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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH.

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

A LIVELY FAITH.

SUBMISSIVE to the voice of our Holy Father the Pope, we already prayed for those nations whose soul is actually grievously stricken, since, as His Holiness Leo XIII tells us, they are, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, in dreadful peril of losing the faith.*

To-day it is not only *steadfastness of faith* for which we are about to ask for all Catholic peoples, but a *lively faith*, incapable of remaining pent up in the heart, as nowadays we too often see it languishing and dormant, and in consequence barren. In other words, what we are going to ask for each one of the faithful, living as we are in evil days, is that *spirit of faith* which, according to the words of the Apostle, enables *the just to live by faith* even

* Encyclical of the 15th October, 1890.

to such an extent that this spirit of divine faith animates all his works just as the soul vivifies and directs our body in its every movement, either natural or voluntary. The body, in fact, cannot act save through the power of the soul, while the true Christian should never act save through the divine power of faith.

Alas ! among Catholics—even among those who take their stand as *belligerent*—how rare is not this spirit, and yet how indispensable? It alone has power to quiet the human heart, ever restless and insatiable so long as it does not seek repose in God ; and it alone can impart, together with priceless peace, that joy and that strength which proceed from the Holy Ghost, the birthright of every faithful Child of the Church. It alone can give efficacy to our endeavors if, as generous champions of the Sacred Heart, we wish to work to some purpose—as we always should—to ensure the advent to His holy kingdom and the salvation of our brethren.

Now, to obtain this spirit of faith, the means to be taken are the same as those which must be employed in the acquiring of faith itself. Counting on God's grace, which will never be wanting, we must before all make up our minds to acquire it. We must ask it of the Heart of our Saviour, for ourselves and for our fellow-Christians, and that by humble and confident supplications. We must, relying on the powerful intercession of our good Mother, the Virgin Immaculate, draw near to Jesus, listen to Jesus, follow Jesus, and assiduously frequent Jesus in the sacraments of mercy and of love which He has instituted. We must, in a word, strengthen and expand, every day we live, this same spirit of faith by wholesome and edifying reading, by moments of serious reflection, and by other exercises congenial to Christian piety.

Then, indeed, as Father Ramière puts it in his admira-

ble book, *Le Règne Social du Cœur de Jésus*, faith will again become "the everyday rule of our thoughts, of our feelings, of our conduct. Priests and faithful, the ministers of God and the children of God, instead of allowing our minds and our hearts little by little to be invaded by human considerations, by human fears and human motives we will centre all our ambition solely on the realization, in union with the Heart of Jesus, of the designs of God.... and the great world, all but paganized now, will soon be vanquished, as it was by the faith of the early disciples of the Saviour."

PRAYER

O Jesus, through the most p . Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular that all the members of Thy Church may be animated by a lively faith. Amen.

ENTER.

My hand is feeble and weak,
The door is stout and strong—
I cannot open it now
It has been shut so long.
My Saviour, I hear Thy voice,
Oh, open Thou the door!
And on the rust-covered hinge
The oil of mercy pour.
Let the key of pardoning love
Fit in the rusty lock;
Oh, my Saviour, come within,
No longer stand and knock.



ST. JOSEPH'S CLIENT.*

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IT was a night in the early part of March, dark,—save when occasional glimpses of fitful moonlight shone out through scudding clouds. Father Lewis, wearied after a long day's work, sat in his study writing. As he leaned back in his chair from time to time, struggling against the weariness which threatened to overpower him, he could see the sanctuary lamp shining out from the side windows of the church. Its gleam fell full upon the statue of St. Joseph, as it stood upon the altar, profusely decorated, because of its being the month of March.

All was still. No sound of footsteps on the pavement below, as the hour crept on to midnight. Only the wind at intervals went sweeping up and down with a dismal, moaning sound.

All at once, a loud summons at the door below told the tired priest that his labors were not yet done. Raising the window, he looked down. Standing out clearly in the light of a street-lamp Father Lewis perceived the figure of an old man. Something in the apparition produced an indescribable sensation upon the priest. The voice which replied to Father Lewis' question was clear, full and vibrating.

* The main facts of this story are true.

The priest was told that he must go to a certain street—it was at a considerable distance—that he must follow that street to the end, and would there discover a small house completely detached from all others.

“You had better pilot me there yourself,” said the priest; “if you wait one moment I will be with you.”

He merely waited to snatch coat, muffler and cap, and to procure what was necessary for his ministrations. Descending to the door, he looked about for his guide. The old man had completely disappeared,—in fact, the street was totally deserted. Father Lewis looked up and down, and peered into the shadows of the doorways. No trace remained of him with whom he had so lately conversed.

Something like a shiver stole over the priest. He knew not whether it was the touch of the icy wind or an impulse of half-superstitious dread. He had no resource, however, but to make his way, if possible, to the address indicated.

He found the street at last, leading out, as it seemed, into the country. It was full of the driftings of a late snow-storm. The houses upon it were but few, of wretched appearance, and isolated one from the other.

As Father Lewis pressed forward in the teeth of a biting wind, he asked himself, could the sick-call have been but a trap, and would it not be wiser for him to give up the affair until morning. But no, the summons had been imperative, the case was urgent and it was his clear duty to reach the place indicated if it were humanly possible to do so.

He had left what appeared to be the last house behind him. The street, where there was no longer the semblance of a sidewalk, stretched out, as he fancied, into illimitable distance. He was fast growing exhaust-

ed, and his heart sank at thought of the distance which lay between him and home.

On a sudden he caught sight of a glimmer of light, and presently he saw that it proceeded from a half-ruinous house which stood almost buried in snow by the roadside. The light of a solitary candle shone out upon the gloom. The priest knocked at the door, and heard a feeble voice which bade him enter.

On a low couch in the corner was the figure of a man,—old, for his hair lay silver-white upon the pillow; emaciated, until the face had almost the appearance of a corpse. His fading eyes pierced the semi-darkness of the room, as the opening door made him aware of a presence in the room. Father Lewis, advancing, inquired:—

“Did you send for me, my friend?”

“Did I send for you?” said the man, with a hushed, awe-stricken note in his voice. “No; how could I send, how could I send?”

He tried to raise himself, as if impelled by excitement or joy, or some hidden feeling. But the effort was vain. Nature had all but exhausted the resources of a frame once vigorous. He sank back on the pillow, silent an instant, then he asked:

“And, sir, if I may make so bold, who are you?”

“Who am I?” said Father Lewis. “Why, a priest, of course. I was directed to this spot for an urgent sick call.”

“A priest!” cried the man, “a priest for me. O God, I give Thee thanks. St. Joseph, I bless you.”

Astonished at these utterances, the priest asked an explanation.

“All my life,” said the man, “when I bent the knee at morning or at night, I prayed to the great St. Joseph that I might not die without the Sacraments. Whatever

came or went, I never failed in that prayer. The years went by, I grew old and poor. Relatives and friends dropped round me like falling leaves. I was left alone. At last I was reduced to this miserable shelter, where I managed to keep body and soul together by working a little whenever I was able. Feeble in body I could not reach the church very often for long past. A month ago I took to my bed, seized with a burning fever. Since then I have dragged on the days and nights here alone, and my strength is almost exhausted."

All this was told in a feeble, gasping voice. Father Lewis asked had not the neighbors come in to give him some help and to notify the priest of his condition.

"The nearest are more than half a mile off," said the old man, "and they are strange people who have come there of late and scarcely know of my existence. No, there was no one to send for the priest, though I knew that Death was approaching fast. Still, I felt that I would not die without the Sacraments. My confidence in St. Joseph was so great, that I knew that, if I had to live on as I was for fifty years, a priest would come. And you, Father, how did you get here?"

"Providentially, as I believe," answered the priest, solemnly. "A man of venerable appearance rang at the bell, and informing me that there was an urgent sick call, directed me clearly and explicitly to this place. When I came out of the house, he had gone, and there was no trace of him in the street. I made so little delay, that a man of his age could hardly have walked away so quick."

"It was the good Saint himself," said the man confidently.

"Who can tell?" said the priest thoughtfully, "though indeed, the protection of St. Joseph may have shown itself by inspiring some neighbor to come for me."

The man shook his head.

"The neighbors know nothing of me," he said, "and most of them are a low and worthless set of people, who think little of priest or religion."

"Well," said Father Lewis, "whoever may have been my guide it remains for me to accomplish the work for which I have been brought here. The time may be shorter than we think."

"It will be long enough for that, Father," said the old man, the same confident smile passing over his face. "But, if you please, I will begin. I want to make a general confession, and I have been preparing for it this many a day."

The wind whistled moaningly about the house. It rushed in through the crevices and crannies and under the miserable door, threatening the life of the candle, as Father Lewis continued his ministrations at the bedside of the dying old man.

The dawn gleamed white and cold, streaking the sky towards the East, as Father Lewis stood upon the threshold of the open door and looked out upon a scene of unexampled dreariness—a low, broad waste of snow, unbroken by a human habitation, lying under a gray sky. Chilled and exhausted he turned to gaze upon the couch in the corner of the room, where lay the old man, dead. There was something weird and solemn in the repose of the figure, majestic despite its wretched surroundings.

As Father Lewis passed out and closed the door, being anxious to arrange about the funeral, he murmured softly: "Amen, Amen. I have not seen such faith as this in Israel. St. Joseph has heard his life-long prayer, and a beautiful soul has this day passed into its Maker's hands."



MY BEADS.



WEET, blessed beads! I wou'd not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem ;
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah ! time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died ; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads !
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

How many and many a time in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
 Of inner life to all unknown ;
 I trusted you and you alone,
 But ah ! ye kept my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear —
 A sign that I am but a slave,
 In life, in death, beyond the grave,
 Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

TREASURY, MARCH, 1893.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity,.....	139,236	Works of charity,..	10,586
Beads,.....	201,475	Works of zeal,.....	11,945
Stations of the Cross	402,570	Prayers,.....	638,466
Holy Communions,..	47,161	Charitable conversa-	
Spiritual Commu-		tions,.....	95,543
nions,.....	51,985	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions,.....	25,739
conscience.....	50,022	Self-conquests.....	109,561
Hours of labor,.....	249,417	Visits to Blessed	
Hours of silence,....	196,489	Sacrament	69,347
Pious reading,.....	20,277	Other good works,..	280,839
Masses celebrated,..	18,226		
Masses heard,.....	50,201		
Mortifications,.....	53,706		
		Total.....	2,722,791



OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS.

(Continued.)

After that they put on him a belt full of pitch and resin and set fire to it, which roasted his whole body. During these torments, Father Brebœuf endured all like a rock, insensible to fire and flames, which astonished all the blood-thirsty wretches who tormented him. His zeal was so great that he preached continually to these infidels to try to convert them. His executioners were enraged against him for constantly speaking to them of God and of their conversion. To prevent him speaking more, they cut off both his upper and lower lips. After that they set themselves to strip the flesh from his legs, thighs and arms, to the very bone, and put it to roast before his eyes in order to eat it.

Whilst they tormented him in this manner, those wretches derided him, saying: "Thou seest well that we treat thee as a friend, since we shall be the cause of thy eternal happiness; thank us, then, for these good offices which we render thee, for the more thou shalt suffer the more will thy God reward thee."

These villains, seeing that the good Father began to grow weak, made him sit down on the ground, and one of them, taking a knife, cut off the skin covering his skull. Another one of these barbarians, seeing that the good Father would soon die, made an opening in the

upper part of his chest, tore out his heart, which he roasted and ate. Others came to drink his blood, still warm, which they drank with both hands, saying that Father Brebœuf had been very courageous to endure so much pain as they had given him, and that in drinking his blood they would become courageous like him.

This is what we learned of the martyrdom and most happy death of Father Jean de Brebœuf by several Christian savages worthy of belief, who had been constantly present from the time the good Father was taken till his death. These good Christians were prisoners to the Iroquois, who were taking them into their country to be put to death. But our good God was gracious enough to enable them to escape by the way, and they came to us to recount all that I have set down in writing.

Father Brebœuf was taken on the 16th day of March, in the morning, with Father L'Allemant, in the year 1649. Father Brebœuf died the same day of his capture about four o'clock in the afternoon. These barbarians threw the remains of his body into the fire, but the more fleshy portions which still remained on his body extinguished the fire, and he was not consumed.

I do not doubt as to the truth of all I have just related, and I would seal it with my blood, for I have seen the same treatment given to Iroquois prisoners whom the Huron savages had taken in war, with the exception of the boiling water which I have not seen poured on anyone.

I am now about to describe truly what I myself saw of the martyrdom and of the most happy death of Father Jean de Brebœuf and of Father Gabriel L'Allemant. On the next morning, when we had assurance of the departure of the enemy, we went to the spot to seek for the remains of their bodies at the place where their lives had

been taken. We found them both, but a little apart from one another. They were brought to our hut and laid uncovered upon the bark of trees, where I examined them at leisure, for more than two hours time, to see if what the savages had told us of their martyrdom and death were true. I examined first the body of Father de Brebœuf, which was pitiful to see, as well as that of Father L'Allerant. The body of Father de Brebœuf had his legs, thighs and arms stripped of flesh to the very bone; I saw and touched a number of great blisters, which he had on several parts of his body, from the boiling water which these barbarians had poured over him in mockery of Holy Baptism; I saw and touched the wound from a belt of bark, full of pitch and resin, which roasted his whole body; I saw and touched the marks of burns from the collar of axes placed on his shoulders and stomach; I saw and touched his two lips which they had cut off, because he constantly spoke of God whilst they made him suffer; I saw and touched all parts of his body, which had received more than two hundred blows from a stick; I saw and touched the top of his scalped head; I saw and touched the opening which these barbarians had made to tear out his heart. In fine, I saw and touched all the wounds of his body such as the savages had told and assured us of. We buried these precious relics on Sunday the 21st day of March, 1649, with much consolation.

I had the happiness of carrying them to the grave, and of burying them with those of Father Gabriel L'Allemant. When we left the country of the Hurons, we lifted both bodies from the ground and set them to boil in strong lye. All the bones were well scraped, and the care of having them dried was given to me. I put them every day into a little oven made of clay which we had, after having heated it slightly; and when in a state to be

packed, they were enveloped separately in silk stuff when they were put into two small chests, and we brought them to Quebec, where they are held in great veneration.

It is not a doctor of the Sorbonne who has composed this, as you may easily see, but the leavings of the Iroquois, and a person who has lived longer than he expected, who is and shall be ever, sir,

Your humble and very obedient Servant,

CHRISTOPHE REGNAULT, Coadjutor Brother,
with the Jesuits of Caen, 1678, Companion of Fathers
Brebœuf and L'Allemant above mentioned.

LOVE OF THE POOR.

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.

Under the Old Law, our Lord sometimes made Himself manifest in the form of Angels clothed with the figure of men; under the law of grace, and since poverty has been glorified at Nazareth and on Calvary, Jesus Christ often shows Himself under the garb of the poor. That is now His chosen raiment, and although the poor man himself 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. See here the only true source of love for the poor! You will find it in the Heart of Jesus, and it is there you must go to seek it.

MGR. LANDRIOT.



A RAINDROP'S WHISPER.



OME whispering raindrops gem the sky—
While the brown crops all parching lie ;
Sad flowers their jaded heads low bent,
Silent their streams, their waters spent,
And men and beasts with pleading eyes
Uplifted to the scorching skies.

“ Come, let us ease them of their pain ! ”

Said one bright little drop of rain :

“ Oh ! let us call each drop we know,
And down to earth together go ! ”

The others smiled : “ Why, such a shower
So small would scarce refresh a flower ! ”

“ Now, would you radiant Angel rise,—
Of Heaven's great flood-gates guardian wise,
And loose its streams with strong right hand,
Rejoiced would be the thirsting land !
But we poor drops can only wait
The opening of the water-gate.”

More wistful grew the raindrop small,
And earthward was its gentle fall ;
“ Though small, though weak, I'll do *my* best ! ”
And nestled in a lily's breast.
The others followed, one by one,
Ashamed that drop should be alone.

Then rose the Angel strong and wise ;—
His white wings fanned the burning skies—
He waited but that signal given,
And straightway loosed the gates of Heaven—

For e'en that tiny raindrop shower
 God had created for that hour.

Thus falls one prayer, one pleading word,
 And life in some crushed soul is stirred ;
 One heart-gift at the Master's feet
 Fulfills its mission all complete ;
 Heart draweth heart! ; love's cry alone
 Draws Mercy's stream from Love's own Throne.

—*English Messenger, 1887.*

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

INDULGENCES GRANTED.

Besides the plenary indulgence granted by the Holy Father to the privileged few who are able to make the pilgrimage to Rome on the occasion of the Episcopal Jubilee of Leo XIII, a similar indulgence is granted to those who, after having made a novena, reciting daily the third part of the rosary. unite in spirit with the pilgrims. This indulgence may be gained on the 19th of February or other day to be determined by the Bishop of the diocese.

Moreover a similar indulgence is granted to all who take part in missions or spiritual exercises during the present year. The conditions are that they approach the Holy Tribunal of Penance, receive Holy Communion and pray according to the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A partial indulgence of three hundred days may be gained on each day of the novena, spiritual exercises or mission. The above mentioned indulgences are all applicable to the souls in Purgatory.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 12.

(Translation.)

FATHER AULNEAU TO HIS MOTHER.

(Address:—A Monsieur Chaterere, Procureur et
Notaire Royal à Luçon, pour faire tenir à Madame de la
Touche Aulneau, aux Moutiers sur le Lay—à Luçon.)

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

The long stay which I have been obliged to make at
Montreal, quite contrary to my expectation, affords me
an opportunity of sending you the renewed assurance of
my respectful attachment. I start to-morrow, without,
thank God, any other sorrow than that of going too far
away to be able to write or to receive letters from you as
often as I would wish. Perhaps three hundred and forty
leagues from here I shall find leisure to write to you
again; if so, I shall take advantage of the opportunity
with the greatest pleasure.

You see the career that Providence has opened out

before me ; pray God, my dear Mother, that I may acquit myself in a manner worthy of Him. I trust, that, separated for His sake from all that might afford human consolation, He will not forsake me ; and that if in the midst of the forests, whither I go to pass the rest of my life, and in the midst of wild beasts I find nothing to flatter my self-love, I may find at least an opportunity to destroy and annihilate it by my sufferings. Conjure our Lord to send me many sufferings and to give me patience to bear them with resignation conformably to His holy and divine will.

Nearly every day I pray for you at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and shall continue until death to offer this one only mark which lies in my power of the gratitude I owe you.

I remain, my dear mother, your most humble and obedient servant and son,

J. P. AULNEAU,

Ind. Miss. of the Soc. of Jesus.

MONTREAL, June 12th, 1735.

I beg you to present my respects to my dear uncle, Mr. Pennot, and Madame de la Villedieu. I embrace and send my love to my brothers and sister. My dear mother, please remit to Father Bonin, the Procurator, the allowance you have been kind enough to make in my favor.

No. 13.

(*Translation.*)

FATHER AULNEAU TO HIS SISTER THERÈSA,

Religious of the Union Chr^tienne of Fontenay.

MY DEAR SISTER, the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Quite contrary to your expectation and my own, you receive this one more letter from me. I know that it will be anything but a cause of annoyance to you, otherwise

your friendship for me must have greatly changed. I leave Montreal to-morrow, where my stay has been longer than I was led to expect. I count upon reaching the first term of my mission towards the end of the month of November. To all appearances it will only be after many hardships. I shall be happy, my dearest of sisters, if I draw that profit from them which God has a right to expect. He should never appear to us more worthy of our love, nor seem to love us more, than when He gives us the opportunity of becoming more like unto His own beloved Son, every phase of whose mortal career was marked by some new suffering.

It will be three or four years, as I wrote you in my last letter, before I shall have any fixed or permanent abode, and am not likely to do much else than wander about from forest to lake in view of acquiring some knowledge of the country to which Providence sends me. If I had more virtue than I possess I would congratulate myself much more on being obliged to commence thus to devote myself to missionary life as so many other holy missionaries had begun, who in the early times of French settlements in this desolate country watered the wilderness with their sweat and with their blood; but my lack of virtue fills me with apprehension.

Pray, therefore, more and more for me, and beseech the ladies of your community to do the same. Assure them also of my deep gratitude and respect.

If you can, without drawing upon what is given you for your own needs, procure for me some altar linen and decorations, you would afford me much pleasure. I am in this respect in a pitiable condition of penury. Good-bye, my dear sister, and let your love for me in our Lord Jesus Christ be as deep as mine is for you.

J. P. AULNEAU, Jes., Ind. Miss.

MONTREAL, June 12th, 1735.

No. 14.

(Translation.)

FATHER AULNEAU TO FATHER FAYE.

REVEREND FATHER, P. C.—

I thought that the letter which I wrote to you from Quebec would be the last I would be able to send you this year, but my unexpectedly long stay in Montreal procures me the pleasure of writing to you once more before striking into the forest wilds.

Since Father Nau took up his abode at the Sault St. Louis mission he has suffered from a violent attack of the gout, and this has been the cause of general regret among the missionaries of this needy country. As for myself, with every increase of active work my health has become more robust, and the closer insight I have of the worry and sufferings of the life I am to lead, the more thankful I am that God has deigned to call me to the missions of this forlorn country.

I wrote you previously that I was about to penetrate into a region hitherto unknown, in view of making Jesus Christ known to savages who have never even heard Him spoken of, and who in turn have never been seen by us. All that foreshadows many hardships, the least of which will be that I shall have to wander about in the woods four or five years with no fixed habitation. In this, though very different as to merit and virtue, I shall resemble the first missionaries of this poor country who watered it with their sweat and blood.

Implore our Lord to grant me the grace of walking in the footsteps of so many holy and great men.

Since my last letter we have received news from

Father Guignas, who since 1732, when we last heard from him, has undergone so heroically all that hunger, thirst and persistent threats of being massacred and burnt by the Sakis or Foxes could inspire of horror. He is fairly worn out, but the dearth we are in of missionaries precludes the possibility of relieving or succoring him. Beg God to send us help. Those who come over to devote themselves to our missions will yet find here the most admirable models of every virtue.

I remain, Reverend Father, with the most profound respect and in union with your Holy Sacrifices,

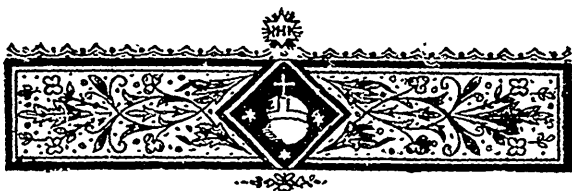
Your most humble and most obedient servant,

J. P. AULNEAU, Jes., Ind. Miss.

MONTREAL, JUNE 12th, 1735.

Do not be surprised if you do not hear from me for two or three years. I shall be too far away to be able to give you any news sooner. Should you write to me, be kind enough to address your letters to Father Aulneau, S.J., Missionary at Fort St. Charles on the Lake of the Woods, Canada.

“O astonishing elevation! O unparalleled dignity!” exclaims the pious Gerson, in a devout address to St. Joseph, “that the Mother of God, Queen of Heaven, should call you her Lord; that God Himself made man should call you Father, and obey your commands. O glorious Triad on earth, Jesus, Mary, Joseph, how dear a family to the glorious Trinity in heaven, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost! Nothing is on earth so great, so good, so excellent.”



THE SACRED HEART PROTECTS ITS OWN.

LETTER FROM A GERMAN WORKMAN.

Antwerp, April 6, 1892.

Reverend Father,

To comply with your request, I repeat in writing the account I gave you last Sunday of what happened to me at the time of the terrible explosion of September 6th, 1889.

On the afternoon of that day, about two o'clock, I was busy outside, say 210 feet from the cartridge factory, counting the empty barrels. Suddenly I saw a train of fire like sparks from a slow-match. I stood stupefied for an instant, for I did not know what was about to happen, still I little suspected the fearful danger which threatened me; but my suspense was soon at an end. Great rolling masses of white smoke shot up from the cartridge factory accompanied by immense sheets of flame, and I heard the muffled roar of the report. The factory had exploded. I distinguished clearly in the flames the shattered portions of the building hurled high in the air; I could even see the bodies of the workmen employed, as they were stricken with instant death.

The ground swayed fearfully beneath my feet, and I was

thrown with so much violence to the ground that my left arm was dislocated. When the fire reached the cartridges, the number of which was estimated at forty-five millions, a deafening noise followed, caused by the repeated explosions, which it would be impossible to describe; then truly I thought that my last hour had come. I endeavored to rise to see if there were not yet some chance of escape, but I heard clearly and distinctly a voice which repeated twice, "Remain prostrate." Had I risen to my feet I should have been torn to pieces by the cartridges, which were passing over me. My only thought now was to prepare for death which seemed to me inevitable. A second time I heard a voice which said with indescribable sweetness: "Do you not know that those who honor the Sacred Heart gain at the hour of death a plenary indulgence if they invoke the holy name of Jesus?" I obeyed and cried out seven or eight times: "Jesus, my Jesus," and the more I called upon the Holy Name the more my confidence increased. I resigned myself to the holy will of God, and the confidence I felt in the infinite goodness of God told me that the plenary indulgence was gained. Though all raged furiously around me, as if hell itself were let loose, I remained calm and imperturbable. I no longer feared death, so what harm could befall me? I experienced a feeling I had never known before, I might call it "expectation," for to appear before God is something incomprehensible, and nevertheless I had not the least fear.

The good God had reserved for me quite a different deliverance. When at least all became calm I rose to my feet, but what a spectacle presented itself!" I could see around nothing but ruin and confusion, and amidst it all I was safe. I read clearly in this catastrophe a punish-

ment from God, for those who fell victims in it were not what they ought to have been. One dies as one has lived, and in this case the time seemed too short to make an act of perfect contrition. How my heart swelled with gratitude towards the Sacred Heart for having in so lavish a manner shown me the effects of His infinite bounty. I can never, nor shall I ever forget it, otherwise I would be the most ungrateful of men.

I now began searching for my fellow-workmen. Many had fallen who had been working much further away from the factory than I had been, others had sustained serious injuries. I shall not rehearse all the particulars which have already been sufficiently made known through the newspapers. As I saw that it would be impossible for me to be of any service, for my arm was dislocated, the blood was streaming from several wounds on the head, and my knees trembled so that it was clear that my strength was fast giving way, I determined to go home. I put on a coat, a hat and a pair of *sabots* I found lying near, for my own clothes were so charred that they were falling off. I met three Capucin Fathers who, bathed in perspiration, were hurrying to the scene. The present custodian, Father Robert, in advance of the others, was shouting to them: "Here's where we are wanted." I saw them rushing into the burning ruins and bearing out the dead and the wounded. It was a heroic act which required strength from above, and though the crowd called out on all sides: "Father, there may be at any moment another explosion," the Fathers kept on bravely. Their example encouraged others, and many of the stevedores behaved admirably on this occasion. I thought also I could distinguish Father Houben, S.J., but am not sure, for the smoke prevented me from seeing all distinctly.

You may easily imagine the joy of my wife in seeing me alive, for before I could reach the house, numbers of dead and wounded were carried past to the hospital, and she fancied that she had seen me among the number.

Before concluding, I wish to insist upon another point, which will make you understand better what precedes. At the expiration of my term in the army, I came here to Antwerp in search of employment. It is said that military service is the school of life; in a certain sense this is not wholly incorrect; but it is at the same time, without doubt, an advanced school of the most degrading vices, and I have known young men who were virtuous when they entered, but who, later, led on by the bad example of their comrades, fell lower than any.

I obtained a situation but not immediately, and only after much hardship, for I was without resources. I began a new life then; I was satisfied with my new occupation, and resumed my prayers and my attendance at church. I had heard that there was in Antwerp special service held for the Germans, but at first I had no thought of taking advantage of it. Later I made enquiries among the Germans, but they could give me no information; they were listless in matters of religion as I had been myself. One Sunday I entered the church of Notre Dame de Grace to hear Mass, at the close of which they sang the beautiful hymn, "Maria zu lieben." I stood spell-bound for the moment, and was overjoyed to have at least found the church I was in search of.

From that time I attended regularly the service for the Germans, when it was possible for me to do so, and I resolved to go to confession, though I delayed long before putting into practice my good resolve. Finally, after having made from the sincerity of my heart a good confession, where I begged God to take me out of this

life rather than allow me to fall again into sin, I felt much joy and consolation in approaching often the Sacraments. Still later on, I learnt also from Father Lambertz, S.J., how to honor the Sacred Heart, and to this end, for seven years, I have always received holy Communion on the First Friday of every month. During that lapse of time I missed but once, on a Good Friday, when Holy Communion is not given.

The day of the explosion was the first Friday of September, 1889, and on that day my Saviour recompensed me munificently for the little I had done to honor His Sacred Heart. May the good God grant me the grace of perseverance! I have no fear of death, its call is not now an unfamiliar thing to me. What the Saviour has promised to those who honor His Sacred Heart, He faithfully abides by. This is my own experience, and I shall be ever mindful of it.

Let me say one word more, before finishing, of the terrible chastisement God metes out to those who insult Him. A short time before the catastrophe, two of our workmen were speaking about hell; one of them, who made it a point to eat meat on every Friday, and more particularly on Good Friday, while bread and butter was enough for him on other days, discoursed thus: "If all that priests (*la prêtraille*) would have simpletons believe be true, that those who get drunk, or swear, or commit other such peccadilloes are damned, Hell would be much too small and would have to be enlarged a little." The other laughed at this joke and attempted to improve on it. Well, after the explosion, when I was hunting for our men, I saw the latter stretched dead in the reservoir; the derisive sneer was still discernible on his features, death consequently had been instantaneous. I attempted to draw him out, but my hands sunk into his brain, the

skull had been completely crushed. As for the one who had made the impious joke, we found him a few days after, absolutely burnt to a crisp; we managed to identify him by the clasp of his pocket-book. He must have suffered terribly, for he had been burnt alive.

I should be very glad if you could make use of these lines to promote the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which for me is the most beautiful of all devotions. Have the kindness to make these facts known, not on my account, but in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who will certainly never abandon those who honor Him.

Trusting that you will heed my request, I am yours most devotedly,

BERNH. ERELMANN,

Chaussée de Malines, 50, Antwerp.

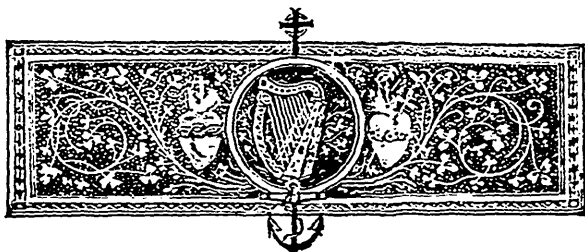
ST. PATRICK'S, MONTREAL.

ABOUT two thousand members of St. Patrick's parish gathered in that church on Sunday, the 29th January, in order to witness the solemn ceremony of the distribution of crosses and diplomas to one hundred and eight Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. The High altar was beautifully decorated, and illumined by about eighty incandescent electric lights which tipped the turrets of the Gothic altar, and bathed the sanctuary in a flood of light; the oratory of the Sacred Heart was also most borate y and artistically decorated, a series of circular steps ascending from the floor of the sanctuary to the base of the statue, fifteen feet above, being covered with flowers, colored lamps and lighted tapers.

After the Rosary had been recited and a hymn to the Sacred Heart sung, the local director preached a sermon on Piety, explaining that though this was a part of the series of instructions which he was giving on the seven-fold gifts of the Holy Ghost, yet it had a most appropriate and direct application to all the members of the League.

Piety or devotion was but another word for spiritual patriotism; and as the patriot is known by his devotion to country, to its authority, its institutions, its interests, so should piety or devotion to our Blessed Lord, to His authority, to His interests, be a mark of every member of the League. These thoughts were developed in the course of the sermon, and an earnest exhortation made to all to renew their devotion to the Divine Heart of Jesus, and to spread His Kingdom in the souls of all whom their zeal, guided by discretion and prudence, could reach.

His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Fabre, assisted by the Reverend clergy of the parish, then blessed the crosses and conferred them on the Promoters, giving to each his or her diploma. The *Magnificat* was next sung, and was followed by Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The music by the choir was very choice and exceedingly well rendered. The solemn ceremony will no doubt be instrumental in awakening new zeal among the members of the League, and will induce those not already members to seek admission among our associates.



ORGANIZATION OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER,

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.



QUESTIONS and doubts are proposed from time to time relative to the establishment and working of Local Centres of the Apostleship and League, which are one and the same organization. We have thought it advisable to devote a little space to explanations which we think necessary.

Here then is the *spirit* and *practice* of the work, drawn from the collection of Statutes, and from Apostolic Briefs or Rescripts in force wherever a general approbation of the Apostleship has been given by the Bishop or Ordinary of each respective diocese :

I.—Any community of persons (Parish, Convent, College, Seminary, Boarding-school, Sodality, Congregation, Catholic Association, etc.) can have the Apostleship of Prayer established canonically in their midst by means of a diploma of aggregation issued specially for such community or body of persons. Thus in a number of cities, *all* the parishes and *all* the communities without excep-

tion are admitted into the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

II.—It is generally more advantageous that, in parishes, colleges, convents, etc., each separate Society or Sodality, if there be several, should have a special diploma of aggregation, for in this case each special director of sodality, society or guild has all the powers of a Local Director.

III.—Every community of persons thus incorporated in the Apostleship of Prayer opens a register of aggregation, in which may be inscribed the names of all who wish to become associates of the Apostleship, and this registration is valid even in the case of applicants *who are not members* of the community incorporated, or who are not even residents of the place. Furthermore, the fact that the name of an associate is inscribed on the register of any given centre does not prevent his joining another centre, nor is it necessary, in such case, that his name be registered anew.

IV.—Any community holding a diploma of aggregation may have the public exercises of the Apostleship celebrated in their chapel.

V.—If such community has a special chaplain other than the parish priest, the powers of Local Director of the Apostleship belong to the chaplain.

VI.—Where there is no special chaplain, any approved priest, invited by the Superior, of such community of men or women, may preside at the public exercises of the Apostleship held in the chapel of the community. All religious superiors, though not in orders, or lady superiors of communities of nuns are *ex officio* promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer and of the Communion of Atone-

ment, and may, if they think fit, delegate any member of their community to act for them in that capacity. It is advisable, though not necessary, that these superiors hold a Promoter's diploma. Religious superiors are entirely dispensed from the regulations concerning Promoters' Crosses.

VII.—Finally, it must be borne in mind that the Apostleship is neither a *Sodality* nor a *Confraternity*, but simply a *Pious Work* which, according to the expression of His Holiness Leo XIII, “couples with extreme simplicity such fruitfulness as assuredly to deserve the unlimited protection of ecclesiastical authority.”*

* The above explanations refer exclusively to the Apostleship or League. As for the two Archconfraternities, that of the Sacred Heart and that of the Guard of Honor, they are distinct organizations. It is customary, though not at all obligatory, to establish one of the Archconfraternities in new centres together with the Apostleship or League. When this is done, *registration* of members, not merely local, but at some duly established centre is *required* for membership in the confraternity. The *registration* mentioned on page 2 of the January number of the MESSENGER has reference to the Archconfraternities above mentioned. The lists asked for on the same page are not, as was there stated, to be used for *registration*, but simply to enable the director here to make his report. We take this occasion to thank those who have sent in these lists. There are yet some to be heard from. If in certain centres it be too difficult to collect these statistics, please send in at least the exact number of Promoters and Associates.

As heretofore no record has been kept at this general English centre of the dates whereon diplomas of aggregation were issued, and as we are anxious to supply this deficiency, we made another request on page 12 of the same number. Many have kindly sent in the information asked for. We beg those who have not yet done so to consult that note, and to be good enough to write at their earliest convenience.

All correspondence from English-speaking centres of the League in which information is asked should be addressed: “Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart,” as the editor is at the same time general director for these centres, with a jurisdiction entirely distinct.



THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

EACH day the little brother and sister went hand in hand to the great, solemn church, where the statue of St. Joseph stood wreathed with flowers, bright with the glow of lamps and tapers. They had learned that tiny prayer, "St. Joseph, Foster-Father of Jesus, pray for us," though they could not say it very plain. Still, each day, they knelt before the statue and said the little prayer, and went home again with toddling, uncertain feet. They lived but two blocks from the church, in a small, wooden house. They were orphans, and their grandmother, with whom they lived, but seldom stirred out. She sat nearly all day in a great rocking-chair, knitting. The neighbors said her mind had grown as feeble as her body during the long years that had passed since her silvery locks were black.

In any case, she rarely spoke to the children, and they lived their little life apart. An aunt, a middle-aged woman, worked all day at a factory, and came home tired and somewhat cross, cared for the children's clothing, put them to bed at night, and woke them very early in the morning. Having tidied up the house and given a very early breakfast, she hurried off, with a caution to them to keep away from the fire and to be good to grandma.

They were good to grandmamma in their own babyish way. Two quaint little figures, in strong but ugly pinafores and long dresses, they hovered about her chair, picked up her knitting-needles if she dropped them, and asked her many questions. To most of these she responded only by a smile and a shake of the head. Her tired out old brain refused to work out even their baby problems.

They played mostly with bits of paper and string, a bit of colored glass Francis had found in the street, and a bundle of rags tied up for a doll, which little Mary fondled and caressed and put to bed in a wooden box given to her by the grocer's boy.

The church down the street was the children's great marvel and delight. Their aunt brought them there on Sunday, when she was not too hurried to dress them, and she had taught them some simple prayers. She was a good woman and anxious to do what was right, but she was painfully hurried and worn with constant labor. So she knew nothing of all the thoughts the two little ones had about the church. They conversed about it constantly with wonder and awe after their simple, baby fashion. The stained windows, the altar where God was, the great gilt candlesticks and the angels guarding the sanctuary were endless sources of admiration to them.

Once, the nun who was arranging the altar spoke to them, and told them that it was St. Joseph's month, and gave them each a tiny picture with the prayer on it: "Good St. Joseph, Foster Father of Jesus, pray for us." After that the nun figured in their conversations as a beautiful if somewhat mysterious lady, and they paused every day before St. Joseph's altar, always saying the little prayer. The kindly face of the Saint became as something dear and familiar to them, and they wondered if he looked like that up in heaven.

One afternoon, they had just got home from their visit to the church—it was still clear light, for their aunt had told them never to stay out when it was dark, and they would not have dreamed of disobeying her. They were playing, as usual. Little Mary sat on a tiny, wooden stool, cutting up paper, and Francis was busy driving an imaginary horse. They did not perceive the smoke which began to pour in from the hallway through the crevices of the door. The grandmother, indeed, was the first to notice it.

“Smoke,” she said, and she laughed softly to herself as if the notion pleased her. Perhaps it was because she was able to remember its name, words not occurring readily to her as a general thing. She pointed it out to the children, repeating, “Smoke, smoke,” with the same childish chuckle. The little ones had at first no comprehension of the danger, until, instead of smoke, flame began to make its way under and around the closed door with a strange, crackling noise.

Then little Mary began to cry, and Francis said to her that they must say their prayer to St. Joseph, and kneeling down both together and clasping their tiny hands, they prayed to St. Joseph, Foster-Father of Jesus, saying, “Don’t let the fire catch granny or us.”

At that moment a gentleman passing stopped before the house and cried out to other passers-by that there was a strange light shining from the window, and that, in fact, the house was on fire. The neighbors quickly took the alarm, knowing well how helpless were the three inmates of the dwelling. In an instant, the door was burst open, and the flames pent up in the narrow hallway poured out with a blinding mass of smoke. Brave men rushed into the room into which the fire had scarcely effected an entrance. They found the old grandmother seated in her chair, childishly delighted, and the

two little ones kneeling in the middle of the room with clasped hands.

The neighbors and the firemen thought it little short of a miracle that the old woman and the children were brought safely out, and women wiped their eyes when they heard the children tell that "they weren't afraid, because they had told good St. Joseph not to let the fire catch granny or them."

THE JUBILEE ALBUM.

The Album to be presented to the Holy Father by the Canadian Centres of the League is a truly magnificent volume of eight hundred pages. Three hundred and thirty French and English speaking centres have contributed their spiritual offering. No expense has been spared on the mere material part to make the gift more worthy of presentation. Some centres, without being solicited, have offered to bear part of the expense. Their contributions have been gratefully accepted; and though we make no appeal for help, we are not disposed to shut out others from participating in the additional merit they may acquire even by the smallest offerings.

List of English and mixed Centres which have contributed to the Spiritual Offering.*

Alexandria, Ont.:	Parish.	Barrie, Ont.
Amherstburg, Ont.:	Convent and Parish.	Biddeford, Me.:
Arthabaskaville, Q.:	Novitiate of the Sacred Heart.	Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Parish.
Arctic Centre, R. I.:	Convent.	Buckingham: College.
Barre, Vt.		Burlington, Vt.:
		Brothers' School, and Convent St. Joseph's Parish.

* Should the names of any of the English contributing centres have been accidentally omitted, let the Secretaries notify us as soon as possible.

- Carillon: Providence School
 Charlottetown, P.E.I.
- Chatham, Ont.: Ursuline Con-
 vent.
- Chicago, U. S.: Cong. N. D.
 and N. D. School.
- Chicopee, Mass.
- Claremont, N. Y.: Convent.
- Cobourg, Ont.
- Cornwall, Ont.
- Crown Point, N.Y.
- Cyrville, Ont.
- Detroit, Mich.: Schools of
 St. Ann's and St. Joachim.
- Dundas, Ont.: Parish and
 School, H. of Providence.
- Farnham: College and Hos-
 pital.
- Glennevis, Ont.
- Goderich, Ont.
- Granby: College and Con-
 vent.
- Greenville, N.Y.
- Grosvenor Dale, Conn.: Par-
 ish.
- Guelph, Ont.: Loretto Aca-
 demy and St. Joseph's Hos-
 pital.
- Halifax, N. S.: St. Patrick's,
 Parish, De La Salle Acad-
 emy.
- Hamilton, Ont.: St. Patrick's
 Parish, De La Salle Aca-
 demy, Loretto Convent,
 St. Joseph's Convent.
- Hammondville, N. Y.
- Ingersoll, Ont.
- Kingston, Ont.: Children of
 Mary, Providence Con-
 vent.
- Lawrence, Mass.
- London, Ont.: St. Joseph's
 Convent.
- Manchester, N. H.: School of
 the Holy Angels.
- Moncton, N.B.
- MONTREAL, Q.: Notre-
 Dame des Auges Aca-
 demy, Academy of St.
 John the Evangelist.
- St. Mary and Mount St.
 Louis Colleges.
- St. Gabriel's Parish, St.
 Charles (C. N. D.).
- Gésu; Hotel-Dieu; Sacred
 Heart Academy, Convent
 and Community of H. N.
 of Jesus and Mary.
- Child Jesus and St. Gre-
 gory's Parishes.
- Niagara Falls, Ont.: Loretto
 Convent.
- Norton Mills.
- N. D. of Stanbridge.
- Oakville, Ont.: Convent,
 School and Parish.
- Oswego, N. Y.: Convent of
 the H. N. of Jesus and
 Mary.
- Ottawa: St. Joseph's Parish,
 St. Bridget's and Convent
 of Mercy.
- Owen Sound, Ont.
- Papineauville, P.Q.
- Penetanguishene, Ont.
- Plattsburg, N.Y.
- Prince Albert: Faithful
 Companions of Jesus.
- QUEBEC:
- St. Patrick's Parish, St.
 Bridget's Asylum, Sisters
 of Charity, Orphan Asy-
 lum, Schools of the Lower
 Town, Palace and Cape
 Diamond.

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- Renfrew: Parish, Convent Somerset: Convent.
 and De Sa Salle School. Stratford: Loretto Convent.
 Rigaud: Parish and Bour-Swanton Falls, Vt.: Con-
 get College. vent.
 Rustico, P. E. I. TORONTO: St. Michael's,
 Ste. Agathe de Lotbinière. Sacred Heart; St Joseph's
 St. Albans, Vt.: Convent. Convent, Loretto Abbey;
 St. Andrew d'Argenteuil. Community, Bond St. and
 Ste. Ann's, Ill.: Cong. N. D. Wellesley Place Aca-
 St. Anaclet, P.Q. demies; Normal Schools of
 St. Boniface, Man.: Jesuit De La Salle and St. Joseph,
 College, Grey Nuns, Com- St. Helen, St. Patrick, St.
 munity and Convent. Paul, St. Mary and St.
 Ste. Catharines, Ont. Michael's Schools, St.
 St. Eugene, Ont. Joseph and De La Salle
 St. Ferdinand: Convent. Novitiate, Sisters of Char-
 Ste Marie de Monnoir: Cou- ity.
 vent. Waterloo: College and Con-
 St. Ours: Convent and Col- vent.
 lege. Windsor, Ont.: Hotel Dieu.
 St. Philippe d'Argenteuil. Windsor Mills: Parish.
 Salmon Falls, N. H. Winnipeg: St. Mary's Par-
 Sault-au-Recollet: Sacred ish.
 Heart Convent, St. Jo- Winooski, Convent.
 seph's Novitiate. Worcester, Mass.: St. Ann's
 Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Convent.
 Sherbrooke: Cong. N. D.,
 Seminary.

Sum Total of Good Works contained in the Jubilee Album to be presented to the Holy Father:

Beads.....	3,746,299
Stations of the Cross.....	653,952
Holy Communions... ..	569,488
Spiritual Communions.....	2,493,622
Hours of labor.....	4,297,933
Hours of silence.....	2,285,483
Masses.....	915,344
Prayers.....	12,517,515
Charitable conversations.....	2,160,695
Self-conquests....	2,016,282
Visits to Blessed Sacrament....	1,185,750
Various good works.....	4,454,026
Total.....	37,296,489



JUBILEE ADDRESS.

*To be presented to the Holy Father by the League
Associates of England.*

MOST HOLY FATHER,

On this most happy day, when the whole Catholic world is joining hands to offer its felicitations to your Holiness on the fiftieth anniversary of your Episcopal Consecration; and is thronging round the foot of the throne of St. Peter in Rome to proclaim its homage, veneration, and love for your Sacred Person; we also, the twenty-one millions of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, belonging to every nation of the earth, come to your feet with one heart and one voice, to offer this protest of our entire devotedness.

Ever since we have belonged to the Holy League of the Sacred Heart, we have daily offered to God for the Intentions of your Holiness our prayers, work, and sufferings of each day, uniting them to those of the Pleading Heart of Jesus in the Holy Sacrifice; and this act, by God's grace, we hope and resolve to renew every morning of our lives.

Many, Most Holy Father, on this great day, will bring gifts of surpassing richness, the worthy oblations of loving hearts; such as these, Holy Father, are not within our means, but we bring you *twenty-one millions of humble but heartfelt prayers*, that the most loving Heart of Jesus may crown your venerable life with Its richest benedictions. These, together with the good works which we have undertaken each one to accomplish for your intention we now lay with joy at your feet in sign of our great love.

IN THANKSGIVING.

ALEXANDRIA.—A promoter, for two special favors, with promise to publish. An associate, for a favor received after promise to publish.

CORNWALL.—A promoter, for a favor received; and an Associate for another obtained through the badge of the Sacred Heart. An associate for a temporal favor, with promise to publish.

ELORA.—For two temporal favors received.

GALT.—For favor obtained while praying in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

GODERICH.—For restored health in five different persons, through prayers in honor of the Canadian martyrs, with promise to publish.

HALIFAX.—A special favor received.

HAMILTON.—A member, for his recovery during the past summer and relief in a great affliction, with promise to publish. An associate, for a special favor received

through a novena to the Sacred Heart; had almost despaired of being heard; a promise was made to publish. Special thanksgiving for the very edifying circumstances which preceded the death of a pupil at the Loretto Convent on the First Friday of January, the Feast of the Epiphany. She was a very zealous promoter, and was generously rewarded with the greatest confidence and even joy when her last moment was near:—"Lord," she repeated, "open to me Thy Sacred Heart."

KINGSTON.—According to promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor received. For a man who received the sacraments after several years of neglect. Two members, for temporal favors received. A promoter, for three special favors in January. For an increase of means. For the restoration of a girl to her right mind after being recommended during seven months to the prayers of the League. For the cessation of an affliction. For a person cured of intemperance. For a very special favor after promise to publish, and likewise for a temporal favor.

LINDSAY.—An associate, according to promise; she commenced a novena in honor of our Canadian martyrs at four in the afternoon; the same evening the request was granted.

LONDON.—An associate for the recovery of a brother from a painful illness. According to promise an associate for her restoration to health. For two temporal favors, the one granted almost immediately. To St. Joseph for a temporal favor promptly obtained, and another from Mary Immaculate. To the Sacred Heart for the recovery from a severe illness. An operation had

been decided on, but after applying the badge, in a few days no traces of the disease were visible.

MONCTON.—A lady-promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted.

MONTREAL.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for employment secured For a temporal favor obtained through the intercession of Fathers Brebœuf and Lalemant, with promise to publish in MESSENGER, also for the recovery of a child dangerously ill. A gentleman wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a situation obtained with a promise to publish in the MESSENGER if granted. Many thanks to the Sacred Heart for having obtained through the intercession of the League a position for a brother after his being many years without one, and also for two other temporal favors obtained. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a situation obtained through prayers and the offering of a Mass, and a promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for many favors both spiritual and temporal obtained, and for the conversion of a father of a family given to drink and gambling. According to promise, a lady returns thanks for a special favor. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for favors granted, with a promise to publish; also for the recovery of a little girl who was very ill. A mother returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor granted to one of her children on the promise of having it published in the MESSENGER. Thanks are returned for favors received after a novena and a promise to publish. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a cure obtained after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A lady returns thanks for a temporal favor obtained. A lady wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor obtained, and another for a temporal favor granted.

OTTAWA.—Special thanks to the Sacred Heart for favor granted.

PETERBOROUGH.—A member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a situation obtained by prayers and a promise to publish.

QUEBEC.—Special thanksgivings for favors obtained with promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for employment obtained after promise to publish. A member returns most sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for many favors received through petitions to the Sacred Heart, also one special favor through a promise to publish in the MESSENGER and to become a promoter.

RENFREW.—A mother returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of her child, with a promise to publish.

ST. CATHARINES.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor received, after promise to publish. A promoter returns thanks for a temporal favor received, after promise to publish. An associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for spiritual and temporal favors obtained, after promise to publish. A promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the many favors received, especially for two spiritual ones.

ST. RAPHAEL'S.—An associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for two favors received after promise to publish.

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.—A promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER if granted within a month.

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TORONTO.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for information received regarding an uncle who had not been heard from for fifteen years. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a special intention obtained through the prayers of the League and in fulfillment of a promise to publish if obtained. A lady desires to thank the Sacred Heart for miraculous recovery. She had been given up by three doctors, to die of consumption. She began a novena to the Sacred Heart and one to the Blessed Virgin. There was a marked change for the better, and she is improving daily. She keeps always a lamp burning before the picture of the Sacred Heart.

WINDSOR —A promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great favor obtained on the ninth day after promise to publish. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for three special favors obtained within a month, after promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

WOOLER.—A member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for one request granted. A member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a good position obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Special thanksgivings are returned by a promoter to the Sacred Heart for a great special favor, and two temporal favors received through the prayers of the League, and after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Almonte, Antigonishe Bedford, Brockton, Burlington, Calgary, Hamilton, Lindsay, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Renfrew, St. Agatha, St. Catharines and Toronto.

INTENTIONS FOR MARCH.

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

- 1.—W.—*Bl. Michael, M. S. J.* Care of your soul. 6,902 Conversions
Honor St. Joseph. 12,229 Thank-
givings. to Faith.
- 2.—Th.—*Bl. Henry Suso, C. hf.* Patience in trials. 9,130 In Affliction.
- 3.—F.—THE HOLY SHROUD at. gt. Prayer for Souls in agony. 6,969 Deceased Associates.
- 4.—S.—*St. Casimir, C.* Desire of heaven. 6,428 Special.
- 5.—S.—*St. John Joseph of the Cross* at. gt. rt. Judge not rashly. 3,223 Communities.
- 6.—M.—*St. Colette, V.* Spirit of penance. 7,443 First Communions.
- 7.—Tu.—*St. Thomas Aquinas, C. D.* rt. Purity of heart. 19,153 Departed.
- 8.—W.—*St. John of God, C.* Gentleness in word. 5,396 Means.
- 9.—Th.—*St. Francis of Rome* th. pt. Revere your Angel. 4,378 Clergy.
- 10.—F.—THE FIVE WOUNDS. Re-
paration. 114,679 Children.
- 11.—S.—*St. Aengus the Culdee.* Spiritual progress. 12,761 Families.
- 12.—S.—*St. Maximilian, M.* Esteem Christian Doctrine. 8,061 Perseverance.
- 13.—M.—*St. Gregory, P. D.* gt. Dread of sin. 5,584 Reconciliations.
- 14.—Tu.—*Bl. Leonard and Comp.* M. M. hf. Help the Missions. 6,997 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—W.—*St. Longinus, Soldier.* Gratitude to the Sacred Heart. 8,125 Temporal favors.
- 16.—Th.—*St. Finian Lobhar, ab.* 17.—F.—THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD (ST. PATRICK). Thank God for the gift of faith. 12,118 Youths.
- 18.—S.—*St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp.* D. Revere the Cross. 4,213 Schools.
- 19.—S.—PASSION SUNDAY. Fre-
quent the Sacraments. 8,614 Sick.
- 20.—M.—ST. JOSEPH, Spouse B. V. M. bl. gt. mt. pt. rt. Beg his aid in every need 272 Retreats.
- 21.—Tu.—*St. Benedict, Ab.* Be just to others. 988 Works, Guilds.
- 22.—W.—*St. Gabriel, Arch.* Think of death. 2,010 Parishes.
- 23.—Th.—*St. Thauribis, B. C.* hf Cultivate interior life. 17,873 Sinners.
- 24.—F.—THE SEVEN SORROWS, B. V. M. Compassionate the Queen of Martyrs 9,759 Parents.
- 25.—S.—ANNUNCIATION B. V. M. gt. mt. rt. st. Honor Our Lady. 5,869 Religious.
- 26.—S.—PALM SUNDAY. Try to know the S. H. better. 1,286 Novices.
- 27.—M.—*St. Alexander, Soldier.* Do not murmur. 2,664 Superiors.
- 28.—Tu.—*St. Gontran, King.* Trust God's mercy. 5,880 Vocations.
- 29.—W.—*St. John Capistran.* Contrition. The Promoters of the League.
- 30.—Th.—MAUNDY THURSDAY. at. gt. mt. st. Offer a fervent Communion. 28,934 Various.
- 31.—F.—GOOD FRIDAY. Bewail your sins. The Directors of the League.

†=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.