



# THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

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*In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.*

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## MESSENGER ITEMS.

**B**EFORE the issue of our next number, the old year will have drawn to a close and the New Year will have been ushered in. God knows how earnest is our wish that the coming twelve-month be one of real happiness for all the members of the League, and how we fervently pray that Christmas bring to their family circles the joys which the Sacred Heart of the Child Jesus reserves for His loved ones.



We beg all in turn to think of the Directors in their prayers. They have all many difficulties to contend with, and they need all the grace that the Sacred Heart may vouchsafe to give them through the prayers of the League.



As the month of the Sacred Heart is the auspicious time for the renewal of our devotion to that fountain of all blessings, so should the opening month of the New

Year be an occasion for Reverend Local Directors, Secretaries, Promoters and Associates to strengthen and perfect in every way the material organization of their respective branches.



It is on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, or during the octave, that Promoters, who have given proof of earnestness and persevering effort, should receive their Promoters' Crosses and Diplomas, and make their consecration. It is becoming that the conferring of their Crosses and Diplomas be accompanied with as much outward solemnity as circumstances of time and place permit.



These well deserving functionaries should not have to wait more than six months for their Diplomas and Crosses, save when very exceptional and serious difficulties prevent their receiving them sooner.



In view of the coming receptions, we beg Reverend Local Directors to make application in season for what they require, and to do so personally or through their Secretaries. The names of the intended recipients should accompany in every instance such application.



Isolated Promoters, who reside in places where the League is not established, may apply directly to the Head Director. In no other case are Crosses sent at the request of individual Promoters.



New Promoters are expected to defray the expense of their Crosses, and to remit to the Local Treasurer or Secretary-Treasurer the price of the kind they select. This is the general rule where the resources of local organizations do not admit of the gratuitous presentation of this badge of their office.

Those who have already been invested as Promoters should be present at the conferring of Crosses, and renew their consecration to the Sacred Heart. This renewal should take place even when no new Promoters are received.

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Naturally we desire to see the work so dear to the Heart of our Lord expand more and more; while our Associates, as well as ourselves, have, no doubt, at heart the interest of their official organ, the **CANADIAN MESSENGER**. After the efforts of zealous missionaries, it is through it especially that the work becomes known. Should they succeed in doubling its circulation, which is nigh on to eight thousand, they will contribute very materially to the general success of the work of the League.

### IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



**I**N this day, so dear to every Catholic heart we celebrate, in the first place, the moment in which Almighty God showed Mary, through the distance of ages, to our first parents as the Virgin, Mother of the Divine Redeemer, the woman destined to crush the head of the serpent.

And as by eternal decree she was miraculously exempt from all stain of original sin, and endowed with the richest treasures of grace and sanctity, it is meet that we should honor her glorious prerogatives by this special feast of the Immaculate Conception.

We should join in spirit with the blessed in heaven, and rejoice with our dear Mother, not only for her own sake, but for ours, her children, who are partakers of her glory and happiness.

Secondly, we are called upon to celebrate that ever-memorable day, the 8th of December, 1854, which raised the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady from a pious belief to the dignity of a dogma of the Infallible Church, causing universal joy amongst the faithful.

Let us repeat frequently these words applied by the Church to the Blessed Virgin:—

“Thou art all fair, O Mary! and there is not a spot in thee.”—Cant. 4, 7.



## OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Sweet Mother, Mistress of the Sacred Spring  
Whence flow abundant grace and every blessing,  
To thee our empty hearts we humbly bring,  
Their parching lips, their burning thirst confessing.  
First favored, Thou didst sip the generous flow  
That issued down the side of Calvary's mountain  
When Pilate's soldier dealt the inhuman blow,  
Which loosed the flood-gates of that Sacred Fountain.  
To thee, whilst standing, weeping, loving, there,  
The Keys of this unfailing Source were given ;  
The dying Master made this Fount Thy care ;  
Thou art its Guardian still, as Queen of Heaven.  
Dispenser of the riches of that Heart  
Whose life is love, whose only aspiration  
Is one of bounty, let us not depart  
Without, at least, one drop of consolation.

—*Sacred Heart Review*, Boston.



## GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER.

CATHOLIC POLAND.

**I**N his *Dawn*, Krasinski, the poet of Poland, thus dwells on the sufferings of his unfortunate country :

“ God willed nations to be : and in Thy grace are they begotten, O Jesus ! Deep in the bosom of each, an idea, emanating from Thee, takes life. 'Tis the warp whereon are interwoven their destinies.

“ Amongst them, some are appointed to defend the cause of heavenly truth and beauty ; ransoming a world's wickedness, set as a Gospel-like example, bearing along blood-drenched paths their mighty cross, through weary years, until they have inspired mankind, at the sight of their heroic struggle, with thoughts more God-like, with a charity more holy and with a wider-reaching brotherhood, as counter-change for the sword buried in their breast. Such is Thy Poland, O Christ ! ”

The history of Poland has been, in fact, for two centuries, a heart-rending but glorious martyrology. If the Catholic Poles are humanely treated by Austria, if, since Bismarck's downfall, their persecutors have relented in the Prussian Empire, they are still tormented and crushed with pitiless pertinacity in Russia.

Not a week passes but we hear of the civil authorities in Russian Poland issuing decrees in open violation of

the rights of the Church. Thus the governor of Kieff confiscates the temporalities of whole Catholic parishes just as it suits him, closes churches or turns them over to the Greek schismatics without the slightest consideration for the jurisdiction of Bishops or for ecclesiastical immunities. Nor does a day go by without the announcement of some Catholic priest or layman being banished to Siberia.

The other day, the *Croix*, a French Catholic paper, informed us that a subject which most painfully engrosses the attention of France is the fact that Russia, her ally, persists, on the one hand, in boldly endeavoring to deceive the Holy See, and on the other, in cruelly persecuting the Church in Catholic Poland.

To find a parallel to this truly hateful and atrocious persecution, we must go back to the time when Cromwell's soldiers held their revel of carnage in Ireland, or to the days when, in Japan, the last vestige of Christianity was wiped out amid streams of blood and the wailings of thousands. But since Ireland now breathes more freely, and missionaries are again at work successfully in Japan, should not these two instances inspire us with renewed confidence?

Yes; provided that on all sides we fervently and perseveringly besiege the Sacred Heart with our supplications for poor down-trodden Poland. The same Divine Heart which that dismembered kingdom ever held in veneration will surely open for it the flood-gates of Its mercy.

Let us conclude with the stirring words of Mgr. Pie: "A nation which a persecution of two centuries has not mastered, a nation whose faith is as proof against extermination as is its patriotism; is not such a nation manifestly fortified and sustained by a power from above? Nation of heroes and martyrs, ever racked and ever pre-

served, thou art embalmed, we might say, in thy own blood, and thy wounds exhale a sweet odor of vitality, 'the pledge of triumph.'

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 sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer : in particular for Catholic Poland. Amen.

“AGED ONE HOUR.”

A tiny bark from a hidden shore—  
No char, no helm, no sail, no oar—  
Drifting out on the unknown main,  
Only to sink from sight again.

A little life, so pure, so brief;  
One moan, and then a sweet relief;  
A shadow thrown on some hearth stone;  
A whispered prayer, “Thy will be done.”

GERTRUDE S. BOWEN.

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The first condition in the spiritual embellishing of a soul is perfect purity, or cleanness from whatever can be a blot or stain in it. A skillful statuary is careful, in the first place, that there be no irregularity or deformity in the piece which he is going to carve; and, if a house is to be put in order and adorned, to receive some guest of great distinction, the first thing is to remove all filth and whatever is offensive. Almighty God therefore was pleased to preserve His Virgin Mother from contracting any stain of sin, whether original or actual.



## CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

**T**HE Earth is so bleak and deserted,  
So cold the winds blow,  
That no bud or no blossom will venture  
To peep from below :  
But, longing for spring time, they nestle  
Deep under the snow.

O, in May how we honored Our Lady,  
Her own month of flowers !  
How happy we were with our garlands  
Through all the spring hours !  
All her shrines, in the church or the wayside,  
Were made into bowers.

And in August—her glorious Assumption ;  
What feast was so bright !  
What clusters of virginal lilies,  
So pure and so white !  
Why, the incense could scarce overpower  
Their perfume that night.



And through her dear feasts of October  
The roses bloomed still ;  
Our baskets were laden with flowers,  
Her vases to fill :  
Oleanders, geraniums, and myrtles  
We chose to our will.

And we know when the Purification,  
Her first feast, comes round,  
The early spring flowers, to greet it,  
Just opening are found ;  
And pure, white, and spotless, the snowdrop  
Will pierce the dark ground.

And now, in this dreary December,  
Our glad hearts are fain  
To see if Earth comes not to help us ;  
We seek all in vain :  
Not the tiniest blossom is coming  
Till spring breathes again.

And the bright feast of Christmas is dawning,  
And Mary is blest ;  
For now she will give us her Jesus,  
Our dearest, our best,  
And see where she stands, the Maid Mother,  
Her Babe on her breast !

And not one poor gariand to give her,  
And yet now, behold,                    *frincense*  
How the Kings bring their gifts—myrrh and  
And bars of pure gold :  
And the Shepherds have brought for the Baby  
Some lambs from their fold.

*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

He stretches His tiny hands towards us,  
 He brings us all grace;  
 And look at His Mother who holds Him,—  
 The smile on her face  
 Says they welcome the humblest gifts  
 In the manger we place.

[not :

Where love takes, let love give ; and so doubt  
 Love counts but the will,  
 And the heart has its flowers of devotion  
 No winter can chill ;                    [Christmas  
 They who cared for "good will " the first  
 Will care for it still.

In the Chaplet of Jesus and Mary,  
 From our hearts let us call,  
 At each *Ave Maria* we whisper,  
 A rosebud shall fall,  
 And at each *Gloria Patri* a lily,  
 The crown of them all !

ADELAIDE PROCTER.



## DEVOTION TO THE HEART OF JESUS.

**T**HE devotion to the Heart of Jesus has for its object not alone the visible representations of this Heart, nor simply the material Heart of the Saviour, but His Heart living and loving and experiencing in our behalf feelings and desires and repulsions. It is clear that the practice of the devotion must also not limit itself to a few exterior signs of homage, but it must lead us to enter into the feelings of the Heart of Jesus, to share in Its sympathies and antipathies, and to give our help to the triumph of Its interests by the means always in our power—the union of our prayers with Its prayers.

The triumph of the interests of the Sacred Heart would be fully realized at the "coming of His Kingdom," and for this every true lover of the Heart of Jesus must ever long and pray.

But his individual efforts would seem out of all proportion to the stupendous result he would bring about—the conversion of the world to its Saviour. What could he alone effect, isolated and lost among the millions who are intent on all else save the one thing necessary?

Hence to render his prayer efficacious, according to the teaching of our Lord Himself, he must seek out other souls as resolutely bent on perpetuating Christ's mission upon earth.

With them he forms a Holy Crusade, the Apostleship of Prayer, a League of the Heart of Jesus. Prayer then finds a power which the fervor of each individual Christian taken alone could never give it. This power comes from *association*. "I say to you, that if two of you shall consent upon earth, concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by my Father who is in heaven."

But such an association must have a bond of union. This league of prayer must have a leader. Who is capable of being the leader in a crusade undertaken for the salvation of the world? What is capable of being the bond of union among hearts united together in order to bring down grace by their prayers? Only the *Heart of Jesus*, Who without ceasing prays in the holy tabernacle that divine grace may come down to us from heaven.

Thus, *prayer*, as a universal means of action; *association* as a sovereign condition of the power of prayer; *union with the Heart of Jesus*, as the fountain-head of life in association: these are the elements to which such an apostleship must owe its strength.

The work of the Apostleship itself is nothing else than the putting in practice of the words of the Apostle:

"I desire therefore first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men;

"For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour;

"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth:

"For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men, the Man Christ Jesus;

"Who gave Himself a redemption for all."—*I Tim. ii. 1-6.*

What is this St. Paul asks so urgently from the first faithful, and in their person from all future Christians? Prayers for the salvation of all men. And does he ask that such prayers shall be offered up to God by individuals separately? No, they are to be the prayers offered by all in common, prayers sent forth from the hearts of all, uttered by the lips of all, and mounting up to heaven like those vapors which rise together from every point of ocean, to shower down fertility on the dried-up fields of earth.

But again, is the prayer of all in common to be merely human prayer? No, it is to be prayer offered through the only Mediator of God and men, it is to become divine by passing through His Heart. These are the desires of the Apostle. The Apostleship of Prayer is but the realizing of these desires.

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## JUBILEE ALBUM.

We invite Reverend Directors and Secretaries to bear in mind what the *Messenger Items* of last month contained with reference to the *Jubilee Album*. The special forms will be mailed about the 15th December to those who ask for them. With them will be sent envelopes of a proper size, so that, when returned, they may not be creased by folding.

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The prayers of the Associates are requested for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. John Whelan, of Montreal.

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## THE O'BRIENS' CHRISTMAS.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

**A**BOUT half a mile from the race-course on the Epsom Downs, in a little hollow at the foot of the hill, are two neat-looking, well-built, red-brick cottages. They are the property of a wealthy farmer named Dobson, and are tenanted by laborers who work upon his farm.

In the first of these houses lives a man called Tim O'Brien, with his young wife and six small children—Patsy, Maura, Bridget, Ebba, Keviu, and the baby aged four months, who have all faces as purely Irish in feature and expression as if they had been born in Kerry instead of in the county of Surrey.

Their father and mother are hardworking and industrious; but the wages of a laborer are not high, and to keep six little bodies warmly clad and six little mouths well filled on nineteen shillings a week is a difficult task enough. But Mrs. O'Brien has a cheerful heart; and after the very hard times she had been accustomed to during her own childhood in Ireland, she considered herself fortunate in being able to keep her children so free from want and discomfort.

"For sure," she would say to her next-door neighbor, "it's little ye know about poverty over here. Why, the

poorest of ye is rich compared to the creatures over in Kerry beyant, who are contint and happy if they can pay the bit of rint an' stick to their patch of land. Sure, they're used to being hungry over there, God help thim.'

Still, when Patsy gets a situation as helper in the garden at York Park, and receives six shillings a week, which he runs to place at his mother's disposal, the good woman is vastly pleased, and thinks gladly of all the little luxuries this will provide for the family.

The following winter a great 'trouble fell upon the O'Briens. Their father, after a long day's work in a steady downpour of rain, caught cold, and for several weeks lay upon his bed, very ill indeed. For two long weary months he was confined to the house, and the loss of his wages and the expense of his illness brought the little family to the verge of starvation.

"We're not so bad as many in Ireland yet," Mrs. O'Brien would say with a brave attempt at a smile, "for, sure, we have had no rint to pay all this time. And, plaze God, Tim'll be at work after Christmas."

And the good woman was right. On Christmas Eve Tim said he felt as strong as ever, and that Dobson would allow him to return to his work the following week.

"It's been a hard time for you, Nora darlin'," he said sadly, "hard for you and the children; an' I'm grieved to think they'll have nothin' a bit nice for dinner tomorrow—an' it Christmas Day."

"They won't complain, Tim, nor will I. Sure, to see you well and able to work is better nor fifty good dinners. Glory be to God, sure there's nothin' so valuable as health."

"True for ye, alanna. But what's come to the children? Look at them runnin' down the road. They're terrible excited."

Mrs. O'Brien went to the door, and in a moment the five little ones, with Patsy at their head, tumbled pell-mell up the garden path, their cheeks glowing, their eyes sparkling.

"Steady, Bridget, Maura, you'll let Kevin fall. Patsy, asthore, take care of Ebba," cried the mother. "Sure, it's well the baby's safe in her cradle. But what's the matter, me darlins?"

We've got such a treat for you and father, and all," laughed Patsy laying a parcel he was carrying down upon the kitchen table. "See, mammy, isn't it fine?" And pulling away a sheet of newspaper, he uncovered a large succulent leg of mutton.

Mrs. O'Brien, her husband, and children crowded round and looked at it in astonishment.

"Ha, ha, mammy, isn't master good? He got two whole sheep and cut them up, and gave a piece to every man and boy about the place."

"God bless him," she answered, with tears in her eyes. "God bless him and his, and keep them prosperous."

Next morning the O'Briens were early astir, and as soon as breakfast was over the father and mother took Patsy and Bridget by the hand, and set out to walk across the Downs to the chapel, which was some three miles away.

Maura was left behind to look after the baby and the other little ones. They could not all leave the house at once, so they took it in turns to go to Mass and stay at home.

At last the little party is seen returning, and as they enter, Maura dances joyfully up and down the room. "There is such a good fire, mammy," she cries. "And see, here are five eggs that my dear old hen has laid. I've saved them all for to-day. And here is flour and milk



that we bought yesterday with money Patsy got for holdin' a gentlemans horse at the Park."

"Flour and eggs and milk," said Mrs. O'Brien, laughing; "what a feast! I'll make some pancakes, asthore. An' when our leg of mutton is cooked, we'll have the best Christmas dinner we've had for many a year."

"There's nothin' better than hot pancakes," cried Patsy. "But don't be long, mother, for the walk across the Downs has given us all an appetite. Eh, father?"

So the cloth was laid, and as soon as the leg of mutton was thoroughly done, Mrs. O'Brien placed it on the table, and the little family sat down to enjoy it with thankful hearts.

"I declare, mammy, it's snowin' hard an' fast," cried Patsy, as, having finished his dinner, he went over to the window. "Isn't it lucky we got in to Mass and back before that came on?"

"Indeed it is. For sure that wind is cold and cuttin'. God help anyone that's out in such a snowstorm."

"It's cold," said Ebba, decidedly. "I don't like snow, it makes me shiver," and she nestled closer to her mother, who sat nursing baby by the fire.

"It'll be a splendid day to make pancakes," cried Maura, as she helped her mother to put away the dinner things. "I'm longin' to be at them, mammy. When shall we begin?"

In a couple of hours, darlin'. But sure it'll be a long time afore you're hungry again, after such a dinner. Why, I declare, there's scarcely a bit of mutton left. Look, Tim, didn't we eat with a will?"

"Seven hungry people will soon make a leg of mutton look silly," he answered, laughing. "But be quick, Nora, and sit down, for Patsy's going to read us a bit out of a little book he got from Father Tom, beyant, telling the story of our Lord's birth and life."

"I'm comin', Tim. An' sure that same'll be a rare treat," she replied, and in a few moments tidied up the kitchen. She and Maura took their seats beside the fire.

The boy opened the book and began to read.

The twilight came on, and very soon the winter's day drew to a close, and when Patsy's sharp eyes could no longer distinguish the words upon the page, Maura stole her hand into her mother's, whispering :

"Now, mammy, let's make the pancakes."

"Yes, darliu'," she answered, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the fire. "Yes, presently. How beautiful that is, Tim. But how sad to think of our Biessed Lord an' His Holy Mother out in the cold—may be in cold like it is to-night on the Downs. What a shame none of those people would take them in."

"They were Jews!" exclaimed Patsy, contemptuously ; "hard, cruel Jews."

"Well," said Tim, sadly, "it's a story that's bein' repeated often in our own times by Christians. An' there's many an excuse to be offered—for, sure, who would take in wanderin' people they didn't know? An' remember, no one knew the Blessed Virgin nor St. Joseph."

"No matter," cried the kind-hearted woman, warmly, "they ought to have let them in. I'd never refuse the poorest creature a bed on such a night, if I'd one to spare."

"Well, well, it's hard to say what we'd have done. But now, what about those pancakes? The children'll soon be wantin' their tea."

"Not to mention the father," she replied, laughing. "Oh, Tim, Tim, ye always had a sweet tooth."

"So I have. An' sure there's nothin' I like better nor a pancake. So now, *cushla machree*, set to work if ye plaze."

"I'll not be long." And springing to her feet, Mrs. O'Brien tied a large apron over her Sunday gown, and

gathering flour, milk, sugar, eggs and butter around her, was about to begin her work, when a loud knock at the outer door startled her, and she dropped upon the floor the spoon she held.

"God save us, what's that? Patsy, go and see who's there."

Patsy opened the door, and the wind rushed into the house, carrying with it a quantity of snow, and blowing everything about in wild disorder.

"Be quick, Patsy. Shut the door at once," cried his father. "If it's anyone with a message, let him stand inside."

Patsy came into the kitchen, a look of annoyance on his face.

"Well, what is it?"

"Mammy, it's some tramps—a poor old man, a young woman and a baby."

His mother started. The color left her cheek.

"Where are they? You did not shut them out, I hope?"

"No. They are there."

"Bring them in. The fire is warm."

Patsy looked at her appealingly. Why should these strangers come in? Why should they occupy the family seats around the fire?

His mother saw what was passing in his mind.

"Remember the Jews," she whispered. "You would not act like them?"

"No," he sighed, "but I wish they had stayed away;" and going to the door, he told the poor wanderers to come in and warm themselves.

Shaking their snow-covered garments, and rubbing their feet upon the floor, the strangers followed the boy into the room.

"God bless you for your kindness," said the man, who was old and feeble. "It's a terrible night, and if you had not taken us in we'd surely have died on the road. We'd never have reached Epsom alive. Peggy and the child are nearly exhausted. She from grief, poor soul, as well as cold and hunger, for her husband's dead only three weeks to-day."

"God be merciful to him," said Mrs. O'Brien reverently. "An' sure it's no wonder you'd be both cold and hungry. It's dreadful weather to be out on the tramp. She's faint, poor creature. Tim, put on the milk there an' warm it. That will be the best thing for mother and child." And taking the baby from the mother's arms, she removed its wet clothes, and dressed it in garments belonging to her own little one.

As their father took the milk and poured it into the saucepan, according to his wife's directions, the five small O'Briens grew very red; their eyes filled with tears, and gazing at him they cried in tones of anguish:

"Paucaques without milk! O father, what shall we do?"

"Ask your mother," he said. "But remember, you must be good and do what she tells you."

"It's horrible," cried Patsy. "I was just longing for a pancake."

"It's too bad," muttered Maura, and she stamped her little foot. "They have no right to our milk."

"It's too, too unkind," sobbed Kevin and Ebba and Bridget in a chorus. "We wish they had stayed away."

"And now you must eat an egg and some bread," they heard their mother say, as the half-starved creatures revived under the influence of the hot milk. "There's nothing like a fresh egg; an' sure it's real lucky we have these in the house, for——" Then catching sight of the

five unhappy, disappointed faces, she paused, and sitting down upon a chair at the far end of the kitchen, she drew the children round her knee.

"Darlins," she whispered in a voice full of tender compassion, "you are sorry, I see, an' even a bit angry at losin' yer pancakes."

The children bowed their heads, and their tears began to flow.

"But supposin' it was our Loly Mother, St. Joseph and our dear Lord Himself that came into us this evenin', hungry and cold, what would you do for them?"

"Give them all we had," said Patsy and Maura in a breath.

"Well, then, let us do the same for these poor people whom our Lord loves. For His sake, for the love of Him, let us give them what we can. We are not hungry—they are. Au'sure what's a pancake after all? But still, the eggs are yours. What will you do?"

For a moment no one answered; then suddenly Maura flung her arms round her mother's neck. "Give the eggs an' all to the poor old man and his daughter, mammy."

"Yes," said Patsy slowly, "they want them badly—we don't."

"So they do—so they do," lisped the three little ones. "Pancakes would be nice; but the poor woman looks very hungry. We don't mind."

"God bless you." Mrs. O'Brien drew each curly head upon her breast, kissing the tear-stained faces tenderly. "This is a happy Christmas for us all, for it has shown me how good are your little hearts, and has taught you to make acts of self-denial."

After this the children hovered round their visitors, pressing them to eat their eggs and drink their milk.

Maura nursed the baby ; and at night gladly squeezed in with Bridget and Ebba in order that the tired strangers might sleep in her bed. The old man had a shake down by the kitchen fire, Patsy and Kevin giving up one of their blankets to keep him warm.

The next morning the strangers partook of the O'Briens' frugal breakfast, and when Patsy went off to his work, they bade them all an affectionate farewell, and trudged away down the road to Epsom.

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Five years have passed over in quick succession, and during that time everything has gone well with our friends in the little red-brick cottage. Tim has kept strong, and is one of the best and most regular laborers upon the farm. Patsy is still in the service of the master of York Park, and has great hopes of one day being gardener in the beautiful old grounds where he works. And Maura has grown tall, but has not yet left her mother's side, and helps to wash the baby, and keeps the cottage neat. Her ambition is to become a dress-maker, and her mother is anxious to help her if she can. But money is not plentiful, and to send her to London to learn her trade would cost more than she can ever hope to be able to gather together.

On Christmas Eve, Mrs. O'Brien sat by the fire, mending her husband's socks, whilst Maura, Bridget, Kevin and Ebba dusted the kitchen and stuck branches of holly and mistletoe behind the prints upon the walls and on the chimney-piece.

"It's going to be a cold winter, mammy," said Kevin, holding out a piece of holly ; "I never saw such a year for berries."

"May be so, dear ; but I never remember a winter so bad nor so cold as that one five years ago, when those poor people came in the snow and we gave them shelter."

"No," replied Maura. "I wonder what became of them?"

"God knows. Maybe they died of want, or maybe they're still beggin' through the streets of London. But see, there's the postman. Kevin, asthore, run out and see what he's got."

Kevin dashed down to the garden gate, and came back leaping and shouting, and holding a large blue envelope high above his head.

"A letter for Mrs. O'Brien. An' I declare, it hasn't got the Queen's head on the stamp, but a man's, mammy. What does that mean?"

"It's from America," she answered, turning it over cautiously. "Now, who can it be from?"

"Open it," said Kevin, laughing. "Staring at the envelope will never tell you what's inside."

"True for you. But it has me fairly puzzled."

Then, with trembling fingers, she broke the seal, and surrounded by five wondering children she began to read. Her eyes filled with tears as they fell upon the signature, and, suddenly dropping the paper, she clasped Maura to her breast.

"Darlin'," she cried, "let's thank God from the bottom of our hearts, for here's money that'll help us, an' sure you can go to London an' learn to be a fine dress-maker when ye plaze. O it's splendid! The likes was never heard of before."

"Money," Maura gasped. "O, mammy, has a fairy godmother made us rich?"

"No, darlin'; but that poor soul we helped—the creature you gave up your pancakes for. She has a grateful heart. The old man and that wee baby are dead, but she is doing well. So she sends us a two hundred dollar bill to buy Christmas boxes for us all."

So when Tim and Patsy returned from their work, they found the little household wild with excitement and delight. Such a sum of money was a fortune to them; and they felt as though they could never be poor any more.

And from that day they prospered. Maura got on well as a dressmaker; Bridget as a housemaid; and Patsy got his heart's desire, and became a gardener; whilst the little ones did well in their turns, growing up to be good and industrious, a credit to their father and mother.

Let those who are well-off and comfortable, though they may not be able to copy in every detail the good example of the O'Briens, remember the poor, and stretch out a helping hand to those who may be as cold and hungry as the old man and his half-starved daughter, when they craved admission at the red-brick cottage. Let them help them for the love of Jesus, and their reward will be great.

*C. T. S. Publication.*

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#### RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—St. Augustine's, Rustico, P.E.I.

OTTAWA.—St. Paul's, Plantagenet, Ont.

OTTAWA.—Visitation, Gracefield.

RIMOUSKI.—St. Patrick's, Douglastown, P.Q.





### A DESIRE.

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
When the star of the Lord shone bright !  
To have sheltered the holy wanderers  
On that blessed Christmas night ;  
To have kissed the tender wayworn feet  
Of the Mother undefiled,  
And with reverent wonder and deep delight,  
To have tended the Holy Child !

Hush ! such a glory was not for thee ;  
But that care may still be thine ;  
For are there not little ones still to aid  
For the sake of the Child divine ?  
Are there no wandering Pilgrims now,  
To thy heart and thy home to take ?  
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts  
You can comfort for Mary's sake ?

ADELAIDE PROCTER.



## AN APOSTLE OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

*(Concluded.)*



HE same round of exhausting toil in the Master's vineyard continued year after year, nor was the sameness often broken or results hastened by supernatural intervention, as was the case with the conversion of the Nepakis.

Father Labrosse's merits were being treasured up, and they were fast increasing with his laborious years, until his measure was full, and God called him to his reward.

On the 11th April, 1782, death came to release this noble and gentle spirit. Father La Brasse was buried, as latest research has shown, under the altar of the church at Tadousac, at which, during those long years, he had so frequently ministered. It is said that the pavement over the place of sepulture was marked by a cross, and that thither came the savages in numbers to pray. It is touchingly related that, landing in their canoes upon the shore, they threw themselves, face downwards, upon the spot where he lay who had been in life their truest friend. There they poured out their griefs and their miseries, and then bending their ear to the ground, they listened silently and patiently. They fancied that those ears, never deaf to their complaints on earth, would hear them now, would communicate them to the Great Spirit, and, perchance, out of the silence of the tomb, would answer them. A portion of the cedar coffin, in which Father

La Brosse was buried, found beneath the altar, is to be seen in the ancient church, with many other interesting relics, which the kind and courteous curé of Tadousac, Rev. M. Lemieux, is ever ready to exhibit to visitors. There is also a fragment of the missionary's scalp, a precious but mournful relic of him who once dominated by his energy and singleness of purpose the whole extent of these countries.

A beautiful legend exists concerning the time and manner of his death. If the simple record of fact, the burial certificate, announcing that he died at half past five in the afternoon fortified by the Sacraments of holy Church, contradicts the legendary account, it is, nevertheless, worthy of note.

The voice of tradition asserts that he died in the silence of midnight, at the hour foretold by himself, and that his death was announced in all the parishes where he had ever labored, by the tolling of the church bells. The legend tells that, having spent the evening with some of the officials of the post, more gay and light-hearted even than his wont, he arose at nine o'clock, and assuming a grave tone, declared that he desired to bid them farewell until eternity, for that at midnight he should be no more. He conjured them, despite wind or weather, guaranteeing the safety of any craft that should set out, to proceed to Ile aux Coudres, and bring thence the curé. M. Compain, to perform the funeral rites. His friends, while affecting to believe him in jest, were profoundly impressed by his tone. They watched until midnight, when they heard the sound of the bell. Going into the chapel, they found the gallant soldier of Christ upon the altar-steps, in an attitude of prayer, and, as he had predicted, lifeless.

Meantime the bells had borne the solemn message far unto the wilds of Chicoutimi and the shores of Lake

St. John, to distant Labrador, to the various parishes of the south shore, and to Ile aux Coudres, where M. Compain sat in his solitary presbytery. He heard, of a sudden, the sound of the bell tolling a funeral knell. And at the instant a voice sounded, at it were, in his ears, telling him that Father La Brosse was dead, and that on the morrow he must be in readiness, for that a canoe would come from Tadousac in which he must embark to give Christian burial to the venerated remains

The legend adds that wherever the bell was heard the people exclaimed, "Our good Father La Brosse is dead," for that he had promised to make known to them the time of his death.

There is something impressive in the silence and simplicity which actually accompanied that departure from earth, which these imaginative children of nature had striven to render so dramatic. In their eyes the accompaniments of mystery, of supernatural manifestations, of a prophetic spirit on the part of the dying man, were requisite to their full conception of a character which had been to them so grand and lofty, so sublimely heroic,—above all, so saint like.

Intuitively aware of the close and constant communion between this true servant of the Sacred Heart and his Master, they held it but natural that he should have had the power to foretell events, to communicate with the world upon which his thoughts were fixed, and to give by supernatural interposition a last proof of his devoted love for his scattered flock.

Whether, in truth, there was anything miraculous in the presence of M. Compain at the death-bed of his fellow-missionary, or whether any bells tolled in the quiet of the April afternoon, as the savages declared them to have done at midnight, must be left to conjecture. Assuredly the tradition, especially that which touches

the tolling of the bells, is very widespread, and has been handed down in various parts of the district of the Lower St. Lawrence from father to son.

Whilst the fame of his holy life has lingered in all the windings of this lovely and romantic region of which he was the devoted apostle, a new testimony to his exalted perfection was rendered, when, a few years ago, the clergy of the Archdiocese of Quebec caused a marble tablet to be placed in the old church at Tadousac. There it shall remain forever, the fitting sequel to his life-history. The following is a translation of the inscription thereupon:—

D. O. M.  
TO THE MEMORY  
of the  
REV. F. J. B. LA BROSSE,  
Last Jesuit Missionary at Tadousac,  
who died in odor of sanctity  
at the age of 58 years,  
and was buried in the chapel at Tadousac.  
APRIL 12th, 1782.

Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem.

*Rom. 10. 15.*

So the purple shadows of those lofty hills, which guard the Saguenay, fall about the ancient and now disused chapel of the Missionary of Holy Cross, where it stands, but a few yards from the shore, and the sea-mists enshroud it, and the dead lie buried beside it, resting solemnly in the peace of the little grave-yard, while it remains, more than aught else, a shrine, preserving the memory of the illustrious and saintly Jesuit, whose footsteps, upon the mountain tops, were beautiful, bringing good tidings.

A. T. SADLIER.



## UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.  
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 6.

FATHER AULNEAU TO FATHER FAYE, AT BORDEAUX.

(There is nothing of special interest in this letter. It is dated from Quebec, Oct. 29, 1734, and bears the following address:—

“ Au Révérend Père E. N. S.—Le Révérend Père Faye de la Compagnie de Jésus à la maison professe à Bordeaux.”)

No. 7.

*(Translation.)*

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO MADAME AULNEAU.

(Address:—A Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle de La Touche Aulneau—Aux Moutiers sur Le Hay.)

Mademoiselle,

Father Aulneau writes to you by the King's vessel homeward bound, and I have the honor of writing to you

by a merchantman, so that if news does not reach you by one way you may receive it by another. I have no doubt but that you are very anxious to have some news of a son whom you love so tenderly and with so much reason, so I look upon myself as favored to be able to gratify your wishes in this respect.

I promised to let you know, every year, all that I could learn, comforting or otherwise, about dear Father Aulneau. And to show you with what fidelity and sincerity I intend to acquit myself of my promise, I shall not conceal from you that the health of your dear son was a cause for us of great alarm from the moment we reached Quebec.

Our passage across was one of the longest and most calamitous that was ever made between France and Canada. A contagious sickness broke out on our ship and carried off twenty of our men. Nearly all went through the ordeal.

The great number of sick we had at once to care for afforded but too fine a field for Father Aulneau's zeal to allow of his caring for himself. He set no limit to his charity. He was forever at the bedside of the sick and dying, in the midst of vermin and infection, performing for them the most menial and loathsome services. God preserved his health during the voyage for the consolation of those on board. As soon as he landed he hurried off to visit the sick at the hospital. Fearing that by coming so often in contact with the sick he would himself contract the disease, Reverend Father Superior forbade him positively to set foot in the hospital.

But this prohibition came too late. He had given splendid proofs of his zeal, he must needs now give the same of his patience. He fell sick, and in less than a week he was on the verge of the grave. God, heeding our prayers, restored him; but our joy was but short-lived, for a

few days after he had a relapse which was as dangerous as the first attack, and made us tremble for his life. Thank God, our apprehension is over, and you could not tell now, even, that he had been sick.

He no longer sighs but for the toils of some painful mission. He will, however, pass the winter at Quebec, and will go among the Indians only after Easter.

As for me, who have not been sick, I shall set out at the first opportunity for a mission of twelve hundred Indians sixty-four leagues distant. As my virtue is not so robust, I am assigned to the easiest of all the missions. Father Aulneau, who is of sterner stuff, will not, to all appearances, fare as well. News from him, however, will always reach me wherever he goes, and you may rely on me to keep you informed.

Fear nothing for him, God watches over him. We are in perfect security when we are sustained by so powerful a Master.

It is becoming bitingly cold, and I can scarcely hold my pen.

I recommend myself earnestly to your prayers, and I am with profound respect,

Mademoiselle, my very dear Mother,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

F. NAU,

Of the Society of Jesus.

QUEBEC, October 29, 1734.

I present my respects to Mousieur Paynot, and I beg him to remember me at the Holy Sacrifice.

No. 8.

FATHER H. FAYE, TO MADAME AULNEAU.

(A short note transmitting a letter from F. Nau to Reverend Father Provincial, dated Bordeaux, Jan. 11, 1735, and bearing the following address :—



A Madame—Madame la Veuve Aulneau—Aux Moutiers—Recommandé à M. le Directeur de la poste de Luçon—à Luçon, Bas Poitou.)

No. 9.

(*Translation.*)

Extract from a letter of:—

FATHER AULNEAU TO FATHER H. FAYE.

QUEBEC, April 25, 1735.

Reverend Father,—

The Peace of our Lord Jesus Christ—

I am happy to take advantage of the last moments I am to pass at Quebec to send you one more token of my respect and attachment, and to thank you beforehand for all the letters, news and whatever else I asked you to send me over from France. I suppose that my mother sent you the 100 francs, and that you were able, without putting yourself out too much, to make the purchase I had taken the liberty to trouble you with in my second letter. Should you not have been able to do so, I am not the less sensible of your kindness.

I am about to add twelve hundred leagues to the distance which already separates us. Reverend Father De Lauzon sends me off to discover other Indians whom not one of us has yet set eyes on, of whom we have heard only through the "Assiniboels" and "Cristinaux," and who dwell three hundred leagues beyond the two latter nations.

It will be among the last mentioned, however, that I shall pass the winter, nine hundred leagues from Quebec, as it will be impossible before then to push further into the heart of the country.

To the tribe which is to be the ultimate object of my mission, they have given the name of "Ouant Chipou-

anes"—that is, *those who dwell in holes*; until now, they have remained unknown to the rest of men. Thus, if our good God so wills it, and preserves my life, I shall be the first to bear to them the tidings of the Gospel.

You can easily imagine that I shall not be in a position to undertake with any hope of success, at the outset their instruction. I must first set about learning their language, and I have nothing which can be of any assistance to me in that study. It will only be by dint of frequent converse with them that I shall, with our Lord's help, manage little by little to compile grammars which may be of use to the missionaries who will come after me.

I have been commissioned to do the same for the language of the *Cristinaux* and *Assiniboels*, among whom the French have been but a short time, and who have scarcely ever heard mention made of Jesus Christ, for they have come in contact with but a few of the French, and these few have picked up here and there but a word or so of their language.

I am directed not to remain permanently with these tribes, because they rove about and have no fixed dwelling place. On the contrary, the *Quant Chipouanes*, if what is said of them be true, have permanent establishments, and consequently there is a better promise of doing good among them.

Such, Reverend Father, is the undertaking confided to my care. It is certainly beyond my strength and would call for a degree of virtue far higher than what I possess; for there I will be for at least three or four years without the least spiritual succor, and removed several hundred leagues from any other priest. You will not find it difficult to comprehend that it is the severest trial I could meet with in life. I confess that I can only look upon my destination with fear and trembling for my eternity.

What reassures me is that it is not through any choice of mine that I find myself thus exposed to so many dangers. I even did what I could to have another missionary appointed to accompany me. I succeeded to the extent of having one promised me, if they send one over from France, and some are expected this year.

Seven or eight of our missions had lately to be suppressed for want of evangelical laborers, and there are others where there is but one missionary, and one is not enough to work with fruit. When an occasion presents itself, plead hard, Reverend Father, in behalf of our missions, for though missionaries here do not find as much comfort and consolation as in many other countries, these are not wholly wanting, while they will find here more numerous occasions than elsewhere of suffering and of becoming more like their model, Jesus Christ crucified.

So true is this, Reverend Father, that the most of those of whom Providence makes use for the conversion of the poor savages are men in whom we see reproduced all that virtue and saintliness which the Society admires in the most holy of her children. I have met with them nearly all this winter, and the striking example they have given me of zeal, recollectedness, self-denial and interior union with God has, through our Lord's mercy, awakened in my heart a true and sincere desire to make every effort I can to imitate them.

Would that it were possible for me to make known to you all that has edified me in the lives of some of them, for I am sure you would be moved even to tears. I know one among others to whom I opened my heart and who honored me also with his confidence. I had occasion to admire all that I had heard and read of in the lives of the most eminent in sanctity in the Society.

We lost during the winter Father Guénier, of the Province of France. We still deplore his loss, and if the sanctity of his life did not inspire us with the utmost confidence that he is now engaged praying for us in heaven, we should give a freer vent to our tears.

He was a man of unwearied zeal and of great mortification and prayer. He had a most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and it might be said that it was in some sort his very devotedness to the Mother of God which was the cause of his death. Worn out with fatigue and labors, persuasion was used to induce him to take some rest and to intrust to another the duty of preaching on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. But he gave for reason of his persisting desire to preach that he believed that it would be the last sermon of his life, and that he would be happy before dying to give once more some further proof to the Blessed Virgin of his devotion and love.

I had the happiness of listening to him, two days after we landed, and it was one of the best delivered, beautiful and impressive sermons that I ever heard. It was indeed the last he preached, and during the short time he passed on earth after it, he set us the example of every kind of virtue.

It was my privilege to watch at his bedside for two nights during his last illness, and consequently to be witness of the admirable sentiments to which he gave expression. They were such, Reverend Father, that we read of in the lives of Saint Aloysius and Saint Stanislaus.

The whole country round mourned for him as for an apostle. During an entire day that he lay exposed after death, there was no one who did not come to bedew the coffin with his tears, or to beg him to be an intercessor in his behalf before God. Had a watch not been set, his clothes would have been cut up for relics. As it was, and

in spite of every precaution, this could not altogether be prevented, and he was shorn of nearly all his hair. We were obliged, willingly or not, to take everything he had ever made use of and distribute it among the people.

Pray God, Reverend Father, to grant me a death as precious in His sight as we have reason to believe was that of this saintly religious. I shall be exposed to many perils; raise your hands sometimes to Heaven to obtain for me all necessary grace to undergo the hardships which Providence may hold in reserve for me for my sanctification.

I remain, Reverend Father, with profound respect and in union with you at the Holy Sacrifice,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,

J. P. AULNEAU,

of the Society of Jesus.

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"All seem to be working very hard. I find a great improvement in the conduct of the pupils since they have commenced to work in earnest for the League."—*From the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, O.*

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## THE LEAGUE IN BRANTFORD.

We received last month too late for publication the following communication from the Secretary of the Men's Branch :—

The various branches of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart in Brantford are working earnestly, and there seems to be an ever-increasing interest manifested in whatever concerns the Association.

At the men's meeting on the 1st of May, Reverend Father Feeny, Director, announced that the total membership in the parish was nine hundred and eighty, and since that time a large number of new members have been enrolled.

This year, the Men's Branch held meetings on March 23rd, May 18th, June 29th, and will hold another at an early date. The attendance is from seventy-five to one hundred members, and is evidently on the increase.

After prayers and routine business, the Spiritual Director gives a short instruction ; then there are recitations, essays, and the "good of the League" engages for a time the attention of the members. Announcements follow, and the meeting finally closes with prayer. Part of the time of the last two meetings was taken up with the reading of an interesting paper, by a member, on the shrines of St. Ann, for which he received the thanks of the assembly. The election of officers took place at the last meeting.

The Holy League has proved a subject of great edification to the people of Brantford. Never before did such large numbers of men approach Holy Communion as were seen at the last Communions of reparation. The example set has inspired many to enroll themselves in this Association, which they feel sure will prove a source of lasting blessing to the parish.

## THE LEAGUE IN GUELPH.

On Friday evening, the 4th of November, at the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, a very pleasing ceremony was held, when eighteen new Promoters received the Cross and Diploma of the Holy League.

Before conferring the crosses upon the new Promoters, the Reverend Director preached a very instructive sermon on the League, dwelling particularly on the promises made to the Blessed Margaret Mary and the blessings to be derived by those promoting the devotion to His Sacred Heart.

After the sermon, those to be received went forward and knelt at the Altar railing, and recited aloud the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart.

The Crosses were then blessed and presented.

The ceremony was closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which the usual monthly meeting was held in the basement.

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## IN THANKSGIVING.

ALEXANDRIA.—A Promoter returns thanks for two temporal favors received. An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for a very great favor. An Associate offers thanks for a special favor granted. Another desires to publish, with thanks, the reception of a remarkable favor obtained for a friend in great affliction.

ASHLAND, Wis.—An Associate returns thanks through the MESSENGER for a favor received from the Sacred Heart.

BOBCAYGEON.—Special thanksgiving returned to the Sacred Heart for one very great spiritual favor and for a temporal favor. Promise was made to publish.

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

DARTMOUTH, N.S.—A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for several temporal favors. There was a promise to publish if granted.

GALT.—A member of the League thanks the Sacred Heart for a petition granted last spring. A person for whom prayers were requested last month is progressing favorably. The operation was successful, and he is now out of danger.

GLENNEVIS.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a brother, and asks for a mention of it in the MESSENGER.

HAMILTON.—Thanks are given to the Sacred Heart of our Lord for a recovery from illness and a position obtained by a promise to publish.

KENTVILLE.—According to promise, an Associate begs to gratefully acknowledge a temporal favor received after recommending it to the prayers of the League several times.

KINGSTON.—Thanksgiving for a man who had neglected his duties for several years. Thanks are returned for employment obtained for a brother, before a formal recommendation was sent, a few days only after the intention was made.

MONTREAL.—One thanks the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained in securing work. A Promoter tenders her sincere thanks to our dear Lord for having brought about peace between brothers who were at variance for years; also for a safe journey for four persons.



OAKVILLE.—Thanks are returned for one favor partially granted and for another obtained by a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

OTTAWA.—In fulfillment of a promise, a member records a favor received, and feels that she cannot be too thankful to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor, the second granted within a month.

QUEBEC.—A Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for the cure of a friend whose recovery was doubtful. Please return thanks for a temporal favor received after promise to publish.

RENFREW.—A lady wishes publicly to thank the Sacred Heart for the averting of impending misery and separation from her family. She had promised to make it known if she were favorably heard.

ST. CATHARINES.—An Associate wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great spiritual favor received.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.—A member of the League thanks the Sacred Heart. During a third novena the desired favor was granted when least expected and when on the verge of despondency. A promise was made to publish in the English and French MESSENGER.

SWANTON, Vt.—Thanks for particular favors, spiritual and temporal, granted to a member of St. Ann's School.

TRENTON.—A member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained by a promise to publish.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors both spiritual and temporal have been received from Alexandria, Almonte, Chatham, Diamond Harbor, Hamilton, Kingston, Moncton, Montreal, Oakville, Ottawa, Quebec, Renfrew, St. Catharines, Toronto and Woodslee.



## FROM THE PLENARY COUNCIL PASTORAL.

**L**ET us beg, Christian parents, your earnest consideration of this important truth, that upon you, singly and individually, must practically depend the solution of the question, whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly has the providential mission of the press been dwelt upon by popes and prelates and distinguished Catholic writers, and so assiduously have their utterances been quoted and re-quoted everywhere, that no one certainly stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. But all this will be only words in the air, unless it can be brought home to each parent and made practical in each household. If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information they impart, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain to its rightful development and to accomplish its destined mission. But choose a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying; not one that would be, while Catholic in name or pretense, un-Catholic in tone and spirit, disrespectful to constituted authority, or biting and uncharitable to Catholic brethren.

Beloved brethren, a great social revolution is sweeping over the world. Its purpose, hidden or avowed, is to dethrone Christ and religion. The ripples of the movement have been observed in our country; God grant its tidal wave may not break over us. Upon you, Christian parents, it mainly depends whether it shall or not; for such as our homes are, such shall our people be.

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### THE STATUE AT OWEN SOUND.

The ceremony of unveiling and blessing of the beautiful new statue of the Sacred Heart took place on Sunday, November 6th, at the eight o'clock Mass. Reverend Father Kelley conducted the ceremony, assisted by Father Grannotier. The members of the League are especially grateful to the generous donor, and if their prayers do not draw down on him God's blessings in this world, the Sacred Heart will be his exceeding recompense in the next.

The statue, it is needless to say, excites general admiration, and will inspire all the faithful of the parish with an increase of devotion to the Heart of our Divine Lord.

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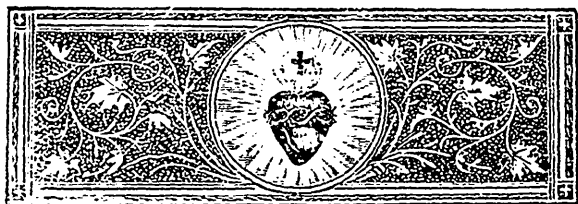
## INTENTIONS FOR DECEMBER

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

- 1.—Th.—*Bl. Edmund Campion, S. J.*, ht. Prayer for souls. 2,357 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—F.—*St. Bibiana, V.M.*, at. tg. Make a Communion of Reparation. 14,118 In affliction.
- 3.—S.—*St. Francis Xavier, S. J.* Zeal for souls. 10,228 Deceased Associates.
- 4.—S.—*St. Barbara, V.M.* at. gt. rt. Ask the grace of a happy death. 14,316 Special.
- 5.—M.—*St. Peter Chrysologus, Bp. D.* Pray for the dying. 2,840 Communities.
- 6.—Tu.—*St. Nicholas, Bp. C.* Charity for the poor. 12,672 1st Communions.
- 7.—W.—*St. Ambrose, Bp. D.* Spirit of gratitude. 35,058 Departed.
- 8.—Th.—IMMAC. CONCEPTION, at. bt. gt. ht. mt. rt. st. Love our Lady. 10,486 Employment.
- 9.—F.—*Bl. Peter Furrier, P.P.* Confidence in prayer. 2,864 Clergy.
- 10.—S.—*Holy House of Loretto*. Imitate the Holy Family. 76,493 Children.
- 11.—S.—*St. Damasus, P.* Devotion to the Saints. 19,555 Families.
- 12.—M.—*St. Adelaide, Emp.* Seek Mary's Help. 24,828 Perseverance.
- 13.—Tu.—*St. Lucy, V.M.* pt. Cleanness of heart. 8,441 Reconciliations.
- 14.—W.—*St. Spiridion, Bp.* Respect God's priests. 25,169 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—Th.—*St. Christina, V.* ht. Good example. 19,870 Temporal favors.
- 16.—F.—*St. Eusebins, Bp. M.* Patience. 18,592 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—S.—*St. Lazarus, Bp.* Sincere contrition. 17,023 Youth.
- 18.—S.—*St. Gatian.* Persevering zeal. 5,839 Schools.
- 19.—M.—EXPECTATION, B. V. M. Trust in our Lady. 13,241 Sick.
- 20.—Tu.—*St. Dominic, Bp.* Shun singularity. 88 Missions.
- 21.—W.—*St. Thomas, Ap.*, bt. mt. Fervent love of our Lord. 174 Work-guilds.
- 22.—Th.—*St. Flavian, M.*, ht. The morning offering. 1,637 Parishes.
- 23.—F.—*St. Victoria, V.M.* Show mercy. 27,101 Sinners.
- 24.—S.—*St. Delphinus, B.* Humility of heart. 20,810 Parents.
- 25.—S.—CHRISTMAS, at. bt. gt. mt. rt. st. Love the Infant Jesus. 6,028 Religious.
- 26.—M.—*St. Stephen, 1st. M.* Forgive enemies. 1,501 Novices.
- 27.—Tu.—*St. John, Ap.* bt. mt. pt. Personal love of our Lord. 2,286 Superiors.
- 28.—W.—*Holy Innocents, M.M.* Purity of heart. 21,700 Vocations.
- 29.—Th.—*St. Thomas Becket, M.* ht. Defend God's cause. 7,602 Promoters.
- 30.—F.—*St. Sibus, M.* Devoted love of the Sacred Heart. 22,271 Various.
- 31.—S.—*St. Sylvester, P. C.* Sorrow for sins, gratitude for graces. The Directors.

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

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



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