



# THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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

---

---

VOL. III.

MAY, 1893.

No. 5.

---

---

## GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY.

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

### CONVERSION OF HERETICS AND UNBELIEVERS.

To understand fully how great an evil heresy or unbelief is, we should first consider, in the light of heaven, what an incomparable boon our faith is, especially that lively faith which it is in the power of every child of the Church to render more intense within him. We should also in some degree have experienced the consolations of hope, or we should have at least some idea of how far-reaching it is, how potent, since it inspires the Christian, exposed to endless trials and afflictions, with so much true joy, security and strength.

How sad must not be the lot of all those to whom the nestimable advantages which go hand in hand with faith and hope are unknown! And yet, while we are in possession of them, whole nations are shut out from their enjoyment; and though the light of truth has been shining

upon the world for nigh two thousand years, they still are groping in the shadow of heresy or unbelief. It is for this reason we feel that it is a duty to pray unceasingly for their conversion.

And here, it would be well to remark, that under that general term of *unbeliever* those persons should be classed, who, having lost faith in the supernatural, have not retained even as things to be believed by human faith any portion of those great truths of religion so salutary and so necessary for fallen humanity.

The present would seem to be a favorable time to pray for those outside the pale of the Church. How many earnest young men do we not meet with every day, who have been baptized, and who consequently bear on their souls the indelible imprint of the sacrament, and who, not being in possession of the truth, are urged on by a mysterious power within them to strive after a something to them unknown, and after which their hearts yearn? They are eager to believe and eager to hope. They have no peace of mind, for they feel the need of basing their actions on some tangible belief.

How many are there not of this class who would be far better Catholics than many among us, had God vouchsafed to them but one-half the opportunities He has given to us! How they would appreciate, after so many restless years, the happiness of feeling that their mind was at rest in the possession of truth beyond doubt or question! How consoling they would find the practice of religion and the frequentation of the Sacraments! And to think that that grace of conversion, at least for some among them, depends upon our prayers!

Would we understand fully how urgent the case is, and how indispensable it is for us to hasten, were it but by a day, the conversion of unbelievers of every shade, we must learn to look out beyond our own circumscribed

horizon, and consider the deplorable state of other civilized countries. There the peril is becoming more imminent from day to day, the pernicious formulas of Socialism are accepted by the masses ; the laboring classes, which form the great bulk of the population in every country, are awaiting but the signal of their leaders, and this will be followed by an upheaval which will shake the very basis of society. Far-seeing men, even unfriendly to the Church, are beginning to acknowledge that the sole and sovereign remedy for the evil is a return full and entire to the saving principles of Catholicism.

Were Europe and America now thoroughly Catholic, would it be too much to say that, in all probability, the whole world would soon acknowledge the benign sway of the Church ?

Can we conceive anything which would render us more agreeable in the sight of God than that, becoming for others the heralds of faith, we should lead them back into the fold over which Jesus Christ presides as the Divine Shepherd ? Powerless alone, our united prayers can compass this glorious end, and it is for this that we are to pray with more than usual fervor during the month consecrated to the devotion of the Mother of God.

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 of all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer ; in particular for the conversion of heretics and unbelievers.—Amen.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



HERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
 In the shelter of the fold,  
 But one was out on the hills away,  
 Far off from the gates of gold ;  
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

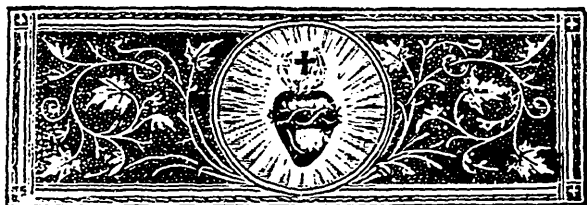
“ Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine ;  
 Are they not enough for Thee ? ”  
 But the Shepherd made answer : “ This of Mine  
 Has wandered away from Me ;  
 And although the road be rough and steep,  
 I go to the desert to find My sheep. ”

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
 How deep were the waters crossed ;  
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed  
 through  
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
 Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

“ Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
 That mark out the mountain's track ? ”  
 “ They were shed for the one who had gone astray  
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back. ”  
 “ Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn ? ”  
 “ They are pierced to-night by many a thorn. ”

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
 “ Rejoice ! I have found My sheep ! ”  
 And the angels echoed around the throne,  
 “ Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own ! ”

ANON.



## DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART

AT CHATHAM, N.B.

In 1886, one of the Sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu, at that time superior at Chatham, N.B., an earnest promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, solicited and obtained the canonical erection of the Confraternity of the Guard of Honor for her community, not only for the spiritual advantage of the religious, but also for all secular persons who might desire to be enrolled.

This association, which now claims at Chatham about eight hundred members, has complied with all the necessary formalities, and is regularly constituted. One of the reverend gentlemen of the Bishopric is director, and two of the religious are the leading promoters. There are, moreover, in each of the town wards two other promoters, whose business it is to visit the sick and to look after their wants temporal and spiritual.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that at Chatham, as in all other places where the devotion to the Sacred Heart flourishes, the first Friday of the month is a recollection day. The reverend sister, who was kind enough to send this account, ventures the statement that on that day the affluence in the church is nearly as great as on the principal feasts of the year. The Communion of Atonement is a general practice, and the novena of communions on the First Friday is a special feature of the devotion to the

Sacred Heart among the Associates at Chatham. On that day there is always Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Associates assemble on the last Sunday of every month in one of the class-rooms of the convent. This meeting is opened with a hymn followed by a short exhortation, after which the badges are blessed, the intentions read, the monthly tickets drawn by lot, new members enrolled and the MESSENGER distributed.

The litany of the Sacred Heart and the chanting of the *Laudate* bring to a close these meetings which stimulate the zeal and keep alive the fervor of the Associates.

These few details may suffice to give an idea of the progress of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in this part of New Brunswick. But would it not be well to put on record here some of the cures attributed to the Divine Heart of our Lord, which, never allowing itself to be outdone in generosity, seems to delight in recompensing in a sensible manner the faith and confidence of this simple people? Among these cures there were three more striking than the others:—

A young girl was subject to frequent hemorrhages of the lungs. At each recurrence she was in immediate danger of death. One day when the bleeding commenced, she found herself alone with no one within hearing to assist her. Not knowing what to do, for the doctor had forbidden her to move when the hemorrhage came on lest it might increase the flow of blood, she took the medal of the Archconfraternity which she wore round her neck, and put it in her mouth. The bleeding ceased on a sudden, and since then has given her no further trouble.

The second case is that of a little boy, who was growing weaker from repeated and profuse bleeding at the nose. He also was completely cured by the application of the medal of a Promotor who was called in haste at the child's desire: "Go quick," he said, "and get Mrs L., and her

medal will cure me." It was done to him according to his faith.

A lady was suffering intensely from a cancer at the root of her tongue. The physician had declared that the evil was already far advanced. She came to the convent and begged to have a novena made to the Sacred Heart for her recovery, and during the nine days she kept a lamp burning before the statue. At the closing of the novena she was completely cured.

And so it is ever with the compassionate Heart of Jesus. He wept with Mary and Martha at the tomb of Lazarus, He was touched at the sight of the poor widow mourning over her dead son. He is but too willing to heal our spiritual ailments, when we place no obstacle in His way, but He is not deaf to the call of those who love and serve Him when afflicted with mere corporal infirmities.

---

What has already been said several times, we again repeat. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications or contributions. The full name and address must be sent with every manuscript intended for publication as a guarantee of good faith. The real name will be withheld, when the writer expresses that wish, and the assumed name will be printed with the article if acceptable. This rule we shall also follow strictly when the account is sent us of any extraordinary cure or recovery.

---

### R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the repose of the soul of Miss Cassie McAlease, of St. Henry, a member, lately deceased.

---



A MAY CAROL.

**S**WEET May ! 'tis thro' thy tender golden light,  
That falls from azure skies (half-veiled in  
mist),  
On fresh young daisy-buds, on lilies white,  
On violets by timid zephyrs kiss'd,—  
'Tis thro' thy shining portal that we pass  
From Spring's aurora into Summer's noon,  
And glide across thy crisp and dewy grass  
Into the rose-fields of the fervid June.

Ah ! even so, sweet Mary, Queen of May,  
Nursed in the soft light of thy sunny smile,  
Humility's fair blossoms deck our way,  
And flowers of Purity our paths beguile ;  
Swift thro' the portal of thy stainless breast,  
Thy children into God's great Summer dart,  
For, thro' thy daisied meadows, Mother blest !  
We reach the rose-fields of Christ's Sacred  
Heart !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.





## WHO WAS DUNCAN HALE ?

### I

**J**OHN Whitwell was standing on the embankment watching the great cakes of ice as, forced on by the current, they rose like huge living things when they reached the jam, towered for an instant, then careening over, fell in pieces on the dazzling jagged heap before them. The sky was as bright as on a summer day, and the April sun beat down upon the crowd which lined the parapet, with all the fervency of June. And so it had done for a day or so on the honeycombed plain of ice which stretched away before the city from St. Helen's Island to the village of Laprairie, dimly discernable in the distance through the monotonously regular spans of Victoria Bridge.

These days of cloudless sky and returning warmth had determined the "shove," and brought all the idle sight-seers of Montreal to the quays to watch the great river throw off the icy fetters which had held it in thrall for three months and over.

But John Whitwell was not there as an idle sight-seer.

It is true, that, leaving Bonsecours Chapel, he had been drawn thither on seeing the crowd before him, but when he had become aware of the precise nature of the attraction it had already ceased to have any charm for him. Nor was this to be wondered at, or ascribed to an indifference to whatever might be grand or unusual in nature, of which he was in reality an ardent lover. But he had far

more weighty concerns to occupy his mind at that moment: There was question for him of the comfort of a poor widowed mother, dearer than all else on earth to him, and of the happiness of an equally dear little sister left orphaned like himself by the death, but a month ago, of the kindest and most loving of fathers. These two were even now seated together at home, after their morning's work, counting the hours until he would return to them from the city. Would he bring them better news? Was not something perhaps overlooked in the inventory of the estate which might be saved from the general wreck?—were it only enough to make sure of what they might call a home, how modest soever it might be,—enough to make it possible for Rachel to go back to convent, should her mother ever bring herself to part with her again, the poor mother whose heart still ached at the thought of the dear one they had lost,—enough to complete John's course and give him a start in life.

John's trip to the city was not undertaken with a view of making any such enquiry, for he was too well informed of the exact state of things to indulge even for a moment in similar hopes. His was an errand of an entirely different nature. He had that morning left the village by a very early suburban train, after kissing his mother and little sister goodbye for the day. He had not told them why he was going, but they had been led to believe, by his very reticence, that it was a business call of no slight importance. And, poor lone ones, could they be blamed if they built up little castles in the air which might be rudely shaken when the fanciful, but a little later on, was to give place to the reality?

Young Whitwell, as soon as the cars had come to a standstill at the Windsor street station, had elbowed his way through the crowd, and hurrying across the square under the shadow of the great dome of the cathedral, had

made his way to a shrine that was dear to him, since there, in a special manner, the Sacred Heart of his Lord was honored.

Before entering the church, he had paused an instant in the vestibule, to kiss his badge and Promoter's Cross and to fasten them in a more conspicuous place on his breast. The slip of paper he dropped into the intention-box, as he crossed the threshold, bore these words:—

“For the repose of my dear father's soul.”

“That the Sacred Heart may lighten the grief of my mother and sister and reconcile them to their lot.”

“That the Divine Heart may bless my endeavors to find suitable employment for their support. And, if it be God's will, that the loving Heart of my Lord may enable me to resume and complete my college course so suddenly interrupted.”

God and he alone knew what was the burden of his prayer, there, before the statue of the Sacred Heart, which seemed to look down upon him with tender compassion, while he knelt and devoutly prepared himself for Holy Communion. More than one mass was heard in thanksgiving, and when at last he had gone forth again from the church, he had found the great thoroughfare alive with people hurrying down to their daily round of toil rich and poor, the successful merchant and the thrifty artisan, the poor day-laborer and the weary-faced shop-girl. All had one aim in view, which, for the first time in his life within the last few weeks, had become for him also an all-important consideration, that of acquiring a means of livelihood. Different, however, from some, he did not long for an immensity of wealth, but oh! that God would help him to acquire a competence, just enough to make the dear ones comfortable at home, as when his father was yet alive.

It had not taken very long to dispose of his scanty

breakfast at a quiet restaurant, nor to answer verbally certain advertisements he had noticed in the papers of the previous evening. Several firms were willing enough to employ him, but at a salary so disproportionate to the absolute requirements of bare life for a family of three, that in spite of the increase of courage he had felt infused into his soul by the presence of our Lord, his heart sank, and he had turned into the Chapel of our Lady of Bonsecours, there to lay at the feet of the "Comforter of the Afflicted" the burden of his sorrow.

He was too full of life and youth to dream of giving up hope and of making no further effort after a few bitter disappointments; and then he had full confidence in the Sacred Heart and in His Good Mother; so that even though he felt that his great trial had come, he was willing to encounter it with such powerful protectors looking down on him from above.

And so he stood looking out upon the ice floe, borne down by the swift current, forming new plans for the future; and if he gave heed for an instant to what was a captivating sight for others, it was rather in a moralizing way, for what could give a better idea of the life that was opening out before him than what was passing beneath his gaze? Was not the stream of life as rapid and as irresistible? Was not the struggle as fierce and as selfish? Were not the weak remorselessly pushed to the wall or made use of as a means of aggrandizement by the powerful?

Engaged in these or similar reflections, he forced his way out from the crowd, and was just turning into a by-street when he abruptly came upon William Lowden, his father's half-brother.

"Well, John," said the old man, as he accosted him with apparently a little more feeling than was his wont, "how are they all at home, and are there any prospects of their retaining the cottage?"

William Lowden had always been a puzzle for his nephew. He had never been on very cordial terms with John's father, and though he was said to be a millionaire, had never come to his relief. He had remained impassive when his half-brother had failed several years ago, and though Mr. Whitwell had courageously commenced life anew and had succeeded in paying off nearly all the old debts just when God had called him, William Lowden had betrayed no signs of a thawing out of his cold heart, as the world put it.

He appeared to be a man well beyond sixty, close-shaven, with rather rigid features, and at all times scrupulously neat in his attire. He was single and always lived alone, save when at rare intervals he invited his nephew and avowed heir, Ralph Lowden, to spend a few days at Fernfell, his sumptuously furnished residence which was perched on a little plateau far up on the wooded slopes of Mount Royal. One could scarcely say that he was unkind, at least in word, nor miserly in his business transactions, but he hoarded, for what purpose no one seemed to know, and that he was extremely eccentric all appeared to agree. It could never have been said to his credit that he had shown the least interest thus far in what might eventually befall the Whitwell family. John he had met several times during the last few years, but had always treated him with a certain degree of coldness; neither did the nephew's heart go out to him in return.

What, therefore, was not the latter's surprise, when the uncle, not waiting for a reply, which came slowly and seemed to die away on John's lips before it could be properly formulated, added immediately:—

“Tell your mother that I want you up at Fernfell next week, for a few days. Ralph will be there; and you know that he is to be master there when the old man is gone. And as you are almost strangers to each other, it is high time that you should be better acquainted.”

"I'm sure, sir, you are very kind ; but you must be aware...." and John was about to add that under the present circumstances it would be difficult if not impossible to leave his mother and sister alone, when William Lowden interrupted him with no little petulance:—

"I shall take no excuse, tell her ; so there's an end of it." Saying which, he hurried off, leaving the boy much perplexed.

John, on his way to the next address of which he had made a memorandum, thought the thing over, and came to the conclusion that it was but another whim, much like others of which he had heard. He counted on no help from that quarter, for occasions had not been wanting in the past when William Lowden could, without the least inconvenience to himself, have lent a helping hand to his less favored relations. No, he could never bring himself to have recourse to his uncle for assistance. And had he not again made it clear for him that Ralph, nearer by kin, was to be his sole heir ? And why be on more intimate terms with Ralph, who had always studiously avoided and even ignored them ?

But he had reached by this time Bond & Co.'s ware-rooms, and dismissing all further thought of his uncle's invitation, he entered.

"Yes, they had advertised for an assistant clerk. Would he have the kindness to step into the office and see the head of the firm ?"

This, in answer to young Whitwell's enquiry.

Mr. Bond was an affable old gentleman, who, not to awaken hopes that might not be realized by the event of the interview, immediately told the young stranger in kindly words and with a benevolent expression that he was afraid he was too young for the very responsible position he was desirous of filling.

John handed him his card, and complied with a gra-

alous request to be seated. His hand instinctively sought his little cross and badge, and pressed them to his heart.

“Oh, so you are Richard Whitwell’s son? I was well acquainted with your poor father. Honest Richard, he never, I’m afraid, saw the bright side of life. I should have lost very heavily by his failure, but he insisted on paying his debt of honor as he termed it; had he been spared but a few years longer he would have become again a wealthy man.”

Mr. Bond put many delicate questions to John, with all the precautions which his evident kindness of heart could suggest so as not to wound his keen susceptibilities. Young Whitwell felt from the outset that he was in the presence of a friend, and it is needless to say that before the close of the interview, his heart was gladdened, and his sorrows and apprehensions had been confided to one who could tenderly compassionate the former and now gently raise hopes which might dispel in a great measure the latter.

He had explained to John that his inexperience in business matters alone would prevent his accepting him for the vacant position; and after having overcome his reluctance to accept what he called a loan taken from his own father’s last instalment, and which was to be refunded as soon as John’s improved circumstances would warrant it, he assured him that he had been casting about for some time for a confidential secretary and clerk, and that within a week at most he would, after consulting his partners, advise him further in the matter.

John rose to depart, and a tear of gratitude stole down his cheek and dashed on his hand as he cordially wrung that of his generous benefactor.

His steps were lighter and his heart more buoyant as he regained the open air. A visit of thanksgiving to his dear Lord on his way to the station, and he was soon

being whirled away towards the loved ones who were anxiously awaiting him.

## II.

A week had gone by, and John Whitwell sat, hat in hand, in the parlor of Fernfell. There was some expectancy and much hesitation in his manner. He was there at his uncle's bidding, and not a little against his own inclination. He was toying with and caressing nervously the little cross that hung, as a beloved charm, from his watch-chain.

Why was he there? The evening he had left Mr. Bond's, he was received with outstretched arms and fondly embraced by mother and sister. He had told them of Mr Bond's kindness, and rather diffidently had spoken of his prospects, but, as his little sister, taking her place next to him on the sofa, and looking rapturously up into his face, had stolen her hand into his, and began with :—

“Oh, you dear old Jack....” he added, interrupting her :—

“Come, Rachel, no grand expectations, but let us all three beg the Sacred Heart to bless and protect us, that we may have a roof over our heads and at least bread and butter to eat.”

But it had been hard to make the impulsive little Rachel understand that the great cold world cares for its own, enriches the rich and impoverishes the poor; that hearts otherwise open to commiseration grow callous in the too eager pursuit of wealth and position; and that when benevolence and riches go hand in hand, it is not the rule but the exception. Still, Mr. Bond had given substantial proof of his own disinterestedness and of the deep concern the knowledge of their hopeless condition had caused him. For the present at least they could but



call upon the Sacred Heart to requite the debt of gratitude they owed him; and Mrs. Whitwell had written to thank him in the name of her deceased husband for the relief afforded.

John had hesitated before making even casual mention of the meeting with his uncle, attaching seemingly no importance to the haphazard expression of sympathy, and making light of the unexpected invitation. But his mother at once took a different view of the incident, and insisted upon her son's writing immediately his acceptance, but with the understanding that no allusion should be made either in the note or during his stay at Fernfell to their straightened circumstances. She did not herself nor did she intend that her children should count upon his favors; but she wished him to know that they felt no bitterness over the neglect of the past.

And so the son, preferring his mother's judgment to his own, had accepted the ungracious invitation, and was awaiting the appearance of the master of the house. He had not long to wait. As the clock struck the appointed hour, William Lowden's firm step was heard in the hall, for though advanced in years he was a well preserved man with as springy a step as many others a score of years his juniors. Once in presence of his uncle, John forgot his nervousness, and he rose, perfectly self-possessed, to return the greeting vouchsafed to him.

"Glad to see you're punctual, John. Welcome to Fernfell. How is your mother? and I believe you have a little sister, how are they?"

"They are well, thank you, sir; my mother has not been well of late, but she is in fairly good health at present."

"From what I hear of you, you have been a dutiful son. We may hope that the return of fine weather will be beneficial to her, and that she will continue to improve."

It was not much to say, but even this much seemed to John to be a great piece of condescension on the part of the cold, calculating financier. "I insisted on your coming here," his uncle went on, "that you and Ralph might become better acquainted with each other. And being called away on very important business, I shall leave you both here in charge of Fernfell. You must endeavor to make yourselves at home. I have left orders with Rawlings, the steward, and the other servants to obey your behests as my own." Then counting out one hundred dollars, he added:—"This is simply to keep up the dignity of master of the house, it is a small sum for pocket-money. Make use of it as you think fit; you have no account to render of it."

The color came and went on John's cheek, for he felt hurt at the blunt way in which William Lowden pressed the crisp bills into his hand. He dared not refuse, for his mother had besought him not to give offence, so he mastered his feeling of resentment so far as to receive the money in silence, vowing within himself that he would not spend a farthing of it, but return it intact as soon as his novel part of conjoint master of Fernfell should come to an end.

The conversation drifted into other and indifferent channels, during which Mr. Lowden frequently and with some signs of impatience consulted his watch. At last Ralph was announced, and the meeting of the young men was cold and formal, not so much through any fault of Whitwell's, but because Ralph's manner, though studiously polite, was such as to check any friendly advance on the part of his poor kinsman.

The charge given to our young friend was gone through once more for Ralph's benefit, but with more show of deference for the one addressed, and a far more liberal allowance was made him, "as was befitting the future master of Fernfell," so Mr. Lowden said.

The uncle took his leave, then turning back suddenly as he reached the parlor door to give a parting injunction:—

“By the by,” he said, “should that old beggar, Duncan Hale, come here during my absence, I want you to understand that he is a fraud,—an imposition; he is as hale and hearty as I am, and as for his long story about his wife and children, there is not a particle of truth in it. So, no nonsense, mind, both of you. Send him about his business. It is at your own risk if you give him any help. A good deal will depend upon the way you comply with my wishes in this case.” And so saying, he hurried out to the carriage which was in waiting, saw his plethoric portmanteau safely stowed away under the seat, and with a farewell wave of the hand was soon speeding on his way towards the city.

Were it not for the absence of his mother and sister, John Whitwell's stay at Fernfell would have passed pleasantly enough. He busied himself during the day with the summing up of a long correspondence, of a confidential nature, with which Mr. Bond had entrusted him as a test of his ability, for from the first interview he had had with him his benefactor seemed to rely implicitly on his discretion.

The two young men seldom met each other during the day, John being an early riser and Ralph never returning to lunch after his late breakfast. On the third evening after Mr. Lowden's departure, they were sitting out late on the veranda—for the air was extremely mild and balmy for the season—talking over sporting matters with which Ralph was evidently more conversant than John. The conversation was flagging, when they heard the wicket at the foot of the little lawn open and shut, and then the shuffling gait on the gravel walk of someone slowly making his way towards the front door, near which they sat.

"A tramp. The place is overrun with them," dryly remarked Ralph.

"Maybe," answered John, "but it is hard to make out in the dark who it is."

A minute or so later, a decrepit old man laboriously clambered up the steps of the veranda. His weather-beaten hat was drawn down over his eyes, and his features would have been little discernible in the dusk even if they had not been concealed by a thick and shaggy growth of beard. His frame was bowed by the weight of years, and as he reached the topmost step he steadied himself against the railing, until John helped him to be seated near the wicker table which stood between them.

"I wish to see Mr. Lowden," he said, in a husky voice, "for I know he's here. Would you be kind enough to tell him that Duncan Hale is asking for him."

"So this is Duncan Hale," thought John to himself. "He is indeed the picture of misery in his tatters and rags."

The bare mention of the name was enough for Ralph. He rose precipitatedly to make answer:

"Look here, old man, you're just mistaken. Mr. Lowden is not here, and even if he were he would not be at your orders. Go the way you came, and bestir yourself."

The poor wretch made no attempt to move, but continued in a disheartened tone:

"I'm sorry I cannot see him; I have no better friend on earth. He at least was always kind to me and considerate...."

"Come, pack off," interrupted Ralph.

"But," expostulated Duncan Hale, "have patience with me a moment longer. Could you not, young gentlemen, give me a little assistance? You do not know

what it is to have starvation in your home. And how long will there be a home? With nothing to meet the rent, the poor are turned out into the street. Oh! have pity—for the sake of....”

Here the old man broke down completely. His head fell despairingly on both arms which rested on the table. Great sobs choked his utterance, and he wept like a child.

John approached gently and was about to break the painful silence, when Ralph, interposed and remarked coldly :—

“I’m master here. We have had enough of this nonsense.”

Then turning fiercely on the unwelcome intruder, would have pushed him from his seat, but he was loth to come in contact with the repulsive form bowed down before him. A petulant outburst of anger followed. “I’d have you understand that tramps are not allowed on these grounds. If you are not off this minute, I shall telephone for the police.”

He hastily entered the hall to put his threat into execution. Duncan Hale, convinced, no doubt, that there was no help to be expected, rose slowly, gathering his rags about him, and regained with difficulty the gravel walk. Ralph paused a minute near the open door till he saw the old man fairly under way, then turned abruptly towards the staircase without even a “good-night” for his cousin.

John stood a moment motionless. What if the words of his uncle were true: “Hale is an imposition and a fraud”? He recalled the words of Mgr. Landriot, he had read but a month ago in his MESSENGER :—“In order to love the poor, you must not take into consideration their dispositions, their good or bad qualities, their mental or bodily defects, for it is evident that from

such a point of view the poor would not always present an attractive aspect. In order to love them you must transfigure them until you can discern with the eyes of faith, hidden behind these moral and physical rags, Jesus Christ Himself, who beholds us and solicits our aid."

He was irresolute no longer, he darted down the lawn and overtook the old man at the gate. "Tell me, my good man, was what you said true?"

"True? Yes, every word of it," answered the beggar, with an accent which made John understand the full measure of his discouragement. The young man was feeling for the bills his uncle had given him and which were still lying loose in his pocket.

"Well, then, in God's name take this," he said, as he pressed them into the old man's hands, "and this," he added, as his watch and chain followed the bills. "You need them, no doubt, far more than I do."

"Do you mean that I should take all that money and your watch besides?" asked the now fairly bewildered creature. "No, it is too much. And what if I am not deserving of such help? What if I have wronged others in my day?"

"Take them all the same, and may God forgive you. Live now like an honest man; and I promise you, for the sake of Him who cares for the abandoned and afflicted, that I shall be always ready to help you according to my means."

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" exclaimed the stranger, "and may you never be in want of a friend yourself in your distress."

John hurried back to the house, for he was anxious that no one should know that he had helped a man who perhaps after all might be unworthy of his charity. He knew, however, that in any case his act would be pleasing to God: "The poor man himself," had said Mgr. Lau-

driot, " may be unworthy of compassion, yet he who has pity on him in the name of Christ loves and succors Christ Himself in his person."

Parting with the hundred dollars had been no very great sacrifice for our young friend, he had never counted on them to supply his own wants or the wants of those at home. And the watch? Yes, he would have to put up with the inconvenience of being without one for a while; but what was that compared with the misery of the members of old Hale's household whoever they might be? Ah, but his promoter's cross? He just now realized that he had parted with it unawares, and it had grown dear to him from many an association. But this was but a sentimental grievance, and the blessing of the Heart of Jesus would be poured out with still greater effusion on the next.

Another day went by and the master of Fernfell returned as unceremoniously as he had departed. When he dismissed the young cousins and thanked them for having acquitted themselves so well of their charge, and done the honors of his house during his absence, John thought he noticed a warmth in the grasp of his uncle's hand which certainly was unusual, and his eye glistened with a satisfaction which for him was equally inexplicable. But he did not give so slight an incident a second thought, for neither did he nor anybody else pretend to understand the ways of that eccentric old gentleman, William Lowden.

### III

It was not yet the middle of June, but already the heats of summer had driven many of the residents of Montreal to their suburban villas. This was not precisely the case with Mrs. Whitwell, Rachel and John, for through a motive of economy they had passed the drear winter in the country. They were seated this Friday, feast of the

Sacred Heart, under the trees which fringe the northern shores of Lake St. Louis. Before them lay the smooth expanse of water, like a great mirror, its surface unbroken by a ripple save in the bay, where a yacht, with drooping sail, lay becalmed, and its noisy young occupants were endeavoring with splashing, ill-cadenced strokes to bring it to its moorings. Pointe Claire, beyond, reaching far out into the lake, bounded the view to the east, the graceful spire of its village church alone appearing above the mass of verdure; while, at the extremity of the land, the convent, its roof glistening silver-like in the sunshine, stood out in full relief. Away to the south, over the furthestmost shore of Chateauguay, but dimmed by the distance, the eye could follow the jagged outline of the Adirondacks. A little more life in the foreground was all that was wanting to make the picture worthy of the setting. It was not long before this new charm was added, for some of Rachel's little friends came bounding down the bank near by, becomingly attired in their bathing suits, and with many a merry shout and laugh and frolic were soon disporting themselves in the cool waters of the lake.

Rachel bestowed on them but a glance as they passed, to smile approval, for she was not tempted that afternoon to leave her mother's side.

They had, all three, been that morning to the city, and had received Holy Communion at the shrine of the Sacred Heart. It was indeed a day of peaceful joy for them, a day, moreover, which they devoted to reviving the recollections of the past, its sorrows and its consolations. They sat there placidly on the lake-side, the picture of sweet content. Not that there was nothing sad in the memories recalled, nor that the dear one who had gone before was forgotten. He had been remembered lovingly in their communions that morning, and the



indulgences were all for him. But God had poured a heavenly balm upon their sorrows, and if the wound was not completely healed, the pain was borne resignedly, and sweetened still more by the thought that he was near them in spirit.

The book, from which John had been reading aloud, now lay unheeded on his knee, for the mother was reminding them of the many favors received, for all which they should be grateful; Mr. Bond's continued kindness to John, who, after he had concluded to take him into his employ, had allowed him so liberal a salary; the advance made on it later on, so as to secure for the coming year the cottage they had learned to love, and from which they would have gone out so reluctantly; the possibility once more within sight of Rachel's returning to the convent the coming autumn.

Then the conversation reverted to the adventure with Duncan Hale, of whom they had never heard since, and to the strange coincidence, unknown as yet to the reader, of his having visited the mother and daughter, out there at the cottage, on the day previous to his visit to Fern-fell; on which occasion, Mrs. Whitwell had shared with him her scant allowance, a mere nothing, but all that John had been able to leave her.

Then there was the return, by post, of the cross and watch, but no further tidings of nor thanks for the money. It was all a mystery which Rachel's poor little brain had puzzled over many a time since.

At this point of the conversation, their attention was suddenly drawn to the omnibus returning from the station, which came to a stand-still on the road immediately behind them. The resident of the cottage next to theirs alighted, and brought them, as he was kindly accustomed to do, what letters he had found at the post-office addressed to them.

One more bulky than the others was first singled out for inspection. It was addressed to John, and the Lowen crest showed plainly whence it came. John ran his eye rapidly down the first page, and as he did so his cheek blanched and his hand trembled with emotion. He could go no further.

“Mother!” he exclaimed, “this is not credible!”

We shall not attempt to describe the conflicting feelings of the three hearts as the contents were finally mastered after many interruptions. But as we have no particular interests at stake, we can take cognizance of them without manifesting any of the agitation under which Mrs. Whitwell and her children were laboring.

Divested of its legal technicalities, it was a matter-of-fact statement.

William Lowden had changed his mind. His nephew Ralph was not to be his heir. He had always intended that the one who should inherit his fortune should make a proper use of it. He was now fully satisfied that Ralph was not a fit person to carry out his behests. Mr. Lowden had wronged John's father, by putting an absurd interpretation on a refusal of assistance proffered many years since, and he had taken offence at what he deemed a slight. It was late in the day, but reparation could yet be made, though inadequately, in the person of Whitwell's wife, son or daughter. Lowden had no reason to allege for the change in his determination: what was his, he had a right to dispose of as he chose.

John was to be his sole heir. His mother was to receive a liberal annuity; his sister's education was to be amply provided for, and she was, on coming of age, to receive a rich dowry.

The sum of one hundred thousand dollars was to be added to Mr. Bond's invested capital, the latter consenting to accept John as a partner at the completion of

e young man's college career. Fernfell, at William Lowden's death, together with the remainder of the estate, with one restriction, was to go to John, and the family, in future, was to look upon Fernfell as their home.

The restriction related to the setting aside of fifty thousand dollars in trust which John was to expend in founding a free library, to which five thousand was to be added annually for its maintenance and increase. Mr. Lowden was to join the Whitwells, in a day or so, at the cottage, and become their self-invited guest for the remainder of the summer.

There were other details of no special interest to the reader, but the above conveys substantially the meaning of the weighty announcement which made that particular feast of the Sacred Heart a day ever memorable in the lives of the members of the Whitwell family, and determined John to place his new library under the protection of the Sacred Heart.

An hour after the reading of William Lowden's communication, the grateful mother, John and Rachel were kneeling at Benediction, in the Church of Pointe Claire, and thanking the Sacred Heart of our Lord for the unspeakable munificence of His gifts. They all three, unknown to each other, asked His light and grace, that they might be enabled to make the best use possible of the unexpected wealth which had so unaccountably fallen to them.

Rachel, as they again returned to their little cottage, that evening, twined caressingly her arms in those of mother and brother, and looking from one to the other, asked with childish earnestness:—

“But that Duncan Hale, who was he?”

## UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

1734-1745.

No. 16.

*(Translation.)*

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO FATHER BONIN.

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

*(Continued.)*

The costume of the Iroquois is different from that of other Indian tribes. Their hair is trimmed somewhat like that of the Recollect Fathers, with this difference, that they raise in a bunch the hair of the crown by means of a kind of wax mixed with vermilion, and allow a few hairs to protrude above, to which they fasten a porcelain head or so, or a feather of some bird seldom met with. Over the shirt they usually wear a garment of French fashion, with lace sewed on all the seams. When the weather is cold, or on gala days, they wear a cloth mantle a yard and a half square, the lower border of which is trimmed with eight or nine bands of lace. Their *mitasse*, that is their leggings, are adorned with ribbons and a variety of flowers brodered with elk-hair dyed red or yellow. These are made to fit closely, the better to show off the elaborate finish of the work. Their moccasins are of smoke-dried deer-skin. Some wear silk stockings and shoes of French make and silver buckles. Among the Indian nations all the women are dressed alike. You have no doubt seen the likeness of the Indian maiden, Catherine Tegah-kouita, who died in odor of sanctity; all the squaws are similarly dressed.

As for the question of morality, the Iroquois and Hurons are more inclined to the practice of virtue

than other nations; they are the only Indians capable of refined feelings; all the others are to be set down as cowardly, ungrateful and voluptuous. If there were no French in Canada we would have as many saints in our mission as we now have Christians; but the bad example and solicitations of the whites are a very great bar to the sanctification of our Iroquois. Though it be forbidden under the severest penalties to give fire-water to the Indians, and though, during the last two months, exemplary punishment has been meted out to four Frenchmen, one of whom was condemned to imprisonment, two to be whipped by the public executioner, and the other to be fastened by the neck in the pillory for having carried on this illicit trade, still our Indians find all the fire-water they want, and as soon as they are drunk they are capable of any crime.

Not three months ago, an Algonquin, in a drinking-bout, killed with three stabs of a knife a poor soldier who was quietly working in a house at Montreal. Arrested on the spot, the Indian thought he would escape punishment because he was drunk and did not know what he was doing. He was condemned notwithstanding to be hanged; but as the executioner was away he was killed by a blow on the head.

Should any one of our Indians make his appearance in the village while in a state of intoxication, he is obliged to submit to a public penance. He is to remain kneeling outside the church during Mass and the other prayers made in common, for ten or twelve days, according to the gravity of the scandal given.

Drunkenness is the great vice of the Indian; but, thank God, we have many who never touch intoxicating liquor of any kind. Those who do drink do not do so often, and, taking all into consideration, our Iroquois are much better Christians than the French.

Before giving you an account of the exercises of our mission, I must tell you, Reverend Father, how I was adopted into the Iroquois nation. It is a necessary formality, for a missionary would not be an acceptable person in the village were he not a member of the tribe.

Two months after my arrival, I invited the elders to a banquet. The spread consisted of a whole carcass of beef, bread in proportion, two bushels of peas and a quantity of tobacco. When all were assembled, Reverend Father de Lauzon, who had lived many years in this mission, made a long speech for me. Three Iroquois orators answered in turn. When the speech making was over, one of the elders rose and announced that a name must be given to the back-robe, for this is the appellation by which the Jesuit missionaries are known. After having gone over all the names of former missionaries, he determined that I should hereafter be called Hatériata, and I now go by no other name in the village. Ask God in your prayers to give me the grace of realizing to the fullest extent its signification, for Hatériata in Iroquois means "The Brave," the magnanimous man.

It now remained to assign me to a lodge, and to adopt me into a family. I had the honor of being enrolled in the Family of the Bear. You must know that in the village there are three families: that of the Bear, that of the Wolf and that of the Tortoise. All new-comers are made members of one of these three families. The family of the Tortoise has become so numerous that it has been divided in the Big and Little Tortoise.

And now let me say something about the exercises of the mission. At day-break, be it in winter or summer, Father de la Bretonnière says the first mass, at which all those assist who have to go out to the fields to work. They recite their morning prayers, and then the beads, in two choirs. An hour later, I say the every-day mass

for the whole village, during which the prayers and hymns of the Church in keeping with the season are sung in two choirs also. After the mass, I gather the children together in the church and make them recite their morning prayers, and then teach the boys how to serve mass.

About nine o'clock, Father de La Bretonnière puts the adults who have not yet been baptised through their catechism. The remainder of the day is spent going about visiting the sick and in deciding disputes which may have arisen in the lodges. An hour before sunset, I assemble the children again in the church for their evening prayers and for the recitation of their catechism. As soon as the children are dismissed the men and women repair to the church for the recitation of their prayers in common.

On Sundays and festivals I am in the confessional until ten in the morning, when I sing high mass, after which I preach to the French, for I have charge of a French parish, and there is no other church than that of the mission.

*(To be continued.)*

### TREASURY, MAY, 1893.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity,....	129,336	Works of charity,..	4,149
Beads,.....	417,930	Works of zeal,.....	9,286
Stations of the Cross.	85,178	Prayers,.....	2,146,494
Holy Communions,..	115,191	Charitable conversa-	
Spiritual Commu-		tions,.....	318,734
nions,.....	378,144	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions,.....	208,413
conscience,.....	19,521	Self-conquests,.....	41,211
Hours of labor,.....	541,186	Visits to Blessed	
Hours of silence,....	204,871	Sacrament .....	206,845
Pious reading,.....	37,702	Other good works,..	941,771
Masses celebrated,..	316		
Masses heard,.....	144,296		
Mortifications,.....	26,383		
		Total.....	6,966,957



## OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS.

DRUMMONDVILLE.—I fell sick six months ago. I felt sharp pains in my spine, had frequently a rush of blood to the head, and though placed near a good fire suffered constantly from cold chills. Several religious communities and members of my family joined with me in a novena to the Canadian martyrs, Fathers De Brebeuf and Lalemant. One of their relics was sent me, and on the eighth day on which I received Holy Communion, I was cured.

My friends enquired if I thought that my cure was effected through the intercession of the martyred fathers. I told them that I was not sure, since so many worthy persons had prayed for my recovery. It seems to me that God punished me for my want of faith and confidence, for I had a relapse, and was worse than before. I begged the holy martyrs to forgive me for what I had said, and immediately began a second novena, at the expiration of which I found myself again relieved of my sufferings.

I am well now, and went expressly to Montreal to return thanks and to explain verbally what might not have been sufficiently well expressed in writing, and also to have my cure published in the MESSENGER, if it be deemed advisable.

MALVINA, P.Q.—For the last three years I had been suffering from a disordered stomach, and by means of the relic I received and prayers for my recovery I am com-



pletely cured. I am now enjoying good health. If agreeable I should like to have this published in the MESSENGER.

MIDLAND, ONT.—Many thanks for the relics. I was prostrated with a nervous fear and bodily weakness. As soon as I received the relics, I laid them on my heart; almost immediately I grew calmer, and to-day am able to attend Mass.

I took the Promotorship two years ago, and since have found peace in my family such as I never dared hope for. For publication.

NORTON MILLS.—I wish to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude I owe the Sacred Heart for two great favors,—one temporal the other spiritual, graciously vouchsafed through the intercession of the martyrs of Canada, after a novena made in their honor and through the application of their relics.

QUEBEC.—Hôtel-Dieu du Sacré Cœur.—A young man, an inmate for a time of our hospital, suffered daily from terrible fits of epilepsy. He assures us that he has not had a recurrence of these convulsions since last May, when he began carrying about him the relics of the Canadian Martyrs.

WIKWEMIKONG.—A few days after my arrival at Wikwemikong, I had occasion to speak to our Indians of the martyred missionaries. There were then lying sick at the village two sisters, Agatha and Catherine Gabau. Agatha was bed-ridden, while Catherine was unable to walk. For quite a long time she had left the house but once, and the effort she then made—that was about three weeks before my arrival—had increased her infirmity.

Mary Ann, their sister, came and asked me for the relics. She first gave them to Agatha, who received them with a trembling hand, asking God meanwhile that His Holy Will might be accomplished. She kept them

clasped in her hands about ten minutes, then passed them in silence to Catherine. Catherine held them as her sister had done before her. A quarter of an hour after, she felt a strange sensation like a thrill running through her body. Then, without the least hesitation, she rose and went straight to the organ to sing a hymn of thanksgiving. Agatha rose also immediately, and said to her sister, "I also am cured!" Three weeks have passed since this happened and there has been no relapse; the sisters go about as they were accustomed to a year ago.

Josephine Bébamikawé, a cousin of the two mentioned above, suffered an agony for three weeks from a violent toothache, which made her very wretched. When she heard how Agatha and Catherine were cured, she began a novena which was brought to a close by her sudden cure. Towards the end of the novena it was Zoe her sister's turn to be stricken with the same painful infirmity. She thereupon began a novena for herself. At the end of the first day, after experiencing for a few minutes a great increase in her sufferings, she was as suddenly relieved and completely cured. Last Sunday, the 9th (this was written in October), Mrs. Johnson, who had suffered for a long time from violent headaches which rendered her life almost unbearable, had recourse also to the Canadian Martyrs, and undertook a novena to secure their intercession. She also found permanent relief.

STE. ANNE DE CHICOUTIMI.—I set great store on the relics since I received them, and I have made use of them with consoling results. One of my friends was dangerously sick; I gave her one, and her condition improved immediately. She has had no relapse.

I gave another to one of my sisters-in-law who has a child that frequently suffered from convulsions. He has had no new attack since his mother keeps the relic near him.

My own little boy, aged eight, had a troublesome eruption near the eye, and we were in great fear that he would lose his sight. We made without loss of time a novena, and I made the child kiss the relic every day and touched his eye with it. The eruption has disappeared, and the child is now in good health.

HOLYOKE, MASS.—Mrs. ———, aged 64, had been suffering for fourteen years violent pains caused by defective digestion. Seven or eight doctors had been consulted, and all declared that they were powerless to relieve her, as she had what they called *paralysis of the bowels*. About the 15th of March I brought her the relics of our Canadian martyrs. She began a novena and received Holy Communion. As soon as she was in possession of the relics her sufferings became intense, and this lasted for three days. The crisis was so violent that she thought she was at the point of death. She asked our Lord to make her suffer, but to grant all the same the canonization of His martyrs. She added:—"Lord I cure me, at least for a fortnight or so, just long enough that I may bear witness of the favor granted so as to hasten the canonization of the martyrs."

On the afternoon of the following Sunday, feeling that she could no longer endure such terrible pains, she once more applied the relic, and in a few moments her pains left her.

She then repeated the same prayer as previously, asking to be cured, but not so much for her own sake, but for the glory of the martyrs. And she *was* cured. Since then she has resumed her house-work which she was obliged to give up fully two years ago.

She would prefer not to have her name appear in the MESSENGER. It, however, is well known here, for her cure made quite a stir. Her reputation here is that of a person of rare virtue. She has had her days of joy and her days of great affliction.

## IN THANKSGIVING.\*

ALBION, N.Y.—In accordance with a promise made to the Sacred Heart, an Associate wishes to acknowledge in the MESSENGER a temporal favor received after a novena to the Sacred Heart.

ALEXANDRIA.—Thanks for two temporal favors which were granted after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A Member of the League offers thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great temporal favor obtained. A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for favors received through the intercession of St. Joseph. Thanks are returned for six favors received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. An Associate and family return thanks to the Sacred Heart, they having made a novena and received a special favor two days afterwards. A lady wishes to offer thanks to the Sacred Heart for favors received. A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great favor received. A Promoter residing at Loch Garry returns thanks for three special favors received. The Local Director acknowledges a remarkable favor granted to a dying Associate—consciousness and the power of speech, and the pious reception of the last Sacraments. With each request there was made the promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER.

AMHERSTBURG.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for one favor after a promise to publish in MESSENGER. An Associate returns thanks to the Blessed Joseph, good St. Ann and to the Sacred Heart for health restored to a mother, and another favor granted after promise to publish. Thanks for a favor granted through the Sacred Heart in conformity with a promise to publish in MESSENGER. A member of the League returns thanks to the

\* To be intine for insertion the *Thanksgiving* items should be in the hands of the printer not later than the 8th of the month preceding publication.

Sacred Heart for a situation obtained. An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained after a promise to publish.

CAMPBELLFORD.—According to promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for employment at two different times.

CORNWALL.—Thanksgiving for favors obtained through the Sacred Heart by three persons, after promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

DUNDAS.—Thanks returned to the Sacred Heart for two special favors obtained after a prayer and a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

EGANVILLE.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for two temporal favors.

GALT.—A member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for two favors granted during this month.

HALIFAX.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for the success of a work recommended. I offer my thanksgiving for the successful sale of a property I had been trying to sell for the past four years. I had recourse to the Holy League, and immediately my petition was granted. I promised to publish in the MESSENGER if favorably heard. A member returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for two very important temporal favors received. I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received through the intercession of St. Joseph.

HAMILTON.—I have much pleasure in returning thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary for getting two brothers and a friend out of trouble, and for two safe journeys, both of which favors I promised to publish if granted.

HASTINGS.—An Associate returns thanks for two temporal favors obtained after making a novena and promising to publish in the MESSENGER.

INGERSOLL.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for two temporal favors received after promising to publish. Thanks returned to the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors. Please return thanks in the MESSENGER for two temporal favors.

LINDSAY.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor received, the conversion of a husband and father from a drunken life of several years duration.

LONDON.—Special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the restoration to health of a person. A promise was made to publish. Thanks returned for two temporal favors received.

MONTREAL.—I wish to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for two favors received after promise to publish in the MESSENGER—one a successful ending of a lawsuit, and a conversion that was almost despaired of. Thanksgiving for a special and great favor granted this month. A Promoter to the Sacred Heart returns thanks for three special favors received after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor received after promise to publish. Thanks tendered to the Sacred Heart for all the favors I have ever obtained, and promised to mention in MESSENGER, also in particular one favor, that is, for the Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph giving my father such a happy death, and I humbly ask the prayers of the League for his soul. Thanksgiving for a temporal favor received by making a novena, and promise to publish in MESSENGER and also after novena having a mass said. A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the restoration of a mother's health obtained after a second novena in honor of the Canadian martyrs with a promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor obtained

with a promise to publish as soon as granted. A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a special favor received on St. Patrick's day, also for two persons who were prayed for, and who, to the great satisfaction of their friends, made their Easter duty. Thanks also to the Sacred Heart for an operation successfully performed. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for granting two particular favors. In each case promises were made to publish.

A member of the League wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery from an illness of six months, after promising to have it published, if the cure was effected. Masses were said and two lights kept burning before the Sacred Heart.

MOUNT ST. PATRICK, ONT.—A member of the League here wishes to have thanks returned to the Sacred Heart for two favors after promising to publish the same in the MESSENGER if obtained.

ORILLIA.—A lady wishes to return thanks in the MESSENGER for a temporal favor received.

ORMSTOWN, P.Q.—A lady wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great temporal favor obtained for a mother after a promise to publish.

OTTAWA.—An Associate wishes to return thanks for a temporal favor granted in the past; another returns special thanks for a recovery from illness, having promised to publish if granted. A Promoter returns thanks for two temporal favors received after a promise to publish.

Thanks are returned for a great improvement in one member of a family given to drink. An Associate tenders her sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for the satisfactory settlement of a law suit.

PENETANGUISHENE, Ont.—Special thanksgiving of a Promoter for the success of a brother in an examination obtained from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of St. Joseph and St. Patrick.

PETERBOROUGH.—An Associate returns thanks for two temporal favors received after promise to publish and making the nine communions.

QUEREC.—Most fervent thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for two cures of sore throat—one granted almost immediately after request, the other after application of the Badge and a novena in honor of the Canadian Martyrs and St. Blasius, with promise to publish if granted. A Member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for an important temporal favor received. Another offers thanksgiving for a temporal favor obtained after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

SWANTON, Vt.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a situation secured for a member of his family, after a novena to Blessed Margaret Mary, with promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

TORONTO.—A Member of the League wishes to return thanks and praises to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a very great spiritual favor received, having asked the prayers of the League in union with a novena and a promise to publish if granted. Two other members wish also to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for favors received. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a favor received after having made a promise to publish. Sincere thanks returned through the MESSENGER of the Sacred Heart for a special favor received in the month of January, and also for a position obtained for a husband, and many other temporal favors received during the past year, through prayers to the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the two following favors obtained: first, that of a father who had not gone for years to confession, after the intention had been prayed for he suddenly asked for a priest to visit him. The priest visited him several times, and finally



anointed him, and he died two weeks after, a great penitent, calling on the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Second, for the recovery of a child from diphtheria, and of an elderly lady from a severe illness.

In fulfillment of a promise made, a Member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a very great favor received. A person, who was enrolled in the League a short time ago requests her Associates to help her to thank the Sacred Heart for a number of special favors obtained. She has had several Masses offered in thanksgiving. Thanksgiving for a special favor obtained by a young lady who promised to write to the MESSENGER if it were granted.

ST. ANN'S.—A member wishes to return sincere thanks for a great favor obtained by invoking the Sacred Heart.

ST. RAPHAEL'S.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained through a novena to Our Lady and the Sacred Heart, with promise to have it acknowledged in the MESSENGER.

WINDSOR.—An Associate wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a temporal favor received by promising to publish.

WOOLER.—A Member of the League returns thanks for a special favor obtained with promise to publish.

Urgent Requests for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Antigonish, Bowesville, Buckingham, Calgary, Dundas, Galt, Hamilton, Lindsay, Moncton, Montreal, Ottawa, Penetanguishene, Quebec, Renfrew, St. Ann's, Tilbury.

---

### FROM BRANTFORD.

The beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is daily increasing in our midst, as was manifested by the number who were received as promoters of the Holy

League, on the feast of St. Patrick, and also by the large congregation present to witness the ceremonies, as well as to honor the Saint of the day. After making the Holy Way of the Cross, Rev. Father Feeny ascended the pulpit, and delivered an eloquent and touching address on the Patron Saint of Ireland. The blessing and presentation of crosses and diplomas then took place, our pastor, Rev. Father Lennox, explaining the object of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and exhorting the new promoters to carry on with renewed fervor and zeal the good work they had begun, impressing those present with the thought, that it was indeed a heavenly work to promote the love of the Heart of our Divine Lord. Then followed the Acts of Reparation and Consecration, closing with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Rev. Father Feeny, our local Director, has given a course of Lenten instructions on the Sacred Heart, and has been untiring in his efforts to promote this devotion among the members of the Congregation, and had reason to feel pleased at the gratifying results on last Friday evening.

## FROM QUEBEC.

### ST. PATRICK'S.

Two years ago, our Rev. Director, Fr. Oates, appointed St. Patrick's day for the general communion for the Men's Branch of the Holy League. A most fitting and beautiful way for Irishmen to honor St. Patrick and Ireland. This year, on St. Patrick's day, some 1,000 men and 300 boys assembled in St. Patrick's Hall, and marched to the church, to assist at the eight o'clock Mass. The body of the church was reserved for them. They approached the altar rails in splendid order to receive Holy Communion. It was a most grand and edifying sight, such a large number of men and boys together, making such a noble profession of their faith. Although they belong to different

societies, all are members and many of them Promoters of our Holy League.

In truth, the Holy League is the saviour of parishes, and the immense good it has done in our parish, especially amongst the men, will be known only on the Last Day.

Men who formerly received the Sacraments but once a year, and some, not even so often, are now to be seen at the General Communion every month.

At last month's General Communion, about 1,000 persons received with grateful hearts. We thank the dear Sacred Heart for the many blessings and favors He has bestowed on us.

## TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

*A great Gathering of the Men's League of the Sacred Heart.*

The members of the Men's League of the Sacred Heart held their quarterly communion service at the 9 o'clock Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral yesterday morning. They were joined by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, most of whom are members of the League, and nearly filled the entire nave of the great cathedral. Father Ryan, director of the Men's League, said the Mass, and Vicar-General McCann delivered a brief and impressive address. He congratulated them on their splendid attendance, and said that such a magnificent act of faith on the part of so many men was a fitting preparation for the feast of Ireland's patron, St. Patrick.

At the evening service in the Cathedral, Father Ryan continued his interesting course of lectures on "The Right of Man as a Member of Christ's Kingdom on Earth." His subject was "The Sacrament of Soldiers," and he showed how the Christian soldier receives in Confirmation the divine strength and courage to fight the good fight for the eternal crown.—(From the *Empire*, March 13.)

## INTENTIONS FOR MAY.

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

- 1.—M.—*Sts. Philip and James*, *M.* Discretion. 10,436 Conversions to the Faith.  
*Ap. b. g. t. m. t.* Honor our Lady, Queen of May. 27,141 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—Tu.—*St. Athanasius, Bp. D.* Fearlessness. 10,064 in affliction.
- 3.—W.—FINDING OF THE HOLY CROSS. Study your crucifix. 11,442 Deceased Associates.
- 4.—Th.—*St. Monica, W.* ht. pt. Persevere in prayer. 14,349 Special.
- 5.—F.—*St. Pius, V., P.* Love the Rosary. 1,551 Communities.
- 6.—S.—*St. John at the Latingate.* at. gt. Be faithful to duties. 12,635 First Communions.
- 7.—S.—*St. Stanislaus, Bp. M.* at. gt. rt. Ardent love of the Sacred Heart. 22,359 Departed.
- 8.—M.—APPARITION OF ST. MICHAEL. Pray for the Church. 8,930 Employment.
- 9.—Tu.—*St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp. D.* Pray for all in sin. 7,661 Clergy.
- 10.—W.—*St. Antoninus, Bp. C.* Pray for those in a state of grace. 26,394 Children.
- 11.—Th.—ASCENSION, bt. gt. ht. mt. rt. st. Joy of spirit. 12,582 Families.
- 12.—F.—*Sts. Nereus and Achilleus, M.M.* Fortitude. 110,982 Perseverance.
- 13.—S.—*St. John The Silent.* Spirit of Silence. 11,486 Reconciliations.
- 14.—S.—*St. Boniface, M.* gt. Loyalty to God. 13,530 Spirit favors.
- 15.—M.—*St. Isidore, Ploughman.* Charity to the poor. 9,624 Temporal favors.
- 16.—Tu.—*St. John Nepomucene,*
- 17.—W.—*St. Paschal Baylon, C.* Visit the B. Sacrament. 12,417 Youths.
- 18.—Th.—*St. Winand, Boy M.* ht. Prudence. 5,242 Schools.
- 19.—F.—*St. Peter Celestine, P.* Be a peacemaker. 7,827 Sick.
- 20.—S.—*St. Bernardine of Siena.* Love the H. Name. 77 Retreats.
- 21.—S.—PENTECOST. bt. gt. mt. rt. Docility to the Holy Ghost. 426 Works, Guilds.
- 22.—M.—*Sts. Faustinus and Conf., M.M.* Joy of spirit. 1,595 Parishes.
- 23.—Tu.—*Bl. Andrew Bobola, M.* Peace of soul. 15,169 Sinners.
- 24.—W.—*Sts. Donatian and Rogatian.* Fortitude. 15,361 Parents.
- 25.—Th.—*St. Gregory VII., P.* ht. Defend the Church. 4,646 Religious.
- 26.—F.—*St. Philip Neri, C.* Love of our Lord. 1,253 Novices.
- 27.—S.—*St. Mary Mag. de Pazzi, V.* Gratitude for God's mercies. 2,774 Superiors.
- 28.—S.—MR. HOLY TRINITY, bt. gt. Respect the sign of the Cross. 1,470 Vocations.
- 29.—M.—OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS. Ask our Lady's help. 7,466 Promoters.
- 30.—Tu.—*St. Felix J., P.M.* Devotedness. 48,613 Various.
- 31.—W.—*St. Angela, Merici, V.* Thanksgiving for this Month's graces. The Directors.

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

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