

MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART.

Organ of the League of the Sacred Heart,

Apostleship of Prayer.



THIRD YEAR.

Montreal :

1893.



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

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NO. I.

MESSENGER ITEMS.

The Monthly Treasury, which until now appeared on the third page of the cover, will hereafter find place on the pages of the MESSENGER. The space previously occupied by the Treasury will be filled with a blank form, which, we hope, will prove a great convenience to Promoters. As every circle of fifteen receives three copies, each copy is supposed to be read by five Associates, who will hereafter be kind enough to mark their names on the blank after they have read the MESSENGER, so that the Promoter may know to whom to pass it next.

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We take advantage of this occasion to lay stress on the necessity of receiving three copies of the MESSENGER for every circle. It lightens the work of the Promoter, gives the Associate a fair chance of being informed in season of what is expected of him during the month, and consequently ensures the greater efficiency and permanency of

the circle. The success of the work as a whole depends in great measure upon these points.

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Those of our readers who intend to have their MESSENGER bound will be supplied, on demand, with an index and a title page for 1892.

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As we have soon to make our yearly report to the General Director of the League and Apostleship, we earnestly beg Local Secretaries to provide each circle with Promoters' blanks, and see that the names of the Promoters and Associates be correctly written thereon, with their respective addresses, and the degrees to which they belong specified.

* * *

The above mentioned lists, which we are anxious to receive before the end of January, have nothing to do with the registration of new Associates, but should contain all the names on the circle, both of new Associates and old. The names of new members are sent in at any time during the year, written on ordinary slips of paper, and *these alone* should be marked "*For Registration.*"

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Some have asked us for quite a number of cards with the relics of Our Canadian Martyrs for local distribution. As we have gone to considerable expense to have them struck off, with the short notice on the reverse, it is scarcely necessary to remind them that a small offering would help to defray the cost incurred. Design, printing, postage and all : they come to about sixty cents a dozen. Separate cards are sent of course, as heretofore, gratuitously to those unable to make an offering.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY.

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF OUR HOLY FATHER THE
POPE.

The General Intention for this month, though bearing the same title, is not identical with that of September. The special object of the September intention was to prepare for the Jubilee year we are now entering on. The present intention is to pray that God may bless our common Father, and, on the occasion of the celebration of this Jubilee, draw closer the ties of love and brotherhood which should bind together Catholic peoples, and thereby give rise to that concerted action which is calculated to advance the interests of the Church universal, under the leadership of the glorious reigning Pontiff.

Leo XIII was consecrated February 19, 1843, and on the recurrence of that date in 1893, he will have exercised, as bishop for fifty years, the functions of the plenitude of the priesthood. It is a remarkable event, and one seldom to be met with in the history of the long line of Pontiffs who have governed the Church since the time of Peter.

What Heaven has in store for the world during the lapse of this opening year, we can in no way foretell; but we know that there is trouble enough looming up in the near future to invite us to grave reflections.

Europe is now like one vast intrenched camp, bristling

with bayonets. We called in question, very likely, in our youth, the correctness of certain statements in ancient history, when armies, made up of millions of warriors, were marshalled in its pages before us. We half concluded that these were mere fanciful figures. But here we are, in this ending of a century, face to face with a stern reality, for the effective forces of the standing armies of Europe are no longer to be computed by the hundred thousand, but by millions.

What incident—trifling it will probably be when compared with the interests at stake—will kindle the long threatened general conflagration? When will the sudden clash of arms break upon the ears of startled Europe? It is beyond surmise. But this we know, that the prolonged suspense is too trying, and the cost too enormous, to allow of its being kept up indefinitely. Even now the "leaders of men" can barely hold in leash the restive and almost countless numbers of opposing hosts. Here then is the first great cause for serious apprehension.

Again, never before in the history of the Church has the net-work of secret societies held within its meshes such a multitude of adepts. If the evil wrought thus far does not seem proportionate to the numerical strength of members, and has not yet compassed the subversion of Christendom, it is solely because unity, which true charity alone can beget, has been wanting. And though the antagonism to God's Anointed is a bond sufficiently strong to ensure a certain degree of oneness of purpose, the offspring of the powers of darkness, has, in God's Providence, proved a bar to the accomplishment, of the full measure of harm intended. Human interests are so diverse, the proverbial selfishness and jealousy of nations so intense, that unlike the Church founded by Christ, Masonic endeavor is as the house divided against itself.

Socialism, already active enough, is the second gaunt spectre of the future. It assumes a diversity of forms, but is little else, to judge by its attacks against the Church, than the final outcome of Masonry. It is growing in power in Europe, and its influence is not wholly unfelt nearer our own doors. Its attacks are directed against religion, society and the family. It can brook neither God nor master. It makes no attempt—witness the late Socialistic congress at Geneva—to hide its enmity for the capitalist, the employer, the State and all law.

We need say little of the mere physical evils which threaten us. Such as the loathsome contagion which, after bringing desolation to the East, has, in Russia, Germany and France, counted its victims by thousands. It even traversed the ocean, but failed so far, through God's mercy, to secure a foothold on our continent. It is as the Avenging Angel, calling on nations to return to God, to give over their struggle against Christianity, and to cease their open violation of God's moral law.

If our civil authorities are alive to the danger, and insist upon every sanitary measure possible being adopted, we in turn should "put order to our house" in a spiritual sense, and, by our exemplary lives as individuals and our joint supplications to Heaven as members of God's Church, propitiate the just wrath of God, and thus avert the danger which will again threaten us with the coming spring.

The Sovereign Pontiff alone proffers a remedy for the former evils and for many others present or future. It lies, in a great measure, with us to hasten its application. For this, let the faithful all the world over, on the occasion of the new Jubilee of His Holiness Leo XIII, turn towards their common Father with a two-fold increase of faith, obedience and love.

It is for us a duty all the more urgent, since, in his

Encyclical on the Holy Rosary, the Pope himself claims, with a confidence well calculated to fire our hearts, this consoling manifestation so much prized by him and so salutary for us.

That which should render this task still more agreeable and easy of accomplishment, is the consideration of the eminent qualities of the Pontiff whose Jubilee we are about to celebrate. We have reason, indeed, to be proud of our chief spiritual ruler, and even those outside the pale of the Holy Church are constrained to proclaim that he is one of the most remarkable men of modern times.

Let us, more especially, call to mind the great doctrinal work of Leo XIII's pontificate, which consists mainly of his masterly encyclicals, and which attests the realization in our own days of the prophetic device *Lumen in Coelo*. Join to this his social mission, which will certainly prove the saving of society in the future. "One day, perchance," it has been said, "the effigy of a Pope may find place among the medallions yet unoccupied of St. Paul's, without the walls; it would be that of Leo XIII, and for inscription bear these words: *Defender of the People's Interests.*"

What is it that now remains to be done to make this Jubilee of the common Father of the faithful the occasion of the welding together of Catholic hearts and Catholic influences? It is that the influential and the weak, both, continue without interruption and energetically the work already entered upon, here as in England, Germany and Italy more especially—the work of prayer, public utterances and concerted measures.

"What we expect of our children," says the Pope himself, in his Encyclical, "what we expect of their truly pious zeal and loving ardency, are thanksgivings to the Almighty, prayerful offerings and fervent supplications, rather than congratulations and praise. And our happi-

ness will be complete if they obtain from Heaven that whatever we may yet enjoy of strength and life, whatever of authority and grace may abide in us, may tend to the Church's welfare; that it especially bring about the reconciliation of the wicked and the wayward, for whose return our voice has been so long raised in supplication."

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular for the August Head of Thy Holy Church, that the Jubilee of his Episcopacy may unite, in a like submission of mind and heart, all the children of the great family of which he is the Teacher, the Pastor and the Father.—Amen.

Halifax, N.S.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.—We have for some time been anxious to establish amongst our school children the Apostleship of Study, and on the first of this month, the feast of All Saints, about sixty-five received the Badge. Rev. Father Moriarty was appointed Director. After the reception of the Badge, during which a beautiful hymn to the Sacred Heart was sung, one of the children read the Act of Consecration. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given a fitting end to a ceremony which impressed each young heart. God grant that they may faithfully persevere in the practices they have so earnestly begun. So far the results have proved most satisfactory.

A TRUE STORY.

A little child lay sick ; an angel o'er her bent—
 They said his name was Death : she smiled in sweet content.

God's tender messenger ! to this white flower of spring,
 His Lord had bid him call, what terrors could he bring ?

A little playmate came "to say good bye to Grace."
 No shade of fear was there, though grave the baby face.
 On some fond thought intent, she gently climbed the bed,
 And close beside her friend she laid her little head.

"Oh, tell me, Gracie dear," she said in whisper low,
 "If it is quite, quite true that you to Heaven must go ?"
 The dying child's meek gaze turned to the sunset fair,
 As soft the answer came : "Soon, soon I shall be there."

"Then," whispered tiny May, with eager face aglow,
 "You'll see our little Lord ; He lives in Heaven, you
 know."

The fluttering spirit paused in its glad flight above,
 Just for May's message sweet : "Give Jesus my best love !"

—*English Messenger*, 1886.



DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART AND THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

If St. Paul, in his First Epistle to Timothy,* asks, as a thing acceptable in the sight of God, the prayers of the faithful for all men, he must necessarily imply that in the divine economy of creation and redemption, this office of zeal entered into God's designs of mercy for men, "Who will have all men to be saved." Nor did this implied truth conflict at all, in his mind, with that other truth, clearly expressed in the same passage, that there was but "one Mediator of God and men, the Man Christ Jesus." Neither did it detract in any way from the fact that we were redeemed through the *infinite merits* of that Mediator.

What the Apostle urged so strongly, in that passage, he himself put into practice, as he sets forth in the opening chapter of his Epistle to the Colossians (vv. 9-24).

He prayed for his brethren, and gave thanks to God for them for all grace, in the order of Redemption, acknowledging that through that Redemption they were

* See Dec. No., p. 483.

translated "into the Kingdom of the Son of His love;" that God through that Son had "reconciled all things with Himself, making peace through the blood of His cross."

And yet he hesitated not to add, speaking of himself as Paul, minister of the Gospel of Christ: "who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh for His body, which is the Church."

Something, therefore, yet remained to be done, not certainly to add to merits already infinite, but to secure the application of those merits first to our own soul by our free efforts to unite our acts with those of Jesus Christ; to seek, through the Sacraments, those channels of grace, for our sanctification.

But more than this, Christ counted on our co-operation even for the sanctification of our fellow-men. Sahara may be a desert waste, and the immensity of the ocean may lie in close proximity. Some willing hand must turn in the waters upon the arid soil.

So Christ counts on our ministry to perpetuate His mission among our fellow-men. He wishes that His own Sacred Heart should be moved by our prayers, that, by our prayers and good works, the dykes which hold back the fertilizing flood may be opened, and the irrigating streams of grace be allowed freely to flow over the sandy expanse, making the desert to bloom again into life.

The want of this co-operation clears up that mystery which impiety delights in making use of as a weapon in its attacks against Providence, that is, the apparent relative uselessness of the Precious Blood which was shed in torrents. A single drop should have been more than enough to save a thousand worlds. It is at the same time the revelation to us of our most glorious duty: that of

praying and of offering our good works for the spiritual benefit of others.

If the world is not yet Christian, if the great number of peoples, instead of walking in the way of light that leads to the mountain of Sion, wretchedly drag themselves along the miry roads of error and of vice, this pitiful state is so far from being the outcome of God's designs that it is, on the contrary, in open opposition to His will.

But with what will does God desire the salvation of all men? Beyond doubt it is a will serious and real; it would be blasphemous to suppose an insincere will in God. Does it follow that this will of His is so absolute, so certain of effect, that its execution is not left to the free co-operation of His creatures? Clearly not; for if God willed our salvation in this way He would work it out alone, not waiting for our prayers.

This desire for our salvation has passed from all eternity from the bosom of the Father to the bosom of the Son. It is the divine seed, and the blessed fruit it has brought forth is the Incarnation. To doubt that God wishes the salvation of all men is to doubt not only the wisdom and the goodness of Jesus Christ, but His very existence. For Jesus Christ is nothing, or else He is the only and universal Saviour.

But we ought not to forget that not to extraordinary men alone has the power been given of helping on or impeding the plans of God. This power belongs in some degree to every man, no matter how weak or obscure he may be. All are bound to help in their own measure to the salvation of the world.

Their influence will not be exercised like that of a Xavier, with the force of a headlong torrent dragging everything along with it on its way; but it will be at least like one of those drops of rain that fall one after

the other on a day of storm, and end by causing the rivers to leave their banks and to overflow the country round.

Such, indeed, is the co-operation which every true member of the Holy League purposes to lend to the Sacred Heart in Its merciful work of saving souls.

Reverend Directors or their Secretaries would confer a great favor, if they would send us the name of the titular of their Parish, Oratory, College, Convent, Asylum, etc., together with *the date* of their Diplomas of Aggregation *to the League and Apostleship of Prayer*, and add moreover by whom they were signed. We require them for our report, and should have made this request sooner, but we were loath to put those already burdened with work to so much additional trouble.



KITTY.

THe weather-stained little cottage across the way, with its bare windows staring dismally at the passers-by, had been so long untenanted, that I felt a positive pleasure when I noticed, one fine morning, its windows and faded door thrown open to admit the warm spring air, and some persons busily at work within. On the following day the scant, poor looking furniture arrived. "Poor people our new neighbors evidently are," I remarked to my sister, and poor they surely were.

Next morning, a balmy Sunday morning, as I stepped out on the sidewalk on my way to early Mass, a little girl came from the cottage door, and coming up to me, asked shyly if I could tell her where the Catholic church was.

I introduced myself to my little neighbor, and invited her to my pew. The child's face brightened, and we chatted familiarly until we reached the church door.

Kitty Lee, that was the name she gave me, was very plainly but very tidily dressed. I noticed that though shy she was not awkward, but perfectly well-bred, and decidedly an intelligent child.

Woman-like, my heart went out to her at once, and I mentally registered myself Kitty's friend from that hour. During Mass I was much edified by her rapt attention; the dark, luminous eyes were rivetted on the altar, from that her gaze did not wander once, though she was in a strange church and among strange people.

On our way home she told me that they came from Michigan; that the family consisted of her father, mother and herself; that her mother had been an invalid for some time, adding, with a quiver of the sensitive little mouth, that "Mother was not growing stronger."

Next day I called on Mrs. Lee, and saw that consumption was well advanced in its fatal work. The poor little home had only the barest necessaries, but the scant furniture was neatly arranged, and all was scrupulously clean. Mrs. Lee was surely a woman of refinement, and she interested me not less than did Kitty.

After that I visited her daily, for poor Kitty was her only nurse, and did all of the house work, though she was but thirteen years.

After some time, finding that they were not members of the Holy League, I explained its object to them. Both eagerly desired to be enrolled in its ranks. "And Mr. Lee also," I said (I had not yet met him); "will not he too join it?" A flush passed swiftly over the pale face of the invalid.

"O, dear Miss R——," she said, "you know how careless and how willful, too, men often are in these matters. I think we had better wait a little."

"Certainly," I said, as cheerily as I could, for I felt I had unwittingly laid bare a cause of anxiety they were too willing to conceal.

"We shall wait, and Kitty will join me in praying not only for him but for a brother of mine who is not yet a member. Shall we not, Kitty?"

Kitty's eyes smiled back as she said, "I'll try, Miss R——."

"That reminds me, Mrs. Lee." I remarked, "of a beautiful thing I once heard a celebrated missionary say in a discourse addressed to the Children of Mary. As it was the prayer of Martha and Mary, he said, that touched the Heart of Our Lord and moved Him to raise Lazarus from the dead, so must the prayers of sisters, mothers and wives ever rise to God and move Him to have mercy on erring brothers, sons and husbands. 'That is part of your mission,' the Father said, 'and there are few families throughout the land that have not a Lazarus lying dead, and 'tis your pleadings with the Heart of Jesus that must restore him to life, the beautiful life of grace.' I have often thought since I heard that sermon," I added, "that we do not make sufficient use of the magnificent power of intercessory prayer."

The tears were falling fast down Mrs. Lee's face, and Kitty's, too, were flowing. "Ah!" she said, "'tis lack of faith in us, for our Lord's promises surely stand true. God forgive us that we avail ourselves so little of His mercy, and starve in the midst of abundance."

One evening as I was leaving the cottage after my customary visit to Mrs. Lee, I met her husband on the doorstep. 'Twas our first meeting. Kitty, who had accompanied me to the door, introduced us to each other, by saying, "Father, this is Miss R——." He bowed with a quiet grace, thanked me briefly for my visits to his wife, and passed in. "A drunkard surely," I said mentally, for the face, once unmistakably handsome, bore as unmistakably the disfiguring marks of intemperance.

Evening after evening as Mr. Lee passed our door, returning from his employment,—and the wonder was

how he kept any position,—I noticed his gait becoming more unsteady.

Day after day, his wife drifted nearer to the shore of eternity. At length when she felt the end was close at hand, she told me her story, the story of a broken heart. Why should I repeat it here? Similar stories are, alas, being reproduced daily. And the pitying Angels of God are recording with tears the tale of man's degradation.

"Strange is it not," said the dying woman to me; "but of late, I have had hope, that seems almost a certainty, that my husband will reform. I know Kitty is wearying Heaven with prayers for him, more especially since the day you told us what that good missionary said. I think every cross,—and she has her share, poor child,—is borne patiently for that purpose. But O, Miss R——, what will become of her when I am gone?" I promised the weeping woman that I would do everything good in my power for Kitty.

A few days afterwards her sad life ended; then began truly Kitty's life of brave, patient endurance. She was all loving and dutiful attention to her father, who, for a few weeks after his wife's death, showed signs of reformation, but, alas for the weakened will unaided by the grace of God, which he sought not, for again he had recourse to his deceitful comforter.

Poor Kitty! she never spoke of his fault, but was assiduous to please him at all times. His meals were prepared with care, his clothing washed and neatly mended by this child of thirteen years, who, I believe, added the perfume of prayer to every kindly office.

One of our Promoters, who, admired the child's tender devotion to the Sacred Heart, had given her a large, exquisite painting of the Sacred Heart. Another supplied lamp and oil and a miniature altar; and Kitty was radiant with pleasure.

"'I shall bless the house where an image of My Heart is honored,' that's one of Our Lord's promises, is it not?" she asked me one day.

"Yes, Kitty," I answered; "and our faithful Lord keeps His every promise."

Then the poor, tired little head went down on my lap, and the child sobbed piteously; but, as if to defend her father against my unspoken thought, she said: "Father used to be so kind and good, and indeed, indeed, he is yet, only when he drinks. He has been drinking hard only for three years. While he received Holy Communion he could master himself: but he can't do it alone—I mean he can't keep himself right without Our Lord; and now, he does not even say a prayer. I get so frightened sometimes. Dear Miss R——, wouldn't it be awful if Our Lord got tired of waiting for him? I think of that all the time, and pray that the Sacred Heart will take pity on him."

"Our Lord will wait, Kitty," I steadied my voice to say, for I felt that the Heart, Whose love is deeper and broader than tenderest human love, outraged though It had been, would, even for the sake of the little bleeding heart that offered itself in expiation, send again Its rejected graces to the poor fallen father.

"Do not lose courage, the Heart of Jesus never loses Its mercy."

"O, I never really give up hope, I know that would offend Our Lord, and I never, never wish to do that," was the fervent reply, and my little friend composed herself, and I rose to leave, humbled by the brave faith of this simple child.

One evening at dusk I went across to the cottage to make Kitty my daily visit and give the usual lesson in housekeeping, while Kitty, all unconsciously, gave me

such beautiful lessons in patience, in meek submission to God's holy will, in tender, loyal devotion to the Sacred Heart.

As I stood at the open door-way, I paused with my hand upon the bell-pull. A loud, angry voice, and then low, entreating tones of my little teacher, reached me. "O Father, please don't. Miss Edith gave the lamp —"

"Stop, I'll break the thing to pieces, I'll have no more of this silly waste."

Again, the pleading voice: "Father, dear father, do not strike Our Lord's image!"

I could bear no more, but rushed into the little sitting room where Kitty stood at bay (I can express her attitude no better) before her little shrine, her arms outspread to shield the pictured Heart from insult. O, what a sight! I shall bear its teaching forever graven in my soul. The child typified, to me, all holy, fervent souls whose love, and prayer, and self-sacrifice, and loyal-hearted devotion come between God and the ingratitude, the selfishness, the sins of His thankless creatures symbolized by this man, who in his madness struck blindly, as all sinners do, at the Heart of his bountiful, merciful God.

I sprang to Kitty's side. "Stand back, you unfortunate man," I cried; "do not dare to touch this picture!"

Some instinct of manhood prevented his striking me.

"I tell you, Miss R —," he shouted, "it's eyes are staring at me whichever way I turn. I can't stand that upbraiding look."

The man's eyes were blazing with delirium. "Come to the next room, Mr. Lee," I managed to say, for I was trembling in every limb. "You are ill. Pray excuse the way in which I spoke. Rest here," and I led him to the faded sofa. He submitted, and in a little while

Kitty, whom I had sent flying to my sister for a potion whose efficacy I knew, came in. He took the medicine without a demur, but muttered, "God! how those eyes follow me."

Soon the composing draught did its work. He fell into a heavy slumber. I sat beside him, but Kitty hastened to kneel before Our Lord's imaged Heart, and pray. I watched her through the half-opened door, the thin hands closely clasped, and every line of her face showing the intensity of her desire.

Ah! what did not the pleading heart of the child say to the listening Heart of God?

Loneliness, poverty, neglect, unkindness: to be freed from none of these did my little friend pray; well I knew that.

"She will win," I thought as I watched, "and the anger of the Omnipotent God will yield, will melt before the earnest persevering prayer of a child."

And she did win. For weeks Mr. Lee lay ill, but rose from his bed a new man. As soon as he was able to walk, he staggered into the room where the sentinel lamp burned, and falling on his knees sobbed out his deep contrition.

Once more he knelt before the long deserted altar-railing, and once more did God take up His abode in the soul of His repentant creature.

Six months after, they left the city. The influence of some kind persons had obtained a good position for Mr Lee, which took him to the far Pacific Coast. I shall probably never see Kitty again.

"Dear Miss R—," she said at parting, "I should feel so sad to leave you, only now it seems as if I never could be sad again, Father is so good. Please put my thanks in the MESSENGER; I shall not see it, but I'll know it will be there. O, didn't God answer well?"

And so I send Kitty's thanksgiving in this form, dear MESSENGER, adding that whatever your readers may think of my little heroine, there was beauty, and pathos, and poetry enough in her life to make it seem charming to me. And there was faith, and endurance, and patience, and prayer enough in it to shame me into being a better woman.

E. R.

TREASURY, DECEMBER, 1892.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of Charity.....	172,506	Masses heard.....	397,613
Beads.....	495,308	Mortifications.....	120,197
Stations of the Cross.	83,925	Works of charity....	38,056
Holy Communions...	88,686	Works of zeal.....	45,779
Spiritual Commu- nions.....	477,378	Prayers.....	2,460,322
Examinations of Conscience.....	148,052	Charitable conver- sations.....	408,609
Hours of labour.....	684,273	Sufferings or afflic- tions.....	408,770
Hours of silence.....	395,485	Self conquests.....	215,161
Pious readings.....	74,878	Visits to E. Sacrament.	214,462
Masses celebrated....	11,990	Other good works....	708,742
		Total.....	7,150,192

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

I am fading from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the Angel-guardian
Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's Angel
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together ;
He and I are one :
Let him end and perfect
All I leave undone.

I brought Good Desires,
Though as yet but seeds ;
Let the New Year make them
Blossom into Deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten
Many happy days ;
Let the New Year's Angel
Turn it into Praise.

If I gave you Sickness,
If I brought you Care,
Let him make one Patience,
And the other Prayer.

Where I brought you Sorrow
Through his care, at length,
It may rise triumphant
Into future Strength.

If I brought you Plenty,
All wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the New Angel
Turn them into Alms?

I gave Health and Leisure,
Skill to dream and plan ;
Let him make them nobler ;—
Work for God and Man.

If I broke your Idols,
Showed you they were dust,
Let him turn the Knowledge
Into heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation,
Let sin die away
Into boundless Pity
For all hearts that stray.

If your list of Errors
Dark and long appears,
Let this new-born Monarch
Melt them into Tears.

May you hold this Angel
Dearer than the last,—
So I bless his Future,
While he crowns my Past.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.



THE INTENTION-BOX.

THE General Intention for the month of November given by the Sovereign Pontiff himself for the prayers of the League throughout the world—the Sons and Daughters of Ireland—recalled to my mind something that takes the form of a little story, which I am going to tell the readers of our Canadian MESSENGER. It will while away an hour some of these long winter evenings, in the homes of our far-stretching Dominion where the MESSENGER pays its monthly visit.

I.

Among the steerage passengers of one of our great ocean steamers, bound for Montreal, in the early summer days, some three years ago, many remarked a blithe, good-looking young man who seemed to be a general favorite with his fellow-passengers. Full of life and health, bright, active and intelligent, Manus O'Donnell seemed well adapted to make his way successfully in the new World where he was about to seek his fortune. His apparel was that of a young townsman, and his speech had no trace of what is called facetiously "the brogue," from which indeed the tongues of the northern Irish are usually free. Manus was in fact a pupil of the Christian Brothers in an Ulster town, and knew well how to speak and write cor-

rectly, with many other things likely to advance him in that far-off Eldorado where others of his name and lineage had already made their way: accessfully.

There was a young Irish priest on board who had been spending a few months in his native land to recruit his health, much impaired by the wear and tear of parish duty in a small Canadian town where his pastoral charge was a peculiarly trying one. This reverend gentleman had noticed, from the first day of their passage, his young fellow-countryman, O'Donnell, and having made his acquaintance, soon began to take a lively interest in him.

"What do you propose to do, Manus, when you reach Montreal?" asked Father Sheehan one day as they stood on deck together.

"Well, indeed, your reverence, that's more than I can tell you," the other replied with a pleasant smile. "I suppose I'll get something to do as well as another. I can turn my hand to almost anything to earn a living."

"Do you write a good hand?"

"Yes, I think I do," and he smiled again.

"And keep accounts?"

"Well! I ought to be able to do that," said Manus laughingly, "for I learned bookkeeping, both single and double entry, at school."

"That is well. I am sure you will easily find employment, for you seem smart and active. Only be steady and sober and keep clear of bad company. Above all be faithful in the practice of your religion and all will go well with you, even if you have your little trials at first.

"Oh! as for that, father," said Manus cheerily, "I am an associate of the League—my badge is here with my scapulars," laying his hand on his breast. "My mother is a Promoter at home, and she put an intention in the box for me, at the end of last month, that I might get

employment out here. Then I'm young and strong so I'm not the least afraid." Then he added, "I forgot to tell your reverence that I have a cousin here somewhere that's doing very well, they say. If I can make him out, I know he'll help me along."

"Well! God bless you, my young friend," said the priest in a voice full of emotion, "you are in the right way for success. May the Heart of Jesus be your aid and prosper you in your undertakings!"

On the following day Father Sheehan said to Manus when they met: "We are now entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, so the end of our voyage is drawing near. Before we leave the steamer I will give you my address, for I want you to write and let me know how you are getting on."

"Many thanks to your reverence: its just what I was going to ask you for. I'll write very soon, and I hope in God I'll have good news for you."

The priest smiled somewhat sadly as he looked at the beaming face of the young man. He had been long enough in America to know how many disappointments and hard trials come to damp the ardor of faithful emigrants at the outset of their career in the Western world. But of this he breathed not a word, and he himself was indeed sanguine as to the success of Manus O'Donnell.

II.

The glorious sun of August lit up the wooded slopes of our guardian mountain and all the hither and farther shores of the great river—the fair and fertile plains stretching away southward towards the distant highlands of Vermont and the shadowy Adirondacks dim on the horizon. It shone on the burnished roofs and tapering spires of the fair "Queen City of the North," our own

Ville Marie, and high on the mountain slope, on the doom of a vast cross-crowned edifice, the Hotel-Dieu, wherein the devoted Hospital Sisters of St. Joseph minister year after year, as they have done for ages long, to the suffering and sick of the flock of Christ.

In one of the men's wards where some of the convalescents were sitting near their beds, wrapped in loose light coats provided for their comfort, the windows all open wide to admit the balmy mountain-breeze that gently fanned the snow-white curtains, a young man reclined in a cushioned chair, his eyes closed, and his thin hands folded on his chest. The palor of long and wasting illness was on his sunken features and his lips were colorless as those of a corpse. It seemed as though the lamp of life burned dimly, indeed, in that wasted form and pallid face.

It was hard, indeed, to recognize our engaging young emigrant, Manus O'Donnell, in that poor invalid. And yet he it was! How came he to this condition in so short a time would be the natural question. Ah! it was the old pitiful story, so common in this New World, of disappointed hopes—the unavailing search for employment—no vacancy anywhere—no work—nothing to earn—and yet, board and lodging to be paid for—money dwindling day by day till nearly all had vanished! Then, when hope died out at last, and cruel anxiety began to crush the heart but late so gay and lightsome, the robust health gave way—the vigorous frame was stricken with disease, and a slow consuming fever set in.

Thus suddenly prevented from continuing his efforts to obtain employment, and with little means to defray expenses, it would have gone hard indeed with poor Manus had not his kind friend, Father Sheehan, to whom

he wrote at the beginning of his illness, come into the city himself and had him removed to the Hotel Dieu, where, it is needless to say, every care and attention had been lavished upon him. Now the worst was over. The patient was at length in the way of recovery, and the doctor declared that "building up" was all he required; he would soon be himself again.

A little while after, when the Ward-sister came along and stopped near O'Donnell's chair, the young man opened his eyes and spoke, in a voice very unlike his old blithesome tones:

"I'm not asleep, Sister!—I was just thinking of something. Can you wait a minute till I tell you what it is?"

"And what is it, poor fellow?" she asked in a compassionate tone.

"I wanted to ask, Sister, if you have an Intention-box in the chapel below?" he could see down into the Sanctuary from where he sat.

"An Intention-box. What is that?" the religious asked in surprise.

"Why, the box for putting the Monthly Intentions in for the prayers of the League. Of course, you have the League here—the League of the Sacred Heart, you know?"

"No, Manus, we have not."

"Nor the Intention-box?"

The good religious shook her head.

"Well' now, that's odd," said O'Donnell musingly. "Why, Sister, we have the League all over Ireland. All the churches and chapels have got Intention-boxes, and in almost every parish we have circles and Promoters and regular meetings and the Monthly Communion of Reparation. You know, Sister, all Ireland"—he added with a proud smile—"all Ireland was consecrated to the Sacred

Heart by the Bishops and Archbishops years and years ago!"

"O yes, I know all about that," said the Sister quickly her Irish blood all aglow at the recollection, "and I know by heart McCarthy's beautiful poem about that consecration. Well! Manus, I have heard of the League being established at the Gesu—that's the Jesuits' Church here in the city, and I'll ask Reverend Mother to let us have it here in the house."

"And will you send an Intention for me, Sister, to be put in the box in the church where you say it is, for I know the box is sure to be there too?—my mother put one in the box for me at home before I left; but I want a Thanksgiving put in now for my recovery, and also to ask prayers again that I may get something to do. If you would kindly write them for me, Sister, I'd be forever obliged to you, as I'm not able yet to write myself."

The Intentions were written and placed in the box.

A little later, and the League was duly inaugurated in the great hospice on the mountain-side, and several circles formed in the house, to the great joy of Manus O'Donnell.

III.

It might be two weeks after the petition was put in the box. The young man was progressing favorably. Health was slowly but surely returning to his attenuated frame, and the deadly pallor was fast disappearing from cheek and brow. Already poor Manus began to think what he was to do when the doctor declared him sufficiently well to leave the hospital. His funds were all but exhausted, and he dreaded to start again on the wearisome quest which he had found so hopeless.

"But I'll not despair, Sister," he said one day to the good sister who had shown so kind an interest in the

lonely stranger, sick and poor in a foreign land. "We say at home, 'Ali's not lost that's in danger,' and I know that the Sacred Heart will not fail me now in my worst need."

"Surely your faith will be rewarded, Manus," said the compassionate religious, with tears in her kind eyes. "But truly your case is a hard one. Have you no relations—or friends—in these parts?"

"Well! I have a first cousin somewhere in Lower Canada, but I haven't his address. It's a couple of years since we heard from him. I wish I could see Father Sheehan—that's the priest that got me in here. He might advise me what to do. Sister, if you'll be so kind as to get me pen, ink and paper, I think I'll write to him."

The letter was written and sent, but before an answer could arrive from Father Sheehan his aid was no longer needed.

The faith of Manus O'Donnell and his confidence in the Sacred Heart were fully justified.

IV.

Poor Manus was pacing the ward to and fro that same afternoon with the uncertain step of early convalescence, when one of the Sisters came to tell him that some one was asking for him in the parlor

"For me?" the young man cried in surprise. "Why, who in the world would be asking for *me*?"

"He's coming up anyhow, and here he is." And as the religious moved away, a tall well dressed man entered the ward and approached Manus, who was pointed out to him at the door. Manus looked at the visitor, but without any sign of recognition.

"Are you Manus O'Donnell from the county Donegal, Ireland?"

"That is certainly my name," replied O'Donnell, "and I come from Donegal too,—I wish I was there now," he added drearily.

"Don't say that, Manus, my boy!" cried the new comer, his honest Milesian face beaming with warm emotion, and he grasped the other's hand cordially. "You'll have a different story ere long. Tell me, now, did you ever hear of one Phillip Hughes, a cousin of yours by the mother's side, that came out here to Canada some fifteen years back?"

"Hear of him?" gasped poor Manus, "why to be sure I did, many's the time. Wasn't it in the hope of finding him that I came to Montreal? We heard he had done well in Canada, and my mother thought he might help me at the start. And are you Phil?"

"Phil and no other, Manus! and your mother, my good old aunt Peggy, was about right. I am both able and willing to help you, my poor fellow! You'll come now to my house, where my wife will be right glad to see you, and to give you a home as long as you care to stay with us. Sure she's from the door with us at home, a daughter of old Dan McQuillan of the Cross Roads. She's a capital nurse, is Susie, and she'll soon have you well and strong again, I'll go bail. And whenever you're able for it, Manus, I have a good situation ready to your hand. I'm a contractor myself, and am just in want of a smart fellow to assist me in keeping my accounts and such like work. Father Sheehan told me you could do that well."

"Father Sheehan? then it was he that put you on my track?"

"Indeed it was. I know him well, but I hadn't seen him for some time past when, as luck would have it, he came into my office about some repairs he wanted done

out at his place, and he asked me point blank if I wanted a clerk, an honest, smart young man, that I could trust with all I was worth. Then he told me your name—how he came out in the steamer with you, and all about your disappointments and your sickness. I told him I guessed you were a cousin of my own, and asked him where I could find you. He told me of course, right glad you may be sure, and so here I am, and as soon as the good Sisters can let you come with me, we'll be off."

"Well, glory be to God, Phil! and thanks and praises to the Sacred Heart," cried Manus in a voice quivering with joyful emotion.

An hour later Manus O'Donnell was comfortably seated in a large arm-chair in his cousin's cosy parlor, while the kindly housewife busied herself in preparing a room for his reception.

The Sacred Heart had wondrously answered the petition put up through the prayers of the League, and had sent a flood of light and hope where all seemed dark and dismal. And this was fully realized by the happy group that assembled that evening round the fire in the home of Philip Hughes.

MRS. J. SADLER.

GOD IS OVER ALL.

Over our hearts and into our lives
Shadows will sometimes fall ;
Yet the sunshine never is wholly dead,
And Heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.

OBITUARY OF FATHER FRANÇOIS BERTIN GUESNIER, BY
FATHER PIERRE DE LAUZON.

The following circular or obituary letter, written by the Superior of the Canada Mission, and sent to the houses of the Order in France, does not belong to the Aulneau Letters which we here interrupt to make place for it.

It is the translation of a copy made some years ago at the request of the late Father Félix Martin, from the autograph original preserved in the archives of the Gesu in Rome.

The striking confirmation of the correctness of the main features of Father Guesnier's life and character, drawn from the preceding letter of Father Aulneau, is sufficient to convince us that though more enthusiastic in his panegyric of the virtuous religious, Father de Lauzon is not to be taxed with exaggeration.

As this document has never been published, and as it may serve to supplement Letter No. 9 of the Aulneau Collection, it naturally finds its place here.

The only other item of interest we have been able to discover, relating to Father Guesnier, and not mentioned either in the obituary or in Father Aulneau's letter, is that, when asking Reverend Father General to send him on the foreign missions, Father Guesnier's first pious impulse was, provided his superiors should grant his request, to take part in the re-establishment of the missions in Japan.*

It will be especially encouraging for the members of the League, who sincerely desire to increase in devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to find that Father Guesnier cherished that same devotion, that it was his supreme consolation in his last moments, and an earnest of the happy eternity which awaited him.

(Translation.)

QUEBEC, October, 1735.

REVEREND FATHER, — P.C. —

The Mission of Canada could not have met with a greater loss than the one it sustained last year by the death of the late Father François Bertin Guesnier, who departed this life Decemb^r 18th, 1734, at this college, aged about forty years. He died of a disease of the chest and throat, accompanied with frequent hemorrhage of the lungs. This disease he contracted, while yet in France, by a too close application to study, and by the efforts of his ardent zeal for the salvation of souls.

God, who can work out His designs without our cooperation, called him to Himself at a time when he appeared to be more indispensable to the country, and just as he was beginning to disclose more manifestly the rich treasures of nature and grace with which he was gifted for the perfect discharge of the duties of his state.

He was blessed with a keen intellect and a retentive

* De Guilhermy, *Mémoires*.

memory, and by assiduous endeavors to master all he thought that he was in duty bound to know, he had greatly widened the range of his acquired science. He was naturally eloquent, and though in conversation he was averse to trifling, he so charmed his interlocutors that his company was sought for by all who wished to improve.

But his virtue was even of a higher order than his ability. It was after a retreat he made at the close of his first year of teaching, that he drew up a plan of life more inward than he had hitherto led. From that period he adopted for maxim, that a member of his Order should never be satisfied with an ordinary degree of virtue, nor ever leave any good undone in whatever he had undertaken for his own or for his neighbor's sanctification.

Hence that precision in the fulfillment of his every duty, which constituted him at home a living rule and a true apostle abroad. Hence also, that continual recollect-edness which always prepossessed others in his favor; that unceasing watchfulness over himself; that spirit of faith with which he was ever animated, living in the presence of his Saviour, which he never lost sight of even in the midst of occupations the most distracting. Hence his devotion to Our Lord and His Holy Mother, with which he strove to inspire all whom he directed; his piety in the recitation of his office and in his other devotions, which he always performed kneeling in the most respectful posture. To these he every day, at the foot of the altar, added other long prayers which the rigor of the climate could never force him to interrupt.

His fasts were of daily occurrence, and he seldom touched wine. Sometimes he tempered his other austerities, when so directed by obedience, but he resumed them when he was left free to do so, through a desire to observe

his rule, which he knew bade him deny himself unceasingly and seek in all things his greater mortification.

It was not through vanity nor to make a display of a learning which inflates, that he indefatigably applied himself to study, but through a sense of duty, and because he was thoroughly convinced, as he was wont to say, that a member of the Order without science would be like a soldier without arms, incapable of glorifying God in the exercise of his vocation.

Our colleges in France, where he resided a greater length of time, and that of Quebec, which Heaven was content to bless with barely a glimpse of him, can testify that such was his character, and that, as the letters from Europe which announced his coming declared, one would have to go far to find a Jesuit at once more holy, more learned and more painstaking than Father Guesnier.

Scarcely had he landed than it became evident why he had asked with so much earnestness to cross the seas, volunteering for the most arduous missions. He would have gone to the Esquimaux, who are reputed to be a species of cannibal, never yet rendered tractable, and this with the idea, that the sooner he should be devoured the sooner would he consummate his sacrifice.

But obedience—for he was its submissive child—appointed him to a class of theology. Any other than Father Guesnier, whose constitution was frail, and whose health was already badly shattered, would have found this occupation sufficient. But this eager missionary, who had a greater dread of sparing himself than of shortening his days, and who had not bid farewell to France, where he had toiled hard already, to adopt a life of ease in a foreign country, undertook whatever other good work came within his reach.

He preached the word of God from time to time, and he

did so with such soundness of doctrine, energy and unction that he was listened to with delight.

The Men's Sodality, which is very numerous and flourishing at Quebec, was intrusted to him. It would be hard to conceive a care greater than that he expended on it, or a fervor more intense than that which he revived among its members.

Without mentioning the work of the confessional in the church—and his, owing to the confidence he inspired, was seldom empty—he took upon himself the spiritual direction of our boarders, who will ever hold him in grateful remembrance for the sound principles he inculcated. With this, he catechised what we call the little school, made up of more than a hundred children who are learning to read and write. It was a pleasing task for him to cast into their tender hearts the seed of Christian piety.

A man of great versatility of genius, able and willing to undertake anything, he gave himself over without reserve to these varied occupations, which were, he claimed, the indemnification due him for the Esquimaux mission he had not been able to obtain.

And what clearly shows the extent of his ability, and his great courage, and how God sustained him, he performed each separate duty with as much thoroughness as if he had no other task to accomplish. He exchanged the classroom for the pulpit, the pulpit for the confessional, and the confessional for the bedside of the sick, edifying all by his modesty, his sweetness of temper, his endurance and his charity.

If there was in his conduct one thing more than another which excited admiration, it was that, ever busy, and so to speak, actively employed night and day, he never made mention of his occupations nor of himself. To blame others was as distasteful to him as was self-praise. It

would be impossible to convey an idea either of the abundant blessings which so virtuous a demeanor drew down upon the work of this worthy laborer, or of the pious emotions which were awakened in every heart by his holy example.

As it is no exaggeration to say that few apostolic men are to be found so dead to self, so intent on saving souls, so eager and so successful in the work of promoting God's glory, so might I add, that seldom is so great concern manifested for the safety of apostolic laborers as in this colony, which always showed itself deeply interested in his preservation.

On his arrival, at the very point of leaving the ship, he was temporarily incapacitated for work by a hemorrhage from an old lesion in his chest. The citizens betrayed their apprehension of losing him by tokens of anxiety, evidently the most sincere. Not only our own and all the other religious communities, but seculars, men and women joined in novenas to obtain his recovery. The degree of earnestness, though intense, with which they besought Heaven not to take from amongst them a man of such uncommon merit and virtue, was not greater than the degree of Father Guesnier's own indifference and resignation to whatever Our Lord should ordain concerning him.

We were graciously heard ; but later an affection of the throat, which complicated his lung disorder, and which in spite of every remedy, became incurable, reduced him to a state of extreme languor ; but he always bore with heroic courage the sharp pains and prolonged weariness inseparable from so grievous a complaint.

As he drew nearer day by day to the term, he exerted himself to bear his ills with twofold patience and love of God. For the three months he was confined to the infirmary, he spent his time in repeated reviews of his faults,

expressions of regret for his past shortcomings, fervent confessions and communions, devout aspirations and ardent longings to be united with God.

More than a month before his death, he besought those who visited him to speak to him of God only. All else had no relish for him. To his last breath, he exhibited the same contempt for life, the same strength of soul and the same trust in his Saviour.

He was asked one day if he had no scruple at having worn himself out with his vigils and labors. He answered as did St. Aloysius, that he was more apprehensive lest he should not have done enough for God. When he was given up by the physicians, the most distinguished persons in the city came to recommend themselves and their children to his prayers, believing, without the least misgiving, that one whose preaching and exemplary life had drawn them nearer to God during his earthly career could not but have great influence with God after death.

He died a week after having received the last sacraments. He employed these last days in continually uniting his own dispositions with those of our Saviour during His agony and while on the cross. The morning of his demise he had the office of the dead recited for him, and he passed to a better life tenderly kissing the crucifix and with his dying lips pressed to the wound of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for which he had a particular devotion.

He had scarcely breathed his last, when people of every rank in the city gave proof of the lofty idea they entertained of his virtue, and of a sense of the great loss they had sustained. This loss was declared to be a universal bereavement, affecting the whole colony, which now found itself deprived by death of Father Guesnier, an incomparable laborer, who, in the short space of twenty months, had achieved as much for the salvation of souls as many others in as many years.

The exclamation, "He was a saint," was on every lip, and constituted, as it were, his funeral eulogy. Each vied with the other to secure some object which had belonged to him. People flocked in from the outlying districts of Quebec to his obsequies, at which all the citizens were present. So that from time out of mind, our church, where already many celebrated Jesuits were interred, was never so full to overflowing as on the day of his burial.

Nine months has he been buried, and yet not a day has passed but some one of his spiritual children has come to pray on his grave and to commend themselves to him.

I shall not, however, the less solicit of your Reverence the ordinary suffrages for this our beloved departed, who, after having laid deep the foundation of his sublime perfection in Old France, crossed over to this New France to put the crowning to the structure, having striven so closely to live here the life of St. Francis Regis, whom he had chosen for his model. Deign also to grant a share in your Holy Sacrifices at the altar to him who has the honor of being

Your Reverence's

Most humble and obedient servant,

DE LAUZON, Jesuit.

IN THANKSGIVING.

BARRIE.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a person who was seriously ill, through novenas and a promise to acknowledge through the MESSENGER.

COMPTON.—A member of the League wishes to publish her thanks for a favor received from the Sacred Heart.

CORNWALL.—A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained after promise to publish.

—An Associate returns thanks for two temporal favors received.—A member returns thanks for a temporal favor obtained with promise to publish.

EGANVILLE.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of a brother to his religious duties. Also several other favors obtained, both temporal and spiritual.—An Associate returns thanks for a very great temporal favor obtained some time ago.—Three others return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of sick persons, who had been recommended to the prayers of the League during last year.

GALT.—A member returns thank for two favors received after promise to publish.

GLENNEVIS.—Thanksgiving for two signal favors Thanksgiving for a cure.—Thanksgiving from a Promoter for many favors received. All with promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

GUELPH.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained after a novena, with a promise to publish, and to the Blessed Margaret Mary, for a like favor.

HAMILTON.—Thanks to the Divine Heart for a favor obtained through the Sacred Heart badge. A mother, an Associate, was sick and in pain, and when the badge was applied she immediately found relief. To be published in the MESSENGER.—A Promoter returns thanks for a favor received.

INGERSOLL.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for the recovery of a fond father after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER should it be granted.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a friend from a dangerous illness.—A Promoter returns thanks for two special favors received during the month of October.

KINGSTON.—Special thanksgiving for the success of the various classes in St. Mary's Catholic School.

LACHINE.—A member returns thanks for a temporal favor obtained by invoking the Sacred Heart.

MONTREAL.—A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for favors received; there was a promise to publish if granted.—A Promoter tenders her grateful thanks for a great many favors which have been granted, with the promise to publish if obtained.—A Promoter of St. Gabriel's tenders her sincere thanks for favors received, as well as a situation obtained simply by a promise to publish.—A member of St. Patrick's returns thanks for a situation secured after a promise to publish.—An Associate earnestly desires to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received after a promise to publish.—Thanksgiving is returned for the recovery of a child, through the application of the badge: and for the preservation of others from a dangerous contagion.—For favors obtained by a Promoter after promise to publish, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER.—A member of the League returns thanks for the cure of numbness in the head effected by applying the badge, by a novena and a promise to publish; also for the conversion of a brother.—Thanks for past favors and for the means of paying debts contracted.

ORILLIA.—Thanks for a spiritual and temporal favor obtained.

OWEN SOUND.—Thanksgiving for the conversion of a man who had neglected hearing mass for fifteen or twenty years.

QUEBEC.—According to promise to publish in the MESSENGER, heartfelt thanks are returned for a favor obtained from the Sacred Heart.

RENFREW.—A Promoter tenders his sincere thanks for the settlement of a lawsuit out of court. Also for other favors obtained by prayers and having Mass offered and a promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER.

ST. CATHARINES.—An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for delive ring a husband from intemperance by a promise to publish.

ST. RAPHAEL'S.—Thanks are returned for favors received after a novena and a promise to publish.—Thanks are offered for five favors obtained during the past year.

SWANTON, VT.—A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man who had not approached the sacraments for about thirty-five years. He had been recommended to the prayers of the League, and, at his last illness, asked for a priest, and died wholly reconciled to his God.—Thanks are also offered for the recovery of a valuable purse which had been lost.—A lady expresses her thanks for a special favor: request to publish.

TORONTO.—Thanksgiving for a favor granted when all reasonable ground for hope seemed no longer to exist. A member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man who had not been to church nor the Sacraments for a very long time. He had been recommended to the prayers of the League for some time.—A lady member of the League returns thanks for a very great temporal favor. It was asked for during Exposition on First Fridays, when a promise was made to publish if granted.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors both spiritual and temporal have been received from Amherstburg, Antigonishe Almoute, Burlington, Ont., Calgary Convent, Everton

Kingston, St. Mary's Catholic School, Montreal, Ottawa, Prescott, St. Agatha, Fairville, P.E.I., Hamilton, Owen Sound and Vermont River, P.E.I.

Douglastown, Gaspé.

The Fathers who were giving the mission at Douglastown left on November 13th. On the 26th, the Reverend Duncan Gillis, P.P., writes as follows:—I have the pleasure to state that thirty-one circles of the League of the Sacred Heart are already established. All have taken the first and second degree, and a great many the third. The four schools are enrolled, consisting respectively of sixty, thirty, twenty-two and fourteen children. I expect to form two or three more circles in the more distant parts of the parish. The manner of circles is an efficacious means of maintaining the League. I hope through the beautiful devotion that the fruit of the mission will be everlasting.

Point St. Charles, Montreal.

The zealous Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame send in the following report of their newly established circle:—"The League of the Sacred Heart is established in our school, Our Lady of the Angels, Mullins Street. Sixty of our pupils were enrolled under the banner of the Sacred Heart, on the 26th of October, 1892, by Rev. Father Caron, C.S.S.R. The Treasury of Spiritual offerings and the Communion of Reparation are working hand in hand. The favors obtained through the Sacred Heart of Jesus are visible. All are more studious, pious and docile."

INTENTIONS FOR JANUARY.

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

- 1.—S.—CIRCUMCISION, rt. Self-denial. 16,899 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—M.—Oct. of St. Stephen. Charity. 12,347 In affliction.
- 3.—Tu.—St. Genesee, I. pt. Devotedness. 10,975 Deceased Associates.
- 4.—W.—Oct. Holy Innocents. Purity of Heart. 14,713 Special.
- 5.—Th.—St. Telephorus, P. M. hf. Confidence in God. 2,226 Communities.
- 6.—F.—THE EPIPHANY, at. hf. gr. mt. Gratitude for favors. 16,932 1st Communions.
- 7.—S.—St. Lucian, Priest. Fidelity in little things. 36,686 Departed.
- 8.—S.—St. Gudula, I. pt. gr. Zeal for souls. 11,299 Employment.
- 9.—M.—St. Julian, M. Spirit of forbearance. 5,918 Clergy.
- 10.—Tu.—St. William, Ep. Sor-row for Sin. 57,519 Children.
- 11.—W.—St. Theodosius, Ab. Fear human respect. 17,550 Families.
- 12.—Th.—St. Arcadius, M. hf. D. Fidelity to the Morning Offering. 17,680 Perseverance.
- 13.—F.—40 Holy Martyrs. Recol-lection. 7,972 Reconciliations.
- 14.—S.—St. Hilary, Ep. D. Love of the Church. 23,448 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—S.—HOLY NAME OF JESUS. Ardent love of Jesus. 12,371 Temporal favors.
- 16.—M.—St. Marcellus, P. M., Detachment. 12,437 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—Tu.—St. Anthony, Ab. Generosity with God. 16,537 Youth.
- 18.—W.—St. Peter's Chair at Rome, at Say the Daily Decade. 3,979 Schools.
- 19.—Th.—St. Canute, King, hf. Love justice. 12,132 Sick.
- 20.—F.—Sts. Fabian and Sebastian, M. M. Christian courage. 34 Retreats.
- 21.—S.—St. Agnes, I. M. Love holy Purity. 546 Works, Guilds.
- 22.—S.—Sts. Vincent and Anastasius, M. M. Seek to do God's will. 1,297 Parishes.
- 23.—M.—ESPousALS B. V. M. Love our Lady and St. Joseph. 23,172 Sinners.
- 24.—Tu.—St. Timothy, Ep. M. Respec. Superiors. 17,850 Parents.
- 25.—W.—Conversion of St. Paul. Follow God's call. 3,655 Religious.
- 26.—Th.—St. Polycarp, Ep., M. hf. Good example. 1,811 Novices.
- 27.—F.—St. John Chrysostom, Ep. Guard your tongue. 2,534 Superiors.
- 28.—S.—St. Raymond Fennafort. Holy discretion. 11,568 Vocations.
- 29.—S.—Septuagesima Sunday Meekness. 10,559 Promoters.
- 30.—M.—St. Martina, I. M. Shy idleness. 22,713 Various.
- 31.—T.—OUR LORD'S PRAYER AND AGONY. Pray for Souls in agncy. The Directors.

†=Plenary Indulg.; 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.