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THE MONTH OF JUNE.

THIS month, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, is the month in which our Promoters and Associates renew their resolutions to look after the interests of the Sacred Heart, and start out for another half year with redoubled fervor to promote the interests of the Divine Heart of our Lord.

It is during this month, too, on dates named by Local Directors, that Promoters and Associates renew their solemn semi-annual consecration to the Sacred Heart. As many as possible should be present at this renewal. The Act of Consecration may be read in the morning at a Mass of General Communion or during Benediction in the evening. A plenary indulgence is attached to this function in favor of those Promoters who wear their crosses outwardly and visibly.

In cases of reception of new Promoters, Local Directors will kindly take the precaution to send to the *Messenger* office the names of those whom they purpose raising to the ranks of promotership. Diplomas are forwarded gratis by the Central Direction to those who shall have been classed as approved Postulants. Diplomas give Promoters the privilege of gaining twenty-six plenary indulgences annually, over and above those ordinarily gained by simple Associates.

Deserving Postulants are those who have given proofs of their zeal during their six months of postulancy, by visiting their Associates, distributing the monthly tickets regularly, attending to the judicious distribution of the *Messenger* to the various members of their circles, forming other circles,—in a word, promoting the interests of the Holy League in their respective parishes as often as opportunities present themselves.

The Promoter's cross, which may be procured (see 4th page of cover) and worn when the Diploma is granted, is the visible mark of promotership. Just as the medal on the breast of a soldier shows that he has seen active service and has proven himself a brave man, so the Promoter's cross shows that the wearer is an active member of the League and a friend of the Sacred Heart. Promoters alone have the privilege of wearing the cross; under no consideration whatsoever may it be worn by anyone else, even an Associate. Two plenary indulgences a year are granted to the wearers.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE.

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

A still wider diffusion of the devotion to
the Sacred Heart.

FOR the two last centuries, but more especially for the last thirty years, has the heaven-blest devotion, which binds more closely the human heart to the Heart of its God, made throughout the world wonderful headway; and like the true religion itself, of which it is, in the words of the late great Bishop of Poitiers, Mgr. Pie, "the substantial summary," has it already reached and spread throughout every clime of the habitable world. Nevertheless—and for truth's sake it must be acknowledged—we are yet a long way from that magnificent revival in souls and nations which, both directly and through His Vicar upon earth, Jesus vouchsafed to promise us, as the most precious outcome of so providential a devotion.

But with whom are we to find fault for this lamentable delay? With our very selves, most assuredly, for in no wise is it to be ascribed to the benign Heart, "ocean of Mercy" and of love. *Perditio tua Israel.*

What we need, before all else, to draw down the new flood of graces which was promised us, is a further diffusion, and that sufficiently widespread, of this soul-saving

devotion. True, indeed—God be praised—the rising sun, Jesus' own Heart, has begun, more manifestly for the three last decades, to gild with its earlier beams the loftiest peaks,—in other words, such souls as are more deeply imbued with Christian piety; but how far yet is not its enlivening warmth from reaching, with intensity at all befitting, the low-lying valleys and deep ravines teeming in our modern world with countless beings less gifted, not only as to wealth but as to truly Christian education? Yet it is for these more than others, nowadays, that this heaven-sent boon was bestowed. The popular masses, in which are actually centered the hopes of Holy Church, have indeed a greater need of this devotion. They are likewise more providentially within its reach, should they but find among us, according to the wish of the Divine Heart, no lack of devoted “evangelists,” to be in truth the bearers of the glad tidings.

In European continental countries, for a century at least, through the guilty connivance of the upper classes, the effects of whose bad example and soul-wrecking principles have filtered through to the underlying masses, a work of religious disintegration has been going on. The aim of this satanic ferment is the unchristianizing, or—as its abettors put it—the “secularization” or God-ignoring, “laicisation” of nations. Nearly everywhere has this loathsome work of Freemasonry succeeded in all but sundering the poor unwary laboring classes from Jesus Christ; and naught else save the union with the very Heart of the Man-God will ever, according to the divine promises, fully remedy the ills of so deplorable an apostasy.

With not unlike results, in America, are the same wicked agencies at work. They time their movements more cautiously and shroud them with more mystery in the great Catholic centres, it is true, as they would be powerless

were the search-light fully turned upon their aims and doings; but their purpose is identical all the world over.

A Catholic out-and-out cannot fail to recognize at a glance the handiwork of the lodge. The senseless whooping of the loud-mouthed anti-Catholic fanatic is far less to be feared than the quiet, gentlemanly, unobtrusive address, wherein we catch but a glimpse of the full programme of the secret sects, set forth in unimpassioned language, with decorous gesture and interspersed with fallacious catch-words.

The word goes forth from the innermost conclave and is taken up throughout the masonic world. It may be "A Free Church in a Free State," it may be "Freedom of Speech," "Freedom of the Press," it may be "Free Schools and Compulsory Education," or whatever else those proficient in occult paralogy may devise. It is caught up by the gaping crowd of the uninitiated, who, if not well grounded in Christian belief, are ever ready to see, in the faintest streak of light on the horizon, the forerunner of the long expected dawn of an enlightenment without Christ at last about to break upon the world. But that dawn never comes, for the Sun of Justice, "that true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," has already risen nigh two thousand years ago; and those only who close their eyes to the noon-day brightness complain of being doomed to grope about in the gloaming.

When there was question of stripping the Successor of Peter of his Temporal Power, stress was laid on the great benefit that was to accrue to Catholicity at large. The Pope would now have leisure to concentrate all his energies on things spiritual. When godless schools are to be forced upon Catholics, it is pointed out, that knowing each other from childhood, the Catholic and Protestant citizen would become more mutually tolerant. But Truth ever tolerant of persons, must be intolerant of error.

The reign of misnomers has no end. Schools are dubbed "unsectarian" though born, bred and nurtured in the lap of sectarianism, and though their very reason of existence be the furtherance of sectarian ends. The principle on which they are grounded, a total severance of religious education from secular instruction, can consistently find no place among the tenets of any avowedly Christian body. The system is hopelessly sectarian, since *at least* one vast, world-wide religion cannot with safety of conscience farm-out the soul of even "one of His little ones" to the hireling.

That Catholic is to be pitied who, for the sake of self, position or any other worldly consideration whatever, the fancied requirements of "respectability" thrown in, would challenge the behests of his Mother the Church, and sacrifice the helpless little ones God has given to him in trust. What has become, for him, of the Master's "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven," etc? He must needs be one of those who, dazed with the glamour of modern ideas, would recklessly join in the mad cry for freedom, even should he awaken the echoes of the groined arches of the sanctuary, heedless that he may at any moment enjoy the fullness of the freedom of the children of God, since his birthright is Truth, and Christ has said "truth shall make you free."

Would that he could but compare notes with contemporary Catholics in France. It would indeed be useless to "call up" the linear descendants of that peculiar kind of Catholic, of one hundred years ago, which he represents as a very respectable unit in this new land: that lineage, no doubt, having long since been merged with the offspring of unbelief. Could he bring himself to listen to them and abide by their experience, he would learn that no one clamored louder for freedom than the anti-Catholic element which now governs France. These very

men had no qualms of conscience in defying the rulers of the people and in plotting against the State, imperial or monarchical, as the case might be. Had France ever assumed for her form of government that of a Christian republic, like Ecuador, it would have been the same story. There was no crime in all this, according to the secret society code; nay, their very insubordination was a virtue; their crimes, which sent a shudder through Christendom, were but the outcome of patriotism. But this patriotism was devotion not to their country but to themselves. There was no treason until they had overthrown the pre-existing order of things, when, in turn, *they* became "the State," and freedom, except for vice and irreligion, was banished from the land. Now, when it does not indulge in the thrilling pastime of shooting down priest or pontiff, the rabble invades the sanctuary, and ignominiously silences the sacred orator.

There is indeed freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of association, freedom of education, freedom and license galore, and for all else save for the word of God, for His ministers, for Catholic publicists and politicians, for religious orders, for hospital nuns, for Catholic houses of education should they count upon their staff a religious who would devote his life to the Catholic formation of Catholic youth. And this enthralment of the Catholic citizen in politics, in religion, school, army and hospital has become possible through the supineness of the half-hearted, worldly-minded, all-compromising Catholic of four-score years or more ago.

God no doubt draws good from evil, as honey may be distilled from the poisonous blossom, and in more than one country, which heresy claims almost exclusively for its own, has the shibboleth of "freedom of worship" secured a breathing spell for the downtrodden, because insignificant, minority of God's true worshippers. But this is not the normal state of things.

On the other hand, and there is no blinking the fact, the same shibboleth has wrought havoc among that class of neutral Catholics who, though not with the Master, would feel hurt were they told that they "scatter"; for are they not ready, when in the presence of sheep of another fold, to all but apologize for the very existence of the Catholic Church? Do they not bewail the "imprudence" of the more daring disciple of our Lord, who would claim for the Church even standing room among the multifarious, polychromatic sects, from staid Ritualism down to the latest abominations of the Flying Roll, which elbow each other on this world's surface, and more particularly on the broad expanse of this great continent of America?

If in years not far distant the Canadian Catholic find himself in the same wretched plight as his fellow-religionist in France, it will almost entirely be owing to the timid stand of the over-timorous Catholic of to-day.

The panacea for all these evils, in the Old as in the New World, is a keen and lively faith in the Divine Heart—*credidimus caritati*—faith in all other mysteries, tender piety in the practice of all other devotions, will follow in the wake, and find place in the hearts of all the poor but sympathetic toilers, uncouth outwardly perhaps, unskilled in subtle reasoning, but amenable to the sway of any generous impulse. It is there in the Heart of the Man-God that the same poor weary worker, shorn of his birthright, and debarred from heaven by a heartless sect, if he be a companion of their craft, will find anew hope unquenchable and that ever steadfast trust grounded in omnipotent love alone. It is there again that, repudiating the teachings of a vile materialism, the Christian flock will shape itself anew to noble impulses and more generous virtues. It is in the Sacred Heart that confronted with its sublime destiny it will learn, at least in the measure required, to spurn worldly wealth, a greed for which is now so assiduously fostered within it.

In the place of this unhallowed craving for lucre and a coldness in God's service, its natural consequence, the Sacred Heart will implant in the soul a disinterested and an all-pervading love of Jesus Christ, a love which brooks no barren listlessness, but begets a holy industry, prolific of every good.

And to fecundate still more this pious activity, for the most part more self-sacrificing in the lowly than in the high-born, it should be brought home to the members of Catholic unions, associations, clubs and guilds, that they must seek in the very Heart of Jesus the truly mystic tie which will bind them more closely together, the secret of real thrift, and the mainspring of every zealous endeavor.

They will learn to draw daily from that adorable Heart an increase of charity, which the Holy Father assures us is the true solution of the great social problem of the day, and which would lead nations onward, with fewer halts, towards that longed-for goal, the happy reign of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Adveniat regnum tuum.*

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that the Devotion to the Sacred Heart may extend more and more over the world. Amen.



A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

THE golden sun is up—to me
Another day is given,
To bear my little cross again
Along the road to heaven.
May all my thoughts, and words, and deeds,
This day, my Jesus, be
Holy and pure as yours—for you
Were once a child like me.

O Jesus! raise your tiny hand
To bless my coming day,
And draw me gently back again
If e'er I turn away.
For oh! so strong the tempter is,
So very weak am I,
I fear I'm never, never good,
No matter how I try.

But oh! that little, childish hand
Holds earth and sky and sea;
And now it comes from heaven to point
The shortest way for me.
So sweet, so pure, my God, you are,
I feel that only so
Can I dare hope to follow you,
And pure and holy grow.

Then, Jesus, help your little child,
Who longs to do your will ;
In ev'ry trouble let me think
That you are with me still.
And when this day into the past
Sinks with the setting sun,
Back to your feet, dear Lord, I'll steal,
To show you what I've done. J. M. M.

A CHILD'S NIGHT PRAYER.

HEAR Lord ! the night is falling fast,
And now another day,
With all its power of good and ill,
Is passing swift away ;
And at your sacred feet I place
The best I have to bring ;
I blush to lay so poor a gift
Before so great a King.

The shepherds had their little lambs,
The kings their gifts of gold,
And both their holy, loving hearts,
In Bethlehem of old ;
The little birds that sang to-day
Sent up their hymns of praise ;
The flowers your beauty seem to tell
A thousand, thousand ways.

And oh ! it seems that all have done
The work they had to do,
And only I come back again
With gifts so poor and few.
My holy angel watching bent
Beside me all the day ;
But often, when he whispered good,
I only turned away.

Just once or twice a prayer went up,
 Alas! I the combat won;
 And that I knew was something earned
 To bring when day was done.
 But many, many were the faults
 That now stand out so plain,
 Like blots upon this precious day
 I ne'er can live again.

My heart, at least, I have to give;
 'Tis more than gold to you:
 I wish it were a better heart,
 More humble and more true.
 Do not refuse it, Jesus dear!
 Forgive me, I implore;
 Take all I have to give to day,
 To-morrow I'll bring more.

J. M. M.

Poor Ireland! What preserved it three hundred years ago and during three hundred years of persecution? Fidelity to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, fidelity to Rome, fidelity to the changeless See of Peter. The arch of the faith is kept fast by that keystone, which the world would fain strike out if it could, but never has prevailed to do so, and Ireland has been sustained by it; and to this day among the nations of the Christian world there is not to be found a people so instinct with faith and so governed by Christian morality as the people of Ireland.—*Cardinal Manning.*



A TIMELY MEETING.

E. J. D.



NE of the pleasantest districts in Canada lies between the little village of Aylmer and the city of Ottawa. And the road, hard and dry, leading from one to the other, is frequented by the air seekers of the gray Capital. The beautiful hedges and bosky groves, and the rich farmers' houses with their well-kept swards and fancy fences strewn along the route, are among the attractions which delight the traveller's eye.

Years ago you might have noticed a small wooden cottage, hidden away in a bunch of pines, about three miles from Aylmer. A low verandah surrounded the building, and conspired with the pines in enwrapping the cottage in a mantle of gloom. But peace and happiness reigned within.

At the time our story begins the small cottage was occupied by a couple—let us call them Walton; and their only child was Charley, a bright boy, the delight of their days.

Charley's parents were pious. The little stone church in Aylmer saw them every Sunday and holyday, kneeling in their pew in a side aisle, reading their prayers, at Mass, or seated listening to the words of wisdom and the pious counsels which fell from the lips of good Father Michel.

When Charley reached his tenth year, he made his First

Communion. Those were solemn moments, the eve of that great day, when the kind pastor met Charley and his companions in the church and told them of the wondrous act they were to perform on the morrow; how his heart would be grieved if he thought there was a Judas in the little band seated before him; how he would be pleased, and how God would be gratified, if all approached the Holy Banquet with pure souls.

These words sank deep in Charley's breast, and the following morning he received the Sacred Body of his Lord with ardent sentiments of piety and love, and promised never to be unfaithful to so kind a Master. A renewal of baptismal vows in the afternoon and a consecration to the Sacred Heart completed a well-filled day.

But a surprise awaited Charley on his return home. His aunt, a nun in the Aylmer Convent, had made two beautiful badges for her little nephew, and had sent them to him with an only condition that he wear one or the other continually. Charley readily consented; and often spent his leisure moments admiring the workmanship of the beautiful souvenirs of his First Communion. On the one oval in form, was an image of the Divine Heart wrought in red silk, and a scroll bearing the words "*Thy kingdom come*" penned underneath it. On the other, also oval, our Lord was pointing to His Heart; around the edge of the badge were the words:—"Behold the Heart which has loved men so much!" Charley had a preference for the latter, perhaps because the features of our Lord were so sweetly painted on it, and because the legend was less embarrassing to his youthful mind.

And thus the little cottager passed his days and weeks in ignorance of care and under the loving eyes of watchful parents. But he was alone and played alone.

II.

One evening in September, Charley saw a small boy in rags lounging near the gate of the cottage, and crying

"Evidently a little tramp," thought Charley, and his big heart began to fill.

"Hello! won't you come into my house? I'll ask mamma...." And before the wair had time to answer, Charley had scampered off to the kitchen and had returned with the welcome news:

"Yes; mamma says you may come in!"

The little stranger began to sob as if unused to such kindness; Charley, seeing his tears, could hardly keep from sobbing too. His kind heart had been touched at the plight of the boy, and he led him into the house.

After a hearty supper the lad began to tell his story. His name was William Vanvelle. His parents had sailed with him from the Isle of Man for America three months before, but both had died of ship fever and were buried at sea.

Here the little waif broke down and sobbed heartily. Mrs. Walton took him into her arms, soothed him, and then learned the rest of his story.

After the death of his parents fellow-passengers took him in charge, and when they landed at Quebec brought him as far as Ottawa, where they left him to take care of himself. It was while straying over the Suspension Bridge and through Hull that he touched the Aylmer road and followed it up many, many miles, he thought, till tired and hungry he threw himself at the gate of the cottage surrounded with pines.

That was the story of the little waif. Mrs. Walton promised to keep him and clothe him and send him to school. He would be a companion to Charley; and Charley was delighted.

A bath and a fresh suit of clothes transformed the new-comer. Charley gave him some of his own pocket money, and, at his mother's suggestion, pinned one of his beautiful badges inside his coat, making him promise that he would always wear it.

William was a talented boy, and soon won a name for himself in his classes in the stone school-house which had just been built hard by. Carleton, the teacher, had a special liking for the two friends, and showed it by the interest he took in their progress.

The lads had now spent many months together; they had learned to love each other as brothers, and they were happy—the one in his newly found home, the other in his newly found friend.

But a great misfortune was about to befall them. Two years after William Vanvelle's arrival at the Walton cottage, Charley's father and mother fell ill of fever, and were soon laid in the little cemetery beside the parish church in Aylmer. The boys, inconsolable at this loss, were taken by strangers, separated, and sent to different parts of the country. William went to Ontario, and Charley to a small town in northern New York.

III.

Eighteen years passed away, Vanvelle and Walton had long lost trace of each other. The former, always kind, hearty and grateful, had sent innumerable letters to different parts of the country in search of his friend, but no answers ever came to him save those from the Dead Letter Office.

Meanwhile, through the aid of kind friends who recognized his brilliant talents, he had finished his studies in medicine, left Canada, and had secured a large practice in one of the suburbs of New York city.

One day not many months ago Vanvelle was walking down East Broadway in that city, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a crowd gathering in front of a beer-saloon. An accident had evidently taken place. Dr. Vanvelle hastened his step, and rushing into

the crowd, in an instant was kneeling at the side of an unconscious man. The unfortunate victim had, during a drunken brawl, been savagely thrown out of the door onto the kerb-stone; and blood was flowing copiously from a wound in the side of his head. The physician applied restoratives, pushed away the crowd, and opened the wounded man's coat to give him fresh air, when suddenly he saw, pinned to his waistcoat, a faded but familiar badge of the Sacred Heart.

Vanvelle startled, leaned over the unconscious man, scanned the pale face, and caught under the rugged, shaggy beard and clotted blood the once beloved features of Charley Walton. But he kept his secret and emotions to himself, and simply telephoned for an ambulance to convey the dying man to the Eleventh Street Hospital. He accompanied him, secured a bed for him, and promised the nun in charge to call again in a few hours.

In the evening he was again at the bedside of the dying man, and treated him with the greatest care. But he dared not break to him the news of his discovery lest the shock should prove fatal.

Three days passed, and the patient, though conscious, was sinking visibly. Dr. Vanvelle, a staunch Catholic, aware of his dangerous state, spoke to him of the affairs of his soul. But the dying man turned only a deaf ear. The physician pleaded with him so long and so earnestly that Walton at last consented to see one of the Jesuit Fathers from the college in the neighborhood; and he by a good confession soon made his peace with God.

After he had received the last rites of the Church, the physician asked him for the story of his life. With some reluctance Walton spoke of a cottage home on the Aylmer road away north in Canada, how he had been left an orphan at the age of thirteen; how after the death of his parents he had been separated from the nearest and

dearest and only friend that remained to him in life; how he had been taken by strangers, and abandoned a few years later without hope or wherewithal to begin life; how he had tried to fight against penury and want, and to do so more successfully had determined to go to New York; how he had been foiled in his career by the many obstacles and temptations he met in his path; and how at last he found himself in the large city of New York—a gambler and drunkard. One thing he had never failed to do, however, was to keep the promise he had made to a kind mother, twenty years before, to wear continually the badge of the Sacred Heart.

He drew the old badge, tattered and worn, to his lips, and kissed it, spoke of his peace of mind and the joy he felt at the prospect of leaving this world for a better one. But there was only one remaining desire of his life that had not been realized: he had to go without news from William Vanvelle, the little orphan and friend of his youth.

“But I am here, my dear Charley!”

And the doctor, bursting into tears, opened his coat and showed the dying man the companion badge of the Sacred Heart. He bent over and took him in his arms and held him.

But what he had foreseen came to pass. The sudden emotion caused by this extraordinary meeting was too great for the dying man, and he fell back on the pillow. William Vanvelle knelt down and said a prayer for the soul of his dead friend.

The school has no right to teach how to read without doing more than it now does to direct the taste and confirm the habit of reading what is good rather than what is bad.—*Professor Stanley Hall.*



LINKS WITH HEAVEN.



OUR God in Heaven from that holy place
To each of us an angel guide has given ;
But mothers of dead children have more grace—
For they give angels to their God in Heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold and weary,
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied ;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love : we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never
With such a stake in Heaven fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever ; that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels flitting to and fro
Pause smiling as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know.

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—

The children's place in Heaven—who softly sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or smiling, strokes their little folded wings ;

Or gives them her white lilies or her beads

To play with ;—yet in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
And asks her why their mother stays so long.

Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call

Her very soon : meanwhile they are beguiled
To wait and listen while she tells them all
A story of her Jesus as a child.

Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will

And pity for their weak and erring brothers ;
There is a prayer in Heaven more tender still—
The little children pleading for their mothers.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., president of the New York Catholic Protectory, admits the difficulty of keeping boys from getting cheap sensational newspapers and books which vitiate the mind. Some of the most worthless productions of the press, he says, find their way by unknown channels into select boarding colleges and academies where young ladies are vigilantly protected. Among young folks everywhere, at home and at school, there is the incessant appetite for reading which must be taken into account by all whose duty it is to supply their reasonable demands.



TWO PHASES OF ANARCHISM.

FATHER Lemoigne, of the Society of Jesus, Lenten preacher in the Church of Saint-Merry Paris, had chosen for the subject of his lectures Leo XIII's Encyclical on the condition of the laboring classes. Free-thought journalism and its friends the anarchists were on the watch. Already, on the 15th of March, the speaker had been rudely interrupted in the middle of his discourse. There had been a moment of painful emotion; but tranquillity was restored by the expulsion of the perturber. Meanwhile the editor of the *Bataille* was haranguing the crowd in the open air without the sacred edifice, and the police remained inactive.

On Tuesday the 22nd, "the central revolutionary committee, faithful to its revolutionary activity of the past," writes the *Bataille*, "was punctual at the *rendez-vous*." Its friends were bent on raising a disturbance, they wished to keep their hand in for the first of May; but the preacher was careful not to give them the least pretext for a manifestation, well aware that these protestations would end in acts of brutality. The *Radical*, a revolutionary sheet, acknowledged that there were never milder words spoken, and that the speaker confined himself strictly to topics exclusively religious.

This was not at all what the rowdy gathering expected.

They grew impatient, and finally became exasperated because the speaker gave them no opportunity to find fault with him. On a sudden a shout went up: it was the signal for disorder. Chairs were hurled at the assembled faithful, who took refuge in the chancel, whither they were followed closely by the mob. A score or so of desperados were pushing onward with the cry "to the altar," whereupon twenty resolute men sprang forward and confronted them, their only answer being "So far, and no further!" and the surging mass shrank back, cowed by a mere handful.

According to the testimony of the *Bataille*, the pulpit was carried by storm, a student took the place of the priest, and delivered a wild harangue, ridiculing the belief and practices of the assembly. The thing seems to us inconceivable, for a few blackthorns properly wielded, one would think, would have cleared the church without inflicting any very serious injury on the sacrilegious intruders.

The congregation gradually withdrew and left their assailants masters of the position. The latter, before dispersing, vociferated rather than sang the *Carmagnole* and the *Marseillaise*.

While these execrable scenes were being enacted in the holy place, the revolutionary orators were busy inciting the mob to further disorder, and, in the midst of the crowd, Baudin and Chassaing, members of the Assembly of Deputies, could easily have been singled out as leaders.

And where were the police meanwhile? These guardians of the peace were silent and, it might be added, disinterested spectators, were it not for the fact that by their presence and inactivity they had all the appearance of having been sent to protect the mob. Thrice did the pastor call upon them for protection, but the Commis-

sioner had given no instructions to the police officer who lounged at the door of the church with his men. The sergeant himself, called upon to take official cognizance, of the danger which threatened the safety of citizens coldly answered that what took place within the church did not concern him. The stand they took can easily be explained, for both commissioner and patrolmen were not ignorant of the dispositions of the administration, and could only expect that their action would be disavowed were they to interfere in behalf of God-fearing citizens.

To forestall and no doubt influence the House, the municipal council took up the affair. As every one anticipated, it was to throw all the blame on the law-abiding congregation of Saint-Merry. From that enlightened body Catholics have a right to nothing save hard knocks. And should these be dealt out to them, without any provocation whatever on their side and without their attempting to defend themselves, they must still be classed as disturbers of the peace, against whom too much severity cannot be exercised.

The Prefect of the Seine might, one would have imagined, read over for their edification article 261 of the Penal Code:—"Those who hinder, delay or interrupt the exercise of any worship by causing trouble or disorder in church or other place set apart or actually devoted to such meetings, shall be punished by a fine of from 16 to 100 francs and an imprisonment of from six days to three months." He preferred to allow religion to be trampled under foot by demoniacs, holding out to them as an encouragement the prospect of a legal prosecution to be undertaken against the preacher at Saint-Merry's.

On Saturday, Mr. Delahaye drew the attention of the House to the occurrence by calling to account Mr. Loubet, the Minister of the Interior and the President of the Council of State. "It is the repudiation of the

inaction of the police, and a censure on their conduct, which I expect from you," were his words. "I cannot bring myself to believe that you were a silent partner of these perturbers of the peace."

Mr. Chassignon rose instead to reply, the very man who had been haranguing the mob at the church door. From his showing, the rioters were the assembled congregation, and the revolutionary socialists, his friends, were poor persecuted mortals who deserved much commiseration.

Mgr. d'Hulst, who was elected to succeed Mgr. Freppel, in turn claimed the attention of the deputies. It was his maiden speech in the House. He was the cynosure of all eyes, and awakened the curiosity if not the sympathy of the parliamentary body. Three hundred deputies on the left greeted him with derisive shouts as their congeners from the slums would have received some local celebrity they had been impatiently awaiting. The sight of a cassock had much the same effect on them as the red flag flaunted before the maddened bull. The priest, however, was imperturbable, and faced his adversaries as if he were accustomed for years to such boisterous scenes. He spoke in a vein best suited to disconcert his opponents: and with many a thrust and repartee for his interrupters happily concluded a very telling discourse.

The new deputy from Brest showed himself the worthy representative of the clergy and of his thoroughly Catholic constituency. Minister Loulet was incapable of a higher flight than that of his worthy prefect of the Seine before the municipal council. His smiles were all lavished on the rioters, his frowns were reserved for the upholders of religion and morality. He wound up by declaring that he, the Minister of the Interior, "whose duty it was to see that public tranquillity was undisturbed, would take all necessary measures and would not falter

in his course to the very end, but close, if expedient, the edifice itself."

A pointer for the Anarchists: they have but to keep on raising an uproar in the various places of worship, and the sacred edifices will be all shut up one after the other. Such is even-handed justice as understood by the present rulers of France.

* * *

During the debate on the rioting at Saint-Merry's, a member from Paris, the redoubtable Pichon, drew the attention of the Minister to "a series of sermons of a nature and type far more significant." It was at Father Forbes he was aiming, the Jesuit preacher of Sainte-Clothilde, who had, he assured the assembly, made "a virulent attack on the army." Quite the contrary, Father Forbes was speaking in the interest of the army. He laid stress, it is true, on certain spiritual perils of military life, to demand that a prompt remedy be applied to the existing evil. Does not this come rightfully within the compass of pulpit oratory, nowadays when, in France especially, every young man has to graduate, as it were, from the barracks? Has not the Church, who keeps watch and ward over morality, the right to raise her voice against whatever may blight us? The speaker, moreover, had but quoted and summed up what had already appeared in well-known publications, and *nominatim* in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, viz.: "The conclusion to be drawn from this statistical information gathered with great care, on a diversity of points, from persons of diverse origin and opinion, is that a very great number of young men, at the expiration of their term of service in the army, return to the bosom of their families with a blunted sense of morality, a contempt for a simple and laborious life, and, in the physical order, habits of intemperance, and

blood contaminated by vice which they transmit to their posterity."

Father Forbes asked, in the name of the family and of the public weal, that these abuses be righted. *He* at least had some right to a hearing, as during the siege of Paris he had nobly acquitted himself of his duties as chaplain of General Vinoy's staff. Mr. Loubet drives Father Forbes from France under pretence that he is a foreign religious, a Scotch Jesuit. To-morrow he may decorate some lewd author whose works will soon find their way to the barracks, there to help on the noisome scheme of corruption. But Father Forbes is not a foreigner according to French law. His father was Scotch, it is true, but his mother was French; and he holds a decree, dated March 7, 1868, authorizing him to take up his abode in France, there "to enjoy the rights of citizenship."

* *

The unmistakable indorsement which Mr. Loubet so eagerly gave, in the presence of the legislative body, to the doings of the mob at Saint-Merry's, was of a nature to invite the same riotous element to rehearse similar acts of violence elsewhere. The intelligent rabble were not long in showing how fully they appreciated the official encouragement.

A fresh scandal, on Sunday, in St. Joseph's church, was the natural outcome. The Reverend Mr. Gibergues and the Reverend Mr. Lenfant, both diocesan missionaries, were holding lenten services, as they had done two years previous, for the benefit of the working population of that quarter. The lectures were strictly religious. The first two bore on justice and charity, that of Sunday on suffering. No allusion was made, nor had one word bearing on politics been uttered. Mr. Lenfant was explaining how the Church alone held in store for the

faithful those consolations which can lighten moral misery, which is more wide-spread even than material wretchedness. "It's false, it's false!" shouted a crowd of Socialists. With perfect self-possession, Mr. Lentant proceeded: "What can your atheism avail in presence of the sufferings of mankind? Nothing."

At this juncture, at a given signal, a knot of socialists began singing the *Carmagnole*, but the hymn "*Je suis chrétien*" rang forth from the vast assemblage and drowned the voices of the intruders. Maddened at the turn things were taking, the latter commenced flinging the chairs about, and the congregation crowded around the sanctuary. A student, named Lebreton, the same one who had taken possession of the pulpit of Saint-Merry, attempted to repeat the outrage. Mr. Lentant forced him back. Lebreton shouted at the top of his voice: "We are masters here." The uproar lasted three-quarters of an hour, but Mr. Lentant stood at his post to prevent the ruffians from turning the pulpit into a revolutionary platform.

Finally the anarchists withdrew, leaving a wreck behind. The chairs, a confessional, and the church wardens' pew were a heap of shattered ruins. The pulpit was much damaged, and two of the assistant priests were wounded,—one on the arm, the other on the forehead.

And the police? If they did not openly protect the rioters, they at least let them have their way. A police officer had however entered the church and had witnessed all that had taken place, and the sergeant on that particular beat had been notified by the church authorities.

It must be borne in mind that the anarchists were called together by a circular sent by the revolutionary committees, and were led by Mr. Péan, a member of the municipal council of the ward.

The deplorable incidents above recorded, and many others which followed in close succession, but which it would be too tedious to rehearse in detail, constitute the first phase of Anarchism. The second is but the logical sequence of the first. The anarchists' platform is not a very complicated structure: two planks, broad enough, no doubt, to afford them all the standing room they require. They have announced it in unmistakable terms: "Ni Dieu, ni maître," *Neither God nor master*; and this symbol of their unbelief they proceed straightway to put in practice.

Simultaneously with their attacks on God's temples, a succession of explosions struck terror into the hearts of the gay Parisians. The barracks of Lobau, the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Rue Clichy, in the very centre of the capital, were the scenes of the avenging work of the dynamiters. The roar had scarcely died away in the streets of Paris, when it was re-echoed throughout the provinces, and even in Italy and Spain.

No God! Yes, that is their starting point; and had they not, with the silent approval of the administration, made good their threats in the sacrilegious attempts to drive the unaggressive believers from around God's altar, to outrage them in what they held most sacred, and to close the temples of Him who makes and unmakes nations?

No master!—the corollary; and they were as good as their word. For is not the language of dynamite loud-spoken and intelligible enough? And when the wail goes up from the panic-stricken crowd of revolutionary journalists, who were but too eager to hound on the mob when there was question merely of defenceless worshippers of God, is it not an opportune moment to retort *Et nunc reges intelligite, crudimini, qui judicatis terram*? The *Evenement* declares "that society in France is at

an end if this awful tyranny go unpunished, if the guilty be not hunted down, if such atrocities be not visited with exemplary punishment." The *Lanterne* tells its readers "that the wretches have and can have but one excuse: blindness of intellect, stupidity and downright want of consciousness of their acts. If they be not brutalized idiots, they are the basest of criminals." The *République Française* joins in the chorus, and brands the use of dynamite as "an infamous and cowardly attempt." But each in turn have dinned into the ears of the rabble that they have numbers, and might and right on their side, and that they are answerable to themselves alone; that believing Christians are their legitimate game. They have sown the wind and reap the whirlwind. *And now, O ye rulers, understand: receive instruction, you that judge the earth!*

THE KING OF JUNE.

Let us go to the altar of Jesus,
From the glare of the world apart,
And there let us kneel to our Saviour
In this month of the Sacred Heart.

Let us offer the rarest flowers
For He is our King divine,
And take Him our costliest treasures
To embellish His lowly shrine.

But dearer to Him than are diamonds
Or pearls from the depths of the wave,
Are the hearts of the creatures immortal,
He gave up His life to save.

He grants the prayers of His children
That are wafted to Him above,
And asks in return for His favors
The one sweet gift of our love.

THE FIRST FRIDAY NOVENA.

ABOUT thirty years ago, in one of the Convents of the Sacred Heart in France, a child lay dying of inflammation of the lungs. The little sufferer had such violent hemorrhages that blood issued from her hands and feet; and the physicians had given up hope of saving her life. Kneeling by the bedside of the sick child, the Mistress General bethought herself of a request frequently made to her by her Superior, but with which, through press of occupation, she had not been able to comply,—it was to compose a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart.

Then and there she made a vow, that if God would restore the little one to health she would immediately undertake the work of zeal suggested to her by her Reverend Mother, and would not retire to rest until the prayer had been written out.

No sooner had she made the vow, than her petition was granted, and that same night the Novena beginning with the invocation "Profound adoration of the Heart of Jesus, etc.," was written out to the glory of that Divine Heart. When Mother de B. presented it for approbation to the future Jesuit martyr, Père Olivaint, asking "Est-ce bien, mon Père?" He answered in his quick, earnest manner, "Que puis-je vous dire, ma fille, vous avez pris tout Jesus Christ; faites imprimer;" and so this touching and beautiful Novena was given to the public.

M.D.



NOTES AND COMMENTS.

As modern civilization in its contemporary literature offers to those who read abundant opportunities for mental and moral degradation, the conclusion is inevitable that in teaching a child simply how to read, without attempting to develop in him a taste for good reading, the work of the school has been fatally incomplete.—*Principal G. E. Hardy, of New York.*



The Church's infallibility applies to the sphere of morals in exactly the same manner and degree as to that of faith. In both spheres there are two elements to be considered: the divine and the human. Faith is the conformity of the intellect to divine truth; morality is the conformity of the will to divine law. Unless that truth can be with certainty known, there is no such thing as a reasonable faith; and unless that law can be with certainty known, there is no such thing as a reasonable morality.—*Merwin-Marie Snell.*



When Garcia Moreno, late president of Ecuador, fell a martyr at the hands of the masonic sect, on the steps of the church in which he had been praying for the blessing of Heaven upon the new administration he was about to enter, he uttered the memorable words: "*Dios no muere!*" "God never dies." His blood has already been precious seed to the Church of Ecuador, through

which a wonderful revival has passed, culminating in the formal consecration of the Republic, by act of Congress, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

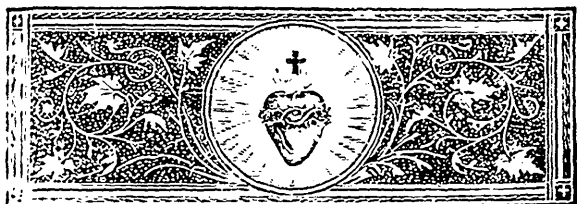
* *

Anent Dr. Jas. Field Spalding's return to the Episcopal Church, the *Boston Pilot* remarks as follows: "It is not complimentary to the reverend gentleman's intellect to intimate that within the space of, say, fifteen days, he has discovered the reasoning of years to be fallacious; and yet that supposition is more charitable than the alternative that he was insincere four months ago, or is so to-day."

The *Sacred Heart Review* refers thus to the same occurrence: "One thing only is certain—that he is intellectually convinced of the truth and divine authority of the Church; on this point we have his own assurance. Whether he has ever received the grace of faith, God alone knows; for this grace is the gift of God, not the product of any intellectual operation.... Whatever may be the cause of Dr. Spalding's present unfortunate position, he should have our pity and charitable prayers."

* *

The Spanish Catholic Congress, it is expected, will be a great success, and a large number of Catholics will attend from all parts of Spain, as nearly every bishop in the country has issued a special Pastoral Letter on the subject, urging all prominent churchmen to attend.



THE SACRED HEART IN MON- TREAL.

IS Montreal may be considered the heart and centre of the Holy League in Canada, it will doubtless interest the *Messenger* readers to know the progress it has made in the ancient city of Maisonneuve and of Margaret Bourgeoys, and how it has spread thence throughout the Dominion.

That progress has been marvellous, far exceeding the most sanguine expectations. Somewhat over four years ago, Rev. J. J. Connolly, S.J., was appointed Director of an English-speaking branch, which he proposed to establish. He secured the co-operation of a few ladies,—whose numbers gradually increased—as Promoters or Heads of Circles. The men's League was begun simultaneously, its Promoters being from the outset mainly professional men or those in the higher business circles. By the end of the first year the English branch of the League had attained a membership of 2000.

At the reception of Promoters, which became an annual affair, all possible solemnity was given to the conferring of Diplomas and Crosses. His Grace the Archbishop, or his Vicar-General, presided, a sermon was preached by one of the Jesuit Fathers, and the music was such as has long made the choir of the Gesu famous.

Monthly meetings were held, at which the affairs of the League were discussed, all the Promoters lending their

hearty support to the Rev. Director in his undertakings. A new departure within the last year has been a special meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, to which all the members of the League are affiliated. This is usually held on the last Friday of each month, in the Church of the Gesu, a short sermon being given in English, as well as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. To this meeting Associates as well as Promoters are invited.

At the Corpus Christi Procession, on the year following upon its organization, the English League of the Sacred Heart was represented by a body of fifty gentlemen, chosen from amongst the Promoters, and as many ladies.

The Communion of Reparation takes place in the Church of the Gesu, on the Sunday following the First Friday. It is truly an edifying sight, the numbers of men and women in all walks of life advancing to the altar, wearing upon their breast the Badge of the League with its sacred emblem, the Divine Heart of the God Man, and its beautiful legend, "Thy Kingdom Come," "Behold the Heart that has so much loved men!"

On the first Friday of the month, the Blessed Sacrament remains exposed throughout the entire day, and in the evening there is a meeting of the French Associates, with sermon and Benediction. The League of the Sacred Heart had already taken deep root amongst the French, before our English branch was called into existence. The number of their associates is very large, and they have branches in almost all the towns and villages of French Canada.

An important outgrowth of the English League is its *Messenger*, a little magazine issued monthly from the office of the League. Although only in the second year of its existence, it has already a circulation of seven or eight thousand, and is a welcome visitor to thousands of

Canadian homes. It has received the official sanction of the Canadian hierarchy, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau being amongst the first to wish the little serial a warm and kindly God-speed. The French branch of the League has recently issued a French *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart from the Central Directorship, at the Gesu, which appears also to have entered upon a career of prosperity.

Amongst the good works early proposed to the zeal of the Promoters and Associates by the Rev. Director was the establishment of a free circulating library, designed to benefit all classes, but more especially the poor. This work has become a remarkable feature of the League. Many hundreds of books are issued monthly, not only books of piety, but volumes of wholesome fiction, of history and biography. It is a noble work, for it serves a two-fold object—the mental as well as the spiritual improvement of great numbers of people, while it prevents them from having recourse to the trashy and dangerous literature so widely circulated in our day. Those who assist it by donations of money or books will undoubtedly have the merit of performing a high spiritual work of mercy,—in fact, one, the importance of which cannot be too greatly estimated.

Other good works have grown out of the League. The Catholic Association of Canada has been active in contradicting the malicious and slanderous statements of certain aggressive mouth-pieces of bigotry in our midst, or the errors or misstatements which may have been simply the result of carelessness on the part of the secular newspapers.

With this fine record of achievement marking the few years of its existence, the Promoters and Associates of this pioneer branch of the League at the Gesu may well feel a deep and heartfelt satisfaction at the spread of the

League into the various city parishes, where the zealous pastors are ardently taking up the labor of Directorship. Centres were first established at St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's. As one result of the two great missions given in this city during Lent, both of which were attended with results so gratifying, two new and important centres have been affiliated to the League. Truly the fire which Christ came on earth to kindle is spreading in our midst. St. Anthony's and St. Patrick's are at one in their effort to establish on a solid and enduring basis this organization, which is as a great bulwark in our time. Reflecting upon the efforts which are being made in the city of Montreal by the enemies of the faith, it is surely consoling to witness this hearty, unanimous effort to unite all Catholics in the Apostleship, more than ever needed, that of prayer.

Besides these great local centres, the League has spread its branches into almost all the important Upper Canadian Centres. Toronto, with the Archbishop, one might say, at the Head of the Promoters, with the zealous co-operation of Father Francis Ryan and others, ranks first in point of numbers, but Ottawa, Kingston, Alexandria, Brantford, Guelph, Hamilton, Cornwall and Winnipeg, and numberless other places, are vying with each other in their zeal for this sacred cause. Quebec, under the auspices of the Redemptorist Fathers, has achieved the happiest results. St. Patrick's in that city is a veritable stronghold of the League. New impetus has been given to the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the foundation of the League by the voice of many Canadian bishops in their pastorals, as by the preaching of Oblates and Paulists at their missions. The religious communities have had a marked share in its development. The Sulpicians at the Grand Seminary of Montreal have introduced it most effectively. The Sisters of the Con-

gregation, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and of Loretto, the Grey Nuns, the Nuns at the Hotel Dieu, the Christian Brothers, have all had a notable part in the good work. And so the League has gone on and prospered in Montreal, which, already glorious in its title of City of Mary, may soon add to it another holier still—the City of the Sacred Heart.

For, from that grand centre of the greatest of all devotions, the chief Canadian sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, the Gesu, with its majestic statue of our Divine Lord, pointing ever to the gracious Heart, which has so loved man, as from a burning focus of warmth and light has radiated these innumerable centres, extending to day from Halifax to Vancouver.

MARY A. SADLER.

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.—Jesus is lonely. He is wearied waiting for those whom He loves, but who have no thought of Him. Let us visit Him. Tread gently; the church is a hallowed spot; God is here present. Kneel now and adore Him. The Heart of Jesus is overjoyed to see you so near Him. Hearken, He is speaking to you; do you not hear His loving voice?

JESU'S.—My child, it is not necessary to be very learned to please me, it is enough to love me much. Speak to me guilelessly as you would to your dearest friend. Is there no one you would recommend to me? Tell me the names of your parents, of your brothers, of your sisters, of your friends; after each name, say what you would wish me to do for them. Ask much, ask a great deal; I am fond of unselfish hearts who forget themselves for

the sake of others. Speak to me of the poor whom you would wish to help—of the sick whose sufferings you have witnessed—of the wicked whom you would wish to convert—of those who are estranged from you whose love you would win back. Say now a fervent prayer for them all. Remind me that I promised to grant every prayer made in my name.

Is there no grace you would ask me for yourself? Write, if you wish, a long list of all the needs of your soul, and come then and read it to me.

Tell me frankly how sensual you are, how overbearing, how susceptible, how fretful, how selfish, how faint-hearted, how slothful, and ask me to bear with you and help you in your endeavors.

Do not blush, my poor child, there are ever so many elect and saints in heaven who had all these failings, they besought me, and little by little they rid themselves of them.

Do not be afraid to ask me for advantages of both body and mind: health, memory, success. All these I can give, and do give, when they help the growth of souls in holiness. And now, my child, what would you ask me for to-day? If you only knew my longing to befriend you! Are you not busied about some projects? Tell me all about them. What takes up most of your thoughts? What are you striving after? Is it in behalf of your brother, your sister? What would you do for them?

And for my service, have you no zealous thoughts? Would you not wish to do a little good to the souls of those near and dear to you? those you are fond of, and who, perhaps, are unmindful of me?

Tell me those whose good you have at heart, why you are concerned about their welfare, and how you purpose to help them. Tell me about your own failures, and I will tell you the cause. Whose good will would you win for your undertaking?

I am the keeper of hearts, my child, and I lead them gently whithersoever I will. Have no care, I will win over for you those whose help you stand in need of.

Have you no sorrows? Ah! my child, unfold them to me. Rehearse them every one and fully;—who has aggrieved you? who has slighted you? who has wounded your self-love? who has scorned you?

Tell me all, and end by saying that you forgive, that you forget, and I, I will bless you.

Are you in dread of some hardship, of some annoyance? Is your soul a prey to some vague, shadowy fear which worries you? Have an unbounded trust in my Providence. I am ever with you, and never shall I forsake you.

Do you feel that there are hearts near you who are less kind than formerly, who have shut you out, by their coldness and neglect, from their circle, without your having done aught to wound them? Pray to me for them, and I shall win them back if they are to prove helpful in your way towards holiness.

Have you no joys to make known to me? Why should you not share with me your happiness? Tell me whatever has happened since yesterday to comfort you, to bring a smile to your lips, gladness to your heart. Was it an unlooked-for visit which cheered you up? an apprehension which vanished on a sudden? a token of fondness, a letter, a keepsake you received? a hard trial overcome which showed that you were stronger than you had fancied?

It was I, my child, who brought all that about; and why should you not show yourself grateful, and say one little "Thank you, Lord!"

Thanksgiving draws down other gifts, and the benefactor likes to be reminded of his kind deeds.

Have you no promise to make me? You know I can

peer down into the depths of your heart ; be sincere then, for though man may over-reach his fellow-man he cannot cheat God.

Have you made up your mind no longer to court these occasions of evil doing?—to shrink from that object which leads you to sin?—to no longer read that book which fires your imagination?—to forego the friendship of that person whose presence disturbs the serenity of your soul? When will you learn how to be meek and unforbidding with the one who has wounded you?

Go now, my child, and busy yourself again about your everyday work ; but be less talkative, more modest, enduring, submissive, charitable ; love dearly the Virgin Mother.

Come back to-morrow and bring me a heart still more loving and devoted. I have in store for you against then fresh gifts and graces.—*A new translation for the Messenger.*

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

St. Anthony's Parish, Montreal.

The Secretary of the League writes us as follows : ' To this parish has been granted the favor of having been added to the long list of parishes now working under the banner of the Sacred Heart.

"The Holy League was established here on Easter Sunday by the Rev. Greg. O'Bryan, S.J., whose missionary labors of the past three weeks have been productive of so much good in our midst, and this crowning blessing of so fruitful a mission was fervently received by all. Over seventy-five ladies have inscribed their names as promoters so far. These represent upwards of twelve hundred associates, and this is only the beginning. We

hope short! to be able to say that the entire parish is engaged in the practice of this most efficacious devotion.

"A very interesting part of the inauguration was the eloquent discourse of the reverend father, who at evening benediction preached on the Resurrection. During this sermon frequent reference was made to the devotion of the Sacred Heart. As evidence of the earnestness already displayed in furthering the good work, I would instance the action of a gentleman of the congregation, who, at the close of the service, volunteered to purchase a statue for the shrine of the Sacred Heart. The statue has since been enthroned in its resting place, and its beauty betokens the liberality of the generous donor."

Kingston.

Saturday morning, April 9th, the Members of the Boys League of the Sacred Heart of St. Mary's Cathedral School received Holy Communion in the Cathedral. One hundred and twenty communicants marched from the school to the church to attend the eight o'clock mass, which was celebrated by Reverend Father Kelly. Each wore the Sacred Heart badge, while the Promoters and Officers had red silk sashes worn over the shoulders. A very pretty sight they presented as they filed up the pews two by two, and took their places in the centre seats.

The pupils of Notre Dame Convent sang beautifully some of the choicest hymns to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin, throughout the Mass. It was a grand and impressive scene, meriting the favor of the Sacred Heart, one which will not be forgotten in the annals of the League in Kingston.—*The Secretary.*

IN THANKSGIVING.

GALT.—For several favors received from the Sacred Heart.

GODERICH.—For the return to the faith and religious duties of one who was absent for many years.

TORONTO.—For the recovery of a voice almost entirely lost for five months.

BRANTFORD.—For the recovery from a several illness of two persons after they had been recommended to the prayers of the League.

MONTREAL.—For a good position obtained shortly after the affair had been recommended to the prayers of the League.—For the complete cure of an Associate for years almost insane through scruples ; as soon as she began to labor for the interests of the Sacred Heart, she became wholly freed from the trial.— For a favor received, through the intercession of St. Joseph.—For a grace received with promise to acknowledge it in the *Messenger*.—For the recovery of a young man from a severe case of para'lysis; he had been given up by a leading physician.—A family returns thanks for numerous favors received.—A father of a family wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor asked for, with promise to publish if granted. A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor specially asked from and granted by the Sacred Heart.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Special thanksgiving for two favors lately granted through the prayers of the League.

EGANVILLE.—In accordance with a promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor received.

ST. CATHARINES.—Thanks for a very great temporal favor received, with promise to publish.

ST. RAPHAEL'S.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a good position obtained.

QUEBEC.—Thanks for the return to faith and religious practice of a young man.

SAULT STE. MARIE.—Thanks for a favor received.

KINGSTON.—Thanks returned for employment and means obtained five days after the petition was made.

ORILLIA.—A lady returns thanks for a favor received.

TORONTO.—In accordance with a promise, thanks are returned for employment obtained.

RENFREW.—Thanks returned for a special favor obtained through the loving intercession of the Sacred Heart.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a favor received.

LONDON.—For a temporal favor asked for and granted.

SWANTON.—For the conversion of a Protestant recommended to the League.

HAMILTON.—Thanks through the "dear little *Messenger*" for a temporal favor recommended last month

Urgent requests for prayers for temporal and spiritual favors have reached this office from Montreal, Almonte, St. Mary's, Toronto, Prince Albert, Windsor, Kentville, Ottawa, St. Laurent, etc.

Recent Aggregations.

MONTREAL.—St. Anthony's, Montreal.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—St. Patrick's, Fort Augustus.

MONTREAL.—St. Patrick's, Montreal.

INTENTIONS FOR JUNE

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

- 1.—W.—*Our Lady of Grace*. Confidence in Mary. 15,474 Thanksgiving.
- 2.—T.—*Bl. Ann of Paredes, V. h. †* Love of innocence. 12,418 Afflicted.
- 3.—F.—FIRST FRIDAY. a † g. † p. † Christian patriotism. 9246 dead associates.
- 4.—S.—*S. Francis Caracciolo*. Charity for our neighbor. 59,103 Special intentions.
- 5.—S.—WHITSUNDAY, a † b. † c. † g. † m. † Gifts of the Holy Ghost. 4,863 communities.
- 6.—M.—*Norbert, Bp.* The praises of God. 14,744 first communions.
- 7.—T.—*S. Paul, Bp.* The fear of God. 36,569 departed souls.
- 8.—W.—*St. Maximinus, Bp.* Piety. 9542 employment and means.
- 9.—T.—*SS. Prime and Felician, M.M.* h. Constancy in faith. 4007 clergy.
- 10.—F.—*St. Margaret, Q.* Contempt of vanities. 54,900 children.
- 11.—S.—*St. Rosalie, V.* Purity. 16,502 families.
- 12.—S.—*Trinity*, b. † g. † A lively faith. 25,237 perseverance.
- 13.—M.—*St. Anthony of Padua, C.* Fervor. 5821 reconciliations.
- 14.—T.—*St. Basil, Bp. D.* Desire of perfection. 18,183 spiritual favors.
- 15.—W.—*St. Barnaby, Ap.* b. † m. † Spirit of detachment. 14,174 temporal favors.
- 16.—T.—*Corpus Christi*, b. † h. † Respect for the Blessed Sacrament. 14,978 conversions to the faith.
- 17.—F.—*S. John Francis Regis, S.J.* Respect for the priesthood 20,723 youth.
- 18.—S.—*SS. Mark and Marcellinus, M.M.* h. † Moral Courage. 5777 Schools.
- 19.—S.—*St. Juliana Falconieri, V.* h. † Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. 10,512 sick or infirm.
- 20.—M.—*S. Silverius, P.* Respect for God. 2433 Missions.
- 21.—T.—*S. Louis of Gonzaga.* Union with the Sacred Heart. 3704 spiritual works.
- 22.—W.—*St. Paulinus, Bp.* Love of the poor. 4844 parishes.
- 23.—T.—*S. Etheldreda, V. h. †* Spirit of prayer. 38,944 sinners.
- 24.—F.—*St. JOHN BAPTIST, h. †* Spirit of penance. 17,410 parents.
- 25.—S.—SACRED HEART OF JESUS. a. † g. † Love of this Divine Heart. 2707 religious.
- 26.—S.—*SS. John and Paul, M.M.* Spirit of union. 8463 Church students.
- 27.—M.—*St. Ladislav, K.* Fervor. 4355 Superiors.
- 28.—T.—*St. Leo II, P.* Attachment to the Holy Roman Church. 8545 vocations.
- 29.—W.—*SS. PETER AND PAUL, A.P.* b. † c. † g. † m. † p. † papal teaching. 8903 promoters.
- 30.—T.—*Commemoration of St. Paul.* Devotedness to Jesus Christ. The Directors.

†=Plenary Indulgence; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor or Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Holy Mass; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sociality; s=Sociality R. V.

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