.

At one in the afternoon, Father de la Bretonnière assembles in turn the Indians who are members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and those who belong to the congregation of the Holy Family, to give them a short exhortation. We have, as you see, in the village two associations,—the Sodality and the Holy Family. To be qualified to become a member of the Holy Family, one must have passed through the Sodality and have given unmistakable proofs of fervor, for its members are all really devout souls and, to say the least, are as worthy members as are those in France. Several practise austerities which many a religious would hesitate to undergo.

At four in the afternoon Vespers are sung, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is always given.

There could be nothing more decorous than the behavior of our Indians while in church and during their other devotional exercises; the very sight inspires devotion. Father Aulneau, who happened to be here on the feast of Corpus Christi,\* could not restrain his tears of joy and devotion while the procession lasted. All our braves were in their war accoutrements with the exception of the bearers of the canopy and the chanters. The squaws and children followed in symmetrical order, most pleasing to the beholder. Three shrines had been prepared at intervals where the Blessed Sacrament was set down, and at each halt a volley of musketry was fired and five mortars exploded.

For our Indians, singing is a necessary adjunct, as they are incapable of prolonged mental application, and it is on this account that all their prayers are set to music; really, it would be a great pity were it not so, they succeed so admirably. I often wished that Reverend Father Landreau who is so fond of well executed church music, could be present at our grand masses, it would be a greater treat for him than anything he has yet listened to. The braves who lead off with the first verses he might take for a choir of a hundred Cordeliers, and the squaws for some great community of nuns. But what am I saying? Neither Cordeliers nor nuns ever sang as do our Iroquois men and women. Their voices are both mellow and sonorous, and their ear so correct that they do not miss a half-tone in all the church hymns which they know by heart.

Our Iroquois, like all the other Indian tribes, with the exception of the Sioux, are sedentary. They raise horses, pigs, poultry and other domestic animals as do our own people. The braves leave us about the end of September,

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\* June 9, 1735.

each taking his own road to the hunting grounds of the deer and beaver, nor do they return to the village before the month of February. Others go on the war path. We have actually forty warriors out on expeditions to strike at other tribes. Their weapons are ever ready, for they take the part of the French in every quarrel with the other Indian nations,—indeed, the Iroquois of Sault St. Louis are looked upon as the most warlike of all the American tribes; but this is no proof of their valor. Their mode of warfare is but stratagem and surprise, their encounters are mere attempts at assassination. They fight bravely then only when they know that the sole alternative lies between victory or death.

Our people have a war on their hands this long time with an Indian tribe called the Foxes. It has been in a very slight degree successful, through the impossibility in which our troops are of ever overtaking them in sufficient numbers to destroy them. Last year, ninety of our young braves joined the French expedition against the Foxes, but after inconceivable hardships and a journey of more than seven hundred leagues,\* their guides led them astray and they were obliged to make their way back without having caught sight of the enemy save in one instance. A party of twenty-three Indians, nearly all of our Mission, and seven Frenchmen had somehow become separated from the main body when they found themselves suddenly surrounded by a war-party of two hundred Foxes. Our warriors would have been wiped out had it not been for the resolution of the Iroquois captain. "We are all dead men," he said, "if we surrender. There is no help for it; we have to sell our lives as dear as we can. Let us show these Foxes that we are Iroquois and Frenchmen." Whereupon he led his braves

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\* The distance to the Fox country and back would be about seven hundred leagues.

to the attack. The enemy could not withstand the first encounter, but retreated precipitately to their fort. Thirty Foxes were laid low and ten taken prisoners; our party lost but two Frenchmen and one Indian.

The majority of the adults whom we instruct for baptism in the village are slaves taken in war. I had the consolation of administering this sacrament to two, and Father de La Bretonnière to four, since I am stationed in the Mission, that is about a year ago; there are a dozen or so yet remaining who will receive Baptism at Christmas. It thus happens that it is our warriors who contribute most to the increase of the Mission.

The five Iroquois nations, who are with the English, are visibly on the decrease, on account of their incessant quarrels and the use of intoxicants supplied by the English. It is for this reason that the more provident abandon a country where they cannot live peaceably, and come to settle among us.

Others who are accused of witchcraft are also obliged to take refuge at Sault St. Louis, otherwise they would be put out of the way at the first opportunity. A family of Mohawk Iroquois have come but lately to settle in our village. It is thus that the devil himself unwillingly becomes the occasion of the salvation of these wretched fugitives by making it less difficult for them to embrace Christianity.

The instruction of the slaves is our hardest task, for they seldom learn the language well, and it is very hard to make them understand what we would have them know. We have had here in the Mission for the last ten years an Indian woman of the Fox nation, and she does not know how to speak yet.

Iroquois and Huron are the only two difficult languages; we must, however, be familiar with them both in our Mission, because all the prayers are in Huron. These

two languages have a common origin, but differ from each other as much as French and Spanish. All our Indians understand Huron and prefer it to Iroquois, though the pronunciation is not so pleasing to the ear. Hence it is that they do not care to recite their prayers in their own native tongue.

I told you that I taught the children their catechism, manuscript in hand of course, for after ten months of study I cannot be very proficient in Iroquois. I am beginning nevertheless to understand and to make myself understood, but I would not dare yet to speak in public.

You expressed the wish, Reverend Father, that I should give you all the information possible concerning the Jesuits of our province who are now missionaries in Canada. I shall not be long.

Reverend Father de Lauzon, superior general of the Mission, is universally esteemed, and with reason. He did his best with Reverend Father General to be allowed to resign his office, which is a real burden to him for more reasons than one, but it was decided that he should complete the ordinary term of six years. So we shall not have him back in our Mission before six years.

Father Chardon has been stationed for the last two years at the residence in Montreal; he is looked upon as one of the most holy Jesuits sent out to Canada. Father Guignas is in the Sioux country, at a little French fort with but six men with him. Scarcely a month ago the Marquis of Beauharnois, governor general of New France, sent twenty-two men in four canoes with supplies of which he stood absolutely in need, for the Sioux refuse to provide for him. It is not at all certain that the relief party will reach him without molestation, their route lying close to the country of the Foxes.

*(To be Continued.)*

## IF THOU WERT HERE.



H! Lord, if Thou wert standing here  
 And I could bear the sight—  
 Could feel Thy presence, oh! so near,  
 And view Thy robes of light ;  
 And then if Thou shouldst say to me :  
 “ I am the Lord thy God,  
 Who once the road to Calvary  
 For thy redemption trod ”—  
 What should I do? No more, sweet Lord !  
 Than I would fain do now :  
 Body and soul with one accord  
 Adoringly to bow ;  
 And, clinging to Thy garment's hem,  
 Thy radiant Wounds to kiss—  
 Deeming a monarch's diadem  
 Mere dross compared to this.  
 No other proof I ask, dear Lord !  
 Than Thine own words of yore :  
 “ This is My Body, this My Blood ”—  
 Oh ! who could wish for more?  
 Where gleams the ruddy altar light  
 Within its cup of gold,  
 Another Thabor dear and bright,  
 Awe-stricken, I behold.  
 For Thou art here ; and I may dare  
 To come before Thy face  
 And offer Thee my worthless prayer  
 In this Thy dwelling-place.  
 Sweet Jesus, warm my frozen heart,  
 My love for Thee increase ;  
 And say to me, ere I depart :  
 “ My child, go thou in peace.”

ANGELIQUE DE LANDE,  
*in the Ave Maria.*

## IN THANKSGIVING.

ATHERLEY.—I wish to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the restoration to perfect health of a loved one, after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

BARRIE.—A Promoter returns thanks for a cure obtained through a novena made in honor of our Canadian martyrs, and after having made a promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER. A Promoter return thanks for a temporal favor received through novenas made to the Sacred Heart. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for temporal favors received. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a friend's giving up a vicious habit of long standing. Most sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great favor obtained through the intercession of Our Lady and St. Joseph.

A Promoter returns thanks for a situation obtained after a promise to publish; special thanksgiving for a very great favor received after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A Member returns thanks for many favors obtained.

BELLE-RIVER.—Sincere thanks tendered to the Sacred Heart for a child's recovery from an alarming illness, also for three temporal favors received after promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

BOBAYGEON.—A Member of the League wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great spiritual favor and success of a business transaction, also for her family being preserved from sickness during the winter, and for several other temporal favors obtained through novenas to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Patrick.

BRIDGEWATER COVE.—A lady wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a recovery from illness, having promised to publish it if granted.

COMPTON.—A Member of the League returns thanks for a favor received after begging the intercession of Ven. Claude de la Colombière.

CORNWALL.—Thanksgiving returned for three temporal favors received, after promise to publish.

CURRAN.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received after a novena to St. Joseph and St. Ann. A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for one special favor received after promising to publish it in the MESSENGER.

EGANVILLE.—A person wishes to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for three spiritual and two temporal favors.

GALT.—A Member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart most sincerely for many simple requests and favors earnestly asked for and graciously granted, during this month by the loving Heart of our Lord.

GLENNEVIS.—According to promise, thanks are returned for two great favors received.

GUELPH.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received after a promise was made to publish it if granted. A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a special temporal favor granted, promising to publish in the MESSENGER. According to promise to publish, heartfelt thanks are returned for the conversion of a person who had been long prayed for, also two other signal favors obtained from the Sacred Heart. A young lady wishes to return thanks to the Blessed Virgin Mary for a favor obtained through her after a promise to publish. Thanks for a favor granted through the invocation of the Sacred Heart, after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

HAMILTON.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor obtained through

the intercession of Our Lady of Good Counsel and St Joseph, after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER if obtained. A Member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for two very great favors received after promise to publish in the MESSENGER if granted. An Associate returns many thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery from a most severe illness, after a promise to publish.

HALIFAX.—A Member of the Apostleship of Prayer wishes to return thanks through the MESSENGER for many favors received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, also for a very great temporal favor received from St. Anthony. A Child of Mary returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor granted through the intercession of the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, after a promise to publish. A Promoter of the Holy League wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received through the intercession of St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory. Thanksgiving is hereby offered for a great spiritual favor obtained, through the prayers to the Sacred Heart League. Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received through St. Joseph. The prayers of the Associates are asked in thanksgiving for a temporal favor obtained in March through the intercession of St. Joseph. Thanks are returned for two favors received through St. Joseph, after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a temporal favor.

KINGSTON.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained after a promise to publish.

Special thanksgivings are returned for four great favors obtained. An Associate desires to return thanks through the MESSENGER for a temporal favor. Thanks to

the Sacred Heart for a special favor, obtained after promise to publish, also for a temporal favor. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great special favor obtained after several months' recommendations to the prayers of the League.

LONDON.—Thanksgiving for four temporal favors received through the intercession of St. Joseph. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a brother and for a temporal favor, also for recovery from a very serious illness. For the favorable settlement of a very vexatious lawsuit, which was imminent. Three very special favors received after promising to have a Mass said in honor of the Sacred Heart. For the conversion of a father given to drink. For a temporal favor granted through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs. In all these, promises to publish were made if the favors were granted.

LYON MOUNTAIN.—An Associate wishes to have published in the MESSENGER a special favor obtained.

MONCTON.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor received after promise to publish.

MONTREAL.—Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for two special favors which were received after promising to publish them in the MESSENGER if obtained. A mother wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of her child after promise to publish. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for two special favors received after promise to publish. Thanksgiving according to promise for a situation obtained, and three other special favors.

Thanksgiving to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, for a temporal favor received, promise to publish if granted. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a position—obtained by a Member after many novenas and Masses during fifteen months. Thanks for

the conversion of a young man addicted to drink. Thanks for the recovery of a young religious who had been dangerously ill. Thanks for a spiritual favor obtained by a young man who has been a very indifferent Catholic for years. Thanks are returned to "Our Lady of Perpetual Help" for a cure obtained after being despaired of by three leading doctors. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for several temporal favors obtained by a family, members of the League. A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for three temporal favors received through the intercession of St. Joseph, with a promise to have it published, and have masses said in honor of the Sacred Heart. A Member returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a position obtained after a promise to publish. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for employment obtained. A Member of the League desires to return thanks for a position obtained after promising to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for one spiritual favor obtained through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs, for a situation secured within sixteen days, for a conversion to a sober life, for two temporal favors obtained through St. Joseph; all with promise to publish. A Member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart through the prayers of the League for the conversion of a father from drunkenness, after a promise to publish was made. An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a member of her family addicted to drink. Another returns special thanks to the Sacred Heart through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes and St. Francis Xavier for the recovery from a painful sickness after promising to have it published if the cure was effected. A Promoter desires to return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER, for the rapid recovery of her child from a very bad sore throat

upon application of the Sacred Heart Badge, also for a temporal favor received. A Member of the League wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a miraculous restoration to health after a novena made to the Sacred Heart and through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary. A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a dear friend from a bad sore throat, a promise to publish made, and Holy Communion offered

OAKVILLE.—A Promoter returns special thanksgiving for a great favor obtained from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of St. Joseph, after having a mass read, and also promising to have it published in the MESSENGER.

ORILLIA.—An Associate wishes to return thanks for a temporal favor received through the Sacred Heart.

PENETANGUSHENE.—An Associate wishes to thank the Sacred Heart specially for a temporal favor granted, after promise to publish.

PETERBOROUGH.—Thanksgiving from a Member of the League for work obtained after promise to publish. A Member of the Sacred Heart League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of a little sister from diphtheria and for no other of the family taking it, through prayers to the Sacred Heart and a promise to publish.

PORT COLBORNE.—A Member of the League wishes to return thanks and praises to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favor received after a promise to publish if granted. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained through prayers to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with promise to have it acknowledged in the MESSENGER.

PORT HOOD.—A Member wishes to give thanks to the Sacred Heart of our dear Saviour for two very great spiritual favors obtained after a promise to publish.

PRINCE EDWARD.—A lady desires to have published in the MESSENGER her thanks to the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph for two very great temporal favors.

QUEBEC.—A lady wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER, for a cure from long standing rheumatism, after a novena to the Sacred Heart and promising to publish it. A person who has been cured of sore throat, after every other remedy failed, returns thanks to the Sacred Heart. A Promoter returns public thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great temporal favor obtained, after promising to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks for success in obtaining degrees.

RENFREW.—A Member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for three favors received after promise to publish. A Member wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for three temporal favors obtained after having addressed special prayers to the Sacred Heart and made a promise to publish in the MESSENGER if granted.

ST. ANDREW'S.—A member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a favor received, through the intercession of the Sacred Heart of Mary and St. Joseph, after a promise to publish.

ST. CATHARINES.—A Promoter returns thanks for a temporal favor received; promise was made to publish.

A Member desires to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a position obtained for a son, after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks are returned for success obtained, after prayers to the Sacred Heart and promise to publish. Thanks are returned for a great favor obtained through a novena made to the Canadian Martyrs with a promise to publish if granted. A Member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a great favor obtained through the intercession of St. Joseph and his beloved Spouse, with promise to publish. A Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor received in April and for many others received before.

SAULT STE. MARIE.—A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Two ladies thank the Sacred Heart for special favors obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

SWANTON.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors received.

TORONTO.—A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a favor received after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A Member of the League wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a very great spiritual favor received after having asked the prayers of the League in union with a novena and a promise to publish if granted. Two other Members wish to return grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for temporal favors received. Thanks for the success of an important undertaking. A member of St. Michael's Ladies' League wishes to return thanks for a favor received. Another Member wishes to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for his innumerable favors especially for one spiritual and one temporal favor. An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for the conversion of her uncle to the Faith. Another has obtained that a relative who had not been to the Sacraments for many years is now a practical Catholic, and thanks to the Sacred Heart.

WARCKWORTH.—Thanksgiving for two temporal favors obtained through the powerful intercession of St. Joseph during the month of March. A Member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for four temporal favors received after promise to publish. Thanks are returned for a restoration to health through a novena to St. Joseph and promise to publish. A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a favor through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

WOODSTOCK.—Special thanksgiving for a favor received by an Associate.

WOOLER.—A Member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor obtained.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Antigonish, Bedford, P.Q., Brandon Convent, Calgary Convent, Coburg, Dartmouth, N.S., Galt, Gloucester Station, Hamilton, Kentville, N.S., Kingston, Lindsay, Moncton, Montreal, Mount St. Patrick, Ottawa, Ogdensburg, N.Y., Peterborough, Quebec, Sarnia and St. Mary's, Winnipeg.

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### BRANTFORD.

The work of the Holy League in Brantford does not seem to be lagging, but rather creating greater interest. On the second Sunday after Easter the men's branch attended in a body the Communion of Reparation, and turned out in such numbers as to call forth expressions of satisfaction and gratitude from both the Pastor of the parish and the Director of the League. The new badges were worn on the occasion, and the tasteful designs of both crest and badge were much admired. The members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and of the C. M. B. A. also received Holy Communion on that day, and it is doubtful if there were ever as many men seen approaching the holy table at one time in Brantford as upon this occasion. The pastor spoke encouragingly to the communicants upon the necessity of perseverance in grace, and warned them against returning again to the husks of swine after having partaken worthily of the bread of life. Rev. Father Feeney, the spiritual director, has constantly urged the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and must be pleased at the evidence of its having taken deep and permanent root.

SAC. MEN'S BRANCH.

## INTENTIONS FOR JUNE.

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

- 1.—Th.—CORPUS CHRISTI. bt. ht. 33,431 Temporal favors.  
mf. rt. Honour The Sacred H  
61,057 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—F.—Bl. Mary Ann of JESUS. 16.—F.—St. John Francis Regis,  
af. gt. Pray for the Church on this Apostolic Zeal for Souls. 27,790 Con-  
continent, 37,694 in affliction. versions to Faith.
- 3.—S.—St. Clotilda, Queen. pf. 17.—S.—St. Auvelian, Bp. 30,  
Care in little things. 41,300 Deceased 874. Youths.
- Associates.
- 4.—S.—St. Francis Carocciolo. af. 18.—S.—Sts. Mark and Mar-  
gt. rt. Grateful love of our Euchar- cellian. 2,553 Schools.
- istic King. 28,975 special
- 5.—M. St. Boniface, Bp. M. 19.—M.—St. Juliana Falconieri,  
Confidence. 1,570 Communities. V. 7,610 Sick.
- 6.—Tu.—St. Norbert, B. F. Cheer- 20.—Tu.—St. Silverius, P. M.  
fulness. 16,766 First Communion Resignation. 33 Retreats.
- 7.—W.—St. Paul, Bp. Morning 21.—W.—ST. ALOVSIUS GONZAGA.  
Offering. 63,642 Departed. Imitate this Angelic Youth. 233  
Works, Guilds.
- 8.—Th.—St. Maximinus, Bp. ht. 22.—Tu.—St. Paulinus, Bp. ht.  
Prepare your heart. 6,159 Means. Love Christ's Yoke. 1,335 Parishes.
- 9.—F.—THE SACRED HEART OF 23.—F.—St. Etheldreda, Queen.  
JESUS, af. gt. Thanksgiving, love, Meekness. 45,449 Sinners.
- reparations. 3,844 Clergy.
- 10.—S.—St. Margaret, Queen of 24.—S.—ST. JOHN BAPTIST, bt.  
Scots. Courage in trial. 21,812 Chil- mt. rt. "Prepare ye the Way of  
dren. the Lord." 37,856 Parents.
- 11.—S.—St. Barnabas, Ap. Pru- 25.—S.—St. William, H. For-  
dence in speech. 26,562 Families. give. 3,643 Religious.
- 12.—M.—St. John, O. S. F. Be 26.—M.—Sts. John and Paul,  
just in thought. 133,383 Perseverance. MM. 1,562 Novices.
- 13.—Tu.—St. Anthony of Padua. 27.—Tu.—St. Ladislav, King.  
Have recourse to St. Anthony. 3,180 Unselfishness. 603 Superiors.
- Reconciliations.
- 14.—W.—St. Basil the Great, Bp. 28.—W.—St. Leo II. P. Grow  
D. Desire of perfection. 48,048 in love of the Sacred Heart. 4,707  
Spiritual favors. Vocations.
- 15.—Th.—OUR LADY OF GRACE. 29.—Th.—Sts. Peter and Paul,  
ht. Devotion to Our Lady of Liesse. Ap. bt. ht. mf. Pray for the Holy  
Father. The Directors and Pro-  
moters.
- 30.—F.—Commem. of St. Paul,  
Ap. Imitate his devotedness. 76,110  
Various.

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

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