



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 4.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL.

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

THE SPIRIT OF PENANCE.

As well nowadays as of old when St. Paul preached to the Athenians, "God declareth unto man, that all should everywhere do penance," Acts xvii. 30. "Unless," said our Lord, "you do penance, you shall all likewise perish."

And this necessity must not be understood only of Penance as a sacrament instituted by Jesus Christ, and

the reception of which, in desire at least, is indispensable for salvation after a single mortal sin. Of more absolute necessity still for all men are the acts of this *virtue* of penance which the nature of sin, the very nature of man and the Divine perfections demand imperatively of every sinner. But, on the other hand, what is not, through the intervention of God's infinite mercy, the wondrous efficacy of these same acts! They cleanse the soul from the stains of sin, reconcile it with its Creator, and give it back its right to the heavenly heritage. If so, what should not be said of the *Spirit of Penance* which prompts us to multiply in every conceivable way these so salutary acts

In fact, and such is the teaching of all divines, the *spirit* of penance far surpasses the *virtue of penance*; the former is, so to speak, the development, and full productive efflorescence of the latter; it is a divine, a supernatural instinct which enables us to experience a charm and sweetness even in the throes of repentance and in the rigors of Christian austerity.

If this spirit be so much to be sought for by all, and if it be eminently becoming in the ordinary Christian who has meditated seriously on the heinousness of sin, and on the fearful havoc it continues to work in souls, how much more should not the Associates of the League strive to acquire it.

The spirit of prayer and the spirit of zeal, and especially a true devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which are the three essential elements of our Apostleship, viewing the actual condition of mankind, would be quite inconceivable without the spirit of penance.

Pained at the sight of the terrible blows which sin, ever on the increase, unceasingly aims at divine love, the faithful associate is urged on by his zeal to cleanse his own heart from the least blemish capable of wounding

the chaste regards of his Heavenly Lover ; and this can be effected by penance alone.

It is also the first requirement of the spirit of prayer. For, says St. Cyprian, "the first prayer and the first offering to be made to God—the Saviour Himself has proclaimed—is to be reconciled with our brother, and, for reasons more cogent, to be more and more reconciled, through the spirit of penance, with our God. The example of Cain and Abel makes it clear for us that God considers much less the material offering than the heart that makes the offering."

Finally, since the Apostleship is the League of the Sacred Heart, all the Associates should endeavor to awaken and to foster more and more in their hearts the spirit of atonement, and, as a consequence, the spirit of penance. It is, indeed, to each one of them that that heart-rending complaint is addressed, which is in a measure the summary of all the moving appeals of the Divine Heart : "Is there no one to have pity on Me, and who is willing to condole with Me and have a share in My sorrows in the pitiful condition in which now especially I am left by sinners?"†

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 gift of the Spirit of Penance, that thereby I may strengthen within me the spirit of prayer and zeal and a true devotion to Thy Sacred Heart. Amen.

†Life of Blessed Margaret Mary.



CARLO'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. JAMES SADLIER.

I.

Many, many years ago, away back in the first quarter of this nineteenth century, two men were conversing in the mail car office of an Irish town—a Munster town it was. One was a handsome, fresh-faced lad, a good specimen of a young farmer of Ireland's more prosperous days. His companion was a somewhat elderly gentleman, whose dark intelligent face was that of a foreigner, most likely a son of Italy, and such he really was. There was that unmistakable look of prosperous content in this man's whole appearance, that it was easy to see in him one with whom the world had gone well. He spoke tolerably good English, though with a strong foreign accent, notwithstanding that most of his life had been spent in the Green Isle of the West.

"So you think of going to America, young man?"

"Yes, sir, I have made up my mind to go out to Canada."

"And why go so far away from your home? I know your father has a large farm and the means of keeping his family comfortable. Better think twice before you take such a step."

"Well, si," the young man replied, "I want to see the world, and besides—"

"And besides," the other interrupted—"you want to make your fortune, eh?"

"That's a fact, sir, and there's no use denying it. I do want to better my condition and make my fortune, as you say, as so many others have done already in the New World."

"And do you think there are no fortunes to be made here at home, that you must go all the way to Canada to get on in the world?"

"Well! indeed, sir, I don't see much chance here, except it be for a bare living."

"Now, listen to me!" said the gentleman, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "I know better than that, and if you'll come and sit down in my private office for a little while, as I have half an hour to spare, I'll prove that you are making one grand mistake."

"I'll be proud and thankful, sir, to hear what you have to say," was the respectful answer, and the two having seated themselves comfortably in the luxuriously furnished office, the elder man resumed, after a brief pause of recollection.

II.

"Now, Michael! my good young friend, I am going to tell you one very little story about myself which may interest you to hear:

"When I came to this fine Ireland of yours—oh! so many long years ago—over fifty years,—I was not rich nor well dressed as I am to-day. No, I was a poor boy, only sixteen years of age, without one friend to help me, and not even able to speak your English tongue. For money, I had scarcely any at all left when I paid my passage from Leghorn to Dublin. At first I knew not what to do. But I remembered me of what my dear mother had told me at our parting: 'My little Carlo, forget not

ever that you have a mother in Heaven—our own Madonna, and She will be with you when I, your poor earthly mother, am far away. Keep near to her always, and she will guide and help you!’

“So I thought I would go and pay our dear Lady a visit first of all and Our Lord her Son. But I knew not at all where to find a church, and I could not ask anyone to show me the way because I knew no words of English. But our good Padre at home—that’s the priest, Michael!—had told me there were oh! so many good Catholics and many churches of our faith all over this dear Ireland. So I thought I would try to find out in my own way what I wanted. Then I began to look at the people who passed on the street—oh! such crowds!—until I saw one little old woman—very little she was, and, like myself, not well dressed at all, and I said to myself—‘I’ll try *her*. She looks like one friend of the Madonna.’ Then, Michael, I went up to that old woman and I pulled off my little cap and I made a bow to her. She stopped and looked at me and said something which I did not understand at all, and I could only say ‘*Santa Maria, Signora Mia!*’ and then it came to me to make the sign of the cross. Then my old woman smiled and nodded her head, and she took me kindly by the hand.

“‘God and Our Lady bless you, my poor child!’ she said, and I saw the tears come in her eyes. ‘I see how it is with you. You are a stranger, and you want to find a church to say some prayers. Come with me.’

“I did not know then, but I knew after, the meaning of her words. But she made a sign for me to go with her, and after turning a corner or two, we reached a building, humble, indeed, it was, but with a cross on top and a statue of Our Lady in a niche above the door, holding out her dear hands like the good Mother she is, as if to bid me welcome.”

"Glory be to God!" put in the listener; "wasn't that grand!"

"It *was* grand, Michael! and from that day out I was never lonely or desolate."

III.

After a short pause the gentleman resumed his narrative:

"That little old woman proved a true servant of the Madonna and a good friend to me. She was poor herself, but she knew many people, and she had a son who was an express man—the driver of one cart, and he knew everything about the city. The old mother took me to live in her house, and the son was like one good brother to me, and he got me work so that I could pay my board very well. It was only little they would let me pay, and I soon began to save some money. One day, when Larry, the son, came home, he said to me if I would like to go round and sell images as I had seen other Italian boys do. 'And now that you can speak a little English,' he said, 'you may do well, and soon get on to hire a little place to sell your images in.' I looked at Larry, and wondered what he meant, but I said nothing.

"'Now,' said Larry, speaking again, 'I have come across a man, a countryman of yours, who makes those plaster figures, and he will give you a few shillings' worth to begin with. I'll take you to him to-morrow, if you like, and he'll give you the images and tell you how to sell them.'

"Well! my heart rose up in my mouth, I was so glad to hear this and so thankful to that good Larry, and I said to him and his old mother: 'Now I will soon have money to send to the dear old *Madre* in our home.'

"Both mother and son smiled, but nothing more was said. Next day I got my images and began to carry them

round on a board on my head. There was the Madonna, and St. Joseph, and St. Ann, and St. Aloysius and some angels, not very fine, Michael, you may believe, but I thought them fine then, and I was very much afraid to let fall my board and break the dear images, so that I could not walk fast at first, which made my good friends laugh to see me. But I asked my Madonna to not let so great a misfortune come to me, and so it never did.

“Now, I was set up in business, and I did well, for I could say very many words of English, and Giulio, my Italian image man, was another good friend to me. I sold many images every day, and I had some little money—a pound note—hid away inside my jacket to send home soon with some more to my old Madre in my fair Italia. One day Giulio my friend said to me that he knew one little shop with one very little counter and some shelves on the wall, which I might have for next to nothing of rent, and stay there every day with my images, so that I need not walk around the streets with them. When I told this to Larry and his mother they were glad for me, and they said: ‘Surely, yes,—it is good, Carlo!—you will rent that little shop of which your friend told you.’ Even so I did, Michael, and I was so glad and so proud when I got into my very small shop, and placed the many images which Giulio gave me for stock, in my little glass window and on the shelves, and then stood behind my counter, which had a drawer in it for the money and a slit on top to let it drop in. I thanked the good Madonna, and I said to myself: ‘If my old Madre at home could see her Carlo now!’”

IV.

“Are you tired of my little story? No. Well, I will tell you what came after. Not much more remains. I did so well in my little shop that soon I was able to pay

Giulio what I owed him and to buy a little stock off him too. He gave me all the images he had very cheap, for he wanted to go back to his home in our Italia, in Milano, where all his people lived. Ah! it was bad for me that day when my good friend Giulio went away. But I went on with my small business well, very well, when I got sick and could not leave my bed for nearly a month. Old Mrs. Shannon, Larry's mother, took so good care of me that I got well again; but when I went to my little shop, which was closed up all the time I was sick, the landlord would not let me open it unless I paid him all what I owed him for that month that I was sick. Alas! all my little money had gone to pay the doctor, and so I told the man,—his name was Anderson—that if he would only wait till I could make some more money I would pay him all. He was a hard man and no friend of the Madonna, so when I told him the Holy Virgin would reward him for his goodness and help me to pay him, he was angry, very angry, and he said:—

“‘I don't care a fig for your Holy Virgin, as you call her! Pay me my money, or out you go with all your trumpery images!’ What could I say, Michael, more than I had said, and when I tried to say it over again, he called me bad names, and swore one great big oath that I might clear out that very minute unless I paid him his rent.

“‘Well! Mr. Anderson,’ I said as well as I could speak, ‘I have told you I cannot do it. I have not any money—none at all.’

“‘Then out you go, my young chap!’ he cried very loud. ‘You'll play none of your tricks on *me*!’ and so he threw the door wide open, and gathering up my poor little images in his great arms—that bad, fierce man—he threw them out on the street before I could even try to stop him. And, and—” he stopped, took out his handkerchief

and wiped his face, flushed with anger ; then, after several ineffectual efforts to speak, during which time his listener scarcely breathed, so strong was his sympathy, at last, clearing his throat, he spoke again :

“ I tell you, Michael ! it nearly broke my heart when I saw all my dear images, my Madonnas and St. Josephs, and all the others lying there broken in pieces on the street before my door. That is fifty odd years ago, and still I cannot speak of what I suffered then. But I prayed for patience, and I got it too ! and I only said : ‘ God forgive you ! you have done me much wrong ! ’

V.

“ Well now, my good Michael, I am near to the end of my story. As I had no more images to sell and no money any more to buy some, Larry my friend got me into an express office as a porter, and he advised me to go to a night school to learn English, writing and arithmetic. That is what I did, and I was so anxious to get on, that I learned very fast. Then I got a better position with good pay, and I was soon able to send more money to the dear Madre at home, than I could ever have made by my little images.

“ You know the rest, for all the people of these parts know how I got on step by step, till I came to be what I now am.” And he glanced around his elegantly-appointed office and out through a glass partition into the outer and much larger one, where a number of clerks were bending over their desks. Then he spoke again :

“ But one thing you may not have heard. I was already a rich man, and had made all my family rich enough, too, when something happened to me that I think I ought to tell you : From the day when that cruel man Anderson turned me out of my little shop and broke my dear images, I was often very, very angry in his regard. I was

many times tempted to pray that his wickedness and hardness of heart might be punished even in this world. And it was only the thought of how the dear Christ suffered for me and how much I owed to His sweet Mother that brought any peace to my heart always mindful of the cruel wrong done me in my poor lonely boyhood.

"But there came a day when I had my revenge. Ah! we Italians love revenge, as all the people say! I was sitting here in this very office, when that man—my ancient enemy—came to me, hat in hand, asking for help in his sore need. Oh! how he begged and prayed!"

Seeing that the gentleman stopped short, Michael in eager curiosity exclaimed—"And what did you do, sir?"

The other laughed at his eagerness, then slowly answered: "Why, I gave him all the help he needed, Michael! *I put what you call the coals of fire on his head!*"

An exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped from Michael's lips, but the elder man silenced him with an imperious gesture. "Good-bye now, Michael, and think of what I said!"

"I will, sir, indeed I will!" said the younger man, much moved by what he had heard. "But I won't promise not to try my luck in Canada, for I have friends there who are urging me to go, and they hold out all kinds of inducements to persuade me."

"In God's name go then, Michael!" said the gentleman warmly, shaking the young man's hand. "His blessing and the blessing of Our Lady will, I am sure, be with you! You come from a good stock, I know it well!"

.

And so the blessing did follow him over the ocean, for when I heard Michael tell the burden of this "one true tale," he was already almost an old man, a worthy citi-

zen of Montreal, a model husband and father, respected by all, and an honor to his creed and country. He had carried with him to the New World traditional virtues of his race.

The Italian who figures as the hero of this little story was no other than the famous Charles Bianconi, whose mail-cars formed a net-work over the entire south of Ireland some two generations back. He lived to be one of the foremost men of his day in Ireland—the staunch friend of Daniel O’Connell, chief in every national and religious movement, a zealous child and munificent benefactor of the Church. His name is held in grateful remembrance among his adopted people. It was told as characteristic of Mr. Bianconi, that he carefully preserved all his life the humble garments in which he landed on the Irish shore. These he was wont to shew to his more intimate friends.

CRUCIFIXUS ETIAM PRO NOBIS.

Oh Love Divine!

Uplifted high, for all mankind to see!
Were ever pain and sorrow like to Thine
Which Thou didst bear for me?

Oh thorn-crowned Head!

Bent low beneath the load of sin and grief;
No rest was Thine, on that last shameful bed,
No solace, no relief.

Oh pale, sad Face!

Wet with the tears of Thy last Agony,
Covered with dust and blood, with dire disgrace,
How may I comfort Thee?

Oh nail-pierced Hands!

So gentle, ready still to heal and bless;
And now outstretched, to draw us, as with bands
Of love and tenderness.

Oh wounded Side!

Whence, drop by drop, the precious Life-Blood
flowed;
Dear Lord, Thy Broken Heart the price supplied
To pay the price we owed.

Oh sacred Feet!

Wearied with journeying through the toilsome years;
Fain would I cleanse You from the dust and heat
Like Magdalen, with tears.

So, as I kneel.

And, trembling, kiss these bleeding Wounds of
Thine,
Sweet Lord I pray, do Thou to me reveal
Thy perfect Love Divine.

That I may give

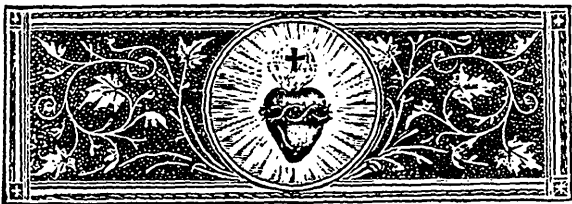
Myself to Thee, to be no more my own;
That, by Thy Grace, the life I henceforth live
May be Thy Life Alone.

So, when my race

Is ended, with Thy Cross to strengthen me,
Will I lie down, to waken, face to face,
Love Crucified, with Thee!

FRANCIS W. GREY.

(In the *Ave Maria*.)



THE MISSING NECKLACE.

EXCITEMENT reigned supreme in the store of Messrs. Lowell & Watson, jewellers, one frosty morning in February. The partners looked disturbed and suspicious, the manager perplexed and uncomfortable, and the rest of the staff wore expressions ranging from dismay to mild surprise. A valuable diamond necklace had disappeared, and in a manner so mysterious that there were no apparent grounds for fixing the charge of thieving upon anyone in particular. All that was known about the matter was that half an hour before the necklace was missed, the manager, Mr. Fawcett, had been showing it to a possible purchaser, who had finally gone away without buying it, after which, Mr. Fawcett averred, he had put it back into the case with his own hands.

The senior partner, Mr. Lowell, accepted this statement readily, but the junior partner, Mr. Watson, was inclined to be more suspicious, and showed it so openly, that at length, Fawcett, with unconcealed indignation, made them both go with him into the private office and search him thoroughly. Following the example set them, all the clerks did the same, and then a thorough search was made through every case and box and shelf in the place, but all in vain, the ornament was not forthcoming.

The junior partner had been particularly diligent in the search, and when it was over and the staff were looking at each other in silent perplexity, he turned a scowling

glance upon Fawcett, and said angrily: "You must have left that necklace on top of the case, Fawcett, instead of putting it into it, and some outsider has walked off with it."

Martin Fawcett flushed to the roots of his hair, and answered sharply: "I did nothing of the kind, Mr. Watson. I put it away safely enough."

"Then where on earth has it gone to? It couldn't walk away of itself!"

"I presume not," was the stiff reply.

An uncomfortable silence followed this passage at arms, and Mr. Watson turned away and walked into the private office to confer with his partner, bestowing a glance that was anything but friendly upon Martin Fawcett as he went.

"His nibs has it in for you, Martin, old fellow," said Charlie Campbell, the bookkeeper, a few moments afterwards as the manager passed his desk. He and Fawcett had been life-long friends.

"I know he has—because I was made manager instead of that blockhead of a son of his. He almost insinuated I made away with the trumpery."

Campbell laughed at his friend's fierce tone. "A four thousand dollar necklace is hardly trumpery," he said; "but, seriously, old chap, I'm afraid he is going to turn the loss to your disadvantage somehow if he can. You know Mr. Lowell is very easily influenced, so be on your guard."

The sudden re-appearance of the gentleman in question put an end to the conversation, but before the day was over, Fawcett had it unpleasantly demonstrated to him that his friend was right. There was a marked alteration in the demeanor of Mr. Lowell towards him, and he went home that night uncomfortably conscious that he was suspected of gross carelessness, if nothing worse.

To a man of his hot temperament this was hard to bear in silence, but he conquered his inclination to tell his wife, fearing she would fret about it, and went back as usual to his work next day. When Mr. Lowell came in that morning, he passed the manager without the customary salutation, and shut himself up in his office, where the junior partner soon afterwards joined him. A little later, Fawcett was sent for, and informed that the occurrence of the previous day was of too grave a nature to be overlooked, and he must therefore provide himself with another situation.

"Do you suspect me of stealing the necklace?" he asked bluntly, keeping his eyes fixed upon Mr. Lowell, and ignoring the junior partner's presence.

"Oh no!—by no means! But I *do* think you were guilty of unpardonable negligence; for there can be no doubt that you left that valuable necklace on top of the case and forgot all about it. Mr. Watson thinks so, and so do I."

"That Mr. Watson thinks so, I have a doubt," said Fawcett, in a tone that made that gentleman turn red and bite his lip. "He never cherished any good will towards me. However, I accept my dismissal, Mr. Lowell; but sooner or later the mystery of the necklace will be cleared up, and you will understand the extent of the injustice you have done an innocent man," and without waiting for any further discussion he walked out of the office and out of the store.

Mrs. Fawcett listened to her husband's story in silent dismay. The loss of his situation was a serious thing, and rendered all the more so by the circumstances accompanying it. "Perhaps if you had been a little more patient, Martin dear, Mr. Lowell might have reconsidered the matter," she said at length.

"It would have been quite useless," he answered bitter-

ly. "Mr. Watson had poisoned his mind against me, and I may consider myself fortunate that I was accused of negligence only and not theft."

Mrs. Fawcett was wise enough to say no more just then, but gave herself up to planning some way out of the difficulty.

When supper was over that evening, she asked her husband to go with her to church, as the next day was the First Friday of the month.

"I'll go with you if you like," he answered, "but don't ask me to go to confession. I'm not in the right frame of mind to-day for *that*."

"You cannot go because of your trouble, and I *am* going because of it," she said smilingly. "Well, well, I will not urge you; but I am going to put a request in the intention box, and I'm going to ask St. Anthony to find that necklace;—he has never refused a prayer of mine yet; so go and get your coat and come along."

Cheered in spite of himself by his wife's earnest faith, he went with her to the church, and waited patiently until she was ready to return home. It would not be truthful to say that he spent the time of waiting in a devotional manner; but the soothing influence of the unseen Presence in the tabernacle went with him when he departed, and he retired to rest, feeling more hopeful than he had done all day.

About midnight, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett were suddenly awakened by the clanging of a bell under their window, and upon looking out they saw a fire reel flying past, soon followed by several others, including a salvage wagon and an engine or two.

"It must be a big fire," said Mr. Fawcett, pausing a moment to look at the red glare in the sky, and then beginning to dress himself rapidly; "I do believe, Agnes, the whole brigade is out. Listen; there go some more reels. I'm off to see where it is."

Mrs. Fawcett breathed an inward prayer for those who might be in danger, while her husband clattered downstairs and hurried off to join the procession of people that was hastening in the wake of the reels.

"Old Watson's house, as I'm a living man!" he said to himself, as he turned a corner and came suddenly upon the scene of the conflagration. By dint of pushing gently but firmly, he made his way through the crowd of people that had gathered around the burning building, and emerged close to a couple of policemen who were doing their best to keep the throng back.

"Do you know if everyone is out?" he asked eagerly of one of the men.

"I believe they are," answered the policeman, flourishing his baton over the heads of a couple of determined youths who seemed to think the firemen stood in need of amateur assistance. "Keep back there, will you!"

Before Fawcett had time to speak again, a hoarse cry went up from the crowd, and a hundred hands were raised towards the burning house. Following their direction, Fawcett looked up, and a thrill of horror ran through him; from one of the windows in the topmost storey, he could see the form of a man leaning out and gesticulating wildly to the crowd below.

"Great Heaven, they'll never get him out!" he gasped, running his eyes over the flaming pile that now looked ready to fall crashing to the ground. As the thought ran through his mind the crowd cheered loudly, and then he saw half a dozen of the firemen raising a ladder and preparing to ascend it. Three times did the heroic men make the attempt, and three times were they beaten back by the flames; but at last two succeeded in reaching the window where the unfortunate man was still leaning out, his form outlined against the ruddy glare in the room behind him. Just at that moment, a dense cloud of smoke

burst from the lower storey, hiding them from view, and a suppressed groan ran through the spectators, but in another instant it was changed to a cheer as the smoke rolled away and disclosed the firemen assisting the rescued man down the ladder.

"Do you know who it is?" asked a familiar voice close to Fawcett's ear, and turning quickly he encountered the anxious gaze of Mr. Lowell, the senior partner.

"No, I do not. He has had a narrow escape, whoever he is," answered Fawcett, glancing back at the trio on the ladder. "I believe he has fainted," he continued hurriedly. "See, they are trying to carry him now."

It was true. The body of the rescued man was hanging limply over the shoulder of one of the firemen while his limbs were being supported by the other, as they clambered down the ladder, scorched and half blinded by the flames and smoke that shot out of every window they had to pass on their downward way.

At last they reached the ground, close to the spot where Mr. Lowell and Fawcett were standing, and the former hurried forward at once, explaining to the policeman who he was, and followed closely by the ex-manager. They reached the side of the rescued man together, and to their mutual surprise found that he was none other than Mr. Watson himself. His hands and face were badly burned and he was quite unconscious.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Lowell, stooping over him; "he must be moved out of this."

"We've telephoned for the ambulance, sir," said a policeman, touching his hat to the senior partner whom he recognized. As he spoke, the vehicle drove up, scattering the crowd right and left, and in another moment the injured man was being tenderly lifted into it. The movement seemed to hurt him, for he groaned and flung his arms out, and as he did so a package of papers fell from an inner pocket to the ground,

Mr. Lowell picked them up and glanced at them, then put them into his own pocket, remarking indifferently: "I think these belong to the firm, so I'll take charge of them. Does anyone know where Mrs. Watson is?"

Someone volunteered the information that she was out of town on a visit, and must be telegraphed for; then the ambulance drove away, and the attention of the crowd was again directed to the fire, while Mr. Lowell and Martin Fawcett went their several ways, much exercised in mind by the events of the evening.

The next morning, as the ex-manager and his wife were seated at breakfast after returning from church, there was a ring at the door-bell, and a message was handed in, to the effect that Mr. Lowell desired to see Mr. Fawcett at once upon urgent business; "would he please call at the residence of the former without delay?"

Marvelling somewhat, Martin obeyed the summons, and found Mr. Lowell pacing his library in a state of suppressed agitation.

"Look here, Fawcett," he said abruptly as the latter entered, "I owe you an apology, a thousand apologies; a hundred thousand, if they were any good. Just look at what I found amongst the papers that fell out of Watson's pocket last night," and he held up to view the missing necklace.

Martin was too astonished to speak, and the elder man went on vehemently: "What do you think of that? Now, *what* do you think of it?"

"I think Mr. Watson wanted to get me out of my situation, and he went about doing it very cleverly," answered Fawcett, reddening angrily as he recalled the treatment he had been subjected to.

"Just so, just so! But why? what had he against you?"

"Nothing, except that he thought his son would fill my position very nicely if I were out of the way."

"Bless me, you don't say so!" ejaculated Mr. Lowell, mopping his perplexed face with his handkerchief. "Now I come to think of it, he *did* say something—but there, we'll talk of that later on. Of course, you'll come back to the store at once; to-day, you know; but we must keep this matter to ourselves, at least until Watson is well enough to explain matters—if he can. In the meantime, I'll explain the finding of the necklace in such a manner as to prevent even the shadow of a suspicion attaching itself to you. Do you agree?"

"With all my heart," was the ready reply, Martin was too generous to cherish resentment long. Much elated, he hurried home to tell the news to his wife, who heard it joyfully, but could not refrain from saying: "I told you so," but her husband forgave her when she added: "St. Anthony never fails those who have faith in him. I asked him to intercede with the Sacred Heart for us."

A few weeks afterwards there was an interesting interview held in Mr. Lowell's private office, those present being the senior and junior partners and the manager. What passed was never made public, but shortly afterwards Mr. Watson retired from the firm, and a year later the sign read—"Lowell & Fawcett, jewellers."

E. C. STREET.

RESURREXIT, SICUT DIXIT:
ALLELUIA!

Oh Risen Lord, who for our sakes didst lie
In bands of death, by all Thy bitter pain
Grant us, with Thee, to self and sin to die
Grant us Thy Grace with Thee to rise again
Let not Thy Death, Thy Rising, be in vain
Grant us, at last, with Thee, to reign on high

FRANCIS W GREY

Oh! Come to the Saviour.

Andante.

pp

8: DUET.

pp
Oh! come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour that

calls you Oh! come to the Lord that for -

gives and for - gets; *pp* Though dark be the

for - tune on earth that be - falls you,

There's a bright home a - bove where the sun nev - er sets.

CHORUS. *Con anima.*

Oh! come then to Je - sus whose arms are ex - tend - ed,

To fold His dear chil - dren in clos - est em - brace!

Oh! come, for your ex - ile will short - ly be end - ed,

And Je - sus will show you His beau - ti - ful face!

2.

O come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
 The longer you look at the depth of His love :
 And fear not,—'tis Jesus ; and life's cares grow lighter
 As you think of the home and the glory above.
 Then come to His feet, and lay open your story
 Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;
 For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory.
 And the joy of Our Lord to be true to His name.

3.

O what is this splendor that beams on me now,
 This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,
 While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
 And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll ?
 To what mighty king doth this city belong,
 With its rich jewel'd shrines and its gardens of flowers,
 With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures of song,
 And the light that is gilding its numberless towers ?

4.

See forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
 Come the princes of Heaven—how bravely they shine !
 'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,
 And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.
 But words may not tell of the Vision of peace,
 With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous fires :
 Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows all cease,
 And the gift has outbidden its boldest desires !

TREASURY, APRIL, 1895.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity,....	141,070	Pious reading,	78 690
Acts of mortification	178,866	Masses celebrated,..	2,088
Beads,.....	993,206	Masses heard,	147,584
Stations of the Cross.	90,372	Works of zeal,.....	50,250
Holy Communions,..	69,942	Various good works .	577,510
Spiritual Commu-		Prayers,.....	1 532,417
nions,.....	379,571	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions,.....	61,039
conscience,.....	78,346	Self-conquests.....	319,171
Hours of silence,....	336,096	Visits to Blessed	
Charitable conversa-		Sacrament,	193,550
tions,.....	8,374		
Hours of labor,	481,641		
Holy hours.....	12,286		
		Total...	5,731,499

R. I. P.

The following members lately deceased are earnestly recommended to the prayers of the League:—Miss Maggie Flynn, of Charlottetown, P.E.I.; John Driscoll, of Detroit, Mich., d. Jan. 17; Mrs. Ann Masterson, of Prescott, mother of V. R. Dean Masterson, d. Feb. 1; Mrs. Michael Hughes, of Winnipeg, d. Jan. 24; Mr. John McCormick, d. Feb. 9; Miss Catherine Sheridan, d. July 31, 1894, Mrs. F. C. Steben, d. Feb. 4, Mrs. James Sheridan, d. Feb. 15, Miss Alice Carlind, d. Oct. 25, all of Montreal; Mrs. Rose Conway, d. in Oct.; Peter Mahon, of Aberfoyle, d. Feb. 23; Ellen Dwyer, of Guelph, d. Feb. 25; Peter Hachey, of Bathurst Village, d. in Nov.; John Lavell, d. at Brainard Mine, Oct. 20; Donald Macdonald, of Cornwall, d. in Sept.; Peter O'Connors, d. Jan. 28; Mrs. Ostrander, d. Feb. 21; Mrs. Nicholas Powers, Miss Minnie Arland, Mr. Peter Commerford, Mr. James Commerford, Miss Eva Commerford, Miss Minnie McNamara, Miss Cecilia Beprue, Mr. Matthew Delaney, Miss Nellie Breck, Mrs. Connors, Mr. John Sheridan, Mr. Robert Harte, d. Oct. 10, 1893; Mr. Bartholomew Moriarty, d. June 17, 1894, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, d. Sept. 4, Mrs. McCann, d. Dec. 23, all of Hamilton; Mrs. Sarah McDonald, d. Dec. 8, and Mrs. Michael Kelly, d. Feb. 27, both of Moncton.

Mrs. Ann McGarry, of Margarie, C.B., d. Dec. 16; Mrs. Mary Leet, d. Sept. 5, Martin Sullivan, d. Sept. 11, Michael Wells, d. Sept. 12, Michael Mara, d. Sept. 30, Thos. Craig, d. Oct. 15, John Phelan, d. Nov. 9, John Hughes, d. Nov. 16, John Duggan, d. Dec. 3, Mrs. Catherine Bowie, d. Jan. 3, Miss Matilda Kennedy, d. Jan. 27, Peter Keefe, d. Feb. 4, Ellen Noctin, d. Feb. 21, all of Guysboro, N.S.; Mrs. Louis Drago, of Niagara Falls, d. Jan. 6; Miss Josephine Murphy, of Ottawa, d. Feb. 16; Mrs. Purcell, Mr. John McCarthy, Mrs. William Ney Smith, Mr. Peter Lennon, Mrs. Catherine Leahy, Ellen Rodden, Mrs. Drury, Maurice M. O'Flaherty, d. Feb. 26, Miss Carrie Moffatt, d. Jan. 22, and Miss Ellen Rodden, d. Feb. 25, all of Montreal; Miss Helen Gordon, of Fletcher, Ont., d. Feb. 2; Mrs. Regan, of Toronto.



ECHOES FROM PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

(From the American Messenger.)

MEMORIAL MEDAL OF THE CONSECRATION TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Our Society of the *Fasti*, or Eucharistic Annals, has had a medal struck in memory of this great act. The face of the medal, which is exactly two inches in diameter, represents our Lord crowned; one hand holds a sceptre, the other points to His Sacred Heart; at His feet lie royal and imperial diadems. The inscription is, "Rex Regum Et Dominus Dominantium—King of kings and Lord of lords." (11) The reverse presents the Sacred Host, surrounded by rays of glory, above a chalice, with this inscription—

SOCIETAS. A. FASTIS. EUCHARISTICIS
IN. MEMORIAM
EUCHARISTICI. CONVENTUS
JURATAE. Q. IN. AEDE. MAXIMA
CHRISTO. REGI. FIDEI
TAURINI. VII. ID. SEPT
MDCCCXCIV

"The Society of Eucharistic Annals—in memory—of the Eucharistic Congress and of the fealty sworn to Christ the King—in the Cathedral—Turin, Sept. 7, 1884."

One of the medals, in gold, was sent to the Holy Father, who made his kind acceptance of it an occasion of additional evidence of the favor he has always shown to the work of our Society at Paray-le-Monial.

(11) Apoc. xix. 16.

CONGRESS OF THE FRANCISCAN TERTIARIES AT PARAY.

This is evidently a year of congresses. The Third Order of St. Francis held one too, and it was a happy idea of the Tertiaries to hold their sessions here near the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart.

One of the great purposes of the Holy Father is the much needed religious and social regeneration of the world, and he has been untiring in his efforts to apply every possible means to the accomplishment of that noble undertaking. One of his appeals was made to the followers of the seraphic Saint of Assisi. In his Encyclical of September 17, 1882, the Pope had said to them: "We desire to rouse your charity and to obtain your co-operation with us for the healing and the salvation of men..... In the days of St. Francis the false teachings of the Albigenses had stirred up multitudes against the Church, disturbed the peace of the State, and was opening the way to a kind of *socialism*. So, to-day, the teachers and promoters of *naturalism* are increasing in number; they stubbornly resist the claims of the Church on their obedience, and, as usually happens in such cases, they go on to deny the rights of civil authority too; they countenance violence and sedition among the people; they clamor for a general division of property; they flatter the envious greed of the proletariat; in a word, they are shaking the foundations of civil and domestic order. Amid so many great dangers we place much hope in the Franciscan institutions if they be restored to their primitive state. If they flourish, Christian faith and piety and honesty will flourish likewise; the inordinate appetite for perishable goods will be repressed.... Christians, united in the bonds of fraternal charity, will love one another and will show a becoming respect to the poor and the needy in whom they should see the image of Jesus Christ."

The Tertiaries heard this appeal, and understood that it was addressed to them in particular. Consequently the Third Order came to the Heart of Jesus to rekindle the fire of charity in the hearts of the brethren. And they were right; for here they were sure to find the only remedy for the evils which the Holy Father pointed out. In vain will they seek it in any of those multiplied combinations proposed by men; these are too cold, too narrow, too material to bind hearts in lasting union. The war is being waged between what may be called the capitalism of the rich and the collectivism of the proletariat. The rich say: "All rights are his who has money to pay for them." The ready answer is: "No; they rest on the toil of the producer." Both parties meanwhile forget the true solution proposed by the Gospel: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice." Nothing will ever unite these warring classes except divine charity, "which can be supplied or replaced by no human contrivance, because it can be derived only from the Sacred Heart of Jesus." (12) The brethren of the Third Order understood this divine truth, and from it they have drawn inspiration for the noble work they have undertaken.

Paray-le-Monial seemed to be quite naturally the starting point, we may say the Mount Alvernia, for those valiant Christians who were going to set out, like their blessed Father St. Francis, to cast abroad the sacred fire of charity—the love of God and of men. Moreover, Blessed Margaret Mary's vocation had been, very early, directed and encouraged by a Franciscan religious, and it was afterwards revealed to her that the seraphic Saint was ranked among the dearest friends of the Heart of Jesus. "Once," she wrote, "when I was in prayer on St. Francis' day, our Lord showed me that great Saint clothed in light and splendor indescribable, raised up to

(12) Encyclical on the condition of Workingmen, May 15, 1891.

an eminence of glory above other saints on account of his conformity with the suffering life of our Divine Saviour and of his love for the Sacred Passion. And this drew our crucified Lord to impress upon him the marks of His sacred wounds, which made him one of those most beloved by the Sacred Heart; and that Divine Heart gave him great power to obtain the efficacious application of the merit of the Precious Blood, so that he was made, in a manner, a dispenser of that sacred treasure."

The congress held its sittings in the establishment of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and throughout it was marked by the fervent piety of the brethren and the practical tone of the discussions. Its whole spirit was in keeping with its nearness to the sanctuary of the apparitions.

Before separating, the congress "placed itself in a special manner under the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the source of all love, of all justice and of all charity, and recalled the promises made by our Lord to all those who labor for the establishment of His reign in Society." The resolutions which followed this consecration aimed at a social movement in favor of Christian life and action, and appealed to all men of good will to second the Tertiaries in their work.

Let us hope that there will be some such concerted movement, and that very soon; for it is much needed. Meanwhile, let us all, as our own part in the work, appeal often and fervently to the Sacred Heart for its success.

A NEW ORATORY OF THE HEART OF JESUS PLEADING.

The Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer will be pleased to learn that our good Brothers of the Christian Schools, the same who gave generous hospitality to the Congress of the Tertiaries, are building an Oratory to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Pleading, under whose patronage

they will also place their boarding-school. If we mistake not, this will be the first establishment of the kind to adopt that title so expressive of faith and piety. The title was first given, as is well known, to the church at Vals, which was, half a century ago, the cradle of our Association. It was a happy thought to transfer the name and the devotion to Paray.

To the right of the great trees that line the Avenue de Charolles, in the middle of the property of an ancient community of "Monks"—a name which the field still bears—stands the once lowly establishment of the Brothers, now enlarged and improved into an edifice almost imposing in its proportions. The Oratory is to occupy the wing nearest to the main road. It will be a veritable reliquary, for the stones used in the building of it once formed the wall of the Visitation garden which is hard by. Upon those stones were reflected the splendors of the divine apparitions; they gave back the echoes of the divine voice that spoke in that sacred enclosure; they witnessed the ecstasies of Blessed Margaret Mary. It is not without an admirable dispensation of Providence that they are now used for the building of a sanctuary of the Heart of Jesus Pleading. When the children of Paray shall come hither to pray with their zealous and devoted teachers, they will be reminded that our Lord is there in the Tabernacle "ever living to make intercession for us," and, as the Divine Master once said, "the very stones will cry out" to give praise, and glory, and thanksgiving to God.

Some thanksgiving is due to men too; for, indeed, the idea of erecting this sanctuary obliged the projectors of the plan to knock at many a door for help, and, fortunately, not all were closed against them. Yet it may be said that the chief foundation of the edifice and the capital to be relied on for its completion is mainly the

virtue of hope. Paray, of all places, must keep its Christian school; though it was very near losing it. Its preservation is owing to the spirit of zeal and of trust in God, which animates these good Brothers, who are now, with the Little Brothers of Mary, the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, the Brothers of Ploërmel and other like Congregations, the strongest support of religious education for the Catholics of France.

In these days of constantly growing democratic tendencies, they have a most important responsibility. It is their duty to form and to direct aright that numerous class among the people, out of which come those who are already beginning to rise to prominence and power. But that is beyond my present purpose, which is to make known to our Associates this school and sanctuary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Pleading.

It seems hardly necessary to say anything about this title, "The Heart of Jesus Pleading," since it is not new to the readers of the MESSENGER. However, it may not be out of place to remind ourselves that our Lord, as man, is *praying* in heaven just as He did upon earth. Though it is undoubtedly true that here below He filled up completely the measure of merit by suffering and dying for our salvation, yet He is ever pleading for the *application* of it even amid the unfailing glory and happiness of His triumph. This is His sublime office of High Priest, which St. Paul has so touchingly described: "Christ Jesus that died, yea, that is risen also again, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." (13) The *Heart* of Jesus prays for us, inasmuch as It is the organ, or at least the living symbol, of the infinite love by which we were redeemed. This is the "cry of the heart" which is the best of prayers; it is St. Augustine's "Corde clamandum est;" or, as the eloquent

(13) Romans viii. 34.

Cardinal Pie expressed it, "The Heart of Jesus is Jesus Himself, and what is Jesus without His Heart?" This is why the MESSENGER places at the head of its title-page the figure of the Sacred Heart that is interceding for us, as the divine model of the Apostleship of Prayer. And so let us hope that this new Oratory at Paray-le Monial will be a new centre of life and fervor for this grand and beautiful apostolate.

The Communion of Reparation, too, will be remembered here ; for its emblem will be combined with that of the Apostleship, graven in stone on the front of the new building. The pious Director and his Brothers will use every means to develop in the minds and hearts of these youths the spirit of *prayer* and of *reparation*.

J. ZELLE, S.J.

UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 32.

FATHER BESSOU TO MADAM AULNEAU.

KOUROU, April 24, 1740.

MADAM,

Some time ago I received all together three letters from you and one from our dear Michael. It is a great consolation to see that you do not forget me. Your letters are a real treat, and the expressions of affection with which they are replete can proceed only from a mother's heart. You confer no trifling honor by wishing to substitute me for your dear son, and I shall take good care not to refuse the adoption you propose ; I only wish

that I deserved it some way. If the entertaining of the sentiments of a son entitle me to it, then I can safely say I deserve the distinction. Meanwhile, I repay you in full for your remembrance of me in your fervent prayers, and you can count on my not forgetting you at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

All you tell me of our dear Michael is corroborated by his letter that I have just received. It abounds with exalted sentiments of piety. May God strengthen them more and more. I do not know, nor can I guess at the reasons which led the Bishop of Luçon to refuse him dimissory letters, but it is to be hoped that he will grant them in the end. It is a trial for our dear Michael, and will prove an occasion for further merit. I trust that it will not shake him in his vocation.

Father Baret's leaving was a surprise for me. I was well acquainted with him. God grant that he had good reasons for his act. Should you see him perchance, present my kind regards. I am glad to learn from your letter what post Monseigneur has given him. The news of Father La Johamé's death sensibly affected me. We both came from the same town, and he was one of Father Aulneau's best friends, who had promised to go and visit him in Madura. This is the second who has preceded me; my own turn is coming. I had already heard since my arrival in these parts that Father La Johamé had met with much persecution; may be his death is the result of it, but we shall learn more in time.

If you are apprized of any more particulars of your son's death, let me hear of them. I congratulate you on having received his calotte; it is a precious relic that you must treasure greatly. We have nothing to fear in this country from the fury of savages. Our Indians are not very ferocious; quite the contrary—they are timid and retiring.

Since you are pleased with any little item of news relating to our mission in this country, I shall give you what little I have. I begin with that of the Kamopi, as it is one of those which are dearest to me. I wrote to you already that I had been obliged to leave that mission as Father d'Huberlant, who was stationed at Kourou, was not in good health. The Reverend Father Lombard sent him consequently to the Kamopi and me to the Kourou Mission. On reaching Oyapok, Father D'Huberlant fell sick, and was even at the point of death, so that his going to the mouth of the Kamopi river was necessarily delayed. However, he went there as soon as his health seemed somewhat improved. A short time after that he fell sick again, and was obliged to go to St. Paul's Mission. It was from thence he wrote me that he would return to his post about Easter-tide. It would seem that he is there already. At all events, from what he wrote me, the mission is in about the same state as when I left it,—that is, a certain number of Indians have gathered there, but they are not yet instructed in the mysteries of our holy religion, nor is there much prospect for some time to come of their receiving instruction, on account of the illness of their missionary which has hindered his learning their language.

Another Father had started a new mission among the Palissonis, but was obliged to abandon it, his health became so shattered; perhaps he will even have to return to France. He missed the King's vessel which was to bring out another missionary to replace him, but has with him yet all the letters she brought; this will be a very unpleasant affair for several. Yours would not have reached me had they not been sent by a merchantman from La Rochelle.

The missions of St. Paul of the Falls, of St. Joseph of Ouajari, and of St. Matthew of Sinamari have made a

good start. Every day there are fresh conversions, as well as at Kourou, which is the earliest of the Indian missions here. Many more might be established, but there are no missionaries for them. Beg our Lord to send us apostolic laborers to rescue these numerous peoples from the darkness of ignorance, for they are willing to receive the mysteries of God.

In the letter I had the honor of writing you from Kourou I did not mention the danger I was exposed to in coming from Oyapok to Cayenne. I became aware of it only after the discovery was made, that my travelling companions were a gang of criminals, and they acknowledged before the judge that they had discussed the expediency of throwing me into the sea. Our good God did not allow them to put their project into execution, for which I return Him thanks. This is another lease of life given me wherein to do penance. It will be a blessing if I do not abuse of this new grace, which is not the only one vouchsafed me. While journeying from Cayenne to Kourou, a squall capsized our craft while we were yet far out at sea. I made up my mind that I was lost, but I clung to the bottom of the boat as it did not sink. A number of fishermen espied our wreck and came to our rescue. I clambered into their boat while ours was being towed ashore, where it was emptied and righted. I was none the worse except for the ducking and the cold, for I had ten leagues yet to go in my clothes, which were wringing wet. As for my health, which you seem to think much impaired, it is not so bad as you fancy. It is not to say absolutely robust as it was when I landed on these shores, but it holds out pretty well. I shall need all I have of it left, for there is a new language for me to learn, and this is not a trifling affair.

Reverend Father Lombard, with whom I have now the privilege of living, is often ailing, and each sick spell is

of long duration. This is but the outcome of thirty years of toil among savages. Once more beseech God and His Holy Mother to grant me the graces necessary to make my service useful for myself and for the salvation of our Indians. This you owe me, both as a mother (by adoption) and as a sister (by affiliation to the Society). Charity, moreover, makes it a duty for you, for I am in absolute want of such help. Be assured that I do not forget you in the little I can do. Be assiduous in letting me hear from you; you cannot imagine what a great pleasure you confer. I enclose a letter for our dear Michael. A respectful remembrance to all our reverend Fathers.

I remain, Madam, with profound respect, your most humble and obedient servant,

BESSOU, Jesuit.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

SIMCOE.—The League of the Sacred Heart was established in Simcoe on Feb. 1st, by the Rev. D. P. McMenemy, P.P. The occasion was something grand and solemn, a day never to be forgotten by the Catholics of Simcoe. Twenty-seven Promoters received their crosses and diplomas, and the ceremony was faithfully carried out and most impressive. The very large number who approached Holy Communion and joined the League was very edifying, and is another proof of the very successful efforts of Father McMenemy, our dearly beloved Pastor, whose inspiring words and untiring zeal, devotedness and example have accomplished so much good in our midst. The altar of the Sacred Heart was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and with its many lights it afforded a rich spectacle that harmonized well with the canticles rendered by the choir.

We are delighted to have the League established here, and proud of being admitted among those who are specially devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

All honor then, to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord, and may He bless our union and resolutions and crown our earnest efforts with success!

ELLA MCCOY,
Secretary.

WELLINGTON, B.C.—(St. John's Church). The League is now fairly started in this parish with about 100 members, which is very satisfactory, considering the small number of communicants.

February 11, 1895.

W. M. L. NEYNEN L.I.

THANKSGIVINGS.

For favors received from the Sacred Heart, published in fulfillment of promises made.

ALEXANDRIA.—A Promoter, for two special favors obtained through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. Sincere thanks for the recovery of a sister from a dangerous illness.

ALMONTE.—For speedy recovery from sickness, after a short prayer.

AULAS COVE.—A Promoter, for three special favors received after making a novena.

BARRIE.—An Associate, for employment received. A Member, for the restoration of a mother's health after a novena to St. Francis. A Promoter, for a favor obtained after making a novena to St. Benedict, and having a mass offered for the Souls in Purgatory. For a favor after making a novena in honor of the B. V. For many favors received through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For a favor after a novena to St. J. A Pro-

moter, for the cure of the toothache after the application of the Badge. A Member, for the cure of a sore throat after applying the Badge.

BATHURST, N.B.—For three great favors obtained through the intercession of the B. V.

BATHURST VILLAGE.—A mother, for the cure of her child through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs, also for a special favor received after praying to the S. H. A Promoter, for two temporal favors granted, through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and St. Ann. A Member, for a temporal favor granted, another for a temporal favor after making a novena to the S. H.

BRANTFORD, ONT.—For recovery from sickness. For a cure obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Knock. For employment obtained. A Member for a great favor granted through prayer.

BRECHIN.—A Member, for the cure of sore throat after making a novena in honor of St. Blaise.

BUCKINGHAM.—A Member restored to health after prayers to the Souls in Purgatory and communion in honor of the S. H.

CALGARY.—For two special favors obtained.

CHAPEAU.—For relief of a severe pain after having a mass offered. For being saved from a terrible accident after calling on the help of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. For a safe journey. For a friend giving up drink after a habit of many years. For a father who would not go to mass or confession for several years; after a picture of the S. H. was hung over his bed and a Badge given him to wear, he began to attend mass and confession regularly.

CHATHAM, ONT.—For receiving a special favor and two temporal favors. For preservation from contagious diseases.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—A Promoter, for the cure of neuralgia in the head, after applying the Badge and saying prayers in honor of the S. H., also for other temporal favors received during the past month. A Promoter for a favor received, after making a novena.

COLGAN, ONT.—For a favor received through prayers to St. Anthony and the Novena of Grace. Also for a special favor obtained.

CORNWALL.—A Promoter, for a successful examination. For employment obtained by two persons, through the S. H. and the B. V. For two special favors. For a cure obtained by applying the Badge. A request obtained by having a mass offered for the Souls in Purgatory. For means to pay debts after prayers to the S. H.

EVERTON.—An Associate, who for a long time had suffered from bronchitis and hoarseness, after making a novena, through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs, for the Souls in Purgatory, found himself relieved almost instantaneously.

GRAFTON.—For a friend's recovery through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory. A Promoter, for the recovery of a sister from a severe illness. An Associate, for a great favor granted by making three novenas in honor of the S. H., the B. V. and St. J.

GUELPH, ONT.—A Member, for a favor received. A Member, for being cured of a very bad cold, also for the cure of a child threatened with a severe illness after prayers said to the B. V. For being cured of a pain in the ear after applying the Badge.

HALIFAX, N.S.—A Member, for a very signal favor received by him through the intercession of St. Ann, St. Bridget, St. Francis of Assisium and St. Anthony of Padua; the favor granted far exceeded his expectations.

HAMILTON.—A Promoter, for a situation obtained after prayers said for that intention.

HASTINGS, ONT.—A Promoter, for a temporal favor obtained, also for other favors received some time ago.

HAYESLAND, ONT.—A Member, for four favors granted after prayers. For the grace of making a good confession, obtained through prayers to the Souls in Purgatory.

INGERSOLL.—A Promoter, for a great favor received by prayers to the S. H. and St. Anthony. For the cure of a young man of intemperance, after his sister had promised to propagate the devotion to the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

IROQUOIS.—For many favors received, both spiritual and temporal, by two Members.

KEARNEY.—For a temporal favor received, after requesting the prayers of the League.

KINGSTON.—For a temporal favor received. A Member, for a temporal favor. A Promoter, for a temporal favor granted. For a conversion to the Faith, obtained through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and prayers to the Precious Blood. For the recovery of a mother. For a great favor received, after making the nine Fridays and prayers in honor of St. Francis Xavier. For three persons approaching the Sacraments, after being recommended to the prayers of the League. For a happy death obtained for two persons.

LONDON, ONT.—For the cure of a sore throat by applying St. Benedict's medal. For a very special favor. For a temporal favor after a novena in honor of the B. V. and the giving of alms. For the recovery of a person injured by a fall after invoking the B. V.

MCCORMICK.—A Member, for three favors received through the intercession of the B. V. A Member, for two temporal favors received, after promising to make a novena for the Souls in Purgatory. For one great favor obtained, twelve hours after making a promise of a novena for the Souls in Purgatory.

MAIDSTONE.—A Member, for a cure effected by applying the Badge. For a cure effected by a non-member through the application of the Badge.

MARYSVILLE, ONT.—For a temporal favor received during the past year. For one special and one temporal favor received. For a cure obtained through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory. For a cure after prayers to the Canadian Martyrs.

MONCTON, N.B.—A Promoter, for a favor obtained through the intercession of the good St. Ann.

MONTREAL.—A Member, for a permanent position for life secured. A Promoter, for a great favor received after making a novena to the B. V. and St. J. For the recovery of a clergyman from a sudden illness which threatened to terminate fatally; also for temporal gifts received through the intercession of St. Anthony. For recovery from serious illness, without having to undergo an operation. A Member, for two favors received,—one health of body and mind, the other, reconciliation between brother and sister. For employment obtained and recovery from illness through the prayers of the members of the League. For a special favor obtained through the prayers of the League. Two families, for success in temporal matters and special spiritual graces. For employment obtained through the intercession of St. J. For the return of a Member who had withdrawn from the League. A Member, for a spiritual favor received this month through prayers to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. For three very particular favors obtained by praying to the S. H. Promoters, for relief from a headache by the application of the Badge, a grace received after a novena, a great favor through the intercession of St. Anthony, the cure of an arm by applying the Badge. A spiritual favor after months of prayer and a novena of masses, and several other favors. An Associate, for a spiritual favor through the B. V. and St. J.

NEWCASTLE, N.B.—Three Associates and two Promoters, for favors received. Two Members, for obtaining what they prayed for.

NIAGARA FALLS.—A Member, for a special favor obtained through the intercession of the B. V. and the Souls in Purgatory.

NORTH TETEAGAUCHE.—A Promoter, for a temporal favor, after promising two novenas—one to St. J. and one to the B.V.

NORWOOD.—For many favors received. For the successful passing of an examination through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J.

O'KANAGAN MISSION, B.C.—A mother, for the recovery of an only child, through the intercession of the B. V.

ORILLIA.—A Member, for one spiritual and three temporal favors received through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and St. Anne. An Associate, for a spiritual favor obtained. For a temporal favor.

OTTAWA.—A Promoter, for a cure of deafness, obtained through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. after applying the Badge and the medal of St. Benedict. A Promoter, for five temporal favors received through the intercession of the B. V. A Promoter, for the success of an examination obtained through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory. A Member, for a situation obtained after making nine times the Way of the Cross, and promising masses for the Souls in Purgatory. For the rapid improvement of a broken arm. For the recovery of a mother after having two masses offered and prayers in honor of the Precious Blood. An Associate, for the cure of a sore leg by applying the Badge and promising a mass in honor of the S. H. for the Holy Souls in Purgatory. For the recovery of two sick children after applying the Badge and promising to make the Stations of the Cross three times for the Souls in Purgatory.

OWEN SOUND.—An Associate, for two great favors obtained, after being recommended to the prayers of the League. An Associate, for a favor received. For employment through the intercession of St. J. A Promoter, for the cure of a toothache. For a letter received from an absent relative, after a novena to St. Anthony. For a temporal favor and many spiritual favors.

PENETANGUISHENE.—A Promoter, for a temporal favor received through the intercession of the B. V. An Associate, for a favor granted through the intercession of the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

PETERBOROUGH.—A Member, for a temporal favor received, after special prayers to the B. V. and the Souls in Purgatory. A Promoter, for a special favor granted.

PETER'S RIVER.—A Member, for a favor after praying to St. Anthony.

PORT HOOD.—A Promoter, for a great temporal favor received last month.

PRESTON.—A Promoter, for the finding of a valuable article, through the intercession of St. Anthony. For the cure of pain after applying the Badge.

(Other Thanksgivings from St. Catharines, St. John, N.B., St. Louis, Mo., St. Thomas, Sarnia, Seaforth, Swanton, Vt., Toronto, Tottenham, Vaudreuil, Windsor and Winnipeg will appear next month.)

URGENT REQUESTS for favors received, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Admaston, P.Q., Almonte, Antigonish, Barrie, Brechin, Buffalo, N.Y., Burlington, Ont., Chapeau, P.Q., Chatham, Hastings, Hayesland, Ont., Kearney, Lindsay, Maidstone, Ont., Manotick Station, Montreal, Norwood, Ont., Ottawa, Owen Sound, Penetanguishene, Peterborough, Port Hood, Warkworth, Winnipeg.

INTENTIONS FOR APRIL.

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

- 1.—*M.*—*St. Hugh, Bp.* Respect innocence. 17,618 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—*Tu.*—*St. Francis of Paula, P.* Virtue of charity. 9,703 In affliction.
- 3.—*W.*—*St. Benedict the Moor* Pray for the colored race. 33,418 Departed
- 4.—*Th.*—*St. Isidore, Bp. C.* God's glory first. 16,832 Special.
- 5.—*F.*—*THE 7 DOLORS B. V. M.* af, gt, pt, rt. Devotion to the Mother of Sorrows. 1,110 Communities.
- 6.—*S.*—*Bl. Juliana, V.* Devotion to the Bl. Sacrament. 17,374 1st Communions.
- 7.—*S.*—*Bl. Herman Joseph, af,* gt, rt. Despise the applause of the world. The Associates.
- 8.—*M.*—*St. Walter, Ab.* Contempt of self. 11,894 Employment.
- 9.—*Tu.*—*St. Mary of Egypt.* Sorrow for sins. 3,571 Clergy.
- 10.—*W.*—*St. Mechtild, V.* Devotion to the Sacred Heart. 130,510 Children.
- 11.—*Th.*—*MAUNDAY THURSDAY.* bf, gt, ht, mt, rt, sf. Devotion to Holy Mass. 19,336 Families.
- 12.—*F.*—*GOOD FRIDAY.* rt. Reparation. 13,437 Perseverance.
- 13.—*S.*—*HOLY SATURDAY.* Silence. 18,535 Reconciliations.
- 14.—*S.*—*EASTER SUNDAY.* bf, gt, mt, rt, sf. Joy with Christ risen. 21,020 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—*M.*—*St. Peter Gonzales, C.* Begin a new life. 16,455 Temporal favors.
- 16.—*Tu.*—*St. Benedict, Jos. Labrc.* Be steadfast in hope. 21,403 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—*W.*—*St. Anicetus, P. M.* Spirit of joy. 20,557 Youths.
- 18.—*Th.*—*St. Apollonius, M.* ht. Interest in missions. 1,778 Schools.
- 19.—*F.*—*St. Leo IX., P.* Devotion to the Holy Sec. 18,140 Sick.
- 20.—*S.*—*St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, rt.* Spirit of kindness. 2,682 Retreats.
- 21.—*S.*—*St. Maximian, Bp. rt.* Respect innocence. 1,588 Guilds, Societies.
- 22.—*M.*—*Sts. Soter and Caius, M. M.* Detachment from the world. 1,540 Parishes.
- 23.—*Tu.*—*St. George, M. rt.* Pray for England. 33,328 Sinners.
- 24.—*W.*—*St. Fidelis, M.* Fidelity to promises. 20,429 Parents.
- 25.—*Th.*—*St. Mark, Evang. ht.* Spirit of prayer. 3,603 Religious.
- 26.—*F.*—*St. Cletus and Marcellinus.* Confidence in Mary. 1,715 Novices.
- 27.—*S.*—*Our Lady of Good Counsel.* Spirit of Meekness. 1,131 Superiors.
- 28.—*S.*—*St. Paul of the Cross.* Devotion to the Good Shepherd. 11,195 Vocations.
- 29.—*M.*—*St. Peter, M. rt.* Defend the Faith. The Directors and Promoters of the League.
- 30.—*Tu.*—*St. Catherine of Sienna, V. pt, rt.* Loyalty to the Pope. 61,229 Various.

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

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