



The
Canadian Messenger
of the
SACRED HEARC

VOL. X

MARCH, 1900.

No. 3

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH.

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

**THE INTERNATIONAL PILGRIMAGE TO
PARAY-LE-MONIAL.**

TO follow, literally as well as figuratively, in the footsteps of Christ and His saints is an instinct of the soul. Wherever a messenger from heaven has appeared, thither men have gone, drawn not merely through pious curiosity and the novelty of a supernatural visit, but through the hope, as well, of securing favors for their souls and bodies. The history of the Christian world reveals this tendency in man. The wonderful shrines of the Mother of God, of the Apostles, the martyrs, and others, have been, in all ages, the goals and resting-places of Christian pilgrims. These following the bent of their devotion, have assembled in thousands, considering neither time nor distance when

there was question of a spot rendered sacred by a supernatural event.

Pilgrimages and shrines perpetuate the passing moment of some heavenly apparition. Is it not a great blessing that, in the midst of the worries of life, there are still corners in this world, sanctified by the presence of some heavenly messenger or other, into which we may turn and pray?

The Church has always favored the visiting of shrines. She wants to bring home to us that we are only pilgrims passing through life, and she knows that the actual experience of the scrip and staff, like all object lessons, will leave a salutary impression on our souls.

The pilgrimage venerable above all in the world is the visit to the Holy Land. It was there Our Lord Jesus Christ lived and worked and died for us. Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Calvary made sacred by the presence of the Saviour of men, have an interest all their own; and we may not wonder that multitudes, during every age and from every clime, have gathered together to revere the spots trodden by the Sacred Feet of Christ and crimsoned by His Precious Blood. The presence of Our Lord during thirty-three years in Judea, while it produced a tremendous change in the world, consecrated those Judean hills and valleys and made them, for all time, venerable in the eyes of men.

The apparitions of Jesus Christ to a Visitandine nun at Paray-le-Monial, an obscure town in France, in the seventeenth century, and the revelations there of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, was another event of tremendous importance in the life and evolution of Christianity. No new dogma was revealed to us in these revelations; nothing was changed in our creed or added

to it; for the Church having, from her dawning, adored in all Its parts the Sacred Humanity of Christ, adored also His Sacred Heart. For proof of this it will suffice to consult the testimony of some of God's saints : Bernard, Gertrude, Mecthilda, Francis of Sales, Canisius. No one denies that the treasures of the Divine Heart were opened before Our Lord appeared to Margaret Mary. But these apparitions isolated, as it were, the Heart from the other members of the Sacred Humanity, and while concentrating on It the worship of the faithful, gave an impulsion to the devotion in a way hitherto unknown. The wondrous vision of Our Lord revealing His very Heart to the favored Visitandine, threw such a new and vivid light on the relations He desired to have with mankind, and foretold such floods of grace in souls, that the apparitions at Paray-le-Monial were like a second advent of Christ into the world. The little town in Burgundy, being the cradle of this admirable devotion, henceforth became in the eyes of Christians a second Holy Land, a place sanctified by the presence of Christ, a place to visit and pray in.

The present year, closing a marvellous century, has been chosen as a fitting time for an international demonstration that will renew the scenes of fervor witnessed at Paray some years ago. In 1873, 1874, 1875, vast numbers of pilgrims from various countries went to adore Our Lord on the scene of His apparitions to Margaret Mary. Banners and ex-votos may still be seen hanging from the ceiling of the convent-chapel, bearing the names of nearly all the countries of Europe. Since 1875, the international character of the pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial has dwindled down; the fame of Lourdes and Montmartre naturally attracted multitudes of pilgrims

who would otherwise have knelt at the shrine at Paray. This was undoubtedly permitted by God who wished not merely to show the power of Our Lady in her own sanctuary at the foot of the Pyrenees, but also that the needs of the Expiatory Basilica on Montmartre should draw the attention of the world.

Now that the great national work of expiation is completed, the time has come to take up again the pilgrimages to the city of the Sacred Heart. During the present year millions will reach France from all quarters of the globe. France is a land of enterprise and attraction; a home of the arts and sciences. Strangers will marvel at the advancement of men's handiwork in the halls of the great Exposition; they will see what men, — forgetful, many of them, that they have sins to expiate, — are doing in the physical world to foster luxury and soften the rigors of life. The friends of the Sacred Heart purpose to take advantage of the inflow of strangers to turn a stream of pilgrims towards Paray-le-Monial where hallowed memories may help them to raise their minds, in high and salutary thoughts, far above worldly interests. Never will a better occasion offer itself for Canadians who desire to do homage to the Sacred Heart; for Paray-le-Monial is the very fountain-head of the devotion.

For over a year, Leo XIII. has been doubling his efforts to make the Heart of Our Lord, and all It symbolizes, loved and honored among men. In the month of June last, in the Encyclical *Annum Sacrum*, he ordered the consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart. He assured us that this act would be an earnest of great victories for our holy religion. "When the Church," wrote the illustrious Pontiff, "still at its

beginning, groaned under the yoke of the Caesars, a cross appeared in the heavens to a young emperor. It was the presage of a new triumph. To-day, another symbol appears before us, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, surmounted by a cross imbedded in flames, and refulgent with an incomparable brightness. From It should we ask the salvation of men; in It should we put our trust." In his letter of July 21st, Cardinal Mazella, writing to the bishops of the world, tells them that the earnest wish of the Holy Father is to promote the worship of the Heart of Jesus, and His Eminence thanked them for what they had done.

What better way could we choose to carry out this wish of our venerable Father in Christ than to kneel on the spot where Christ Himself revealed this most touching and most profitable devotion?

The project of an International Pilgrimage is being elaborated. The present design of the organizers is that the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 22, should be the great day at Paray-le-Monial, but nothing definite has yet been fixed.

What a glorious triumph it would be for the Heart of Jesus to see pilgrims from the four quarters of the globe kneeling at the shrine and fervently consecrating themselves, their families and countries to the Divine Heart. A demonstration of this character and magnitude would be a sight worthy of the Church of God. No more striking proof could be asked of her Catholicity than to see French, Belgians, Dutch, Spaniards, Germans, Portuguese, Italians, English, Canadians, Russians, Africans, Asiatics, Australians, kneeling side by side, and offering to the Heart of Jesus, on the very spot chosen by Himself, the homage of their loyalty, and recognizing His social,

political, universal kingship over themselves, their countrymen, their governments, over all the earth. If the nineteenth century, in its waning months, had no other spectacle to offer to mankind, this grand act of religion and patriotism would suffice to repair the past and give hope for the future.

The hope of the future is in the Sacred Heart. Nations are craving order and security; they fear the projects of upheaval and ruin that are being hatched within their borders. But they look in vain, apparently, for remedies in the deliberations of worldly wisdom. Only a few months ago the great nations sent their wisest men to discuss international disarmament and arbitration as a substitute for war. Three months have passed, and the conflict that is now desolating so many homes in Europe and Africa show how flimsy are the resolutions of men unless endorsed by the hand of God. Why not ask the Heart of Jesus to help them? If He will establish peace in the families of those who love His Sacred Heart, He will also in nations for the same reason.

Jesus Christ alone can deliver us from the evils of our times; He alone can teach men and nations charity, and patience, and the way to bear with one another. When faith in Christ and His promises was snatched from the minds of men, and the love of Christ from their hearts, there were substituted for them greed for gold, and luxury, and anarchy, and revolution, and the horrors of war. What better remedy is there than to kneel at the feet of Christ, the great Arbitrator, and ask His help?

If the representatives of many nations could be brought to the shrine at Paray-le-Monial, and would

there listen to Christ while, with ineffable tenderness, He points to His Sacred Heart and says to them in accents of sweetness: "Behold the Heart which has so loved men, that It has spared nothing even to exhaust and consume Itself to prove them Its love;" if they returned to their homes with this pledge of God's love deeply graven in their hearts, the death-knell of social, religious, political disorder would have sounded. The love and service of Christ our Lord would replace the love of power and wealth, and a revolution, greater than the world had ever seen, would change the face of things in the coming century. Paray-le-Monial would be, in very deed, a second Holy Land, for out of it would spring what men should most desire, glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will.

E. J. DEVINE, S.J.

Daily prayer during this month.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day, in separation for our sins, and according to all the intentions for which thou sacrificest Thyself continually on the altar. I offer them, in particular, for the success of the International Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial.

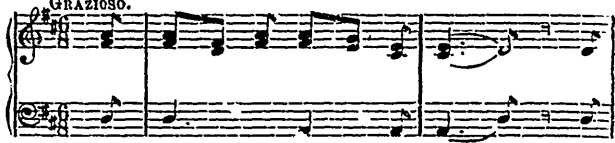


ST. JOSEPH.


Solo.

Hail, ho - ly Jo - seph, hail; True

GRAZIOSO.



Spouse of Ma - ry, hail; Chaste as the li - ly-



flow - er in E - den's peace - ful vale.

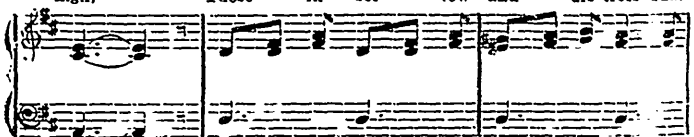


CHORUS.

Mo - ther of my Je - sus, bless, And bless, ye Saints on



high, Those in sor - row and dis-tress That





2. — Hail, holy Joseph, hail ;
 Father of Christ esteemed ;
 Father be thou to those
 Thy Foster-Son redeemed.
3. — Hail, holy Joseph, hail ;
 Prince of the House of God ;
 May His best graces be
 By thy sweet hands bestowed.
4. — Hail, holy Joseph, hail ;
 Belov'd of Angels, hail ;
 Cheer thou the hearts that faint
 And guide the steps that fail.
5. — Hail, holy Joseph, hail ;
 God's chosen wert thou alone ;
 To Thee the Word made flesh
 Was subject as a son.
6. — Hail, holy Joseph, hail ;
 Teach us our flesh to tame ;
 And, Mary, keep the hearts
 That love thy husband's name.





THE GOODNESS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

I

THE chief characteristic of the Heart of Jesus is its goodness. As perfect man, His human nature exists in its perfection. Now, the best quality of the human heart is goodness, that is to say, an inclination or tendency to do good.

“Goodness,” says Bossuet, “in the plan of the benevolent Author of man kind, was to be the principle of our nature.” Therefore, the new Adam, Jesus Christ, possesses goodness in all its fullness.

Moreover, Jesus Christ is not only perfect man, He is perfect God. The goodness, therefore, existing in the Heart of Jesus, which is its sanctuary, is divine, infinite and eternal.

The proofs of goodness are manifested by actions, words and benefits. How has Jesus made known the sentiments of His Divine Heart? During His life on earth He blessed little children, gathering them lovingly to His embrace. He suffered Mary Magdalen to bathe His Sacred feet in her tears, and dry them with her hair. He permitted St. John to repose on His breast, and St. Thomas to place his hand in the marks of His wounds. Now, as during His mortal life, He lavishes on souls devoted to Him, sensible and spiritual consolation. The remorse which He makes the sinner feel after his fall; the gift of tears which He grants

to the repentant sinner who returns to Him ; the good impulses which move the soul, and the sweetness which accompanies them, as though God, its Creator and Redeemer were embracing it in His arms ; the indescribable sweetness which inundates the heart after a fervent communion : — these are some of the testimonies of the goodness of the Heart of Jesus.

His words equally express the goodness of His Heart, "My delight," our Divine Lord tells us, "is to be with the children of men." What dost Thou find in them, O Lord, to speak thus? Are they more loveable than the Angels? Their canticles more harmonious than those of the Saints of Thy Glory? Are their hearts more loving? No ; without doubt ; but God is good. . . .

At the moment when Jesus was to drink the bitter chalice of His Passion, He addresses His disciples in these touching words, which express the ineffable tenderness of His Divine Heart : "My children, I have but a little time to remain with you." (John vii, 35.) And we could quote many other passages, showing the goodness of His Sacred Heart.

We have further testimonies of His divine goodness, in the benefits which He has conferred on humanity. He has given us His Mother, the Immaculate Virgin Mary, the joy of the blessed, earth's brightest hope. Numberless souls who are now in heaven, owe their salvation to the intercession of this heavenly Mother.

Finally, He has given us His Heart, the immortal monument of His tenderness, the overflowing source of His graces ; His Heart, each pulsation of which, even now, is an act of love for humanity. Ah ! If we would express in a word, that goodness without measure, the generous condescension which engages, and sweetly attracts the soul, let us no longer say : it is the heart of a friend, a father, or a mother ; but say, it is the Heart of Jesus.

The spring naturally spreads its waters, the star its rays. For Thee, O Lord, Thy natural inclination is to pour forth

Thy benefits, and to manifest Thy goodness. God alone is good. *Nemo bonus nisi solus Deus.*

II

In contemplating the goodness of the Heart of Jesus, we are attracted to love It, and to imitate It.

To love It, because It belongs to goodness, not to be known without being loved. Its charms are so sweet, that it suffices to show Itself, in order to win the heart. Each of our faculties tends towards its natural object. The eye is attracted by light and the beauty of color; the ear is charmed by sweet and harmonious sounds; the mind eager for knowledge, rejoices in gathering scattered rays of truth: so the heart is attracted by kindness. Hence the great work of God in the world, is to make known His goodness. Let us, therefore, love this attribute of the Divinity, which shines resplendent in the natural and supernatural world. We should not only be content with loving it; we must also endeavor to imitate it.

We often complain that the world is cold and wanting in sympathy. By the world we are to understand, the units which compose it, that is, each one of us.

Goodness consists in self-forgetfulness, self-renunciation. We must not look upon it as a mere common development of our nature; it is the great nobleness of humanity, reflecting, as it were, the image of God, which has been deeply engraved upon the soul.

When we consider the immense usefulness of kindness in social relations, we can understand how important it is to give it free scope. What is it which renders life supportable amidst the grave responsibilities, and the burdens which press upon our wounded shoulders? It is kindness. Under its influence, man develops the healthy elements of his nature; even the most depraved characters begin to expand, and virtue to show itself. Its mission is to

encourage virtuous efforts, to warm with its sympathy hearts that are fainting for want of a smile, or a kind word. Sympathy costs so little ; yet how many souls bowed down by sorrow, failing to find it, allow themselves to be overcome by the assaults of the temper !

What countless advantages may be derived from the habitual practice of kindness. Acts of benevolence will aid us in overcoming selfishness, a great obstacle in the spiritual life, and serve as a safeguard to humility ; for a haughty spirit is rarely benevolent. Kindness in pious persons reconciles worldly people with religion, and attracts and wins all hearts.

Kindness should exist in the inmost recesses of our hearts. Under its influence, we will think of others without criticizing, which is uncommon. Thus will the bitterness of our judgments disappear, and good and charitable thoughts will lead us to the truth ; for the true nature of man lies hidden beneath the surface.

The double recompense of kind words is the good which they do to others, and the happiness which they procure for ourselves.

How many souls have been saved through the practice of this virtue ? To what are we not indebted through its manifestations in the past ? Favors have come to us from all sides. What would have become of us, had not God showered on us the waters of His benedictions, if thousands and thousands of times, the kindness of our fellow-beings had not prepared our souls for graces ; if, in a word, we had not encountered kindness on our pathway !

Considering the kindness that we have received at the hands of others, should we not feel the obligation of surrounding our fellow-beings with a like series of blessings ? The occasions are abundant. Scarcely once in twenty times does it require an act of self-denial ; and even in this particular case, the kindness will be ennobled by sacrifice.

Let us, therefore, practice benevolence, and endeavor to imitate our Amiable Saviour.

O Jesus, Thou wilt pardon us for having sought to demonstrate the benevolent sentiments of Thy Divine Heart. Is it not filled with love and tenderness? Is it not the sanctuary of Divine Goodness Itself? "Thou art good, Lord; teach us Goodness." (Ps. cxviii.) Grant to Thy adoptive children, that imitating Thee, they may bear traits of resemblance with their Father. Heart of Jesus, Ocean of Goodness, have mercy on us!

R. P. SEGUIN, S.J.

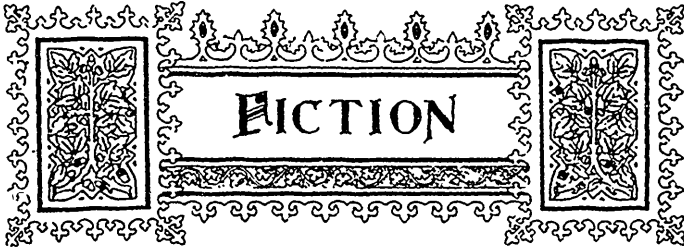
AT THE END.

When the hair on my head is silver,
 And my work in the world is done,
 When I steal indoors with a shudder
 At the death of the evening sun,
 When I sit alone with myself and think,
 Shall I say that the best was won?

For the breast that may boast most ribands,
 And the hand that can clasp most gold,
 May lack the peace of the peasant boy
 As he strides up the breezy wold,
 May long for a rest that they have not won,
 Though the tale of their days is told.

For the work of the hand is nothing,
 And the toil of the brain is naught,
 But the life of a soul that lives for Good
 To the love of its God is brought,
 And a deed that is done for Mercy's sake
 Lives on — like a Godly thought.

E. H. R., in the Vegetarian



THE MOTHER'S LESSON

THE Benediction was just over in the Church of Our Lady of Victories in Paris. The church was crowded — it was some fifty years ago — with men, but close to the door stood a young mother with her first-born son, her only-born as yet, in arms. She had been queen of that little treasure for now nearly three years, and how dear they were to each other it was clear to see. The little hand was stretched out for some holy water from that most sacred of sprinklers, a mother's hand, and then the mother held up her child, so that he could see above the crowd towards the Tabernacle.

"Say good-night to Jesus, Michael," she said; and the little thing put its tiny hand to its lips and flung kiss after kiss towards its hidden lord:

"Good-night, Jesus; dear Jesus!" and then turning to the mother put its baby arms round her neck. He did not quite know, he seemed to say, why he loved the Friend in the Tabernacle, but he did love and loved much, and it was reason enough for him that his mother loved.

Surely those kisses flung up the church, though there is yet but the dawn of reason in the soul and on the face, were not the least lovely nor the least pleasing of the gifts that were being gathered into the open Heart within the Tabernacle.

The act struck me as, long years ago when I was as yet

outside the Church of God ; I stood and watched it ; it was so full of faith, of the faith which saw the unseen Dweller in the Tabernacle, which looked into His Heart, and knew It for a real human Heart, with power to feel pleasure, like other hearts of men, at a fellow-man's "good-night" or a baby's innocent "ta-ta." The clothes of the boy were the common Sunday clothing of a mechanic's child, but for the soul, washed clean by baptism, the mother was weaving a dainty robe with more than human skill.

* * *

"Good-night ! dear lord." He is a boy now. Years have passed on and he had begun to learn that wrong can be done, even by hearts which think they love, and to-night he has been to his first confession, and he has gone back to his mother's side with a more serious look than the little dimpled cheeks mostly wear. They have stayed to Benediction, and before they pass through the door he is still not too old to turn and kiss the little hand towards the Tabernacle—"Good-night, dear Lord"—and then as he slides his hand into his mother's, "Mother, I'm so sorry for being naughty to you."

The mother's lesson is doing its work ; the dainty robe she wove is still dainty ; it was because Michael's soul was still so white, his eyes so clear, that he could see spots at all. "Naughty !" The mother knew only a little saint whose lips were still fit to fling a kiss to God.

Kneeling a few years older now, in the early morning, and other boys about him, with his body robed to-day in such comeliest dress as her poverty and labor could provide, he is to receive for the first time within himself the Lord to whom he has so often said the "Good-night" of an adoring, loving brother. He has been preparing for months ; he has known all his Christian Doctrine well ; but it is not the priest nor the good Brother of the Christian Doctrine who

has been his real teacher or his real preparer. They have been preparing him for months ; his mother had been preparing him for years ; it is that baby kiss flung up the church to a real living Person who shall receive the kiss ; it is that " Good-night, dear Jesus," lisped as often as " Good-night, dear mother " ; it is that love of our Lord made part and parcel of his love for his mother ; it is that near presence of our Lord, which has made the priest's and master's teaching come so easy to him, as if they taught him only what he knew before. He had learned it at his mother's breast ; he had lived the Truth and loved it before he knew how to think it, or put it into words : for others may teach, a mother only can teach without teaching, give knowledge, as she gives life, the child not knowing. It had been to him, this Presence of our Lord, like the rising and setting of the sun, part of the every-day truth that had been about him always.

And now, on the day of his Communion, the mother's lesson is still doing its work. With full and entire surrender of self the youth flings his soul into the open wound of the Heart, as of old he flung his baby kisses up the church. He does not dream as yet that his heart could be given elsewhere, and warm with a new warmth was the " Good night, dear Lord," which he whispered, as he bowed his forehead to the floor before he left the church, on that happy night after his First Communion.

* * *

" Good night, dear Lord — perhaps the last," added the young soldier to himself, as he went slowly down the church of a small town on the coast of Africa after his confession. It was the evening before, all expected his first battle. The mother's lesson still lived ; the soldier's heart was still true. As often as his soldier's life would let him, he paid an evening visit to his Lord, and still if the words

were not spoken aloud, nor the kiss flung from the lips, the kiss was given, and the "Good-night," with as loyal a love as ever.

"What am I to do, mother," he had asked, "on board of the ship, or under tent in the desert? I cannot go and say Good-night."

"Turn your thoughts towards the Tabernacle at home," she answered, "and bid your Guardian Angel to pay the visit for you. Our Lord can see and hear from afar, and he will see your heart turn and hear your words clearly. He looks for them every night. And I will wish Him good-night for you as well as for myself, and a mother has a right to speak for her boy."

"You have a right to speak for me if ever mother had," he answers as he kisses her with grateful love; "and Saint Michael, too; he will go for me. I am glad you called me Michael, mother; he's the angel of the Mass, isn't he?"

"Some good men have thought so, Michael."

"And he loves the Tabernacle; was it not he who cheered our Lord in His Agony?—so the Brother taught us one day in church."

"Yes; and he was captain of the first army that fought for God; and as you must go to the wars, Michael, you could have no better friend to help you."

"Then my Guardian Angel and St. Michael shall carry my 'Good-night' home into our church every night, mother, when you are saying yours."

* * *

A wounded soldier sending his "Good-nights" home by his Guardian Angel as he had promised; and yet perhaps, could we have seen, as the Angel saw who bore them, not quick-winged and silver-winged, those "Good-nights," as of yore. What made them heavier, burdens for the Angel to bear?

He had done bravely ; he had fought his first fight with a dash, an utter contempt for life, a skill, moreover, and a coolness, rarely seen even in the ranks of France. All tongues rang with his praises — praises wholly without jealousy, but mixed with sorrow, for he had been left for dead upon the battle-field. He woke up among a heap of dead and gave himself up for lost, and sent home from that terrible death-bed a loving " Good-night," which he thought indeed to be his last. And the Church of Our Lady of Victories came back to him, with his mother's lesson and the long-loved Tabernacle, the great happiness of childhood's days ; and his thoughts were very full of all that makes man's heart the grandest of gifts that can be given to God. Would it have been better if the search-party that came out to look for others had not found him, and if he had died, still flinging pure kisses to the Tabernacle at home ?

They bore him — so carefully — to the hospital, and they took care of him, and those noble Sisters of Charity of course were there — where are they not? — to nurse and watch and keep the flickering life from going out. And then, as he grew better, they praised him, and the praise entered into him, and the mother's lesson began to lose its power, and the " Good-nights " flew with weight upon their wings. The wounds of the first battle had passed into his soul.

* * *

An officer who had risen from the ranks, in high command, of far and wide fame for courage and skill in leading, still in the prime of life, but dying in part from exposure in peril, but in part also from carelessness and luxury of life. A gallant soldier, a skilful chieftain, and no more. Climbing upwards in the world — this is his one thought. By and by to be a marshal of France, who knows? Is then the mother forgotten, and her lesson lost? Nay ; she has said the " Good-night " for him always : and he ! — he has

kept a heart not altogether hardened for her : he has thought of their poor home, and sent somewhat of his wealth to cheer them, and now and again, weary of pleasure, weary even of glory, he has wandered back in thought to the Church of Victories in Paris, and said over again the " Good-night " of his childhood. Those kisses flung up the church still live to plead for him, perchance ; perchance, too, the mother is still praying this moment with that strong prayer which is prayed after many years of a faithful life, after many sufferings borne, many good works done.

He is dying : the days left him are few, but he may still go about a little, carefully tended and watched by no unloving eyes. To-day he is cheered by an old friend from Europe who talks of familiar scenes still dear, and carries back his mind to home. They are passing the cathedral in Algiers, and his friend would go in, and the officer cannot choose but go with him. A cathedral in which there are many worshippers, of many nations and strangely varied dresses, different by form of face and color of skin, but all bowed together in the one worship at the Benediction and singing the one tongue. It was a scene to touch the heart, to awaken devotion.

It is over and the crowd is leaving the church, but the sick officer stays on. He has gone up near to the altar, he is prostrate on the floor, his head is bowed to the ground. His friend is anxious ; the sick man must not be out too late, nor too long. Still the officer lies there. Is he dead ? No, not dead, but alive again.

It is the hour at which in those old days he has flung his kisses up the church by his mother's side. She this moment is saying " Good-night " for him in the Church of Victories. The mother's lesson has burst, seedlike, through the hard soil. Up to the Tabernacle once more are going the repentant kisses ; to the Sacred Heart once more the loving " Good-night. " The long bad dream is past and he is awake again, and before he leaves the church the priest

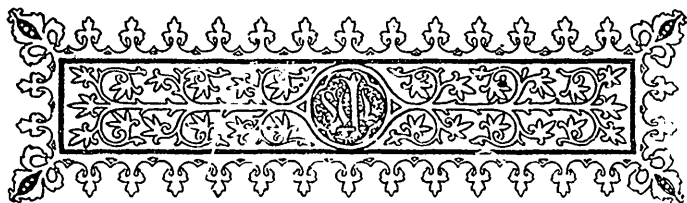
has promised to call the next morning and hear the confession delayed for years.

"Where am I, François? I thought I was home at Our Lady of Victories.— Send for a priest, send quick; I have not long to live." The thought of his babyhood and of his many "Good-nights" has been with him since he left the cathedral, the memory of that First Communion and his whole offering of himself, the promise to his mother as he left her always to send home his "Good-night" to the Dweller in the Tabernacle. No: he must not wait till morning. "Send for a priest; quick, a priest; what have I been doing?— I have wasted my life on baubles."

And that night a true confession and a true Communion, and for a few nights after the old "Good-night" of his childhood said with a hot heart of love, at the hour at which he used to kneel in Paris, flinging his baby kisses up the church. A few days spent in patient suffering and in acts of love, and in so leaving the riches that had come to him that the Dweller in the Tabernacle shall be honored, till the end, if so it may be, in Algiers, where he had strayed from the Tabernacle, and in Paris, where he had learned to love it. And then, after a few days, the last "Good-night," spoken when the lips could scarcely speak — the baby lesson lisped painfully again — and a last kiss flung to the dear church at home when the lips could speak no more.

And the mother has triumphed — when do good mothers not triumph? — and her lesson has outlived lesson of priest and teacher, and Our Lady of Victories has won still another victory, and the soul of the child, so early trained to love, has gone to offer repentant kisses which will not be refused to the very wounded Heart, no more in a tabernacle, Itself.

For a mother's early lesson, strong with a mother's love, can hardly die.—*Rev. G. Bamphfield, in the Young Catholic.*



JESUS.

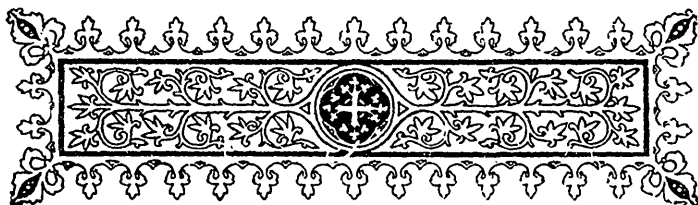
O, sacred name of my Beloved,
What mystic beauty, thine !
What depth of pathos in thee lies
That melts the heart, and dims the eyes
Of him who ne'er beheld
The Saviour's face, divine.

Winged from the heart in song or sigh,
Thou floodest souls with light,
Then sink the sigh and song to rest.
While love is folded to Love's breast :
And all grows strangely sweet and still
Within His Presence bright.

Thy flame-encircled, kingly brow,
Thine eyes so wondrous sweet,
O Master, through that name we know
Thy smile, Thy pleading accents low.
Thy name a blessed magnet is,
That draws us to Thy feet.

Invoke it oft, — the soul of prayer,
It sanctifies the breast.
Surpassing sweet, yet mighty still,
It stirs to tears or love at will.
O Jesu ! Jesu ! Let us die
By Thy loved name caress'd.

C. A. C., in the Sacred Heart Review.



THE WHITE ROSEBUD.

IT was the first Thursday, and a busy morning it had been for Father Ryan, for even in the remote South African village of Wyndall the devotion of the Nine Fridays was practised.

Not till the midday Angelus struck did the priest leave the confessional, and as he knelt at the end of the church for a few moments, footsteps on the gravel outside told him that possibly another penitent would detain him still longer. On the footsteps came, till they stopped in the porch. The priest turned his head and his gaze met a pair of dark eyes belonging to a little girl of about four or five. The child was a stranger to him, but he remembered to have seen her in the grounds adjoining the presbytery garden. Father Ryan beckoned to her, and she obeyed his sign.

“What is your name?” he asked.

“Rosebud,” was the reply, and then she added: “Nurse fell asleep, so I got through the hedge in your garden and comed here.”

“Will mother not be anxious about you?”

The pretty face clouded, as with a dreary sigh she answered:

“Mother died when we lived in the other house, and I is so lonely.”

Her eyes filled with tears and the rosy lips quivered piteously. Father Ryan with great haste turned the conversation by suggesting that she should dine with him.

The invitation was graciously declined. Rosebud said she would rather stay where she was.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly, pointing to a statue of the Sacred Heart.

"That is Jesus," was the answer. "Would you like to go nearer to Him?"

Rosebud agreed to the proposal immediately, and together they walked to the top of the chapel, the child all the time repeating the name "Jesus" as if she had heard it for the first time. That she might have a better view, the priest raised her in his arms, and long and earnestly Rosebud looked at the statue, examining every little detail.

"Why is He holding out His hand?" she whispered, after a long silence. "What does He want me to give Him?"

"He wants your heart, Rosebud," said Father Ryan; then, seeing how puzzled she looked, he added, "He wants you to love Him so much that you will give Him whatever you love best."

Rosebud considered for a minute, and then she said decidedly, "I love flowers best; I will bring Jesus some."

There was another long pause, and then the child, pointing to the wounded Heart, asked, "Who hurt Him? Oh! who hurt Him so sore?"

"The Jews did." Father Ryan, as he answered her, was wondering to what religion the child belonged. Her answer enlightened him.

"Jews," she repeated, as if the name suggested something, and then after a pause she said, "Nurse says I am a Jew; but, oh! I didn't hurt Him, really I didn't, I didn't."

The thought excited her so dreadfully that Father Ryan had to assure her he believed her, and to prevent another outbreak, told her it was time for them to go.

"First let me kiss Him," she pleaded.

Father Ryan lifted her up to the level of the Sacred Heart. The tiny arms were twined round the Sacred Neck, and as the pretty lips were pressed against the open wound, he heard her say :

“ Jesus, I love you, and I am sorry for you, and you know I wouldn't hurt you.”

Would that more often Jesus received such true, heartfelt, acts of reparatory love as His baby-lover poured out that day.

Once outside that chapel, Father Ryan said good-by to his little visitor, and helped her into her own garden through the gap in the hedge which she had made use of that day. That night, before the Blessed Sacrament, the priest prayed : “ O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus for the conversion of the Jews, and in particular for Rosebud.”

A few days later, as he was walking near the hedge, thinking of Rosebud, he heard her calling him. She was at the gap with her arms full of roses, and her whole appearance showed that she had had hard work gathering them.

“ These are for Jesus,” she said, giving the flowers to him. “ Do you think He will like them ?”

The priest looked at the flowers, the choicest of their kind, and then at the beautiful child. “ Rosebud,” he said, slowly, “ I know one little flower that Jesus would like better than gardens full of these.”

The lovely face beamed with smiles as she cried with delight, “ I'se the little flower, 'cos I'se Rosebud.”

Nurse's voice calling stopped any further conversation, and Father Ryan walked to the church to lay the flowers on the shrine. They had evidently been culled by the child herself, for they bore marks which told of a struggle. One snow-white bud was stained with blood. Father Ryan singled it out, and placed it at the foot of the statue, offering at the same time the Precious Blood, that one day another Rosebud might find her way to those Sacred Feet.

He little knew how soon or how literally his prayer was to be answered.

Days grew into weeks before Father Ryan saw Rosebud again. The daily visits of the doctor at the next house aroused his fears. On inquiring of the gardener, one of his congregation, he heard that the child had a bad attack of fever. Every day after that, the daily reports grew worse. On the First Friday, Father Ryan stop the gardener to ask for the latest tidings. There was but little hope.

"And, Father," the man said, "all night she was raving about somebody wanting her in the chapel. It is as much as they can do to keep her in bed. The housemaid told me the words she keeps saying are, 'Jesus wants me'; but I think that must be a mistake, for they are all Jews."

Father Ryan walked away in silence, but he determined to see the child that evening. After the devotions, he was delayed by a workman who had to make some alterations in the shrine of the Sacred Heart, and who was to begin his work next morning. After seeing the statue placed on the floor, Father Ryan hurried away to his supper, and then to "Dene Grange," as Rosebud's home was called. There, all was confusion. The child had got out of bed during the nurse's absence and could be found nowhere. Her weak condition rendered it impossible for her to have gone any distance, and the whole house was being searched for her. Father Ryan joined in the search, and no one noticed him. At last, a thought struck him, and quickly he made his way to the hedge, crawled through, and then on to the church, hoping against hope that Rosebud was there. And there he found her, a wee white-robed figure nestling close to the Sacred Feet of Jesus.

Love can do all things, and love had given her strength to get there, but a glance told the priest that her life was almost over. Only a few moments were left. No time was to be lost. In those few moments Father Ryan baptized her. Then he called her name. She did not hear him, but

as he bent down he heard her gasp, "Jesus—wants—Rosebud."

A slight shiver passed over the tiny frame and all was over. Rosebud had gone, to blossom for all eternity near to the Sacred Heart. At the foot of his crucifix, in a small glass box, Father Ryan keeps a faded white rosebud with dark stains on its petals, and night and morning, as his eyes fall on it, he breathes a fervent "Thank God," which is always followed by the prayer:

"O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus for the conversion of the Jews." — *S. M. J., in Irish Messenger.*

TO ST. JOSEPH.

Blest Guardian of The Ever Blessed ONE
 And of His Virgin Mother! Hear our cry
 For aid, for succour! Thine to live, to die,
 With JESUS and with Mary; Thine to run
 The way of God's commandments and to shun
 All taint of sin; through all our life be nigh,
 That we, like Thee, in death at last may lie
 Safe in the arms of Mary and Her SON.

Oh Patron of the Household of the Faith,
 Protector of Thy clients! Intercede
 For us, for ours, in ev'ry time of need;
 In life be near us, nearer still at death;
 Make us like Thee in thought and word and deed,
 And ev'ry home a Home of Nazareth.

FRANCIS W. GREY



BLESSED COLETTE.

IT is very often in the sanctuary, in the warmth of prayerfulness, rather than on battlefields or in deliberating assemblies, that the destinies of nations and societies are decided. Struggles, embittered by disputes or reddened with human blood, are not unfrequently, in the eyes of the world, the means that God uses to make known His will to man; but, if we could scrutinize the mechanism of God's providence, we should find that it is at the foot of the altar, and moved by the prayers of His servants, that God formulates His decrees. When in His inexhaustible mercy He has motives for saving a nation, or a society. He raises up intercessors powerful in prayer, and word, and example.

During the fifteenth century the world had been fighting against the salutary influence of the great religious orders of Dominic and Francis. Corruption had taken a hard grasp on it; fervor had waxed cold; the primitive rigor of monastic rule and observance, which had been adopted to make men stronger than their passions, had been mitigated to meet the wishes of men who were no longer fervent. At no time up to that was spiritual energy more needed. The Church was undergoing a crisis. Rival popes had dared to divide the allegiance of Catholics.

It was at this time when the Church needed powerful and disinterested defenders that God raised up saintly reformers.

Bernardine of Siena and John Capistran appeared in Italy : St. Vincent Ferrer and St. Catherine of Siena shone like torches from heaven in the rôle they played in these events. In France a humble maiden, not sufficiently known by Christians, Colette, was the instrument that God used to confound the proud and give strength to tottering religious life in the fifteenth century.

Colette Biolet was born in the year 1381, when her mother was sixty years old, and up to that time barren. The miraculous nature of her birth foretold sufficiently the high destinies of the child. Though of humble birth and, like her Divine Master, the daughter of a carpenter, she had from her tenderest years a deep knowledge of Christian virtues, and she gave practical proof of her love of God. Prayer and mortification were her pastime, and instruments of penance, her playthings. She learned on the knees of her mother to meditate on the Sacred Passion, and in the same school she acquired a devotion to the Blessed Eucharist. So deeply set was her love for Our Lord in the Sacrament of His love that she doubled her respect and reverence for her mother on the days she saw her going to Holy Communion.

Colette was for a long time undecided as to her calling, and she could see nowhere the perfection her soul longed for. She became a sort of recluse in her own home in Picardy, and passed her days and nights in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. An opening in the wall of her cell enabled her to see the tabernacle where her Well-Beloved dwelt a prisoner. Numerous revelations made to her doubled the fervor of her prayers and the rigor of her austerities. She offered herself, innocent and pure that she was, a victim of expiation for the sins of the world. In a vision, Our Lord appeared to her just as He was when He was presented to the Jews by Pilate. He even vouchsafed to instruct her in all the details of His Sacred Passion and made her realize the immensity of His sorrows.

At another time Our Lady appeared to her and presented to her a dish on which were the bleeding members of a child's body "It is thus," said the beloved Mother of the Saviour, "that sinners treat my Son!" The world, with its vices and crimes, the fatal scission in the occupancy of the papal chair, the distress and disorder which were the consequences, were all shown to her within a space of eight days. She saw souls falling into the eternal abyss like snow-flakes from the heavens, and the sight filled her with an intense hatred of sin and fear of God's judgments. This vision made such an impression on her, so stricken was she at the sight, that to prevent herself from falling into the yawning gulf that she saw at her feet, she was found grasping the bars of her window.

During the years of this voluntary seclusion her penances recall those of the Egyptian anchorites. Chains across her breast, an iron hoop around her body entering her flesh, blood-stained disciplines, the bare ground for a bed, a block of wood for a pillow, coarse food taken only after long fasts, were some of the exercises of her who never knew practically what sin was.

But there was something harder to bear than self-willed austerities. Troubles and perplexities of conscience came to afflict her. God was purifying and strengthening her soul, for He was preparing her for a great public mission. Colette sought refuge behind her humble birth and her simplicity; and chiefly, because of the vow she had made of perpetual retirement, she tried to persuade herself that what she saw and heard were simply illusions. After these precautions the world could not accuse her of credulity or ambition!

Several visions made known to her clearly her new vocation, and the lofty task that was to be confided to her. God was calling the humble maiden of Picardy to begin the reform of the Order of St. Clare and even of St. Francis. Heaven sent her a wise and enlightened director in Father

Henry de la Balme. This pious priest who undoubtedly had an inkling of God's designs on her, obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff, not only her admission into the Urbanist Clares, but had her named, without her knowledge, Abbess General, in charge of the reform. Her humility had much to suffer, and the trials she had to undergo came chiefly from those she tried to benefit.

After a temporary beginning of conventual life in the Chateau de la Balme, Colette Biolet was solemnly put in possession of the Clares' Convent at Besançon. Her entry into the city was triumphal, and Besançon became the sowing-ground of a new order of things. So well did the holy abbess carry out her work that in a few years reformed monasteries were in full operation in several large towns in France. To add authority to her providential mission, God gave her great power over sickness, and even over death. By her prayers and touch she brought back to life many children dead without baptism, and several adults. She penetrated the secrets of hearts, and knew what was going on in the houses of her order as if she were present in each.

Seconded in her work for a long time by the Countess of Geneva and the Duchess of Burgundy, Colette began to see the powerful ones of the earth flocking to her service, and vying with each other for the privilege of having her with them. But in the midst of these honors the holy abbess was lowly in her own eyes. She was the little servant of all, and received, with equal goodness and simplicity, lord and peasant. She put no reliance on human favors, but on God alone, who more than once miraculously provided for her wants, and thus taught the wealthy that His servant Colette could do without them.

The fame of this daughter of Picardy went on increasing, and even attracted the attention of royalty. Jacques de Bourbon, King of Naples, and his children, found under the aegis of Colette the virtue, peace and happiness that the throne could not give them. Public affairs obliged her

frequently to leave her cloister, but she never appeared in the world without wresting from the world a few of its votaries. She drew after her to her retreat peasant maidens and daughters of kings, who were attracted as much by the supernatural charm of her virtue as by the desire of their own perfection.

Every Friday dedicated to the Sacred Passion, she gave over twelve consecutive hours to contemplation and prayer, and after these long and fervent colloquies she carried around with her some of the sweetness of Jesus Christ. Prayer and mortification were the two elements of her strength. Satan, beside himself with rage, gave her no rest. "Cease praying," said he, often, "and I shall cease to annoy thee!" But this was the signal for further austerities.

Amid her trials, spiritual and physical, the saintly abbess was always active. Her charity was boundless to the suffering members of Jesus Christ; compassion for the poor and the wretched is a mark of God's elect. She continued the foundations of her Order, and took a motherly interest in the welfare of her spiritual children. But her whole soul's desire was bound up in the welfare of the Church. To obtain the end of the schism and the evils it was causing, she formed legions of virgins, fervent in life and work, who prayed truly for prince and priest, and for all who could advance the Church's interests. God wills that we ask success from Him, and it is He who gives it.

Blessed Colette employed all human means to hasten the end of the schism. It was in this way that a correspondence, equally glorious for the one and the other, sprang up between the saint and Cardinal Julian of Saint Ange, Papal Legate at the Council of Basle before his schismatical straying. It was edifying to witness the respect and veneration that Colette, daughter of a carpenter, had for this Prince of the Church, who, in turn, appreciated the value of her prayers and mortifications in the sight of God. She foresaw the

unfortunate issue of the Council of Basle. She was divinely notified of the evils that were going to afflict the spiritual kingdom of Christ because of the disorder of men. The supplications of Colette could not prevent Felix of Savoy from usurping the papal tiara ; but she predicted the end of the scandal. She helped to secure by her prayers the election of the Pope who was to put an end to the twenty years' schism, but her life was the price. She died on the very day that Nicholas V. was elected, March 6, 1447.

Blessed Colette took such a prominent part in the history of her times that her life was written by several of her contemporaries. But these have been more or less forgotten ; the amiable saint has not had from Christians the veneration her life and virtues entitle her to. The Bollandists have gone to great pains to gather together authentic documents concerning her public services and attesting her sanctity and miracles. Many wonderful favours have been obtained through her intercession, especially by mothers in delicate health and maidens. She is still a powerful intercessor in heaven for all of us, and not less powerful now than when God drew her from an obscure home in Picardy to do great things for His Church militant and for the salvation of souls.

E. J. D.

If we only knew how much our actions in supreme moments of life — in times of crises — depend on the little thoughts and acts that preceded them, we should keep vigilant watch on the little foxes make way through the gaps in hour hedges. It is the carelessness of venial sins that makes mortal sins easy. We in this world are like the violins in a great orchestra. If we are not kept in tune we lose in fineness of quality, and when the great Leader of this wondrous earthly orchestra waves His baton, we are found wanting, we make discord. To be of our best always, we must keep ourselves in tune with the best of instruments near us. And the best of these instruments are good books.



His Holiness Leo XIII

ARDENT PROPAGATOR OF DEVOTION TO THE SACRED
HEART OF JESUS

will celebrate His ninetieth birthday on Friday, March 2, 1900. This day being also the First Friday of the month, we earnestly ask our Promoters and Associates to offer their Holy Communion for our beloved Pontiff, who has done so much in recent years to spread Devotion to the Sacred Heart.



ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM ROME

THE following important letter has been received from His Eminence Cardinal Mazzella, Perfect in the Congregation of Rites, naming a new day for a universal consecration to the Sacred-Heart, and renewing the privileges given last year.

MOST REVEREND SIR :

The hope and confidence expressed by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical Letter *Annum Sacrum* of the 25th day of May, of this year, on the Consecration of Mankind to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, that this act would be productive of very great good, not only to the individual, but for the whole Christian family, have been confirmed and augmented by the unanimous acclaim and ready good will of Christendom. No sooner was the voice of the Supreme Pastor heard urging the world to deserve well of the Divine Victim of love, and to surrender itself entirely to His service, than at once the Romans in the first place, and after them all Europe and the most distant and widely separated regions, seemed to vie with each other in yielding obedience to the desires and wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff. With what joy these tidings filled the Holy Father, I have already sufficiently made known in my letter of July 21, of this year, in which by command of the Pope himself, and in his name, I congratulated most warmly, and returned thanks to you and to each member of your clergy.

Now, however, word has been brought to us that the said Encyclical Letter reached some of the more remote countries too late to carry out its recommendations within the prescribed period. Wherefore humble prayer has been made His Holiness that he satisfy their pious desire also by granting them authority to consecrate themselves to the Most Sacred Heart on the same conditions as if they had rendered this solemn tribute with the rest of their brethren at the specified time. To this petition the Holy Father has kindly assented; nay more, going still farther in his indulgence, he has granted that not only the faithful whom his Encyclical reached too late, but those who

repeat the form of consecration on the next Feast of the Sacred Heart or the Sunday after it, and observe his other prescriptions, may by a privilege, altogether unusual, obtain the same indulgences as are set down in his Apostolic letter.

From this it can be easily understood how solicitous is the Sovereign Pontiff for this exercise of piety, and the dedication of all mankind to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. For the Holy Father trusts, as he has already proclaimed, that then at last the many wounds inflicted on human society will be healed, that all justice will spring up with renewed life after the model shown in the old-time days of authority, that the splendors of peace will be restored, when "every tongue shall confess that our Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father."

I cherish the certain hope that all the bishops with the zeal and activity of which they have up to this given so illustrious an example, will in the future in no wise desist from their efforts, so that as many as possible of the Church's children, by availing themselves of the largess of Apostolic liberality for their salvation, may be gained to Christ and "draw water in joy from the fountains of the Saviour."

In the meantime, I sincerely pray for your Lordship's prosperity in all things.

ROME. — From the Office of the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, November 27, 1899.

Your Lordship's Brother,

C. Bishop of Palestrina,

CARDINAL MAZZELLA,

Prefect S. C. R.

D. PANICI, Secretary.

OUR QUEEN-CROWNED.

The term of love's probation now was past
 And Mary's ever-virgin soul was free :
 Her body, temple of sweet purity,
 Was not to nature's devastations cast,
 But was upborne by angels to the vast
 And glorious home of perfect harmony
 Where soul and body rest eternally, —
 The twilight years of yearning crowned at last.

Ah ! long, sweet Mother, were thy waiting years :
 And yet each one was meted out by love, —
 A love that kindled into day the night,
 And made a solace of thy very tears ;
 A love that bore thee to Itself above,
 And crowned thee Queen in realms of endless light.

Ave Maria.



Correspondence

All communications intended for insertion in the CANADIAN MESSENGER must be authenticated by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — The idea of Mass Cards, as explained in the January MESSENGER, is splendid and praiseworthy. Please have the kindness to send me a sample.

H. W. W.

Chicago, Ill.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor obtained by her, through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady and St. Jude. Her right foot was paralyzed; she implored them to obtain its cure, promising a Mass for the Suffering Souls and publication in the MESSENGER. Her prayer was granted. The Mass had been offered, and she hereby returns thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady and St. Jude.

Halifax, N.S.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — I would like to return thanks publicly in the MESSENGER for a temporal favor obtained after praying to the Sacred Heart. I promised to have that favor published, so that my experience might help the faith of others.

A. PROMOTER.

St. Thomas, Ont.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — After praying to Our Lord and promising, if I received the temporal favor, to have my sincere thanks published in the MESSENGER, I received my favor almost immediately; thus showing the great readiness with which God grants our reasonable requests.

Munising, Mich.

F. F.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — I am desirous to acknowledge, through the MESSENGER, several spiritual and temporal favors obtained from the Sacred Heart, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. I promised publication if my requests were granted. May the Divine Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary be known, loved and praised through the whole world.

Fredericton, N. B.

A PROMOTER.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — I can never sufficiently thank the MESSENGER for popularizing the Mass Cards. Through them I have the consolation of knowing that over eighty Masses are being said for the soul of my husband. May God bless the MESSENGER.

Mrs. T. M.

Montreal, Que.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER.

Rev. Sir, — I would like to return thanks publicly in the MESSENGER for a great favor obtained through a novena to St. Joseph and a promise to have a Mass read in honor of St. Joseph, for the Souls in Purgatory, and also a promise to have it published, if granted. I am convinced that Almighty God will not refuse St. Joseph any requests that he asks if it be for our good.

Apto.

A. M.

Letters intended for "Correspondence" have been received from Mrs. M. E. L., Breaside, Ont.; M. D., Osgoode, Ont.; Mrs. P. R., Thorold, Ont.; M. J. McK., Pomquette, N. S.; M. T. MacD., Alexandria, Ont.; Member of the League, Longueuil, P. Q.; N. L. Free-town Parish, P. E. I.; E. M. M., Owen Sound, Ont.; M. A. B., Montreal, P. Q.; E. O'K., Vernon River, P. E. I.



SHORT CORRESPONDENCE.

F. C., Quebec. — Your thanksgiving was too long. There was no room for it in the MESSENGER.

M. A. H., Niagara Falls. — The publications are sent in time for the fourth Sunday. Delays frequently occur in transmission.

Marmora, Ont. — In order to fulfil the conditions required by the twelfth promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, the Communion of the nine First Fridays must not be transferred to the following Sundays. However, the indulgences may be gained of the Sundays.

T. J. S., Wolfe Island, Ont. — The full text of the Morning Offering is printed on every leaflet.

M. I. O'C., Toronto. — Ten cents a year from Associates pays for three MESSENGERS a circle, monthly leaflets, badges, etc.

F. McD., Ottawa, Ont. — The Mass Cards are designed to secure the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the souls of deceased friends, instead of flowers. All this was explained in the January MESSENGER.

K. M., Toronto. — Some correspondents mix up Thanksgivings, Intentions, orders for League materials, etc. This may be your case.

J. D. S., Halifax, N. S. — Did you give your address in your first letter?

LITERARY NOTES.

— *St. Peter's* English Magazine ceased publication with the February issue.

— A life of Cardinal Pole is expected early this spring from the pen of Mr. Dudley Baxter, M.A.

— *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (American edition).—Intending pilgrims to Paray-le-Monial would do well to read D. S. Beni's admirable article on the City of the Sacred Heart in the March number. (New York: 27-29 West 16th Street.)

— *My New Curate.* — This delightfully clever sketch of parochial life, in Ireland, was published in book form in Boston, in December

last, and two editions were exhausted in America before a copy could be spared for the European market. (Boston: Marlier, Callahan & Co. Price, \$1.50.)

— *The Promoter's Guide*, now ready, containing a complete summary of Promoters' mission, privileges, etc.; a treatise on the Apostleship of Prayer; details of the organization and spread of the Holy League; the various ceremonials; devotions for public and private use. (Montreal: Address the MESSENGER Office, 144 Bleury Street. Price, 5 cents.)

— *President Eliot and Jesuit Colleges*. — A scholarly paper from the pen of Father Brosnahan, S. J., of Woodstock, Md., constituting a categorical and comprehensive refutation of the President of Harvard's article on "electivism" in studies which appeared in the October *Atlantic Monthly*. (Boston: Review Publishing Co., 194 Washington St.)

— *The Orange Society*. — By the Rev. H. W. Cleary. This is a history of Orangeism from its development in 1795 down through the present century. It was founded—or rather evolved from the Peep-o'-Day Boys—in Ireland as an organization of Protestant intolerance, and its only reason for being was, and is still, to keep up hostility between Protestant and Catholics. British Parliament tried to suppress it in 1825, but it evaded the laws by changing its name, but not its nature; the Orangemen continued to meet until 1828 as members of Brunswick Clubs. The Society is demonstrative in its professions of loyalty to Her Majesty the Queen. It was not always thus, as may be seen in the details of the Cumberland Plot. In 1835, Orangemen tried to alter the succession to the Throne and substitute their Grand Master, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, for the Princess, now Queen Victoria. The army was tampered with by the illegal establishment of Orange Lodges among the troops, and the loyalty of fifty regiments was confidently believed to have been undermined by this propaganda. The Irish Yeomanry, almost exclusively Orangemen, would have furnished a formidable contingent of trained men to the cause. The plot was revealed to the authorities by one Heywood, an Orangeman concerned in it, and only this man's sudden death from the bursting of a blood-vessel saved the Duke of Cumberland and his allies from a criminal prosecution. In the alarm caused by the threatened proceedings, the English Lodges were dissolved never to be reconstituted, while the Irish branches continued, and continue still, to flaunt their loyalty to the Queen and their hatred of Catholicism. (London: Catholic Truth Society.)



Current Events

—NEARLY a thousand persons in France have come forward to show that they are nonagenarians like Leo XIII.

—MGR. Donatus Sbaretti, formerly auditor of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, was recently consecrated Bishop of Havana, Cuba.

—A STATUE is about to be raised in Central Park, New York, to honor the memory of Orestes A. Brownson, the distinguished publicist and convert to Catholicism.

—HIS Eminence Cardinal Trombetta, deacon of Sant' Eustachio, Rome, died on January 17, aged eighty. He was raised to the Cardinalate only ten months ago.

—TRAVELLERS may now reach the very base of the Pyramids on an electric tram from Cairo. The gondolas along the waterways of Venice are being shortly supplanted by the vaporette. Needs of the times!

—CARDINAL-Vicar Jacobini died on February 1. He was once Papal Nuncio to Lisbon and received the Cardinalial rank in 1896. The deceased prince of the Church was sixty-three years of age, and was a man of brilliant parts.

—NO LESS than four hundred thousand square miles of territory, carrying a population of fifty-two million souls, are feeling the horrors of famine in India at the present time. The cost of relief, day-by-day, is involving a monthly expenditure of \$1,750,000.

—THE elevation of the Coadjutor-Bishops of Chatham and St. John, Rt. Rev. Drs. Barry and Casey, to the episcopacy, took place in the Cathedral of St. John, N. B., on February 11. Owing to its early going to press, the MESSENGER is unable to give any details of the celebration in the present issue.

—DR. St. George Mivart, the distinguished biologist of London, Eng., who, in recent articles of his, rendered his orthodoxy suspicious, and, moreover, confirmed the suspicion by refusing to sign a profession of Faith, has been inhibited from approaching the sacraments by Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.

—A SUM of one hundred thousand dollars was willed to the Jesuits in San Francisco, some months ago, for the establishment and

operation of a Public Library for the benefit of Catholic young men of that city. The legatees relinquished their claim to the legacy, and Archbishop Riordan has formed a diocesan committee to take hold of the project.

— ACCORDING to the *Illustrated Church Annual* for 1900 (non-Catholic), there are now 310 dissenting churches in England. Five new sects were registered this year. These are the Baptist Brethren, Church of God, Hebrew Congregationalists, Ambulance Gospel Mission, and the Brotherhood Church. And the Bible is held responsible for all of them!

— THE Empress of China, who has been displaying such kindness towards Catholic missionaries, requested the Vicar Apostolic of Peking, Mgr. Favier, shortly before his recent visit to Rome to express her sentiments of deep respect and veneration for the Sovereign Pontiff. In return for this kindly act, His Holiness sent the Empress a magnificent porcelain vase made by the Italian artist Ginori.

— THE new commercial treaty between Mexico and China has been drafted in English. This makes some writers think that English will, in the near future, supplant France as a diplomatic language. The spread of English during the 19th century has been marvellous. In 1800, only 22,000,000 spoke this language. In 1900, 127,000,000 use English as their mother tongue; an increase in the century of 477 per cent.

— THE most promising recent characteristic of public opinion in America, says the *Sacred Heart Review*, is the general interest shown in the Catholic religion by non-Catholics. The war with Spain has sharpened the distinction between the deeds of a Catholic nation and the principles of the Catholics in that State. Religion has gained by this new popular distinction. Concomitantly, a spirit of unrest, has undermined the doctrinal prestige of the Protestant churches, and problems of social morality have awaked thinking men to the logic of the Church's teachings.

— THERE are 1,400 Brahman students at the Jesuit College at Trichinopoli, in India. The conversions among them are few, says the *English Messenger*, but it is a great matter to have any at all, by reason of their caste exclusiveness. However, a beginning has been made among former students. There is now a small division in Trichinopoli entirely for converted Brahmans; these converts keep up exclusiveness even in their Catholicity. But they still continue intercourse with non-Christian Brahmans; their relations visit them and even eat with them. This is an immense gain, and opens the door to further conversions.



ALBERTON, P. E. I.

John A. Reid, d. Jan. 12
 Mrs. Richard Keefe, d. Jan. 30
 Percy Kinch, d. Jan. 20
 John Read, d. Jan. 19

ALEXANDRIA, ONT.

Edward Williams, d. Dec. 30
 Joseph Chevrier, d. Jan. 20
 Alex. Cameron, d. Jan. 28

ALMONTE.

Mrs. John Ryan, d. Dec. 29

ARNPRIOR.

Miss Elizabeth Valin, d. Dec. 31
 Mrs. Eugenia Brennan, d. Jan. 20

BRANTFORD.

Mrs. Johnson, d. Jan. 10

BRECHIN, ONT.

Mrs. Honora Carey, d. Jan. 23

BROCKVILLE.

Andrew Arbuckle, d. Jan. 27

BUCKINGHAM.

Mrs. Charles Chénier.
 Isaie Laurin.

BURGESSVILLE, ONT.

Richard Carr, d. Dec. 2
 James Kinsella, d. Jan. 10

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

D. J. Cameron, d. Dec. 16

CHATHAM, ONT.

Patrick O'Flynn, d. Jan. 15
 Mrs. O'Flynn, d. Dec. 18
 Mrs. Reaume, d. Jan. 1

CHESTERVILLE.

Mrs. M. Moore, d. Jan. 21

CORNWALL.

Miss Ida McDonald, d. Jan. 23
 Patrick McDonald, d. Jan. 23

DETROIT, MICH.

Mrs. Duffy, d. Dec. 7
 James McElroy, d. Dec. 20
 Anthony Valentine, d. Jan. 10

EGANVILLE, ONT.

Mrs. A. Patterson, d. in Jan.
 Mrs. T. Murphy, d. Jan. 20
 Mrs. M. Furlong, d. Jan. 22

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Mrs. J. McDonald, d. Jan. 27

FREELTON.

Miss Tessie O'Connor, d. Jan. 22

FORT ERIE.

Mrs. Sheridan, d. Jan. 9

HALIFAX, N. S.

James Gilday, d. Jan. 28
 Cecilia Kavanagh, d. Jan. 13

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Johanna Holleran, d. Jan. 4
 W. Ishann, d. Jan. 2
 John McCarthy, d. Jan. 11
 Mrs. Johnson Hayes, d. in Jan.

HASTINGS, ONT.

James Shehan, d. Jan. 6

HUNTLEY.

Thomas Kelly, d. Jan. 4
 James Kelly, d. Jan. 20
 William Kelly, d. Jan. 30

KINGSTON.

Mrs. Hurst, d. Dec. 31
 Elizabeth McKillop, d. recently

- Maggie Phillips, d. recently
Mrs. Mitchell, d. in Dec.
- KINKORA, P. E. I.
Theresa Hughes, d. July 29
Patrick W. McCarvell, d. Sept. 24
- LONDON, ONT.
Patrick Mulligan, d. Aug. 2
- MAIDSTONE.
Mrs. Ellen Halford, d. Jan. 3
Mrs. Fox, d. in Dec.
- MONTREAL.
Mrs. Thomas Bridges.
Mrs. Thos. Chambers, d. Aug. 4
Mrs. Thos. Tisdale, d. Jan. 3
Mrs. Hurley, d. recently
Mrs. Joseph O'Dowd
Mrs. James O'Hara
Mrs. Carroll
Charles Jones
Robert Doherty, d. Feb. 6
Mr. Norbert Lariver, d. Dec. 30
Miss Dunning, d. Jan. 27
- NAPANEE.
Miss Mary Ann Blewett, d. Jan. 24
- NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Mrs. John Hayden, d. Jan. 16
Mrs. James Wheeler, d. Jan. 26
- NEW HAMBURG.
Miss C. Skelly, d. Jan. 24
- NIAGARA FALLS.
Mr. Anthony Casey, d. Jan. 13
- ORILLIA.
Mrs. John Regan, d. recently
Miss Bella Donnelly, d. recently
- OTTAWA.
Mrs. John Martin, d. Jan. 24
Mrs. Moran, d. recently
Katherine Clancy, d. in Jan.
Mrs. J. A. MacCabe, d. Dec. 10
- PARIS, ONT.
Miss E. McAdam, d. Dec. 27
- PEAKE'S STATION.
William McLaughlin, d. Jan. 6
- PORT HAWKESBURY, N.S.
Mrs. John McIntyre, d. Jan. 16
- QUEBEC.
Francis O'Toole, d. Jan. 21
Miss Mary Cosgrove, d. in Jan.
Mrs. Maurice Enright, d. Jan. 23
Miss Lizzie White, d. Jan. 28
Mrs. M. Birmingham, d. Jan. 27
- ROCKLAND, ONT.
Mrs. Thos. Tommy, d. in June
- SEAFORTH.
J. W. Jones, d. Dec. 6
- SUMMERVILLE, P. E. I.
Mary Doyle, d. Ap. 20
Mrs. James Walsh, d. Dec. 7
- ST. ANDREW'S WEST.
Mrs. Patrick Glancy, d. Nov. 6
Mrs. Duncan McGuire, d. Jan. 13
- ST. JOHN, N. B.
Rose Harrity, d. Dec. 27
Thomas Lloyd, d. Dec. 18
Patrick Coughlin, d. Dec. 20
Ellen McCluskey, d. Dec. 15
John R. Kickham, d. Dec. 22
Miss Julia Hampton, d. Nov. 12
Mrs. Catherine Caples, d. Jan. 16
- ST. MARK'S, P. E. I.
Margaret O'Sullivan, d. Jan. 30
- ST. SYLVESTER, P. Q.
Joseph McCloskey, d. Dec. 21
Thos. Pageot, d. Feb. 3
Etienne Gilbert, d. Jan. 26
- TORONTO, ONT.
Miss Katie O'Neil, d. in Jan.
Mrs. B. McCrone, d. Jan. 23
Bertie Smith, d. Jan. 4
Charles Nichols, d. Dec. 21
Mary Carroll, d. in Dec.
John Kennedy, d. Jan. 23
- TORONTO JUNCTION.
Catharine Gibson, d. Nov. 7
- WALKERVILLE, ONT.
Mrs. Jacob Bondes, d. Jan. 29
Richard H. Ryan, d. Oct. 29
- WYTHEVILLE, Va.



Thanksgivings

The extracts published here have been received during the past month in *bona fide* letters of thanksgiving. The Editor does not vouch for anything more.

ALEXANDRIA, ONT. — For having heard from an absent brother.

BROCKVILLE, ONT. — For success in business during the year.

CORNWALL. — For having heard from a member long absent. For a successful sale of property.

DARTMOUTH, N. S. — For the obtaining of work, through the intercession of the Sacred Heart,

DEBEC, N. B. — For a favor, after prayers to the Sacred Heart and Blessed Virgin.

FREDERICTON, N. B. — For one spiritual, two temporal and seventeen various favors.

GUELPH. — For recovery, after a critical operation.

HAMILTON. — For recovery of a sick child, after prayers to Sacred Heart and application of the badge, with promise to publish.

LONDON, ONT. — For the preservation of a sister from typhoid fever. For receiving good news from an absent brother.

MAIDSTONE, ONT. — For the cure of a young man afflicted for years.

MONTREAL. — For the cure of a severe ache, by saying a short prayer and promising to publish. For improvement in health of a sick brother.

OTTAWA. — For means obtained when very much needed.

PRESTON, ONT. — For a very great success in an undertaking, and other favors.

QUEBEC. — For recovery of a very dear relative, from severe illness, after praying to the Sacred Heart. For eleven other favors.

ST. MARY'S, N. B. — A High Mass of thanksgiving offered for a favor received, through the Sacred Heart.

TORONTO. — For a marvellous restoration to health, when doctor had given up hope.

VANCOUVER, B. C. — For recovery from severe illness, after promise to publish.

WINDSOR, ONT. — For the recovery of a child from illness.

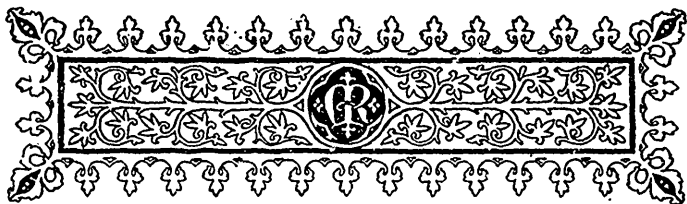
URGENT REQUESTS. — Alberton, Hastings, Montreal, Ottawa, Sudbury, Williamstown, Antigonish.

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING FOR *favors received* HAVE REACHED US FROM THE FOLLOWING CENTRES :

Alexandria.	Hastings.	Quebec.
Arnprior.	Huntley.	Renfrew.
Belle River.	Ingersoll.	Rockland.
Brockville.	Kingston.	Seaforth.
Cobourg.	Lindsay.	Sudbury.
Colgan.	London.	Summerside.
Cornwall.	Maidstone.	St. Andrew's West.
Dartmouth.	Montreal.	St. Brigide, P. Q.
Drayton.	Newcastle.	St. Catharines.
Freelton Centre.	Orillia.	Toronto (special).
Fort Erie.	Ottawa.	Vancouver.
Glen Robertson.	Paris.	Warkworth.
Guelph.	Penetanguishene.	Weiland.
Halifax.	Picton (special).	Williamstown.
Hamilton.	Port Colborne.	St. Mary's, Ont.
Haney, B. C.	Port Hawkesbury.	

TREASURY, FEBRUARY, 1900

Acts of charity	130,062	Pious reading	63,397
Acts of mortification	137,925	Masses celebrated	615
Beads	245,975	Masses heard	81,791
Stations of the Cross	46,314	Works of zeal	45,140
Holy Communions	28,124	Various good works	283,896
Spiritual Communions	206,868	Prayers	618,907
Examens of conscience	66,831	Sufferings or afflictions	61,955
Hours of silence	196,146	Self-conquests	83,836
Charitable conversations	138,820	Visits to Bl. Sacrament	114,834
Hours of labor	295,723		
Holy Hours	16,790	Total	2,863,949



CANADIAN PILGRIMAGE TO PARAY- LE-MONIAL.

IN the General Intention developed elsewhere in the present number we set forth the motives for a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, during the coming summer. Since those pages were written a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, in whose diocese Paray is situated, has reached us, warmly inviting Canadian pilgrims to the City of the Sacred Heart. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has also given the project his heartiest approbation.

The spiritual direction of the pilgrimage has been placed in the hands of a Jesuit Father of Montreal, who will accompany the pilgrims. The pilgrimage will leave Canada about the beginning of June, in order to be at Paray for the feast of the Sacred Heart.

It will be hardly possible to make this trip to France and return in less than six weeks. Besides the visit to Paray-le-Monial, the Paris Exposition, Lourdes, London, will naturally take up some time. The tickets being good for one year, holders may prolong their stay in Europe.

As to expenses, we cannot give more than approximative figures until details of organization have been completed in Europe. These details are being looked after by an experienced gentleman, Mr. T. C. Rivet, who is now in Europe, and who has already conducted several pilgrimages to Lourdes and Rome. However, from information already received, we are assured that the expenses of the round trip will not exceed, for first class accommodation, \$220 to \$245, second class, \$190 to \$210.

All the expenses of the trip, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, etc., are comprised in these figures. The entire journey is mapped out, and inexperienced travellers will have nothing to do but to look after their baggage.

Further information about the pilgrimage may be had by addressing A. N. Rivet, Esq., M.D., 418 Rachel Street, Montreal, or Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., MESSENGER Office, Montreal.

Intentions for March 1900.

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

GENERAL INTENTION BLESSED BY THE POPE :

The International Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1.—Th. — BB. Michael and Comp., MM. hf. Zeal for the Faith. 13,872 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2.—F. — HOLY CROWN OF THORNS. at. cf. gf. Almsgiving. 6,537 In affliction.</p> <p>3.—S. — St. Cunegundes, V. Detachment. 30,112 Departed.</p> <p>4.—Sun. — St. Casimir, C. at. cf. gf. rf. Love of chastity. 16,354 Special.</p> <p>5.—M. BB. Paul and Comp., MM. Christian sympathy. 1,827 Communities.</p> <p>6.—Tu. — St. Colette, V. T. ue reform. 3,488 First Communions.</p> <p>7.—W. — St. Thomas Aquinas, D. ri. Truthfulness. 5,799 Sacred Heart Associates.</p> <p>8.—Th. — St John of God, C. hf. Charity. 5,373 Employment.</p> <p>9.—F. — HOLY LANCE AND NAILS. pf. Devotion to Angels. 5,259 Clergy.</p> <p>10.—S. — The 40 Martyrs of Sebaste, Courage in persecution. 27,664 Children.</p> <p>11.—Sun. — St Eulogius, M. Spirit of forgiveness. 41,200 Families.</p> <p>12.—M. — St. Gregory the Great. P. rf. Praise to God. 8,286 Perseverance.</p> <p>13.—Tu. — St. Euphrasia, V. Sacrifice. 6,261 Reconciliation.</p> <p>14. W. — BB Leonard and Comp., MM. Patience. 17,428 Spiritual graces.</p> <p>15.—Th. St. Longinus, M. hf. Repentance. 10,443 Temporal favours.</p> | <p>16.—F. — HOLY SHROUD. Pity for sinners. 14,549 Conversions to Faith.</p> <p>17.—S. — St. Patrick, Bp. Constancy in the Faith. 10,093 Youth.</p> <p>18.—Sun. — St. Alexander, Bp. M. Confidence in God. 2,655 Schools.</p> <p>19. M. St. JOSEPH. dt. gf. mf. nt. pf. Sanctify the home. 6,084 Sick.</p> <p>20. Tu. — St. Gabriel, Archangel. Uprightness. 1,992 In Retreat.</p> <p>21. W. St Benedict. Ab Love of prayer. 869 Works, Guilds.</p> <p>22. Th. St Cyril of Jesus, Bp. D. hf. Devotion to the Passion. 2,146 Parishes.</p> <p>23.—F. — The Five Holy Wounds. nt. Hope. 18,517 Sinners.</p> <p>24. S. St. Simeon, M. Edification. 12,542 Parents.</p> <p>25. Sun. — ANNUNCIATION B. M. dt. gf. mf. nt. rf. Humility. 6,260 Religious.</p> <p>26. M. — St Ludger, Bp. Liberty of spirit. 2,669 Novices, Ch. Students</p> <p>27.—Tu. — St. John Damascene, C. D. Retirement. 2,654 Superiors.</p> <p>28.—W. — St. John Capistran, C. Defence of the Faith. 7,859 Vocations.</p> <p>29.—Th. — St. Eustace, Ab. hf. Fidelity. League Promoters.</p> <p>30.—F. — MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD. nt. Silence. 14,334 Various.</p> <p>31.—S. — St. Daniel, Merchant. Purity. League Directors.</p> |
|--|--|

When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.

†=Plenary Indulg. ; a=1st Degree ; b=2nd Degree ; d=Apostolic Indulgences ; g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity ; h=Holy Hour ; m=Roma Mors ; n=Sodality of the Agonising Heart of J. ; p=Promoters ; r=Rosary Sodality ; s=Sodality B. V.

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