



# THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

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## GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL.

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

### STABILITY OF OUR CHRISTIAN HOPES.

Were the history of Hope written, it would be but the history of heroic deeds and lofty achievements. The millions of martyrs who underwent tortures for faith or for virtue's sake did so with a heavenly smile upon their lips and a prayer for their executioners, while the latter were stricken with fear and trembling. The anchorites who peopled the desert fasted and watched with a holy joy. The cloistered nun embraces the Cross, and astonishes the world when she exclaims:—"O, let me either suffer or die," with a St. Theresa, or with the Florentine Saint:—"Let me not die, but rather let me suffer." The poor and the outcast, while faith was yet a living thing in their hearts, rejoiced in their privations and their abjection. For thereby were they not rendered more like to their Redeemer? Such indeed are the results of Chris-

tian Hope. And it is of this boon that Socialism, the curse of modern civilization, would rob the nations of Christendom.

The main error of Socialism, and which constitutes its most pernicious feature, may be summed up in a few words: the real Paradise in which we must centre all our hopes is not in heaven but here upon earth. In attempting to propagate this belief among their fellowmen the leaders of Socialism vie with their own masters of the lodges. They proceed, however, with less circumspection. They proclaim it aloud and without palliatives, and when they find Christians whose consciences are dulled by the number of their transgressions, and years of estrangement from the practices of their Church, they succeed in making numerous dupes among them.

When this paradise upon earth is to be realized, and in what precisely it is to consist, are points which the apostles of Socialism are wary about determining. And it is not without reason. Nothing is more *indeterminate* than that final *term* which they assign to human life, and which for that very reason is an absurd contradiction; nothing is more inaccessible than that singular destiny illusively offered to all; nothing is more opposed to the constant aspirations and real yearnings habitual to all mankind for six thousand years; nothing, in fine, less capable of appeasing and satiating the heart of man created for God, for immortality and for heaven.

We could not do better than quote here the words of the distinguished modern Roman orator, Montefeltro. "Christian Hope," he says, "carries our thoughts beyond this life on to a future existence, to that moment in which the thick veil shall fall, and in which the exile, stretching out his hands to the promised country, will be satiated with the happiness so ardently desired, and the Christian, after having triumphed over the world and

himself, shall finally receive the crown like the young warrior, who, having scaled the walls of the besieged city through a path of fire and blood, seizes the banner and shouts Victory !

“With peace on her brow, serenity in her glance, a smile on her lips, Hope, that beautiful daughter of Heaven, comes and sits by the poor afflicted one, and like that heroic mother who, raising to Heaven her streaming eyes, encouraged her youngest born to die, she exhorts poor mortals by reminding them of the promised reward, and says:—‘Courage ! thy brothers are already arrived in glory. They see you, they call you, they are waiting for you. Very soon you shall go to join them, and to reign with them. It is true you have to pass through the thorns of this vale of tears, but the end will be soon, and the end is Heaven ! It is true you will have to struggle against cruel enemies, but the fruit will be sweet and the glory eternal in Heaven. It is true you will have to pass your life in the midst of sufferings, with the sword of death hanging over you, but Heaven will be the reward, and death will open to you the gates of Paradise.’

“And with such words she reanimates our courage, re-awakens in us the sense of our destinies, excites our desires, fires our souls, and becomes to us the fiery chariot which transported Elijah and holds us suspended between earth and Heaven, time and eternity.

“There is an outcry in our days against the tendencies which Religion awakes in us through its hopes. They would that man should only think of earth and of the things of the earth. It is folly they say—it is a folly they write—to raise men’s thoughts from earth to Heaven, to remove them from the present life to the future. Such mysticism should be left to monks and nuns. Selfish and narrow-minded language, we reply—language worthy of those who only believe what they can see and touch,

and weigh and measure—language worthy of those who are sold to gold and silver. What do they pretend, those men who declare war with Heaven? Have they never suffered or wept? Have they never seen men die? Have they never experienced the insufficiency of earthly methods for the consolation of grief? Do they count it so small a thing that we must bathe this 'earth which is cursed' with our tears, and bury all our hopes therein, that they should shut up our souls in a tomb which has no opening toward eternity? Shall not the poor prisoner, languishing in his horrid cell, be permitted to drag himself to the grated window, there to perceive a glimpse of heaven and breathe of purer air? O, great God! What would become of us without Hope? Who would give us the strength to resist the persecutions of calumny, hatred and tyranny if Hope did not point to Christian justice as the avenger of oppressed and down-trodden virtue?

“Who could sustain human weakness, when misery and suffering threaten to overwhelm some poor creature, if Hope did not hold out a promise of better days? Oh, let such renounce the Hope of Heaven! Let them crouch and grovel in the mire and dust of the earth. They are fit objects of compassion, but with what right do they come to spread their doctrine in the world? With what right do they come to insult a people who work, who toil, who live by privation, by taking from them the only comfort they possess—the Hope of Heaven?....

“But to take from the people, to take from the suffering the Hope of Heaven is to take from the famishing man his last crust, to take from the drowning man his last plank of safety, and to push him down into the abyss of desperation. It is as though you would push a man back who, having fallen into a roaring torrent, is clinging to some friendly shrub for safety. To say to a man,—

‘Thou weepst, and thou art in pain, be comforted; after the tomb, there is nothing,’ is unheard of cruelty. No! this is not our condition on earth. We are like the exile who sighs for his country. The day of our exile will end, the chains will be broken which hold our soul prisoner, and we, tired of this deception, which calls itself human happiness, may comfort ourselves with a vision of Heaven, and rest in a sure harbor after the tempest. Poor brethren! You suffer hunger, thirst, nakedness; and you, poor mothers, surrounded by your little ones, who ask you for bread and you have only tears, and for clothing, and you have only caresses and kisses,—raise your eyes to Heaven, there is your country and your kingdom, and abundant compensation.

“The days of separation are numbered, a little while and your hovels will be changed into radiant dwellings and gilded thrones, and your tears, lovingly gathered up by the angels, will add new gems to the crown of your immortal life. Before long, God Himself will invite you to sit at His table amid the effulgent splendors of Heaven. There will be no more poverty, no more provocations, no forsaking, no deception; God will receive us in His arms, and we shall be inebriated with the pure joys of our Father’s House. O, incomprehensible joy, how happy we shall be! But on what does it rest, this beautiful and sweetest of Hopes? Upon a foundation that cannot be shaken—the Cross of Jesus. Listen. Jesus was seated one day on the summit of a hill to teach the people; He looked down upon the earth, and, seeing it full of tears and covered with unfortunate beings, exclaimed: ‘Blessed are the poor, blessed are they that weep, blessed are they that are persecuted.’ What sayest Thou, O Lord? Blessed are the poor, blessed are they that weep, blessed are they that are persecuted? But is this not a cruel irony? Didst Thou not know the priva-

tions of poverty, the bitterness of tears? Hast thou not experienced the torments of persecution? Why, therefore, dost Thou call them blessed? *Quoniam ipsorum est regnum coelorum!* For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

But how absurd soever Socialistic theories may be in themselves, in practice their effects are disastrous. They exasperate and stir up the poor suffering people, so dear to the Heart of God, wresting from them their Christian Hopes which sweeten the bitterness of their sorrows; they render these same sorrows and their poverty truly intolerable; and because they set before them, as their only paradise, and consequently their inalienable right, the enjoyment of their animal propensities, from the free fruition of which they are at the same time debarred, the result is, that these barbarous theories embitter the minds of the people with an implacable hatred for the wealthy, awaken in their breasts an uncontrollable envy, and finally drive them into open revolt, to be quelled for the nonce by blood and ruin, but only to break out anew on the morrow, unless the true children of the Church effect the conversion of these maddened masses by their prayers, their exhortations and their deeds of Christian mercy.

Such is, in the times in which we live, the appointed task of the true believers. They have to do over again what their devoted forefathers did in the first ages of the Church; for, the pagans of those days also looked for their happiness here below, though with instincts less coarse than our modern atheists. Imbued with a lively faith and burning with zeal at the contemplation of that real Paradise which is our glorious destiny, our valiant Christians will find arms, tempered with a virtue all divine, to convince their fellow-men of the reality of the sublime truths which form the object of our Hope, and to

direct their aspirations towards that endless happiness which God has prepared for His faithful servants.

While every Christian, worthy of the name, should become an apostle in setting before the eyes of the way-worn and suffering our immortal Christian Hopes, to whom should that sublime calling more fitly extend than to the friends and Associates of the Sacred Heart? Animated with a more penetrating faith while they rely more confidently on the infinite love of Jesus Christ, should they not possess also in a more perfect degree the power of portraying the exceeding love and goodness of God for His creature, since He places within our reach such an exalted destiny? With this end in view, Associates, who come in contact with the disaffected class referred to above, should have at their call irrefragable proofs such as may be adapted to the intellectual calibre of those with whom they have to do. Thank God, in this our own country the class of downright unbelievers is not considerable, and is confined almost exclusively to heretics who have lapsed from the belief in a Christian Revelation. As they unfold before these the glorious future that awaits the just in the world to come, they will at the same time dwell upon the consolations offered to her suffering children by Christ's true Church upon earth. Happy if they succeed in drawing them within her pale, for then will they indeed reconcile them to their lot, and render acceptable, within the limits of the possible, the material discomforts, if not the positive hardships, of the poor and the abject. They will raise towards Heaven their downcast hearts and shattered hopes, so that social harmony may again little by little be brought about and more firmly grounded in charity and justice.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer

Thou all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular that Christian Hopes may be revived and rendered more firm among all who have been called to be Thy followers.—Amen.

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## THE JUBILEE ALBUM.

The following centres were through some oversight omitted in the general list of those contributing to the spiritual offering:—

Church of Our Lady, Guelph; Vankleek Hill; the Seminary of Chicoutimi; and the Congregation Convent of Chambly.

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## TREASURY, APRIL, 1893.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity, . . . . .	185,900	Works of charity, ..	20,820
Beads, . . . . .	344,116	Works of zeal, . . . . .	21,874
Stations of the Cross. . . . .	63,862	Prayers, . . . . .	1,387,318
Holy Communions, ..	69,515	Charitable conversations, . . . . .	109,201
Spiritual Commu- nions, . . . . .	693,518	Sufferings or afflictions, . . . . .	44,850
Examinations of conscience, . . . . .	80,924	Self-conquests, . . . . .	182,503
Hours of labor, . . . . .	531,560	Visits to Blessed Sacrament . . . . .	200,416
Hours of silence, . . . . .	315,238	Other good works, ..	690,330
Pious reading, . . . . .	44,268		
Masses celebrated, ..	40,824		
Masses heard, . . . . .	93,161		
Mortifications, . . . . .	179,976		
		Total . . . . .	5,300,174



## THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

## I.

**T**HRO' desert wilds, thro' pathways all unknown,  
 In darkness and in loneliness I grope :  
 The lamp of Faith hath dim and wavering grown,  
 Quench'd are the torches of fair Love and  
 Hope ;

With outstretched hands, my soul, despairing, cries :

“The way is lost, O Lord!—where shall I flee?”

Lo! all the gloom is lighted by His eyes,

“I am the Way!”—His tender voice replies,

“O little wanderer! walk thou in *Me!*”

## II.

All I have trusted have my trust betrayed,

My dearest friends have with my foes allied ;

My wounded heart, distracted and dismayed,

Finds naught save falsehood upon every side ;

Prone in the dust, and wearied nigh to death,

“Faithful and True! is there no truth?” I moan,—

Warm on my cheek, I feel His sacred breath,

“I am the Truth!” He loudly answereth,

“Come, rest in Me, poor disappointed one!”

## III.

Alas! sweet Lord, my soul within me faints,

The glow and energy of life seem fled ;

The burning love of Thine heroic saints

Hath turned to ashes in this bosom dead.

“Life! give me life!”—with gasping lips apart.

My struggling soul cries out in anguish sore ;

The glad voice answers:—“Child! tho' weak thou art,

I am the Life! Come, dwell within My Heart,

And thou shalt live in Me for evermore!”

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



## THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

A PRIESTHOOD OF ZEAL.



NE day our Divine Saviour had wearied Himself apparently without purpose. After a long journey, He was come, toward the hour of noon, to the neighborhood of an unbelieving city. There He stayed His steps beside a well; and His disciples, seeing Him worn out with fatigue and hunger, went into the city to seek refreshment for Him. On their return they found Him speaking to an unbelieving woman, whose mind He had enlightened and whose heart He had healed by means the most considerate and merciful.

“Master,” they said to Him; “take this food of which you stand in need.” “I have other food,” replied the Saviour, “which your eyes as yet know not how to discern.” And as they were astonished, He added, “My food is to do the will of my Father and to save souls. Behold these fields, covered with the fair growing crops. In three months, you say, harvest time will come. Ah, lift your eyes higher, and behold, far away, how the whole world is but one vast field already ripe to the harvest. This field I am to sow in My tears. But to you and your successors I leave the joy of the harvest. For it is a true word—one is he that soweth, another he that reapeth; and the labor is shared, that one day there may be joy in common.”

In such teaching Jesus Christ unfolds to us His Father's will, and the sole aim of the mission He Himself has received from the Father and the cause of the seeming

want of success of His mission. To save souls, to bring back to the fold the wandering sheep, to bring home again all God's children scattered through the wilderness of the world, to spread the fire far and wide over the earth and to wrap it in the flames of the love of God—this was the object of His desire, the work He had unceasingly before His eyes, to the fulfillment of which He sacrificed Himself without reserve. But it was not in the designs of Providence that He should accomplish this work by Himself alone. There must be others to work along with Him, and these co-workers He shall not find so long as He is on earth. The food for which He hungers none will give Him. Lifted up on the Cross—the altar of His sacrifice—He looks out upon the earth and finds few souls that do not withstand all the attraction of His love. He leaves the earth with a cry of distress from His mercy poured out in vain—"I thirst."

This thirst for the salvation of all men, the Church—there on Calvary in the persons of Mary and John and the Holy Women—will take to herself as her dearest inheritance. And to the successors of St. John and the Holy Women she will transmit it, that is, to the twofold apostleship which, until the end, shall share the fulfilling of the work of Jesus Christ,—the priesthood of office and the priesthood of zeal, the apostleship of the word and the apostleship of prayer.

The vocation to the priesthood of office or the apostleship of the word is limited to comparatively but a few. All are invited to share in the work of the priesthood of zeal or the apostleship of prayer. Be they ever so lowly, their work in perpetuating the mission of the Saviour is not only not to be considered as of little value, but on the contrary of supreme importance.

Prayer is the kind of co-operation best suited to help on the work of grace in the souls of our brethren, making us the helpers of God in their regeneration.

Indeed, it is clear that mere natural energies can in no wise help to the success of a work so entirely supernatural.

Let science draw near to a tomb, in all the strength of her most wonderful inventions and with the weapons of her most highly perfected apparatus. Let her apply to the cold and lifeless corpse her most subtle fluids and most powerful reagents. She may be perhaps able to start up a few convulsive movements that, for an instant, one might take to be signs of life. But at the end of a few moments the corpse would again become motionless and rigid; and the work of death, far from being delayed by these idle experiments, might only be precipitated. This is because the life of the human body is not a mechanical or chemical force, nor a fluid more or less subtle. Its life is the rational soul. Once the soul has departed from the body, it is not in the power of science to bring it back, whether from heaven or from hell; into its prison-house of clay.

For a yet stronger reason, it is not in the power of human science and eloquence to bring back to the soul the life of God, of which it has had the misfortune of being deprived. Science may be able to show the necessity of such life. Eloquence, by its vivid pictures and overpowering transports, may produce in the sinner's heart some passing emotion, and lead him perhaps to conceive some feeling of horror for his wretched state. But to make him understand the possibility of a return to the life of God and to awaken in him the sweet hope of regaining this life,—above all, to give him strength to overcome the obstacles that sever him from it—eloquence can never do this by itself; for this is infinitely above the power of men or angels. The life of the soul is God, and there is only one power able to give back God to the soul,—it is the power of God Himself.

We cannot, without God, have work in the regeneration of our brethren. But, with God, we can work for it with abundant fruit. Yes, our infinitely merciful Father, who loves all the works of His hands, and who cherishes souls more than all His other works, has given us an all-powerful means of bringing back life to the souls who have lost it. "*For Thou lovest all things that are, and hatest none of the things which Thou hast made.... But Thou sparest all: because they are Thine, O Lord, who lovest souls.*" (Wisdom XI, 25-27.) This all-powerful means is prayer.

Prayer fulfills every condition of the co-operation which God wishes to have from us in the work of our brother's salvation. For, on the one hand, He wishes our co-operation to be active, constant, devoted. He demands that we shall aid each other in reaching the sublime end for which He has created us. He obliges us to love our brethren just as He obliges us to love Himself, these two duties making but one. He will not have us persuade ourselves that we are sincerely devoted to His interests, unless we labor with all our strength to make Him reign in the souls which constitute His true kingdom. And He is not willing that we should imagine we love ourselves truly, unless we love our neighbor as ourselves, that is, unless we labor for his salvation just as we labor for our own.

But, on the other hand, God desires that the co-operation we are to give to His grace for the salvation of our neighbor should be of such a kind as to leave to Him all the glory of this work—the divinet of all His works. Therefore, we must make all our strength serve to this end; but we must apply it in such wise that our action shall seek in God alone its power and fruitfulness.

How earnest, therefore, should not be the resolve of all members of the Apostleship of Prayer, not only to per-

severe in this work of extending the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in the souls of men, but also to induce others, as chosen friends of the Sacred Heart, to join in the furtherance of a work, left purposely incomplete, that we, poor weak ones, might have a share in its glorious consummation.

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## GUELPH.

### CHURCH OF OUR LADY.

A very large congregation assembled at Our Lady's Church, Guelph, on the evening of the first Friday of March. The Rev. Director had announced the Sunday previous that the new Promoters would receive their crosses and diplomas on the evening of the first Friday. After the Beads of the Sacred Heart had been recited and an earnest discourse had been delivered by Father Kavanaugh, S.J., the local director of the League in Guelph, the fourteen new Promoters advanced to the altar railing, and after reciting the Act of Consecration, were enrolled by the Director as Promoters in the League of the Sacred Heart. During the Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, the solemn Act of Consecration was read by the Director on behalf of the whole congregation. The usual meeting of the Promoters was held in the chapel of the Sacred Heart immediately after the Benediction.

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The Rev. Father D. R. Macdonald, P.P., under date of Feb. 27th, writes as from Alexandria, Ont., as follows:— Our centre is doing nicely now, and with the affiliation of the schools here we have a very large portion of the parish belonging to the League.



## SUNSET CLOUDS.

**O!** the rich sunset clouds,  
Flecking the western sky  
With a glory grand,  
In the sunlight bland,  
Pleasing the wondering eye.

Clad in your varying tints,  
Crimson and purple and gold,  
Are you not the gate,  
Where the Angels wait,  
To reward with joys untold ?

Or the rays of the Light Divine,  
Flashing beyond your bound,  
Through the azure rifts,  
'Mid the bars and drifts,  
Scattering radiance round ?

Oft by my fancy borne,  
To these barriers bright I steal,  
And hearken the songs  
Of the angel throngs,  
As round the throne they kneel.

Radiant sunset clouds !  
Faint types of the glory of God,  
Who stirs with the breeze  
The vast waste of the seas,  
And sways the spheres with His nod.

Beautiful sunset clouds,  
    Gilding my sweet day-dreams,  
Soon your glories will fade  
As the lengthening shade  
    Follows the last sunbeams.

Shrined in my inmost soul,  
    Your image shall ever be,  
Till the Lord in His grace  
Finds a resting place  
    Near the golden throne for me.

SLIEVE-NA-MON.

MONTREAL, February 25, 1893.

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### R. I. P.

The following lately deceased members are earnestly recommended to the prayers of the League :—

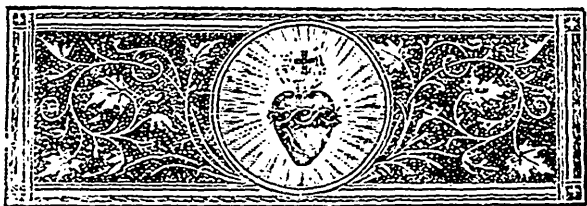
Mr. Duncan J. McGillis of St. Andrew's.

Miss Marie Boisvert of Quebec.

Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Piercy and Mrs. Meaney of Eganville.

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## FATHER SHEEHAN'S PARISH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

### I.

**W**HEN Father Sheehan reached his home after that voyage across the Atlantic in which he had made the acquaintance of Manus O'Donnell,\* his heart was filled with anxious forebodings. It is true he was returning to his parish much improved in health by a three months' sojourn in Ireland, his native land. His going there was a matter of actual necessity, prescribed by his physician and sanctioned by his bishop, who had kindly sent a brother priest to replace him during his absence. Now that he was nearing the end of his journey, his parochial cares, laid aside for a time in obedience to authority, began to weigh again upon his mind. He remembered what had, indeed, struck him at the time, that the accounts he had received of parochial affairs in the letters of his friend Father Daly, during his absence, were somewhat vague and by no means reassuring.

Father Sheehan's parish was one, be it observed in passing, that required even an unusual amount of zeal, energy and patient forbearance on the part of its pastor, together with sound health and great determination. It

\* See page 24, January number.

consisted of a small town where certain factories had been established some years before, which fact, together with the advent of a dozen or more "shanty mien," who had lately been attracted thither by the prospect of steady employment all the year round in the factories, had more than a little demoralized the working population of the place, and changed—not for the better—the quiet simple character of its people. A more worldly spirit had gradually assumed the mastery, and the old-time piety and respect for authority that had been wont to distinguish them was lapsing into careless indifference and insolent self-sufficiency,—the prevailing spirit of the times in which we live. As a consequence of this change, vices before almost unknown were of late years becoming but too common, and resisted all the efforts of the priest to eradicate.

Such had been Father Sheehan's experience, and this it was that, together with the ordinary work of the holy ministry, at all times arduous and laborious, had undermined his naturally good constitution, so that absolute rest and change of air had been found expedient to ensure his recovery. To all his enquiries, while in Ireland, as to how matters stood at home, his friend Father Daly had usually given evasive answers, evidently trying to make the best he could of it. On all this Father Sheehan reflected with a sinking heart as he journeyed homeward. From Montreal he had a railway journey of a few hours, then a short distance by stage, and lo! there was Father Daly waiting for him at the door of his little presbytery. Home again! Deo Gratias!

## II.

After tea on that first evening, Father Sheehan, with some hesitation, approached the subject nearest his heart.

"And now, Father Daly, that I have given you all the

news from home, tell me how things are going on here. Is there any change for the better?"

Father Daly shook his head. "So far from it, that I really pity you coming back to such a place. I have tried very hard to get the men into the Father Matthew Society you got up last year, but my efforts have been for the most part a lamentable failure. Only six or eight have taken the pledge since you left, and the taverns are more flourishing than ever. Then the Sacraments are but little frequented, and even the Sunday masses thinly attended."

Father Sheehan sighed wearily. Then he asked: "And what about the confraternity?"

"Well! that is not so bad. A good many women and girls have joined lately, and the meetings are somewhat better attended. Still, even there the progress made is not very considerable, and, indeed, the general outlook is far from encouraging. That turbulent spirit of insubordination is still rife among the men, and I see little before you, my poor friend, but trouble. I wish I had a more cheering account for you on your return, and that I could give you back your parish ever so little improved; but alas! it is very, very far from being so. By the way, you remember Tom Barry?"

"The blacksmith!—of course I do, to my great sorrow. He is one of the hardest cases we have in the parish."

"Of course he is well! I'll tell you something characteristic about *him*. You must know he lost his wife some five or six weeks ago."

"A good riddance for her, poor woman!" put in Father Sheehan—"that is, if she were well prepared."

"Oh! she was, indeed, I'm thankful to say, for sorrow and trouble had done their work in her regard, and she turned to God with her whole heart!"

"What a life she had of it for the last two or three years, since Tom took to drinking. If ever anyone died of a broken heart, it was she."

“Not a doubt of it. But, knowing that, you will be able to appreciate what I am going to tell you. I was just preparing for bed about 10 o'clock, one rainy night, about two weeks after her death, when a messenger came in haste to say that I must go immediately to Tom Barry's. ‘And who am I wanted for there?’ I asked. ‘Oh! for Tom himself, your reverence. He wants to see you mighty bad entirely.’ With some misgiving I went, I must confess, knowing Tom's habits, and fearing it might be an attack of *delirium tremens* he had. I found him stretched at full length on his bed in his usual attire, apparently much at his ease. ‘Well! Tom, my poor fellow,’ I said, approaching the bed, and no little relieved to see him so quiet—‘You sent for me, did you not?’—‘I did, then, your reverence,’ he replied. ‘What is the matter with you? You don't appear to suffer much.’ ‘No, it isn't that I'm sick at all, Father Daly,’ was the answer, ‘but I just wanted to shew you that.’ And, raising himself on his elbow, he pointed to a large wooden cross painted black that hung over his head. ‘But what has that to do with your sending for me?’ I asked in no small surprise. ‘Just look at it now,’ was the answer, ‘I want you to take a good look at it.’ ‘I have done so, Tom, but what then? Why did you send for me?’ ‘Well! I'll just tell your reverence,’ he coolly answered. ‘I got that cross made to put over poor Nora, and sure I knew you'd be glad to see it before it was taken to the cemetery above.’ ‘And that was why you sent for me on such a night as this, and just when I was about to retire to rest!’

“I tell you, Father Sheehan,” the priest went on, “it was as much as I could do to keep my temper, seeing the fellow regarding the cross and myself alternately with a half-drunken smile of maudlin complacency as he lay there comfortably on his bed. I merely told him,

however, to be more careful another time how he sent for a priest on such a fool's errand, and started for home through the darkness and rain."<sup>\*</sup>

Preoccupied as he was, Father Sheehan could not help laughing at this extraordinary "sick call" of Father Daly's, and the latter joined merrily in the laugh, though it was at his own expense. But alas! the situation was too critical for mirth, for, unhappily, Tom Barry was but one of many drunkards who were the cause of much sorrow to the pastor and much scandal to the whole parish. Temperance meetings and Temperance sermons were alike ineffectual in reclaiming any considerable number of these public sinners. And, unfortunately, there were other scandals of old standing that were, if possible, still more grievous.

The two priests talked long and earnestly over these matters, but without arriving at any practical decision, on that last evening they were to spend together for some time, as Father Daly was to leave on the following day to report himself to his bishop.

### III.

Left alone once more to take up the heavy burden he had reluctantly laid aside for a brief season, Father Sheehan set himself face to face with the many difficulties that lay in his way. In addition to all those he had discussed with Father Daly, there was the heavy debt on the church,—a new one built by his predecessor in the parish, at whose death, a few years before, it was still unfinished, although so far advanced by his zeal and perseverance as to be fit for divine worship. To complete the church and at least reduce the debt, Father Sheehan

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\* This incident is literally true, and actually occurred in Montreal to a zealous Irish priest, well known to the writer, who was at the time member of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and attached to St. Patrick's Church.

had established a Building Society, which as yet had produced but scant results. Then there was the Parochial School—English and French—which it was the dearest wish of his heart to see in active operation ever since his appointment to the parish—but now, alas! very far in the future, as far as human probability went.

And here was the pastor back again among his people, full of gratitude for restored health and full of zeal to do something solid and tangible for the glory of God and the lasting good of souls placed in his charge. Next morning when he offered up the Holy Sacrifice, it was not only in thanksgiving but with the special intention of making reparation for the sins of his people, and obtaining aid from On High to bring the sinners to repentance and increase the number of the good and well-disposed.

To work he went meanwhile with renewed energy and devotion, to do his share for the attainment of the end he had in view. He made a general visitation of all the families, called meetings of the different associations existing in the parish, and left no means untried to excite a better spirit among his parishioners. Alas! his persistent efforts were attended with little or no success. Only the few responded to his call, the many were sunk in apathy and the stolid indifference that follows on the utter neglect of religious duty. Vice walked abroad unblushingly, waxing bolder as time went on. Even the priest's instructions and admonitions were scoffed at and set at naught by the scandalous sinners whose evil example and influence were making such havoc amongst the working population of the place.

So matters went on for some time longer, when Father Sheehan received a letter from his grateful young friend, Manus O'Donnell, telling him of the marvellous results of his application, through the intention box, to the prayers of the Holy League. As the priest read, a sudden access

of joy and hope thrilled his heart. A flash, as it were, of lightning illumined his mind, and revealed in letters of flame a divine promise spoken ages before to the virgin Saint of Paray-le-Monial in the mystic silence of the cloister.

"And I never thought of it before!" he cried within himself in a reproachful spirit, as he proceeded without a moment's delay to prepare for a visit to Montreal. "But it is never too late to do good, and that Fountain of Mercy is never closed! Courage, my soul, courage! Who knows but the dawn of a new day is at hand?"

## IV.

There was a great commotion in the town some days later, when Father Sheehan announced from the pulpit that a mission was to be given during the following month in that church by Fathers from Montreal.

"The Mission will last for two weeks," he said, "which will give you all ample time to make your peace with God. Now, I want every man and woman in my parish to attend this Mission; and as there are only a small number of you here present compared with the whole population of the place, let everyone make it his or her business to tell the good news to friends and neighbors, and try to get them all into it. Remember that my blessing and the blessing of God will rest upon everyone that induces others to avail themselves of what may be for many, and certainly will be for some, the last opportunity of saving their souls. Now, mind, you are all invited to make this Mission,—no parish needs it more, and woe to him or her that rejects the means of grace now offered."

Many grumbled and declared that they wouldn't make the Mission,—not they; indeed; many more were glad of the opportunity, and made up their minds to profit by it

Grace was already knocking at their hearts, preparing the way for conversion.

The Mission was opened. At first the attendance was slim indeed. Little by little, however, more people came, some impelled by curiosity, some with a half formed resolution of trying to mend their ways. At the end of three days the church began to be crowded, the sermons were heard with attention, —the mission was talked of everywhere, in shops and factories, as well as in the homes of the people, and in the church the priests were kept busy hearing confessions all day long. The Mission promised an abundant harvest, and very many were the souls brought back to God. But, alas! a certain number still hung back, obstinately refusing to make the Mission which they knew would necessitate a change of life, and that was not to be thought of. They would not even enter the church during the Mission, fearing for their pet vices and darling sins. Their relatives and friends in their new-born zeal for souls mourned over them as lost; but the pastor said: "Courage, the end is not yet!"

And behold! at the end of the Mission, the League of the Sacred Heart was preached with Apostolic fervor; the story of Blessed Margaret Mary and the apparitions and the Promise was told with touching simplicity, and the hearts of the people were stirred with a new and strange emotion. Then a Centre of the League was formally inaugurated in the parish with Father Sheehan as Director; numerous Promoters came forward to form Circles, and an outburst of holy zeal among the people so lately callous to all religious influences was witnessed with astonishment and even awe by those who had long and vainly sighed for this blessed change!

## V.

Somewhat over a year had passed away. Father Shee-



han's parish presented a very different aspect. The first Friday of every month was duly celebrated ; the old confraternities were filled up and new ones established ; the Building Society was in full operation, and it was cheering and most edifying to see the men who had so lately been utterly indifferent to church matters and the interests of religion now coming regularly in with their returns, happy and proud to make them satisfactorily, and so help to lighten the burden for their beloved pastor. Then the confessional was crowded, especially on the eves of great festivals and of the First Friday, while at the altar-rails were seen on those solemn days of devotion row after row of men, women and children eager to participate in the Divine Banquet, each and all wearing on their breasts the precious little badge of the Holy League with its glorious motto : **THY KINGDOM COME !** Very many of both sexes had been invested with the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and in the homes of the parish it was no uncommon thing for the passer-by to hear the Rosary being recited in the calm hours of rest after the day's toils were over, where such far different sounds had been heard not so very long before !

“ Well ! I protest it seems nothing short of miraculous, the change in this parish of yours. Now that I have seen with my own eyes what you have so often described in your letters, I can hardly believe it to be the same place that I almost gave up in despair while I was here as your substitute less than eighteen months ago. Surely the ways of God are wonderful ! How did it all come about, — I mean, at the beginning ? ”

“ I'll tell you that in a very few words,” Father Sheehan replied with a happy smile. “ It was neither more nor less than a sudden inspiration that came to me soon after you left, just when everything was dark around me and my parochial affairs seemed to have reached their

worst. The words that flashed before me all of a sudden, while I knelt sad and lonely before the Tabernacle, were those of that Promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary :

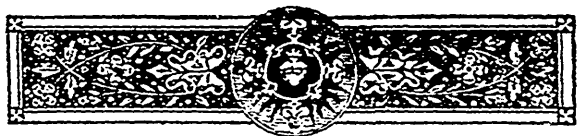
*'Priests shall receive the gift of touching the most hardened hearts, and they shall work with marvellous success if they are penetrated with a tender devotion to the Divine Heart of Jesus.'*

"You may be sure I lost no time in acting on the suggestion, and you yourself and all the Associates of the League helped to bring about the blessed results you now behold."

"I helped!" exclaimed Father Daly. "In what way?"

"In praying for the success of a certain number of 'Missions' on a particular day of the previous month, and mine here was one of them. I see you are amazed, you will be more so when I tell you that Tom Barry, your old friend of the black cross, is one of my very best promoters. What do you think of that?"

"Why, what can I think or say but this, that the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord is indeed changing the face of the world and making the desert to blossom as the rose!"



## “OPEN TO ME YOUR SACRED HEART!”

In the MESSENGER for March, our readers may remember having noticed a special thanksgiving recorded with reference to the consoling death of a young Associate. They will doubtless be edified on reading the following more ample details which we have received since then.

Annie McConnell, a poor child whose mother had recently died, was taken by the Reverend Mother Stanislaus, the superior of the Hamilton Loretto Convent at the time, and kindly provided for and educated.

She desired to become a religious, but was studying for a teacher's certificate, when she took *la grippe* last winter. Since that time she became an invalid, and a very great though silent sufferer. Her great devotion was to the Sacred Heart, and she died on the first Friday of January, on the morning of the 6th.

She woke about three o'clock, and suddenly sitting up in her bed, she cried out, “O sister! I am dying.” Then throwing up her arms she exclaimed, “Oh Lord! open to me your Sacred Heart!”

After the priest had administered the last Sacraments, she turned to him and said, “May I not take my vows?” This rather surprised the priest, but he immediately went to ask permission of the Bishop, who granted the request, and this fervent soul, who had so longed to be a religious, now recited in a loud, distinct voice the formula of the vows.

When it was over she was the picture of happiness, and said she should like to die now. He told her that she might die now. The Mass bell rang, and while the choir was singing "O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould be to die for love of Thee!" she breathed her last.

May the love of every young Associate for the Sacred Heart be as tender and confiding as that of Annie McConnell, that at the supreme moment they may find shelter and comfort therein, and a fond greeting to the home of their Beloved!

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Our many deeds, the thoughts which we have thought,  
They go out from us thronging every home ;  
And in them all is folded up a power,  
That on the earth doth move them to and fro ;  
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought .  
In hearts we know not, and may never know,

F. W. FABER.



## TWO "CHILDREN OF MARY."

**I**T was always a keen pleasure for me to leave the brick walls and the murky atmosphere of the big city far behind, and to speed away to the quiet country town overlooking one of our inland seas, to spend the mid-summer months with my friend, Lottie Blake.

Lottie was president of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, in her native parish, and was so thoroughly good, so thoroughly kind, and withal so thoroughly light of heart that I was always invigorated spiritually, no less than physically, by my annual visit to her hospitable home.

Maybe her lightness of heart came from her purity of soul. I believe it did.

On the eve of the Assumption of Our Lady, I went with Lottie to the pretty parish church to prepare for the morrow's festival. It would be a Communion day for the Sodality. Thirty or forty young girls were in the church when we arrived, some kneeling before the Blessed Virgin's altar, which had been beautifully decorated, others near the confessional, all intent on their devotions.

I knelt at a short distance from the altar of Our Lady to feed my devotion by looking at the beautiful face of her statue. As I knelt, two young girls came up the aisle, one—well, I am not writing a novel, but a remin-

iscence which may be of interest, or of use, to the Children of Mary who read the MESSENGER, so I shall not expatiate on her eyes, her hair, etc., but merely say so beautiful a young girl I had never before seen. She carried an elegant basket of magnificent roses, which she placed on the altar, at Our Lady's feet, then knelt, and looking up to the lovely face that seemed to smile upon her, remained some time in prayer, before passing to the other side of the church where the confessional stood. The other girl could lay no claims to beauty, but the pale, thin, somewhat faded face had such a calm, sweet spiritual expression, that I could not remove my gaze from her as she placed a fragrant lily on the altar, and then moved to the confessional side.

Next morning during the early Mass at which they communicated, the Sodalists sang several hymns, and as they went up the aisle to the altar-railing, one glorious voice rang out from the organ gallery:—"Memorare, memorare, O purissima Virgo Maria!" and on through the beautiful prayer of St. Bernard, every word of which now seemed full of new beautiful meaning to my mind. I could not restrain my tears.

When that delightful voice, so full of sweet entreaty, had ceased, it almost seemed as if Our Lady's answering voice would break the silence with, "I remember, I I remember always, O my children." Ah! those modest-faced Children of Mary! (beautiful name!) what a sermon they gave as they returned from the altar, with down-cast eyes and clasped hands, and with "Mary's medals on their breasts."

In the afternoon, as Lottie and I were seated on the cool verandah, I said to her:—"I have restrained my curiosity until now. Tell me, first, who sang the *Memorare* this morning, and then who that lovely girl is that put the roses on the Blessed Virgins' altar. I know

she is a Sodalist, for I saw her go with you to receive Holy Communion. Next, I must know who the pale girl is who brought the lily to Our Lady."

Lottie smilingly shook her head. "You deserve to be punished," she said. "You are confessing that you had distractions at your prayers,—willful, I fear; but lest you should have them again on this matter, I shall gratify your curiosity. The beautiful girl and the beautiful singer are one, Miss Stafford, the only child of parents who came here two years ago. Her father is said to be the wealthiest merchant in town. She is the idol of her parents, who deny her nothing. Her disposition seems gentle and sweet; she is especially kind to your pale girl who is her dress-maker. She, poor girl, toils early and late to support herself and her widowed mother. Her name is Alice Carton. I really think she is the best girl I have ever met.

"Do you know," Lottie added, "these two always suggest to my mind Calvary and Tabor? Alice Carton would love and serve God all the better amid trials and sufferings. Were He to nail her to the cross, she would kiss the Hand that crucified her. Miss Stafford would falter on Calvary. She would serve God best in happiness. A more difficult virtue, perhaps. Alice, I know, has made distinct sacrifices for conscience sake. She might have exchanged her life of wearisome, constant work for a home of ease and comfort; but her suitor, though an excellent young man, was an uncompromising Protestant, and Alice preferred to toil on and earn her bread rather than risk the sad consequences of such a marriage."

"Perhaps Miss Stafford would be no less self-sacrificing if put to the proof," I remarked. "Anyway, her singing to-day made me better, for the time at least."

"Indeed, I have no cause to think otherwise," Lottie hastily said. "I do not know why the comparison I mentioned came to my foolish head."

We then turned the conversation to other topics.

A few months afterwards, Lottie herself was married, and went to live in a far Western city, and our lives drifted apart.

Just twelve years after, she returned to her native town to spend the summer with her parents, and wrote for me to come to her there. One day after we had been recalling old friends and old times, it suddenly occurred to me to ask what had become of those two Socialists who had attracted my attention years ago. The tears rose to Lottie's eyes. "Miss Stafford is dead," she said. "Let me tell you the whole story. Her parents, especially her mother, seemed to have but one ambition, that their daughter should marry some Protestant of high social standing. It seems incredible and shocking that Catholic parents should entertain such thoughts, but so it was. Their wealth and their daughter's beauty aided the scheme. Dr. Anton, a Southerner, a man eminent in his profession, who often spent the summer here with his uncle, Judge Ives, met Miss Stafford frequently in society, and they were married. Such a glittering pomp as their wedding was, I need not tell. Poor Father Clark married them with many misgivings. Then the party, to his profound astonishment,—for he had not been told there was to be a dual ceremony,—swept off to St. Paul's. and the couple was married again by the Rev. Rector there, in compliment to Dr. Anton and his family, Mrs. Stafford explained. Then they went on an extended tour through Europe, afterwards taking up their residence in some city in the South.

"Rumors reached here from time to time that Dr. Anton was an unrelenting bigot, and that his wife had abandoned her faith, but we could not believe it.

"Five years ago they returned here. Mrs. Anton was in ill health, and brought here in the hope that her native



an would aid in effecting a cure. She never appeared in public, except when she took a carriage-drive. She was but the ghost of her former self.

"One day a note came to Alice Carton from Dr. Anton, begging her to call at their residence, saying Mrs. Anton wished to see her. Calling on Our Lady of Good Counsel for direction Alice went at once to find poor Mrs. Anton fast nearing the gates of eternity.

"O Alice, Alice, how shall I meet God?' This was her cry as soon as the attendant closed the door and they were alone together. Then the pent-up misery of years found vent.

"Her husband had never been unkind, on the contrary, his great affection for her had been her bane, aided, no doubt, by her yielding nature, for when he bantered and teased her about her devotions, or coaxed her to forego them in order to accompany him to some fashionable entertainment, she weakly yielded. Flattery, too, was brought to bear. The beautiful Mrs. Anton queened it in high circles. Thus, gradually, one and then another of her religious practices and duties were omitted, finally Mass and the Sacraments. 'Only one thing I kept amid the wreck of what was good,' she said. 'I said the *Memorare* every night, hurriedly, for I was afraid to think. O Alice, if every young girl who is willing to lay aside her faith for a brilliant marriage could realize, first, some of the mental tortures I have endured in the midst of luxury, she would hold fast her faith before and beyond all things. I am dying, physicians say of decline, but I know I am dying of the struggle to kill a conscience that could not be killed. I begged my husband to send for you, but I cannot, I dare not, see Father Clark.'

"Alice soothed her, encouraged her, and finally prevailed upon her to send for Father Clark, Dr. Anton consenting, in the hope now that it would calm his

wife and aid towards her recovery, for he would not permit himself to believe that her case was hopeless. Father Clark came at once, and scarcely had the Sacraments been administered when Mrs. Anton became delirious, Alice remaining always with her at the Doctor's request, who was almost beside himself from grief. She raved incessantly.

" 'Bring me my Sodality medal,' she cried. 'I must put it on. The Blessed Virgin will not recognize me if I do not wear her medal!' So to calm her Alice's was brought, and put around her neck. Alice shedding floods of tears as she placed it there, recalling the day when together they made their Act of Consecration before Our Lady's altar. 'Now I must sing the *Memorare*,' and she tried to rise. In vain they tried to soothe her, to divert her. 'No, I must sing,' she persisted, 'the girls are going to receive Holy Communion,' and again she made a violent effort and rose to a sitting posture. Dr. Anton caught and supported her in his arms, and once again the beautiful voice rose clear and sweet:—'Memorare, memorare, O purissima Virgo Maria!' then it faltered, and ceased, and she sank back insensible. Father Clark was again hastily summoned, just in time to pronounce the last absolution; and, wearing again her badge of blue, the former Child of Mary left the bright world and all for which she had paid so high a price. Let us hope," Lottie concluded, "that though she had abandoned her heavenly Mother,—the Mother of fair love and of holy hope' did not abandon her."

"And Alice Carton, what of her?" I asked, when we had regained our composure.

"I forgot to mention," Lottie answered, "that Mrs. Anton had one child, a little girl of five years. She had begged Alice to become this little one's attendant until she should be of age to be sent to school. After

his wife's death Dr. Anton made the same request. 'I have made a sad mistake, Miss Carton,' he said. 'I might have known that a Catholic's faith is really never destroyed. I did not suspect that my wife suffered for yielding to my wishes. I shall have Marie brought up a Catholic as some reparation for the wrong I did her mother. My wife had such confidence in you, that there is no one to whom I would sooner trust my little girl.'

"So Alice, whose mother had died some time before, took charge of the child, who inherited all her mother's beauty and is her father's idol.

"Three years ago, Marie in her father's presence received her First Communion, and was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. One year ago Alice Carton died. Died, as Father Clark said, 'as a true child of the mother of God, a perfect pattern for all Catholic young women. The most consoling death he had ever witnessed.' A few minutes before she expired, her face became radiant, she reached out her hands, as if greeting someone, and exclaimed:—'Mother of God!' Did the heavenly Mother come to conduct her faithful child home? God knows. It may have been. Dr. Anton and Marie, with the Sodality, followed the coffin. Marie is now in a convent school, and the doctor is in Europe.

"It is rumored that he was lately received into the Church at Rome."

E. R.

UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.  
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 15.

(*Translation.*)

FATHER AULNEAU TO FATHER  
BONIN.

Reverend Father, the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I eagerly take advantage of the remaining moments I have to spend in Montreal to write you a second, and perhaps the last, time in my life. I leave to-morrow for the woods. In a former letter I told you what was to be the object of my mission; allow me, Reverend Father, to recommend it again to your Holy Sacrifices. As for the missionary, I am convinced you will not be unmindful of him at the altar.

We received, a few days ago, news of Father Guignas; since 1732 he had not been heard from. He is in a helpless state. The hunger he has had to endure, the imminent danger of being massacred by the Sakis and the Foxes to which he has been continually exposed, and numberless other hardships, borne heroically, have brought him so low, that even the Indians, who have little pity for us, are forced to look upon him with feelings of compassion. We are, however, in the impossibility of attempting anything for his relief, owing to the scarcity of missionaries. Pray God, Reverend Father, to send laborers to this needy mission. Another cause of anxiety for us was that Father Nau was laid up last spring with a violent attack of the gout.

I beg you to send me the reckonings of the eclipses of sun and moon visible in France and America. I shall endeavor to turn them to account, to the best of my ability, in determining the longitudes of the new regions to which Providence is sending me. I shall communicate whatever observations I may think likely to be received by you with satisfaction. For that matter, I cannot expect to receive before three or four years what I now take the liberty of asking you, owing to the great distance which separates us.

I remain, Reverend Father, with the most profound respect, and in union with your Holy Sacrifices,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

J. P. AULNEAU, Jes., Ind. Miss.

MONTREAL, June 12th, 1735.

No. 16.

*(Translation.)*

### FATHER NAU TO FAHER BONIN.

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

Reverend Father, the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I question much whether the letter I had the honor of writing you last year gave you more pleasure than yours afforded me. Several ships had already arrived from France, and had brought letters to nearly all our missionaries, and not one brought a single word to my address, though my post is one of the nearest to Quebec. Imagine my joy when a letter was handed me from the one of all persons in the world whom I esteem most, and to whom I am most deeply indebted! The good opinion you entertain of me covers me with confusion and

strengthens my endeavors to become all that you fondly suppose me to be already, and, in fact, that I should be. I feel the need of being spurred on in the accomplishment of my duties. Though I am here surrounded by holy missionaries, and have continually before my eyes perfect models of virtue, I am still full of defects.

This year, I am in a position to speak to you of Canada with more certainty than last year. The climate is salubrious, the quality of the soil excellent, but the natives are indolent. The winter is not so severe as we are told in France. We never experience more than three or four days in succession of extreme cold. The thaws have been of such frequent occurrence this year that the drawing of fire-wood was accomplished with difficulty. More precautions against the cold are taken here than in France. We are warmly clad, and our apartments are heated with stoves. All in all, I suffered every year more from cold in France than in Canada. My health is of the best, were it not for a violent attack of gout I suffered after Easter\*, and which laid me up for a month and a half. Ever now I have a twinge every day, but that does not prevent me from going about, nor was it the cold that brought it on. I had already felt its approach while yet in France.

To speak correctly, we have but two seasons here,—winter and summer. In this mission the winter is shorter by a full month than at Quebec. We are in fact forty leagues more towards the South. Sault St. Louis † is not to be found marked on the maps; this is not surprising, as it is only since these maps were made that our mission has grown into an important village. Our latitude is 45 degrees and 30 minutes, and we are distant

\* Easter fell in 1735 on the 16th of April.

† Sault St. Louis is better known at present as Caughnawaga.

three leagues and a half from the town of Montreal, which lies to the North-east, on the other bank of the river.

It is imagined in France that the Iroquois, who formerly treated with so much cruelty the French whom they made captives in war, must be of ferocious aspect, and that their very sight and name would strike terror into all who encounter them. This is pure fancy. Generally speaking, you could find nowhere finer looking men. They are of better build than the French, while side by side with the Iroquois other Indians seemed dwarfed. Nearly all the braves of our mission are nearer six feet in height than five. Their countenance is in keeping with their stature, and their features are regular. The children especially are diminutive types of the picturesque (*sont des miniatures*), transparency of color being alone wanting. Their complexion is of an olive tint, but not so tawny as that of other tribes, not differing much from that of the Portuguese. I have met even in the streets of Bordeaux any number of men darker than our Iroquois. They would for the most part be as clear-complexioned as the French, were it not for the effects of the smoke in their wigwams, which is so dense that I fail to understand how they do not lose their sight.

*(To be Continued).*

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## THANKSGIVINGS.

ALEXANDRIA.—A Promoter returns thanks for two escapes from danger, after promising to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks are returned for two temporal favors granted by the Sacred Heart of Jesus, after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

APPLE HILL.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted, after promise to publish and an offering made.

BELLE RIVER.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the restoration of a mother's health. Promise was made to publish in the MESSENGER.

BRANTFORD.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for four temporal favors received, after making five novenas and promising to publish.

BURLINGTON.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to our dear Lord through the MESSENGER for having granted a very special favor, the return of a young man to the Faith, through the prayers of the League; there was a promise to publish if granted.

COBOURG.—A lady, according to promise, returns thanks in the MESSENGER of the Sacred Heart for a special favor granted.

DANVILLE.—A lady member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of her husband who had a very sore throat. Promise was made to publish in the MESSENGER.

DARTMOUTH.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks according to promise for several favors received from the Sacred Heart, and for one in particular which was sorely needed; also, to Blessed Margaret Mary for helping to obtain these favors.

GALT.—A Member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a temporal favor obtained through a promise to publish.

GUELPH.—A Member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained, after a novena to the Blessed Margaret Mary and a promise to publish.

HALIFAX.—A Member wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a miraculous restoration to health obtained through the Badge. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a special temporal favor obtained through the intercession of St. Philomena.



HAMILTON.—According to promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of a fond and loving mother whose cure was very doubtful. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a sick person.

INGERSOLL.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a very great favor obtained after promising to publish in the MESSENGER. A Member returns thanks for a temporal favor received.

KINGSTON.—A Child of Mary thanks the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor. A Member returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a sick person, after promise to publish. Thanks for a very great special favor obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a severe bodily affliction. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great special favor.

LACHINE.—A Member desires to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the MESSENGER for a position obtained after promise to publish.

MONTREAL.—A Member of the League wishes to return thanks for a reconciliation brought about; also for other temporal favors obtained after a promise to publish. Thanksgiving for five favors obtained. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the speedy recovery of a little girl through wearing the badge of the Sacred Heart. An Associate returns thanks for a temporal favor and success in a business matter that had been recommended to the prayers of the League. A mother returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favor obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the restoration to health of a daughter. A Member of the Sacred Heart League wishes to return thanks for two special favors received, after promise made to publish in the

MESSENGER. A lady thanks the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a temporal favor obtained through prayers and a mass, with promise to publish it in the MESSENGER. A Member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a temporal favor obtained after a novena with a promise to publish. Thanks are returned for the conversion of a brother who had been addicted to drink. Thanks for two favors obtained,—the conversion of two souls who had strayed away from the Church. Thanks for a favor which was granted after one request had been made and a promise to publish. Also for many favors spiritual and temporal.

OAKVILLE.—Special thanks for two temporal favors received.

OTTAWA, Cumming's Bridge.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor,—a cure—after a promise to have it published in the MESSENGER. An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for recovery from an illness of three years standing, after promising to have published were the cure effected.

PORT HOOD.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favor received after promising to publish.

QUEBEC.—Thanks from a Member of the Sacred Heart League, for a favor received after promise to publish. Special thanksgiving for a temporal favor received from the Sacred Heart after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks returned for many favors obtained.

RENFREW.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a dear friend, also for having obtained a temporal favor.

SOLOM.—A lady returns thanks for a temporal favor received.

SWANTON, St. Ann's School.—Sincere thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart, for the conversion of a man who had not approached the Sacraments for thirty-three

years. Becoming ill, he asked for the priest, and received the last rites of Holy Church.

**ST. CATHARINES.**—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to His Blessed Mother for the conversion of a brother who had neglected his duties, also for the restoration to health of a dear mother. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for many spiritual and temporal favors received.

**ST. GABRIEL'S.**—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained on the last day of a second novena in honor of the Canadian Martyrs and after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

**ST. EUSTACHE.**—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for recovery from the effects of an accident, also for a great temporal favor received. Both were obtained after promise to publish.

**ST. RAPHAEL'S.**—Thanks returned to the Sacred Heart by an Associate for two favors received after promise to publish.

**ST. THOMAS.**—A Member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a very great favor received. after a promise made to publish it in the MESSENGER if granted.

**TORONTO.**—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for several favors obtained after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

**URGENT REQUESTS** for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Almonte, Apple Hill, Bedford, Burlington, Calgary Convent, Cobourg, Grafton, Kingston, Montreal, North Yakima, Orillia, Osceola, Ottawa, Quebec, Quyon, Renfrew, St. Eustache, St. Thomas and St. Raphael's.

## INTENTIONS FOR APRIL.

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

- 1.—S.—**HOLY SATURDAY.** Rise to a new life. 21,241 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—S.—**EASTER.** at. bl. gt. mt. rt. st. Rejoice with our risen Lord. 25,738 In Affliction.
- 3.—M.—**St. Richard, Bp.** The spirit of Prayer. 13,552 Deceased Associates.
- 4.—T.—**St. Zosimus, Anchorite.** Firmness in trial. 22,509 Special.
- 5.—W.—**St. Vincent Ferrer.**—pt. Be charitable. 1,516 Communities.
- 6.—Th.—**St. Juliana, V.**—ht. Visit our Lord. 27,511 First Communions.
- 7.—F.—**St. Celestine I, P.** at. gt. Humility. 51,504 Departed.
- 8.—S.—**St. Walter, Monk.** God's glory first. 23,584 Employment.
- 9.—S.—**St. Mary of Cleves.** Fervor. 3,426 Clergy.
- 10.—M.—**St. John Damascene, D.** Honor Mary. 190,540 Children.
- 11.—Tu.—**St. Leo the Great, P.** at. Revere God's priests. 29,106 Families.
- 12.—W.—**St. Isidore, Bp. D.** Respect Superiors. 25,717 Perseverance.
- 13.—Th.—**St. Hermenegildi, M.** ht. Fidelity to grace. 12,107 Reconciliations.
- 14.—F.—**St. Justin, Martyr.**—Love the truth. 25,956 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—S.—**St. Peter Gonzales.** Respect God's word. 15,300 Temporal favors.
- 16.—S.—**HOLY FAMILY, J. M. J. rt.** Ask their protection. 19,676 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—M.—**St. Anicetus, P. M.** Humility. 23,878 Youths.
- 18.—Tu.—**Bl. Mary of the Incarnation.** Pray for our country 3,829 Schools.
- 19.—W.—**St. Leo IX, P.** Ask perfect purity. 22,223 Sick.
- 20.—Th.—**St. Agnes of M.-P., V.**—ht. rt. Pray for those in their agony. 217 Missions.
- 21.—F.—**St. Anselm, Bp. D.** Self-watchfulness. 415 Works, Guilds.
- 22.—S.—**Sts. Soter and Caius, M.** Ask for courage. 1,839 Parishes.
- 23.—S.—**PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.** Invoke St. Joseph in trials. 35,520 Sinners.
- 24.—M.—**St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, M.** Avoid judging. 18,537 Parents.
- 25.—Tu.—**St. Mark, Evang.**—Meditations. 2,388 Religious.
- 26.—W.—**OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.** Seek our Lady's help in doubt 1,806 Novices.
- 27.—Th.—**Bl. Peter Canisius, S. J.** Love retirement. 2,592 Superiors.
- 28.—F.—**St. Paul of the Cross, C.** Think of the Passion of Christ. 10,927 Vocations.
- 29.—S.—**St. Peter, Martyr.** rt. Firm faith. 9,240 Promoters.
- 30.—S.—**St. Catherine of Sienna.**—pt. rt. Devotedness. 26,423 Various.

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

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