

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE CANADIAN HIERARCHY.

UP to the time of going to press, our *Messenger* has received the following letters of approbation, which we hasten to communicate to all our Promoters, Associates and readers, knowing they will share his joy and consolation on receiving such encouragement and distinguished patronage. Whilst thanking the Catholic public for the many kind testimonials of appreciation, he feels all the more the responsibility that rests on him of continuing to give satisfaction, and striving to meet the expectations formed of him.

Quebec, 28th Dec., 1890.

REVEREND FATHER.—I thank you for the Canadian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. I perused it with pleasure, and was especially pleased with the sketch of the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation, who planted in our country the seeds of the beautiful devotion of the Sacred Heart. It is very popular in a large number of the parishes of my diocese, and on my pastoral visits I witness with joy its good fruits.

I congratulate and thank you for the pains which you take to spread this devotion.

Please accept the assurance of my patronage.

E. L. CARD. FASCHEREAU,
Archbishop of Quebec.

St. John's Grove, Toronto.

2nd Jan., 1891.

DEAR FATHER,—I am in receipt of the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart for January. It is interesting, instructive, and devotional, and will, I trust, be a messenger of glad tidings to all our people, especially the members of the League of the Sacred Heart.

•I cordially recommend it for this Archdiocese, and I remain, dear Father Connolly,

Sincerely yours in Christ.

† JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto.

Hamilton, 7th January, 1891.

MY DEAR FATHER CONNOLLY,—I wish you a happy New Year, and beg to thank you for the copy of the work you kindly sent me, entitled the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart.

It has been always a pleasure to me to encourage devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for which your fathers have been so zealous, and I now hasten to give my approval and blessing to the Canadian *Messenger*, to which I desire to subscribe.

I am, Rev. Dear Father, yours faithfully.

† T. J. DOWLING, *Bishop of Hamilton*

Antigonish, 9th Jan., 1891.

DEAR FATHER CONNOLLY,—I have received the first number of the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, which you were kind enough to send me, and having

looked over its well-written pages, beg to assure you that it is my earnest desire to see it a welcome visitor to every family in this diocese.

I remain, dear Rev. Father,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

† JOHN CAMERON,

Bishop of Antigonish.

Alexandria, 12th Jan., 1891.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the copy of the Canadian *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, which you had the kindness to send me.

It is a bright and cheerful visitor. The subjects are select, the matter well prepared, and form instructive and edifying reading. I heartily accord it my sanction, and commend it for circulation among the people committed to my charge.

Believe me, dear Father Connolly,

Yours devotedly in Christ,

† ALEXANDER MACDONELL,

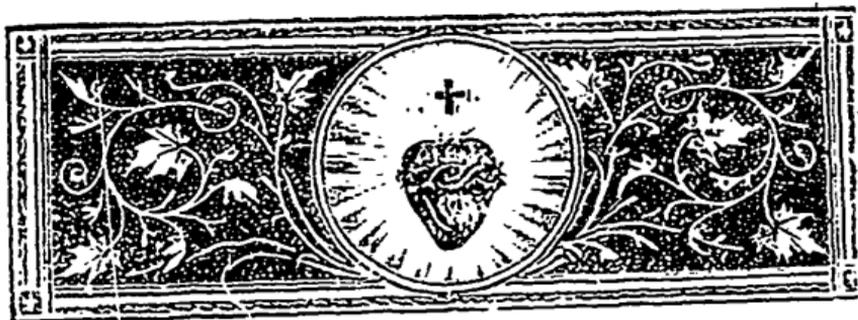
Bishop of Alexandria.

FROM ACROSS THE WATER.

The English *Messenger*, so dear and familiar to a large number of our Associates, is responsible for the following item of news:

"AN INTERESTING EVENT.

"As we go to press, we receive the good news of the birth of another English *Messenger*, this time in Canada, and making the seventh of the English-speaking branches of our large family. May God's blessing make it increase and multiply, until it reaches the uttermost ends of the vast Dominion."



GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1891.

*Named by Pope Leo XIII with his special blessing, and
given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the
Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League
of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to
the prayers of the Associates.*

STAUNCHNESS OF FAITH.

IT can hardly be believed, and yet it is true, we have
come to such a pass that we must dread the loss
of the faith," said the Sovereign Pontiff, the other
day, addressing the bishops and the people of
Italy. God knows it is bad enough for a single
soul to lose the gift of faith, but for a whole people seated
at the fountain of truth, dwelling in the sun of the Gospel
light, in whose very bosom is cast the rock which is the
pillar and ground of truth, that such a people should sink
so low in folly and ingratitude as to spurn the divine
given favor can be accounted for, says the Holy Father,
"only by a vast conspiracy that is entangling souls by
the million in the snares of hell." He goes on to show
by broad daylight facts that this secret but compact
organized association of faith-sappers is Free-Masonry.

It were foolish, however, for us to try to shift all the burden on to the devil's back. The wiles and machinations of outward foes could not effect much if there was no inward weakness. According to the Apostle, all the powers of hell cannot prevail against a firm and active faith. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, your faith." But alas! to-day, not one country alone, but all lands are suffering from a feebleness of faith—a sickly languor has crept over them that unnerves them for the good fight. What is needed is a stimulating and bracing remedy, that will go to the root of the evil and dry up the sources of that languor.

These sources were pointed out not long ago by the reigning Pontiff in his beautiful encyclical letter on the Christian Life, in which he showed that the insatiable greed for wealth, accompanied with unbridled luxury and pride of living, is invading all grades of society, and not only sapping the foundations of private and family life, but menacing the public order of the world. As Moses in the desert lifted up the brazen serpent as a cure for all who looked at it, so the Holy Father raises before the eyes of mankind the standard of the Crucified, bidding all to adopt the very opposite of a worldly life. He assures us that, in the practice of self-denial and mortification which prayer will strengthen us to adopt, we shall acquire that robustness of faith which is "the source whereby not only private lives may be amended, but also those matters which in the daily conflict of men do not permit states to live in peace and security."

Another and more direct cause of a languid faith lies in the circumstances which surround our daily life. We were born and brought up in contact with all the influences of the Reformation, the essence of which is the denial of faith. We have lived our life long in the atmosphere of Protestantism. We have breathed it in company,

friendship, social intercourse, if not in schools; from newspapers, literature, the stage. Though we cling firm to the dogmas of the faith, as proposed by the Church, we adhere also to a crowd of opinions, ideas, views, principles, reaching even to standards of conduct which are opposed, if not to the revealed truths themselves, at least to the conclusions which necessarily flow from them which ought to stream out like so many rivulets into all the actions of our life and which we cannot repudiate logically without a denial of the faith itself. How often do we hear laid down by Catholics, as axioms of what they call their political faith, principles subversive of the divine power of the Pope or his infallibility! They would be horrified to talk of the mystery of the Incarnation or the Eucharist as they talk of the *mystery* of the Papacy, though it is a no less fundamental article of revealed truth. Fortunately, ignorance saves such people from any intentional attack on the faith. But the contradiction is there. There rests on the intellect, the seat of faith, a cloud that obscures the clear bright vision, that chills and benumbs its power, that destroys its influence in private, social and public life. What enhances the evil is the fact that whilst we take care to improve ourselves and our children in all branches of secular knowledge, our religious knowledge remains at a stand-still. We are satisfied with the few chapters of catechism learned but very imperfectly in our school-days, and flatter ourselves that we have not forgotten them. Side by side with rapid progress in worldly culture, there has been no growth of the religious spirit, no study of the Sacred Writings, of the History of the Church, of the Lives of the Saints, of Catholic dogma and asceticism, and, as a consequence, the good seed of faith is choked by the briars and thistles of worldliness. No doubt this chilling atmosphere of heresy is the main cause why there are so few canonized saints from countries infected with it.

The third cause of want of staunchness in our faith is its slothfulness and inactivity. No less than pride and sensuality does sloth darken the mind by dimming the lustre of faith, as rust takes the reflecting power from the steel that is not burnished and applied to use. Faith is given us by God to be the principle of supernatural life. Consequently, it must be supremely active. As its entire cessation, like the stopping of the heart-beats, would bring on instant death, so its relaxation must engender debility in all the organs of our religious life. Holy Scripture likens it to a force that moves mountains, to a consuming fire that burns all before it. It breaks up through and above all obstacles. It feeds its flame from the objects that oppose its march. When it ceases to burn, it dies. Let us apply the energies that spring from faith to worthy and noble objects, and we shall supply it in return with fuel. We have not to look long or far around us. Besides the works of spiritual and corporal mercy that are waiting for help at our house door and our church door, there are those world-wide movements by which the Church is striving to beat back the advancing columns of her foes, to rescue her children from their deadly grasp, or to extend the sphere of her own conquests. Catholic education and association, the recovery of the temporal power of the Vicar of Christ, the holy childhood, Peter's Pence and the propagation of the Faith, the abolition of slavery, and the spread of Catholic truth through a Catholic press, these are objects which claim not only the sympathy but the hearty and active co-operation of all true Catholics.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart is essentially a league of zeal for the interests of Jesus Christ in the world. It is an army of soldiers who never forget that their church is a militant church. Its statutes, formulated by the Sovereign Pontiff, prescribe to the associates "not only prayer but also all other sorts of good works, whether of religion

or charity, such as the frequentation of the sacraments, the exact observance of the commandments, in fine, every thing which tends to effectually promote Catholic piety, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls."

It thus applies a specific remedy to all the causes which weaken faith. It has been styled a Propagation of Faith amongst Catholics. It leads to the adoption of an unworldly life. It takes special pains to diffuse the light of Catholic truth and principle among its associates. It inspires them with that feeling of confidence and power, which is born of association. It binds them together like a well-disciplined army, under skilful officers, wielding the most powerful of weapons. It sets before them every month an aim, an intention which the Vicar of Christ himself blesses for their united endeavor. Let us therefore, strong in the sources supplied us by the Holy League, shake off sloth, and for the month of February join action with prayer to promote growth and staunchness of faith among all the children of the Church.

PRAYER.

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

I offer them in particular, O Heart of Jesus, to guard the faith of Thy Holy Church, which the powers of the world are trying, with too much success, to tear from her children's hearts.—Amen.

THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

“HAT'S all very good. Father, but I have no time for devotions. I am not a saint, and I have to fight my way through a sinful world. I leave devotions to my wife and the girls, who have plenty time for churchgoing. They might as well go to church of an afternoon as parade the sidewalks. For me, Sunday is quite enough. If I get inside the gate of heaven, as I hope I shall, I shall be satisfied.”

Very well, my dear Catholic man, that is just the reason why I ask you to join the Men's League. Its best recommendation is that it makes salvation so easy. It sets religion in the light, and somehow makes you love it first, and afterwards practise it. It centres so many various influences, powerful and withal so gentle, on three simple practices, which are the bulwarks of a Christian life, that once you are caught in the nets of the League, there is no escape till you are landed in heaven.

You are terrified at the bare mention of devotions; but let us reflect a little. There are two kinds of devotions in the Catholic Church. There are particular devotions, which profess to honor and worship our divine Lord, His Mother or the saints, or some mystery or group of mysteries of His life, as the Visitation, the Holy Infancy, etc., or some particular part of His sacred Humanity, as the Holy Face or the Precious Blood. These are practised chiefly in particular religious bodies, instituted for the purpose, as the order of the Visitation, the community of the Precious Blood, or in pious confraternities like the Holy Face, or by devout souls who receive from the Holy Ghost an inward attraction. In the hurly burly of daily

life you may not have experienced any such attraction to a particular devotion ; but besides these there are in the Catholic Church what are called general devotions, as broad as Catholicity itself, open to the profession of all, which all are invited to practise. They are but different hues of color which Catholicity takes, according to the times and vicissitudes through which it passes under the action of the spirit of God dwelling in the Church. I suppose there is no Catholic man who does not profess devotion to the Mother of God, to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Passion, to the souls in Purgatory, and whom some such devotion does not lead to say a few prayers, or to do some good action, which he would not do otherwise.

Such general devotions spring from Catholicity like leaves from the tree that has a vigorous root and a trunk and branches full of rich sap. They are the expression of its essential dogmas, the channels by which the sap and virtue flow into our lives, the outlets of our faith and homage reacting on our feelings. Whilst they spring from Catholicity like its leaves, they also protect it from the freezing blasts of sin and worldliness, they nourish it, and call forth into activity and fruitfulness its life and latent energies.

Now devotion to the Sacred Heart, as professed and practised in the Holy League, belongs to the class of general devotions. As we have said, it is Catholicity itself, with the Saviour's love in the foreground. Its effect is to make us loving Catholics, to unite us to Our Saviour by the bond of a personal friendship, to lift us above dry precept, fear of hell, and similar motives, which, however necessary and indispensable, are but the "beginning" of wisdom—a root,—not the glorious tree, with towering trunk, and spreading branches and rich foliage of variegated form and hue, with sweet and lasting fruit.

To be convinced of this general character of devotion

to the Sacred Heart, you have only to reflect that its object is the love of Our Saviour and other affections flowing from it as proposed by our Saviour Himself to Blessed Margaret Mary, under the symbol of the Heart which was its living organ and instrument. "Behold this Heart which has so loved men." Now, is it not this love of God, beating in a human heart, which is the centre, the fountain head, the mainspring of all the mysteries of religion. Are they not all mysteries of *love*?

If God decreed to save the fallen world, was it not love that moved Him: "For God so loved the world as to deliver His only begotten Son, that all who believed in Him might be saved." Was it not "for us men and our salvation," that the Son of God came down from heaven? Was it not love that palpitated in the heart of the Child, through all the mysteries of His Infancy? As the Church sings on Christmas night and New Year in the language of St. Paul, "the goodness and kindness of God, our Saviour, appeared." When He went forth in His public life did He not go about "doing good," showing His love for men by cures and miracles? In the mysteries of His Passion, did He not suffer "because He willed it," because He loved us and desired to expiate our sins? On the cross did He not die for love? For "greater love no man hath than that a man lay down his life for his friends"? The third day, did He not rise for love, "for our justification"? On the right hand of the Father is He not "making intercession for us"? And what is the Eucharist, but the Sacrament of love; and the Church, but the outflow of His love on all nations? The love of God, therefore, beating in a human heart pervades the whole of the Christian religion, nay more, it is its mainspring, its essence, or, as a learned prelate has styled it, its quintessence. As the Incarnation is the centre of religion, so the Sacred Heart is the centre of the Incarnation.

No wonder the religion which Our Lord taught us to practise should be a religion of love. "Thus shall ye pray: Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The interests of our Father in heaven are to occupy the uppermost place in our hearts and prayers. Our own interests come only in the second place. It was a loving Catholicity, too, which the great Apostle inculcated, when he said to his first converts. "You have not received the spirit of bondage again in fear but the spirit of adoption of sons, crying, Abba Father." This was the Catholicity—a personal strong enduring friendship for his Saviour, which he illustrated in his life and teaching, when he exclaimed: "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? In all these things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"That is splendid," you say, dear would-be-associate; however, I see the objection twinkling in your eye, and trying to shape itself on your lips. But you are a business man, and there is a chance at this hour of the day to make a good bargain. You had better not to miss it. We shall take up the objection next time we meet; meanwhile do not neglect your morning prayers, and let one short feature of those prayers be something of this kind: "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, I offer you all the day's work."

THE BRIDE OF THE SACRED HEART.

The tapers gleam on the altar ;
The golden sun from the East
Shines o'er the sacred vestments
And silv'ry head of the priest,
While music swells on the incensed air,
With the heavenly sweetness of an angel's prayer.

A sacrifice is to be offered,
A pure immolation made,
A throbbing heart and a fair young life
At the foot of the altar laid.
Yet the victim comes in the garb of a bride,
And her sweet eyes beam with a gorgeous pride.

A halo is cast around her,
The light of a wond'rous grace
Reflects o'er her slender figure
And illumines her tender face.
Oh ! gentle girl, what a fate is thine,
To be wooed and won by the Heart Divine !

She kneels, no sound is uttered
Till the golden air is stirred
By the low voice of the pastor,
Who speaks the holy word
Which blesses the sombre lowly dress
That will hide forever her loveliness.

Then like a cloud o'er sunshine,
The veil o'er her brow is laid,
And silken robes and flashing gems
Are hid 'neath its mystic shade.
The rite is over—the deed is done,
The bride is lost in the humble nun !

Oh ! sacrifice great and noble !
 Oh ! life that is pure and fair !
 Oh ! peace, sweet peace, found only
 At the foot of the altar there !
 Yes, favored one, yours is the best part,
 Oh bride ! thrice blessed of the Sacred Heart.

BELLELLE GUERIN.

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

THE 2nd of February, feast of the Purification of Our Lady, offers our young *Messenger* an opportunity to lay his first homages at the feet of our heavenly Mother, devotion to whom he professes to cultivate and spread in intimate union with that of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. The Mother of Jesus is also Queen of the Apostleship of Prayer and League of the Sacred Heart. This is a Holy League of prayer and zeal in union with the Sacred Heart, and therefore of devotion and self sacrifice to the interests of Jesus Christ. Nowhere could we go with better hope of catching this spirit than to the Temple on the day of the touching mystery of Mary's purification. All there, the ceremony itself, the rites, the typical significations, the personages, the groupings, the words and deeds are fragrant with the spirit of devotion and self sacrifice. Let us draw near and inhale the perfume.

Why should the Mother of God have subjected herself to the rite of Purification and her divine Child to a presentation and ransom ? These in the Old Law were rites typical of original sin transmitted by birth, attaching to mother and child a legal stain which forbade approach for forty days to aught that was holy. It is a dogma

of Catholic faith, that the Mother of God, neither before, nor in, nor after the birth of her Son, lost as much as a single ray of the immaculate brightness of her virginity. On the contrary, in the mystery of her divine motherhood, she received such an infusion of grace, she was drawn so unutterably near to God and to such close union with the Most Holy Trinity, as almost to disappear from sight in the splendor of infinite holiness. "The Son," says Albertus Magnus, "rendered the goodness of the mother well nigh infinite, just as the infinitude of excellence in the fruit points to an infinitude of excellence in the tree." What need had she of purifying rite? And her Son, were it not blasphemy to say that He contracted by birth aught of defilement? Is He not the "Splendor of glory?" Sin offerings and ransom could never have been intended for Him. Besides, His dispensing power was absolute. He was Lord of the Purification as He was Lord of the Sabbath. Why, therefore, did the Mother subject herself and Child to the humiliating rite, compromising His dignity and her own before the world, humbling Him and herself to the very verge of deception and falsehood by appearing that which they were not—sinful creatures in need of expiatory rites and cleansings? Ah! she had caught the spirit of Him who afterwards said, alluding to His own life: "One jot or tittle shall not pass from the law till all is fulfilled." Her heart was wont to beat in unison with His, who, coming into the world, said: "Behold! I come that I may do thy will, O God. I have desired it, and Thy law is in the midst of my heart." This ruling passion of His Sacred Heart He came to enkindle in the hearts of all His brethren. It was to be the distinctive mark of the Christians that they should observe the law of God from a motive of love. "And this is the testament I will make unto them after those days," saith the Lord; "I will give my laws in their hearts, and on their

minds will I write them." It was to be the distinguishing character of the Christian law, as compared with the Hebrew, that "it is written, not on tables of stone, but on the fleshy tables of the heart." The heart of the mother was the first to catch the fire that burned in the Heart of her Son. In this mystery we see both united and blazing out as in a single flame. This passion too of love for the will of God, as expressed and applied in laws and rules, glowed in the hearts of all God's true servants. It showed itself in a holy horror for dispensations. Not only did they not dispense themselves from the laws of the church and their rule of life, but they could not bring themselves to ask for dispensations, or accept them even when enforced. We read in the Life of the great Archbishop McHale of Tuam, that to an extreme old age he never dispensed himself from the fasts and abstinences of the Church, even on days when his duties were heaviest, on Saturdays and Lenten days when he had to pass long hours in the confessional, to be followed by Sundays of late mass and laborious preaching. How estranged from the spirit of Christ and His Sacred Heart, of His mother and His saints, are not those Catholics, who on light motives apply for dispensations from the laws of the Church, or, worse still, dispense themselves!

But let us enter the temple, following the holy family,—Joseph, Mary, and the Child, and there is Simeon coming up with tottering steps, but head erect, as of one accustomed to look out upon a dark horizon in search of a rising light; and here too is Anna, stooped under her fourscore years of widowhood. She knows everybody, for she has been coming up every day for all that time to go through her exercises of devotion in the temple. She is garrulous too, but makes good use of her lights and gift of speech to tell all about the consolation of Israel. And now the child has left the arms of His mother, and passed into the hands

of the High Priest, and there are repressed tears. Already the victim is laid upon the altar, the offering precedes the immolation, Calvary and the Crucifix loom into view. At the foot of the cross is descried a mother, and Jeremias is heard in mournful lament prophesying: "Great as a sea is thy sorrow, virgin daughter of Sion." Simeon takes the Child in his arms, presses Him to his bosom, and sings his *nunc dimittis*, for the light at last is risen. He blesses the Child and the mother; but as he opens his mouth for a last time in prophecy, clearer, distincter than before, the first sword pierces her heart, the first of the seven-fold fountains of the deep is opened, and the sea begins to fill. And the sword will remain rankling in that bosom, and the waters of affliction will continue to flow, and not in one heart only but in as many as there will be Christian mothers for all time, "that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

How significant that on the feast of Mary's motherhood, when first she appears with her child in her arms before the world, the sword of sorrow should pierce her heart! Even *her* child, though divine, was to be to her a source of incessant care, anxiety, grief, affliction, a "sign of contradiction," that she might be the pattern of all true mothers, Christian mothers, who shirk not their responsibilities, apply themselves to their solemn duties, and say every day by deed rather than word what the Apostle said: "My little children, whom I beget over again till Christ is formed in you." Of such as these the mother of God is the model, their refuge in trial, their comfort in disappointment, their consolation in grief.

But the sorrow of the mystery, like all sorrow borne for God, was destined to end in joy. And how deep, how wide, how far-reaching the joy! As Simeon looked, he saw the gloom of Calvary disappear before the glory of the resurrection. "A great light arose." He saw salva-

tion carried with the light of divine truth and the blood of the cross to all peoples. "The people that sat in darkness hath seen great light, and to them that sat in the region of the valley of death great light is sprung up." Anna, too, coming in prophetic spirit, spoke of him to all that looked for the consolation of Israel. How great the ecstasy of father and mother at the things spoken concerning Him! And Simeon's joy, how great it was to be brought into the very centre of the light he had been so long straining his eyes to see, to embrace the salvation of the Gentiles and the glory of Israel, to feel the heart-beats of that love which was to go out in plenteous streams of truth and grace to the remotest limits of time and space. How the answer to his prayers, how the reward went beyond all expectation!

CANDLEMAS.

The light of faith which begets the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, as well as the light of glory which crowns the fruits of that spirit, are symbolized in the candles which the Church blesses on this day, and which the people carry. They are made of purest wax, gathered by the industry of the bee from the stamens of flowers, to tell us that devotion is the fruit of purity of heart, of lively and humble faith joined with good works. Candles are used in all the offices of public worship, in the various benedictions of the Church, in the administration of sacraments, to remind us of the devotion with which we ought to receive these priceless blessings. No Catholic home ought to be without its blessed candles. They are necessary in time of illness for the reception of the Sacraments; they are useful and precious at all times because of the blessing which is attached to them.

SIMEON'S PROMISE.

The ancient temple lifts its princely dome
Far up beyond the humble Jewish home ;
Its roof of burnished gold shines in the sun,
The curling smoke tells of the day begun,
And, rising in the azure eastern skies,
Wafts unto heaven the morning sacrifice.
The aged priest before the altar stands,
With upturned eyes and tightly clasping hands.
The patriarch who had received from Heaven
A promise ne'er before to mortal given,
That ere he left the paths of earth he trod
He should behold the Christ—the Son of God.
He was a-weary with his weight of years,
And cried aloud to God with falling tears :—
“ Oh ! that these aged eyes could once behold
Thy glory ! ” As the temple's anthems rolled,
The notes were strengthened, and each mighty chord
Seemed angel-choirs chanting to the Lord.
Past was the hour, the sacrifices o'er—
Before the outer gate a mother bore
Within her arms her first-born. As she knelt,
The hoary priest a sudden transport felt.
He gazed upon the mother's pearly cheek
And snowy brow bent in submission meek,
And thought the lids that veiled those azure eyes
Were as the long-closed gates of Paradise.
But, when his gaze upon the Infant falls,
His cry of gladness echoes through the halls,
And in the solemn stillness of the nave
Resounds again from arch and architrave.
Swift in his trembling arms he takes the Child,
And in that Infant face so meek and mild

He sees the Majesty of God, and cries
With thrilling voice and eager, up-turned eyes.—
“Thou Lord, thy servant now dismiss in peace :
This moment all my wearied longings cease !
Mine eyes have seen the source of heavenly light,
The saving one hath burst upon my sight.”
And so the burning strains the prophet sang,
And as their sweetness through the Temple rang,
Each note was but a throbbing fiery dart,
An inspiration from the Sacred Heart.
Inspired words fall in prophetic flow,
They tell of triumphs and of Mary’s woe.
And then his hoary head droops on his breast
And aged Simeon has found his rest.

A PROMOTER.

Halifax N. S.,

Jan. 6th.



A BAND OF SOLDIERS.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE lion of that brilliant dinner-party given by a notable Upper Canadian was undoubtedly the young lieutenant of a crack cavalry regiment, crowned with nobly won honors in the Soudan. It was not that he talked of these things, far less did he display that magical Victoria Cross or the medals, which told of heroic acts and of a daring upon which home-going reports had dilated in glowing terms. But his merry-ringing laugh and his hearty, almost boyish, tones fell pleasantly upon the company. The lieutenant's popularity seemed momentarily on the increase, which, perhaps, suggested a motive for the somewhat malicious utterances of a very gilded youth, who made one of the after-dinner group. The group consisted altogether of young people, for their elders sat apart, gathered about a couple of luxurious arm-chairs, wherein sat the host of the evening in conversation with a high dignitary. With this latter personage our lieutenant had come to Canada, in the capacity of military secretary.

"By the way, lieutenant," said the very gilded youth, speaking with a pronounced and intolerably affected drawl, "I heard an extraordinary story about you the other day. Upon my life, it was scarcely credible."

"I say, let us hear it," said the lieutenant in surprise, without having much curiosity; "one does like to hear extraordinary things about oneself."

"My informant was a lady, which is a voucher for the truth of my story. She's a bit peculiar, a Roman Catholic, and goes in for being devout. When I twitted her with going to church at unearthly hours and that sort of thing, she answered: 'What would you say, had you been there yesterday morning?'"

Interest was excited, but everyone waited in silence. "'Lieutenant —,' she went on, 'who is such a lion at present, was not only at mass, but actually said his beads.'"

Every eye was upon the young soldier, who, looking the narrator full in the face, said quietly:

"And why not? I am a Catholic."

Never was there a more crushing retort, and for a moment it had its effect. But the youth, who prided himself upon a shallow kind of scepticism, returned after a pause to the attack.

"Oh, but you must admit, my dear fellow, that it is somewhat startling to hear a man of your calibre going up to the altar and taking the Sacrament, or whatever you call the ceremony."

The sceptical youth glanced around. Even the elders were listening attentively. Perhaps he caught some furtive smiles. In any case he had made a sensation, and ridicule is so potent a weapon against success.

"My fair friend assured me," he continued, "that you really wore what she called a badge, which, being translated, means a bit of cloth, bearing some religious device."

"What I am at a loss to understand," said the lieutenant, calmly, "why all this should be supposed to interest the present company, or why any one should be surprised to hear that I do sometimes perform my religious duties."

"The fact is, lieutenant, in this country at least, a man of the world who has convictions tries hard to conceal them. Of course, I am speaking of a gentleman."

"It would be a poor sort of gentleman who was afraid to profess his convictions openly," said the lieutenant with honest scorn. "What would you think of a soldier who was ashamed of his colors?"

There was a flash in the speaker's eye and color on his cheeks, which made one listener, at least, remember the gallant charge at Tel-el-Kebir.

"I like that boy," said the Canadian millionaire to the dignitary. "If he were not in the army, I might find a good berth for him out here."

"The army has need of honest men as well as your great companies," said the dignitary with a smile; "but that lad's a gentleman to the heart's core."

There were few so frivolous in that company as not to echo this sentiment, and some who stifled in their hearts the unspoken longing for faith so firm and so fearlessly professed.

The sceptic felt anything but sure that success had fallen to his share.

II

It seemed that opportunities were multiplying for the young cavalry man to show his colors. The following Sunday afternoon he strolled down to the pier. He liked to look out upon the bay. How tranquil and beautiful was the scene in the Sabbath afternoon. The island with its groups of grim and leafless trees had a beauty of their own, outlined against the sky. This Toronto, he reflected, was a finely situated town. The young officer sauntered idly about; he stopped beside the projection of a low wall to light a cigar, and became the involuntary listener to some curious snatches of conversation. The

voices of several men were raised as if in argument, and the words came to the lieutenant's ear distinctly :

"When those priests get hold of a fellow, there's an end of it. I wouldn't give a puff of smoke for him."

It was evident to the young soldier's olfactories that the speaker had suited the action to the word, by sending forth a whiff of strong and not too fragrant tobacco.

"Yet Rob's a good enough sort," said a second voice. "Priests or no priests, none of us has anything agin him."

"True for you, Bill," said a third voice. "I say, let every man have his own way, if only he don't try to come it over other folk."

"Here comes the lad, and we'll have a sling at him," said another.

The lieutenant could perceive a tall, fair young man, advancing awkwardly towards the group. He was evidently in his Sunday best; his hair was smoothed down over his forehead, a bright red handkerchief took the place of a collar. He had the indefinable look of one who had either followed a seafaring life, or at least had spent much of his time working about ships or dock-yards.

He was greeted by a very storm of rude chaff, of vulgar personalities, of half-insulting, half-derisive epithets. Even those who had spoken well of him before he had approached seemed to relish this new sort of sport.

"I say, Rob, how much did you pay at confession. The priest must have chalked up a pretty big score." "Where's that bit of red rag you wore last Sabbath at the Mass-house? Bill Squires seen you with it," were among the most refined of the exclamations.

The poor lad grew red and pale alternately, he twisted his hands uncomfortably. With all his surprise, confusion and anger, there was a curiously blended desire to nail his flag to the mast, and show that he was a man.

"A poor rag of a man," said the first speaker, he of

the aromatic pipe. "Sponging around the priests, can't take a drink like an honest fellow, and runs with his whining stories to the parson. We won't have no such fellows among us, trying to cram Popish superstitious down our throats. I say, let us drive him out of our gang."

Poor Bill tried to speak :

"I allus does the best I can," he said ; "and I don't know as it's——"

But his voice was drowned by a chorus of angry or mocking shouts. The lieutenant felt the hot blood, which had glowed within him on more than one battlefield, mount to his face. An instant more, and poor, bewildered Rob felt an arm, firmly linked in his, and a voice raised gallantly in his behalf.

"Come, Rob, if you have that badge about you it will just match mine. We fight in the same ranks. See here."

The lieutenant drew from his pocket the Badge of the Sacred Heart, and involuntarily Rob produced his. Together they stood, a brave young pair, all difference of rank forgotten between them. The aggressors were silent a moment. Then there was an attempt at an apology.

"We meant no harm, sir. We likes^r our bit of chaff."

"Queer sort of chaff, tampering with a man's convictions," said the lieutenant, sternly. "Let me advise you in future to have some respect for a fellow who has got some belief and the pluck to profess it."

Before the lieutenant was quite aware of what was being done, the men had set up a rousing cheer for him and Rob. It sounded to his excited mood like the exultant shouts he had heard after a victory. Shaking Rob warmly by the hand, and with a hearty "good-bye" to the rest, the lieutenant walked away.

"That's a plucky young swell," said one.

"Know who he is?" said the man of the pipe.

"He's the officer what came out here with ——," mentioning the dignitary to whom the young soldier was secretary.

"You get along; there ain't no Papists in that crowd."

"I know what I's talking about. That's lieutenant ——, and he's got a dozen medals, at least. not to speak of the Victorey Cross."

"Draw it mild!" and "Who'd have thought it!" were same of the comments provoked by this explanation.

"He knelt beside me last Sunday at the altar rails," ventured Rob. "He wore the badge that he showed you to-day."

"Gosh!" was the emphatic exclamation, following upon this information.

"These Papists is queer folk," said the man with the pipe, who appeared to be a sort of leader in the group; "and, arter all, I likes to see a man stick up for his colors. So give us your fist, Rob!"

One or two bad Catholics who had been amongst this party of English workmen lately arrived from Liverpool, now stole shamefacedly away. They had that day learned a never-to-be-forgotten lesson.

The young lieutenant meanwhile found his way to the club, where he was to take his dinner, reflecting more seriously than was his wont upon each man's responsibility.

He had never been what is called pious, but always a practical Catholic. He had joined the League at college in England, and had been, through all vicissitudes, faithful to its practices. So that it was with curious emotion he had found himself, here in this strange country, that memorable Sunday morning, amongst the throng of communicants advancing to the altar for the Communion

of Reparation. He had worn the badge, but he had little idea that he was so shortly to appear on two occasions as a veritable confessor of the faith. It had hitherto seemed so natural to him to be proud of his religion. He could not guess what seeds of good he had that day sown. It was only in after years that they were to ripen. But he did draw a conclusion from all that had occurred.

"I suppose," he thought, "that one has to be a little aggressive in one's Catholicity at times. Not in attacking but in repelling attack. It is a cowardly thing to shut up one's religion for Sunday wear, especially when we carry about this militant emblem."

He looked at the badge, which unconsciously he had still retained in his grasp, and now restored it to his pocket.

"I never realized before to-day," he added with a laugh, "that the League is a band of soldiers."

CATHERINE TEGAKWITA.

TRULY the Lord is wonderful in His Saints! Who can fathom His wisdom in their regard, or explain the high mystery of their vocation? How it is that He singles them out from all the human family, and makes of them special heirs of grace, that "chaste generation," the lilies of His garden, in whose beauty and fragrance His Heart delights?

In our old Canadian chronicles we read of a young Indian girl, Catherine Tegakwita by name, belonging to the fiercest of all the tribes, the mighty Iroquois, the deadliest foes of the Christian colonists, and the last to bend under the sweet yoke of Christ. This flower of the

wild wood was the niece of a powerful chief. She was left an orphan in her early infancy, and grew up to womanhood in her forest home in what is now New York State, and in that lovely vale

“ —where the Mohawk gently glides
On its clear winding way to the sea.”

Her childhood and first youth were spent in the dreary darkness of paganism, enriched, however, by natural virtues rarely seen in an Indian maiden. In the hard toil which then as now falls to the lot of the women of her race, Catherine arrived at the age of twenty, when the call of divine grace reached her young heart. She was baptised by the Jesuit father in charge of the mission, on the spot where Auriesville, N. Y., stands. From her earliest infancy she had shewn a strong predilection for the Catholic religion, and yearned for the time when she could openly profess its doctrines.

Her life hitherto had been comparatively peaceful. But no sooner had the saving waters of baptism been poured upon her head, than she was called to undergo every species of persecution by the people of her tribe, and especially her own kindred. Every practice of piety, every observance of her new religion was met by a storm of opposition, and the young girl became the object of the vilest contumely, the most virulent abuse that even the tongue of savages could heap upon her.

One instance of this cruel persecution is touchingly and reverently recorded by the pious annalists of those remote times. True to the teaching of the Church, Catherine could neither be persuaded nor forced to work on the Sunday. This excited the wrath of her relatives dwelling in the same wigwam, who could by no means tolerate her self-imposed exemption for one day from the toilsome labors of the week. But Catherine was not to be moved

from the path of duty. She would keep the Lord's Day holy and free from servile work, come what might. Then it was decided that if she did not work she should not eat. The heroic girl willingly endured starvation Sunday after Sunday, fasting all day long; but violate the commandment of God she would not and did not. In this as in every other trial her faith and fortitude prevailed over every obstacle.

Then came a new ordeal of suffering. The old chief, her uncle, and her other relatives would fain have Catherine married to a young brave of her tribe, who wanted the gentle lily of the Mohawk to hoe his corn and cook his buffalo meat, and make sunlight in his wigwam. But Catherine, inspired from above, had consecrated her virginity to God even before her baptism and perhaps in preparation for that great Sacrament. Nothing could induce her to change her resolution, or accept other spouse than Christ Jesus the dear Lover of her soul.

This firmness on her part was the signal for still greater persecution, so that even her life was in imminent danger from the merciless cruelty of her own people. Then it was that the good missionary, her spiritual father and director, advised her to seek an asylum among the Christian Iroquois near the St. Lawrence, where she might practice her religion in peace and comfort. Catherine meekly prepared to obey, but her uncle fiercely opposed her departure, and every difficulty was thrown in her way. Submitting the righteous desires of her heart to the will of her Divine Master, the maiden calmly awaited His good time, and her patience was speedily rewarded. One of her relatives, a brother-in-law, all at once expressed his intention of going North to Montreal, and with him a warlike chief of the tribe, Hot Cinders by name, a redoubtable escort for the meek Lily of the Mohawk! So her uncle's further opposition was useless.

Who can imagine the hardships, the privations, the bodily fatigue of a journey on foot through hundreds of miles of wild forest land from the banks of the Mohawk to the shores of the St. Lawrence! Yet Catherine bore all without a murmur. The flame of divine love burning in her heart made all suffering welcome for the sake of her gracious Spouse!

Arrived at Laprairie Catherine was warmly welcomed by her Christian kinsfolk, very many of whom were no less fervent than herself, and amongst them she reposed in peace after the toils and perils of the wilderness. There, four happy years she dwelt in the calm delights of peace and the practice of every virtue in the highest degree of perfection. A veritable Apostle amongst the people of her tribe, she edified all by the holiness of her life and the fervor of her piety, while her gentleness and patience and her heaven-inspired teachings—simple and unlettered as she was—exercised a powerful influence on the half-civilized but wholly Christian children of the forest amongst whom she dwelt.

She became, as it were, the guardian angel of her tribe, venerated for her sanctity, loved for her gracious ways and her unvarying sweetness. Even the gift of miracles was not withheld from this favored child of grace during these last years of her life.

But Catherine was one of the early called. A flower blooming for Heaven only, the Master of Life accepted her fervent desires and transplanted her to the celestial gardens in the summer of her days. Twenty-four years had she lived on earth. She died in the odor of sanctity at La Tortue, near Laprairie, in the year of our Lord 1680, leaving her name and the memory of her saintly virtues as the richest inheritance of the Iroquois race. From the very time of her death pilgrimages to her humble grave became frequent, and many wonderful cures were wrought

by her intercession, amongst them those of notable persons both lay and clerical. In the days when the Marquis de Denonville was governor of Canada, the country was visited by a terrible pestilence. The noble and pious governor had recourse to the intercession of the Iroquois virgin, and the plague ceased its ravages. How God, our God, is magnified in His Saints !

* * * * *

Two hundred and ten years after Catherine's death, in the early autumn of last year, 1890, while the green glory of summer still lingered on our fair northern land, a grand celebration took place at La Tortue, called Cote St. Catherine, in memory of her, when a granite monument erected in her honor was publicly consecrated. Prelates and priests assisted at this solemn rite in the presence of a great multitude of the faithful, amongst whom were the entire population of Caughnawaga, the Iroquois village on the St. Lawrence, some miles above Montreal, the inheritors of Catherine's faith and devoted children of the Church. With these were crowds of people of all origins from the city and all the surrounding country. A grand procession took place, orations were delivered in English, French and Iroquois, and the welkin rang with glad triumphal music and the plaudits of the people. "Homage," they cried, "to the venerable Catherine Tegakwita, our saint that is to be !"

Great is the God whom Catherine served so faithfully, and great is the glory wherewith He crowns His Saints even on earth ! Emperors and kings and mighty conquerors and great statesmen—men renowned for art and science,—women whose beauty and grace and rare accomplishments gave lustre even to noble or royal birth,—the historic personages of two centuries have been born and died since the day when the lowly Iroquois maiden breathed her last in an Indian settlement by the waters of the great

river of the North. The forests in whose deep solitudes she prayed and pondered on the Eternal Truths have been swept away in the advance of civilization ; towns and cities have sprung up where the forest homes of the red men were ; the Six Nations with their kindred tribes, once so mighty and so far-stretching, have well-nigh disappeared from the face of the earth, and are found only in the sagas of the bards or the pages of history ; yet the memory of Catherine Tegakwita, the Indian maiden, the angel of the Iroquois, the lily of the Mohawk, lives on from age to age amongst the people of the land, becoming brighter and more fondly cherished as the years roll on !

The children of the pale faces from beyond the great sea vie with the scattered remnants of her own once powerful nation in doing honor to the virgin of La Tortue, the humble Iroquois girl, the woodland flower

“ — born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

And the time, we may hope, is not far distant when Catherine Tegakwita will be raised to the altars of the Church by the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, and become the patron of the North American Indians—the first canonised Saint of their blood, as she is now one of the chief glories of Catholic Canada, enriched by the possession of her honored remains.



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

South America—Hayti.

After leaving South America to continue our tour of League inspection around the world, there is another republic that claims our notice. This is the island of Hayti, where the Bishop, to preserve his people from the ravages of Free Masonry, lately delivered a Pastoral Instruction on the Apostleship of Prayer. He thus concludes. "It follows, beloved brethren, that the whole drift of the Apostleship is to secure the fervent practice of the Christian religion. The members who are leagued in this pious work are the army of our Holy Father the Pope. It is a peaceful but powerful army, praying, acting, and suffering for the most Catholic of intentions and the most pleasing to the Heart of Jesus.

Our Lord said to the young man who asked him the road to heaven: 'Do this and thou shalt live.' Do this, namely, keep the commandments and you shall have life. We do not hesitate to give the same assurance to the associates of the Holy League, because it is a work which makes the keeping of the commandments easy. Enter it, therefore, fulfil all its pious practices, and you shall live: you shall live here below, for you will not fall from the state of grace or you will immediately rise, and so you shall have the founded hope of dying in the state of grace and living forever."

He then adopted measures to enroll all the associates who had made their first communion in the Three Degrees from the beginning, and to have a special communion day for all the children every month.

What they say across the border, and what they wish.

DETROIT COLLEGE, Jan. 9th.

DEAR FATHER ———,

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of the first issue of the Canadian *Messenger*. I like it very much. It is a credit to the Editor's taste and judgment. I am especially pleased with the announcement that he is to devote space to points connected with the formation and well-being of the Men's League.

The men's branch I organized here last April is giving great satisfaction. It is growing steadily and rapidly. Last Sunday, I had over three hundred at the meeting.

Our Ladies' Branch numbers 1150, and meet on the 2nd Sunday.

I wish to be placed on the list of subscribers. I wish also to receive a copy of the Handbook of the Men's League. I wish to know more about the Sacred Heart Union. I am anxious to keep posted thoroughly on the most successful methods employed in advancing the League, particularly among men.

Yours truly in Xto.

DIRECTOR OF THE LEAGUE.

AT HOME.

SOME MORE AGGREGATIONS IN ONTARIO.

Grafton.

The people of this parish are exclusively agricultural, and noted for an earnest practical piety springing from a robust faith, which knows how when invited to carry heaven by assault. The League of the Sacred Heart

could not but gather a rich harvest in a parish with dispositions so fervent, and could not fail, by turning the light and warmth of the Sacred Heart on so sturdy a tree, to bring out an efflorescence of piety and rich abundance of fruit, such as will make Grafton a beautiful orchard of our Canadian church.

This was Father Larkin's desire in sending for the missionary, and he soon selected as Promoters a troop of young ladies, not only healthy as roses that breathe the fresh air of the fields, but also intelligent and active, such as at the approach of a church bazaar would think it nothing to dispose of their twenty tickets each, and count their five hundred dollars profit. These, representing almost every family, enthusiastically offered their services to recruit rosary bands, deal out tickets, *Messengers*, pictures, etc., and thus spread the fire of divine love over the parish. The men too are organizing, and will soon have their branch in thorough working order.

"We have now," writes the Rev. Local Director, Jan. 8th, "sixteen complete rosary bands and fifty *Messengers*, and we expect by Easter to have every communicant in the mission enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart."

Niagara.

Niagara is a great railway centre, the connecting link between the railway systems of the two peoples that divide the northern continent. The ruthless locomotive ploughing up church as well as home and town must be felt here. No class of men are more deserving of pity and interest than railroad men. For them no regular Sunday Mass, no stated times of daily prayer, none of those gentle but potent influences of family life to remind and help on to duty. How steep and swift the downward grade to indifference? Yet they have a preservative. The sense of danger, the shadow of death under all its terrible

railway forms; the short narrow step, the plunge that separates them from eternity, have a chastening effect on the heart that stand instead of many external helps. The Sacred Heart has no stauncher friends than railroad men.

The good Carmelite Fathers in default of the ordinary means to reach their charge invoked the aid of the Holy League, and had a mission given for its establishment. The men attended, some the morning, some the evening exercises, while not a few deemed themselves happy to be able to snatch an hour from their rest and duties to hear a sermon and receive the Sacraments. At one of the closing exercises eighty remained in the church to form the Men's League, led by the chief railway officials of the town. Around these many more at a convenient time were to group themselves. All with scarcely a dissenting voice engaged themselves to the profession of temperance together with the practices of the League.

The ladies likewise organized. There was a flourishing sodality of the Blessed Virgin, conducted by the Loretto nuns, of which all the young women of the parish felt proud to be members. The difficulty was not to find Promoters for circles, but circles for the Promoters. Father Dominick settled it by appointing two Promoters for every band of fifteen. These were to enlist their friends, not omitting fathers, brothers, and intended husbands, and keep all well supplied with rosary tickets and *Messengers*.

The school children too formed their Juvenile League under the immediate direction of the zealous Loretto nuns, the boys renewing their pledge against intoxicants and tobacco until twenty-one. The ceremony of the consecration of the children was a most imposing one. Father Dominick A. Malley, O.C.C., is still pushing on the work of organization, and already has twenty rosary circles supplied with sixty *Messengers*.