



# THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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

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VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 10.

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## GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER.

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

THE CHURCH IN BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

**W**E include to-day in one same general intention two nations contiguous one to the other, and which, though relatively limited in extent of territory, have occupied a prominent place, and have taken an important part in the history of Europe. And now in our own century, Holy Church can boast of glorious achievements in their midst, and in spite of many serious obstacles she founds on both solid hopes for the future.

To Belgium belongs the glory of having first of all Catholic nations consecrated herself solemnly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and thereby she has set to other

Catholic commonwealths a grand and wholesome example.

Furthermore, the Belgium Catholics, for the last seventy-two years, have persistently, and at times heroically, combatted the most pernicious of all forms of secret and condemned organizations, that of the liberal theorists or *doctrinaires*, and while thus setting an example of perseverance and united action, they have had the satisfaction of seeing their efforts crowned with success.

But now with the late amendment to the constitution, there is a new factor to be taken account of. What the outcome will be of universal suffrage, even the most experienced and keen-sighted are unable to predict. It is true that the evil is somewhat mitigated by a *plural vote* given as a check to certain determined classes among the enfranchised, but this privilege itself extends to a very numerous body of citizens.

On the other hand, the socialistic leaders are roused to renewed activity, and very unfortunately they easily secure a hearing amongst the great masses of wage earners, many of whom, through the fault of their employers, are weak of faith and dilatory in the practice of their religious duties.

The great historian Rorhacher—it is now more than forty years ago—in speaking of Holland, wrote thus of the prospects of Catholicity in that kingdom: “The Dutch Catholics offer a spectacle unique in history. After three centuries of oppression, it was thought that they were reduced to a mere handful and had become more concerned with their worldly interests than with their faith. When lo! on a sudden, they astonished Europe not only by their multitude but by their zeal for the glory of God and of His Church. More honor to them!” (XII., p. 151).

Less excited than England, adds Mgr. Plantier, “herit-

cal Holland had also her agitation, when her turn came in 1853, and she witnessed the restoration of her hierarchy, and saw once more Catholicism bud forth and blossom with exuberance; and we heard then from the lips of a Belgian prelate, who had just returned from a visit to the Netherlands, of the marvels he had been witness of in the revascent Church of St. Willibrod and St. Boniface."

Since then wonders of faith have not ceased. In the provinces of the Low Countries, dry figures and statistics become eloquent; witness the reports on Peter's Pence and on the work of the Propagation of the Faith, or consult the lists of pontifical zouaves who rushed to defend the patrimony of the Popes, or again of Holland's zealous missionaries who are continually being sent to the ends of the earth!

With such facts before us, it would be difficult to wholly reject the consoling conclusion Father Marquigny draws, in the *Etudes Religieuses*, from similar considerations: "Truly, the complete return of Holland to integral Christianity cannot be far off. The recent beatification of the Dutch martyrs of Gorcum has, in this country, infused into the hearts of Catholics an increase of fortitude and zeal, and for our separated brethren has sent forth a beam of light which must irresistibly bring conviction to their minds of the truth of Roman Catholic dogmas."

But let us not lose sight of the fact that in Holland, even more than in Belgium, Freemasonry is powerful and redoubtable, and that by its execrable school laws it is bent on perverting youth. Let us then ask the Heart of Jesus for the Catholics of both Holland and Belgium a renewal of activity, zeal and disinterested union of hearts and purpose that may assure a full triumph for their cause.


## 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 Church in Belgium and Holland, so that happily freed from the tyranny of occult societies, the Catholics of both those countries may secure full freedom for the practice of their holy religion. Amen.

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The angels, says St. Augustin, enter and go forth with us; they have their eyes ever fixed on us and on what we do. If we remain at home, they stay with us; if we walk out, they accompany us; let us go where we will, on land or on sea, they are always with us. They are no less present with the merchant in his counting-house, or the matron in the cares of her household, than with the recluse in the desert, or the religious in his cell. O excessive bounty! even while we sleep they watch over us, they are always at our side though we are sinners, and consequently their enemies. Though our interior deformity is so great, that if we saw it we could not support the sight; though we spend our lives in sin, or in such frivolous occupations as certainly excite the pity of these blessed spirits; though we corrupt our best actions by numberless defects, they are never weary of our company. Even after death, they visit us in Purgatory, and in the midst of its very flames they minister consolation to us.

BORGIA'S VOW.

N her royal mantle of gold and lace,  
In crown of diamonds and clasps of pearls,  
With the long hair brushed from her lovely face,  
Engirdling her with massive curls,  
The fair dead empress lay at rest,  
Her hands crossed meekly on her breast ;

The first sweet bride of Charles the Fifth,  
The young and blooming Isabelle.  
In the prime of her beauty and brilliant gifts,  
Cut off from the people she loved so well ;  
Through the length and breadth of sunny Spain  
The tears of the mourners fell like rain.

And out from the chapel at dear Madrid,  
Where the tapers burned and the censers swung,  
Where flowers were strewed on the coffin lid,  
And the solemn mass by the bishops sung,  
Forth to Granada, fair and old,  
The funeral train, like a torrent, rolled.

How fresh the breath of the morning came  
From the orange gardens, left and right !  
The sunshine tipped each lance with flame,  
And bathed the banners in amber light ;  
And the little birds sang clear and strong,  
As the solem cortege swept along.

Close to the bier, with bowed head,  
Francis, the Duke of Gaudia, rode ;  
Sorrow and love for the queenly dead  
Crushing his heart with a leaden load :  
While his spouse, the Duchess Eleavor,  
In a stately litter went before.

Well might the Duke look pale and sad,  
 Well might the tears of the Duchess fall ;  
 For the noblest friend they ever had  
 Lay slumbering 'neath that velvet pall ;  
 And never again might court or throne  
 The magic spell of her presence own.

Lost to the world that matchless face,  
 With its radiant eyes and floating hair ;  
 That form replete with royal grace,  
 Those hands, like lilies, small and fair ;  
 That blush, that smile, that silver voice,  
 Whose song made king and court rejoice.

Past like a dream those hours of peace  
 They spent in chapel at her side ;  
 Or roaming 'mid the orange-trees,  
 In palace gardens, cool and wide ;  
 Her dark eye kindling like a star  
 When Francis touched the sweet guitar.

Remembering, though an empress, she  
 Won ever, by her virtue pure,  
 The homage due her dignity  
 From wise and simple, rich and poor ;  
 Well might her subjects' tears o'erflow  
 When death their royal rose laid low !

And while they mourned, and while they wept,  
 The weary hours of marching sped,  
 And into old Granada swept  
 The long procession of the dead ;  
 Duke Francis riding still the first,  
 In melancholy thought immersed.

And then the ancient streets were stirred  
With the rushing sound of many feet ;  
And over it all the monks were heard  
Singing their anthem slow and sweet ;  
While the trumpets blared, and high and low  
The bells tolled sadly to and fro ;

Tolled sadly east, tolled sadly west,  
As on to the royal vaults they went ;  
Each head uncovered to that guest,  
And every knee in homage bent,  
Responsive, while in one grand prayer  
The *De Profundis* rent the air.

Then in the chant and solemn rites  
There comes a sudden bush and halt ;  
The Borgia and his brother knights  
Approach the entrance of the vault ;  
And, falling on one knee, prepare  
Upon their sabre-hilts to swear  
Their sovereign's corpse lies truly there.

Back rolled the ponderous coffin-lid ;  
O Heaven ! hide that hideous sight !  
The pride and glory of Madrid,  
Darling of king, and court's delight,  
There in the shuddering sunshine lay  
A sickening mass of foul decay !

From lip and eye the worms escaped,  
And, crawling, fed on cheek and nose  
(Which, erst as pure as mountain snows,  
Were now with black corruption craped) ;  
While from the livid, loathsome shape  
So terrible a stench arose,  
That right and left the courtiers fled,  
And left Duke Francis with the dead.

He did not turn, he did not flee,  
 Although his very blood ran cold,  
 And nature trembled to behold  
 Amid that wreck the mockery  
 Of flashing gems and cloth of gold ;  
 But, by the light of *that* lost star,  
 He saw how frail earth's glories are.

Still on his knees beside the bier,  
 He cried : " O peerless Isabelle !  
 O sovereign lady, fair and dear !  
 What means this monstrous spectacle ?  
 Can this most foul corruption be  
 All that is left, my queen, of thee ? "

Then with uplifted arms : " Great Lord !  
 Look down upon Thy creature lonely.  
 As on the cross-hilt of his sword  
 He swears to love and serve Thee only ;  
 Far from the world, henceforth, to hide  
 In the wounded Heart of the Crucified !

" O sovereign Beauty ! at whose breath  
 The bonds of flesh are rent and riven ;  
 Who knowest not decay or death  
 Within Thy fair immortal heaven :  
 Henceforth, O Master ! King divine !  
 My life, my love, my all are Thine ! "

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High at the footstool of the Lord,  
 Wide open lay the Book of Life,--  
 And there, while white-robed saints adored,  
 And all the air with song was rife,  
 A seraph with a pen of flame  
 Inscribed Saint Francis Borgia's name.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.





## THE LATE ARCHBISHOP PORTER

ON THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

**C**HRIST loved us and gave Himself up for us. The Church throughout all time dwells on this wondrous love of her Redeemer and her King. Her thoughts soar ever to the contemplation of the mysteries of this love; her memory loves to dwell on its endless manifestations on the Incarnation, on the Passion and bitter Crucifixion, on the Blessed Eucharist, on the Priesthood, on the Sacraments, on her eternal espousals with her Divine Lord; her heart yearns to repay love with love, to grow in the love of Jesus Christ, to spread the knowledge and love of Him. Deepest love, most devoted loyalty to the Person of Jesus Christ must ever be the soul of the life of the Church. Personal love of Him explains the holiness of the saints, the heroism of the martyrs, the zeal of the Apostles and confessors, the heavenly lives of the virgins.

The love of the Church has found many expressions, in the burning words of her Liturgy, in fervent worship, in tender veneration of the very image of Christ crucified. To-day we invite you, dearly beloved Brethren, to consider the love of the Church for Jesus Christ manifested in the devotion to His Sacred Heart.

How naturally the mind turns to the heart, the heart of flesh, that centre of a part of our life, from which the

living blood flows, to which it returns ; the heart of flesh which answers so promptly to our changing affections, which expands in joy and hope, which contracts in fear and sadness. In every language the heart is synonymous with love, it is the universal symbol of love.

The material Heart of Jesus Christ as the centre of His Divine and human life. It responded to all the affections of His soul. It was the battlefield on which His immense love for our salvation contended and strove and suffered and conquered. Were the Divine Heart cold in death, what a treasure It would be accounted ! What shrine could be imagined worthy to receive it ? What gems sufficiently bright, what jewels sufficiently costly to have place in its adornment ? Even in death that Sacred Heart would claim Divine adoration, as the dead Body of Jesus Christ in the tomb received Divine honors from the Angels. Death separated the soul of Jesus Christ from His Body ; its power did not, could not reach the Hypostatic Union, by which the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity assumed to Himself once and for ever the Sacred Humanity and all its essential parts.

The triumph of death quickly came to an end. The Soul of Jesus Christ on the third day rejoined His Body in the tomb, and the Sacred Humanity rose to a new and glorified life, in which the Sacred Heart bears Its share. The Heart of Jesus in Heaven partakes of the whole of His glorified life. The sufferings of His Infancy, His Public Life, His Crucifixion are graven there, though the wound opened by the spear is resplendent with beauty. The love which prompted the Incarnation, which crowned that mystery of self-abasement with that other Mystery of self-abasement, the Blessed Eucharist, glows in the Sacred Heart, and the desires for the salvation of men, the pleadings for the remission of their sins, the longings to set fire to the hearts of men with the

His Father have grown yet more intense on His throne of glory. His parting gift in the world, reconciled with its offended God, the Sacrament of the Altar, brings that heart to every heart which in truth and justice confesses and loves the only Son of the living God.

You make no division in Jesus Christ when you honor His Divine Heart. You do not, even in thought, separate It from His Sacred Humanity. You worship It, throbbing in His breast with the life of His Blessed Body, answering to all the affections of His Soul, and sanctified as the very sanctuary of the living temple of the Divinity.

You understand what reason teaches and what the Church inculcates, viz.: that all honor tends ultimately to the person, and never stops short of the person. The devout woman, hoping to be healed, touched the hem of the garment of Jesus; her faith, her adoration reaches His Divine Passion. The courtier kisses the sceptre of his sovereign, the act of homage he directs to the royal person. The orphan clasps to her bosom the image of the mother she has lost; this outpouring of love is intended for the loved person torn away by death. Thus, when you honor and adore the Sacred Heart, you adore the Person of Jesus Christ, the Person of the Son made Man. "I adore Thee, Oh Heart of my Saviour," only expresses in another form, "I adore Thee, my Saviour, in Thy Sacred Heart."

Prayer and invocation take their place among the expressions of veneration and worship. When you offer your petitions, your praises, your thanksgivings to God, to Jesus Christ, to the saints, you honor the Creator or His creature each according to his majesty and dignity. Your petitions, your praises are addressed to the person. "Have mercy on me, O Heart of Jesus!" only cries in another form, "Jesus, by Thy Heart, have mercy on me," or "By the love of thy Heart, have mercy on me."

Human thought and human language seek expression of the deeper feelings by personifying the heart, the eyes, the lips. Heart of Jesus! is a loving, fervent personification, prompted by the thought of that Heart, and all Its past and present love. The representation of the Heart of Jesus encircled by the crown of thorns, surmounted by the cross, in the midst of light and flames, in the language which all can understand, recalls the wonderful love of Jesus Christ which nailed Him to the Cross, and prompted that invention of love, the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, as a remembrance of His death.

This language of the Heart was understood by the Church from its birth. The privilege of St. John has ever been appreciated in every age. "Now, there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved." (St. John xiii. 23.) The wounded side, the bleeding Heart of the dying Redeemer, fixed the wonder and devotion of the earliest ages. Jesus dead on the Cross recalled Adam in his mysterious sleep. Eve, built from one of the ribs taken out of the side of Adam in this sleep, was the type of Mother Church, built out of the Sacred Heart, stilled in the sleep of death; the blood and water which gushed forth signifying the Sacrament of Baptism and the treasures of the Precious Blood. Later, as the devotion of the faithful to the Passion of our Lord grew more intensified during the wars for the Holy Sepulchre, what was the favorite image? The Five Wounds, the wounded Hands, the wounded Feet, the wounded Heart in the centre, from which the Precious Blood flows into a chalice, or from which rise the Divine plants, faith, hope and charity, justly called in an ancient English picture the Well of Life. When, in the lapse of ages, heresies and divisions multiplied, many saints, each in his own way, turned to the Sacred Heart as to the very centre of their spiritual life; their aspira-

tions, their words, their writings breathed this devotion to the love of Jesus in his Sacred Heart, repeating the same tale of love in all the varied and endless language of love. The limits of a pastoral exclude the list of the many holy names which, in the history of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, prepared the way for the revelation of that devotion by our Blessed Lord to His humble servant Blessed Margaret Mary, a little more than two hundred years ago. To her He made known His wish that a festival should be instituted in honor of His Sacred Heart; that the Friday following the octave of Corpus Christi should be set apart for the festival; that the devotion, founded always on the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which has loved man so well, should undertake the work of reparation to the Sacred Heart for the ingratitude with which Its love has been repaid, especially in the Blessed Eucharist, and the further work of spreading the knowledge and the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus among men. In this revelation Jesus Christ gave a more definite form to the devotion which had existed in the Church from the beginning.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is not unknown to you, dearly beloved brethren. You have adopted it eagerly, and you cherish it lovingly. But in the beginning the enemies of Jesus Christ resisted Its progress by all the means in their power: misrepresentation, ridicule, blasphemy, open violence were employed. Something of the kind delayed the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi. A similar opposition awaited the efforts of St. Bernadine of Sienna, in spreading the devotion to the Holy name of Jesus.

Within our time only has the devotion completely triumphed within the Church, outside the Church it cannot be understood. The Church possesses a literature of the Sacred Heart: theological treatises, historical records,

collections in verse and prose. The arts have contributed their homage; the sculptor, the painter, have multiplied statues and pictures of the Sacred Heart. Churches raised in honor of the Sacred Heart are found in every land.

Who can enumerate the pilgrimages, the associations, the confraternities to which this devotion has given rise? You have amongst you the Apostleship of Prayer, that vast organization of suppliants before the throne of mercy under the standard of the Sacred Heart; the living Rosary, continuing and extending this mighty intercession; the Communion of Reparation, the homage to the love of Jesus Christ so characteristic of this devotion.

Within the last fifty years the devotion to the Sacred Heart has affected the outward life of the Church in such a degree, that even strangers and enemies have taken note of the fact. The members of the Church, the faithful laity and their devoted pastors witness the deeper change it has produced in the inward life of the Church; in keeping alive, in intensifying, in spreading love and loyalty to the Person of Jesus Christ; in encouraging and animating those faithful souls who have thrown their lot with Jesus Christ as their King, their Captain in the war against unbelief and lawlessness and worldliness, in building up what a century of impiety and revolution had overthrown.

In the year 1875, Pope Pius IX sanctioned the petitions from all parts of the world, that individuals, families, associations, communities and orders, dioceses and archdioceses might be allowed to consecrate themselves publicly and solemnly to the Sacred Heart. On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, that year Archbishops and Bishops, Generals of Religious Orders, communities of men and women, and thousands of the faithful, knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, and consecrated

themselves, their dioceses, their subjects, with all their works and sufferings, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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There is no aspect of God's love for us which ought to affect our hearts more tenderly than the mere fact of His wishing to be loved by us, and there is no manifestation of that tenderness of the Sacred Heart more touching than the yearning to be remembered, expressed at many times and in many ways, 1 at especially in the Eucharistic *Do this in commemoration of Me*, which becomes at the altar even more simple and affecting, *In Mei memoriam facietis*—"In memory of Me." When such infinite and utterly incomprehensible love as this has omnipotence for the instrument of its behests, how can any poor little creature of God—whose sole dignity is that he has a heart to love H.m—how can he presume for one moment to discuss the limits of the possibilities of the Divine condescension? Surely, it matters not whether the God of infinite majesty comes to us a man or as the food of man, both are impenetratable disguises for the Divinity. All is mystery, all is power, all is love, all is infinite goodness, all is God.

FATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL. S. J.

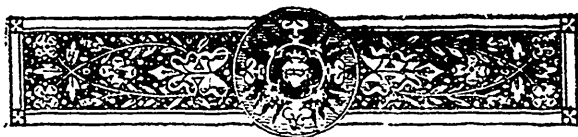
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### R.I.P.

The following lately deceased members are earnestly recommended to the prayers of the League:—

Mrs. John Connolly, Bridget Currau of Montreal; Jas. I. Travers, of Toronto; Miss Catherine Whitty, Murtagh Kelleher, of Niagara Falls; William Staely, of Oakville, who died in California; Annie Manning, of Port Colborne; Mrs. Ann Cuthbertson, of Guelph; Miss Mary Baxter, Mrs. Gaden, Mrs. Cantillon, Miss Anna Madden, Mrs. Lottie Murphy of.....; Mrs. Cunningham, of Ottawa.

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“ ECCE ANCIILA DOMINI ! ”

**T**HE morning breaks, and the vapors cling  
Heavy and thick, over land and sea ;  
But sweet and clear are the bells that ring  
Their beautiful *Angelus Domini* !  
Nearer and clearer, thro' mist and rain,  
O Angelus Bells, your music thrills ;  
Till the clouds are lifted of care and pain,  
And we say : “ Be it done as the Master wills ! ”  
Ecce Ancilla Domini !

All night the tempest raged loud and high,  
And the troubled waves, with crash and roar,  
Still sob out their sorrow remorsefully  
On the rocky breast of the sounding shore ;  
While over their restless turbid swells  
The Angelus floats like a “ *Peace, be still !* ”  
And we pray with the prayer of those Noonday  
Bells :  
“ Be it done in us, ever, Thy blessed Will ! ”  
Ecce Ancilla Domini !

But at Eventide, when the winds are calm,  
And a sea of glory the sunset seems ;  
Like the last sweet strain of the Compline psalm,  
Or the Angels' songs, that we hear in dreams,  
The Angelus throbs through the fragrant air,  
O'er the ruddy glow of the sunlit sea ;  
And we answer the Church's Evening prayer :  
“ In life,—or death,—be it here,—or there,  
Ecce Ancilla Domini ! ”  
JEAN E. U. NEALIS.





## THE FREE LIBRARY AGAIN.

Miss Sadlier's article in the September number of the *MESSENGER*, on the Free Library of the *Cesù*, has evidently awakened a certain interest among our readers. Several letters have reached us in consequence, most of them asking for the printed catalogue, which might serve, they think, as a guide in choosing books for parochial libraries; others have enquired if we were willing to supply books by mail, for a fortnight, postage and other incidental expenses to be paid by the borrower.

To answer the last of these queries first, as the subject presents little difficulty, we must plead that we are not *yet* in a position to satisfy what seems a very reasonable demand on the part of those who do not reside in the city. In the first place, the state of our finances does not warrant our incurring the additional risk of losing valuable books in the mails, through wrong addresses, insufficient postage, or other fortuitous causes. In the second, and this reason alone is peremptory, with the number of volumes now in the Library—rather less than three thousand—we are barely able to supply the demand of those who are city residents. The justice of consulting their convenience before that of others will be easily understood when we state that, very naturally, all contributions, so far, have been received from the citizens of Montreal alone. What may be done in the future, when the

Library Committee of the Sacred Heart Union becomes a wealthy corporation, we leave to the consideration of the happy directors who will preside over the Library in that golden age which has not yet commenced to dawn upon us.

A word now to those who have asked for our printed catalogue. For several reasons we are inclined to think that our actual *printed* catalogue would not be of any very great service. Many volumes have been added since the catalogue was published,—in fact, some of the most valuable works of the whole library have only lately come into our possession. Again, it must be borne in mind that the component volumes of the Free Library of the Gesù have not been brought together merely to constitute a parochial library. The requirements of a library, intended especially, though not exclusively, for the use of the Catholic population in a great city, are not at all the same as those of a parochial library in a small town or in the rural districts. Men of profession, journalists, reviewers, or even authors must be able to consult at times works which should not be placed in everybody's hands. Special directions are enjoined on those in charge not to give out indiscriminately what might be as poison to some, though of great assistance to others in the defence of truth, or in supplying a knowledge necessary to the special calling of a writer. These books, on the shelves of the library, bear a special mark with no corresponding indication in the catalogue,—a defect which will be corrected in a subsequent edition which we are in hopes of issuing within a twelve-month.

To these observations we must add still another: as there is nothing perfect here below, our library has not yet reached that ideal of excellence which precludes all just criticism. In the hurry of the moment, too common at the inception of all good works, for all are impatient to

enter immediately on the fruition of the results of their very praiseworthy endeavors, some books were placed on the shelves, and even catalogued, which should never have found place in a Catholic library. Many of these have been eliminated, and the weeding process is still going on. We would be sorry to see others misled by our own unintentional mistakes, and have them point to the pages of our *printed* catalogue in justification of their choice of books, when remonstrated with for their laxity in circulating among Catholics, or young people of any religion, the literary productions of a certain class of writers. It would be no easy task to undertake the correction of any considerable number of our printed catalogues for distribution in Catholic parishes; and yet this we would be obliged to do were we to act conscientiously in satisfying all the demands for catalogues we have received within the last month.

To these requests from correspondents, another must be added which claims our attention: we are asked to furnish a list of books which we would recommend to parents for their children. We gladly accede to so reasonable a request; but as all available space in the present issue has been taken up by the foregoing remarks, we are obliged to postpone anything further on the subject till our next issue.

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### Seaforth.

The League of the Sacred Heart is making rapid progress in our midst. We date from the month of May only but through the zealous and untiring efforts of our beloved Pastor, Rev. Father Kennedy, we already number over three hundred Associates, with a Children's League of over one hundred, and, with but few exceptions, all practising the three degrees.



## UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.  
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 18.

*(Translation.)*

FATHER JEAN P. AULNEAU TO FATHER BONIN.

*(Continued.)*

Towards the middle of March I shall leave this place to return to the shores of Ouinipigon. I omitted to tell you, Reverend Father, that Fort St. Charles, according to Monsieur de la Jesmeraye, ensign of the detachment of the marine quartered in this country, is situated at 48° 5'. This is all the information, Reverend Father, I am able to give you at present concerning this wretched country. It may be that I have not expressed myself correctly, but you will pardon me I am sure. In any case, I do not vouch for the truth of all I have told you, and which I have not learnt from personal observation but from the report of the Indians and a few Frenchmen, whose experience is but slightly more extensive than my own. At some future date, perhaps, I shall be in a position to give you something more reliable on this vast extent of territory so little known. If I have risked speaking to you at all about these wilds, it was merely to gratify you.

As for the Indians who dwell here, I do not believe, unless it be by miracle, that they can ever be persuaded to embrace the faith ; for even not taking into account the fact that they have no fixed abode, and that they wander about the forests in isolated bands, they are superstitious and morally degraded to a degree beyond conception. What is most deplorable is that the devil makes use of the very men who should endeavor to break their bondage to rivet their fetters more firmly. Both English and French, by their accursed avarice, have given them a taste for brandy, and have thus been instrumental in adding to their other vices that of drunkenness, so that brandy is their only topic of conversation, the sole object of their petitions, nor can they ever be counted upon unless they receive enough to get drunk on.

The good God has already chastised more than one of our fellow-countrymen engaged in this infamous traffic by visiting them with financial ruin ; but neither the loss of temporal goods nor the fear of the loss of God in eternity has as yet availed to abolish so shameful a trade.

This, Reverend Father, constitutes one of the greatest crosses which the missionaries have to endure here ; it has brought about the destruction of several flourishing missions, and has induced many an Indian to cast aside every semblance of religion. There were a certain number of Mousouis, neighbors of the Kristinaux, and not a few other Indians among those who dwell in the vicinity of the western extremity of Lake Superior, who had received Holy Baptism, and who have been replunged through drunkenness into their former superstitions.

I must, however, say in justice to the French with whom I have journeyed, that they have not mingled in this infamous traffic, and that in spite of all the reiterated demands of the Indians they have preferred to ignore all offers of barter from the tribes than give them brandy in exchange.

Notwithstanding the shameful vicissitudes of these poor infidels, God has allowed them still to retain certain notions which, perhaps, might help to determine them to range themselves on the side of religion. They acknowledge the immortality of the soul. After its separation from the body it goes to join those of the other deceased Indians; but these have not all the same dwelling-place—some inhabit enchanting prairies, where all kinds of animals are to be found. These they have no trouble in slaying, and with the viands of the chase they are perpetually regaling each other. No wonder if everywhere, on these plains, you see kettles swung over the fire, and dances and games,—all told, that is their paradise.

But before reaching it, there is a spot of extreme peril,—the souls have to cross a wide ditch. On one side of the way, it is full of muddy water offensive to the smell and covered with scum, while on the other the pit is filled with fire which rises in fierce tongues of flame. The only means of crossing it is on a pine tree, the ends of which rest on either bank. Its bark is ever freshly moistened and bespread with a substance which makes it as slippery as ice. If the souls who wish to cross to the enchanting plains have the misfortune to fall at this dangerous passage, there is no help left; they are doomed for ever to drink of the foul, stagnant water, or to burn in the flames, according to the side on which they fall. Such is their hell, and such is their obscure notion of what efforts must be made to secure heaven.

I leave untold a thousand other vagaries, which, from the little said, you may form a faint idea, nor am I sufficiently versed in the matter, having but a very imperfect knowledge of their language. If it be pleasing to you, I may revert to the subject later on.

I am the first missionary who has as yet undertaken to systematize the language of the Kristinaux. All ..... I

am not very skillful at it. I have picked up but little during the winter, as all have been out on a warlike expedition against the Maskoutépoels or Prairie Sioux. They destroyed a few lodges, and some have returned with a few scalps, which are prized as the most precious trophies of their victories. This war was the occasion for us of much suffering during the winter, as we had no other nourishment than tainted pike, boiled and dried over the fire.

The Kristinaux are not near so numerous as the Assini-boels, but they are much braver, or rather much more fierce and cruel. They massacre each other on the most trivial pretext. The war and the hunt are their sole occupation. They are averse to teaching their language to others, so that what little I know has been picked up in spite of them. I hope, nevertheless, before my departure for the Koatiouaks to announce the Gospel to them.

The devil is the only idol they acknowledge, and it is to him that they offer their outlandish sacrifices. Some have assured me that he has visibly appeared to them. They are in great dread of him, as, according to their own avowal, he is the author of nothing but the ills which befall them. It is for this reason they honor him, while they do not give a thought to God, since He sends them nothing but blessings. They acknowledge having received everything from Him, and that He is the author of all things. Wherefore they manifest no surprise when told of His wondrous works. Even the raising of the dead to life would not astonish them. One day, a Mousousis, listening to the story of Lazarus, exclaimed: "Wonderful indeed, that God raised him to life! He had already given life to him once, could He not give it to him a second time?"

When we speak of Christianity to them, one of their standing reasons for not embracing it is, that the Indians were not made for that religion; but the true reason,

which they do not wish to avow, is their fear of the devil, and the necessity in which they would be placed of renouncing what they call their . . . which they imagine they could never abandon without immediately being stricken with death.

Beg our Lord, Reverend Father, to enlighten these poor bondsmen of hell, and to touch their hearts. Conjure Him especially to send into these vast regions zealous laborers, to announce the Gospel to them, and to oblige them, with Heaven's help, to cherish and embrace a religion that they cannot help respecting. I am convinced that if there were five or six missionaries in this region, their efforts would not be fruitless, especially among the Assiniboels and the Koatiouaks, who are much more tractable than the others. But what can one poor mortal do in such an extent of country, the very limits of which are as yet unknown ?

*(To be continued.)*

### TREASURY, OCTOBER, 1893.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity, . . . . .	34,207	Works of charity, ..	5,855
Beads, . . . . .	102,594	Works of zeal, . . . . .	10,238
Stations of the Cross, . . . . .	10,176	Prayers, . . . . .	258,324
Holy Communions, ..	9,763	Charitable conversations, . . . . .	19,089
Spiritual Commu- nions, . . . . .	105,362	Sufferings or afflictions, . . . . .	18,850
Examinations of conscience, . . . . .	33,814	Self-conquests, . . . . .	5,223
Hours of labor, . . . . .	151,012	Visits to Blessed Sacrament .. . . .	52,412
Hours of silence, . . . . .	37,343	Other good works, ..	132,352
Pious reading, . . . . .	21,455		
Masses celebrated, ..	135		
Masses heard, . . . . .	25,782		
Mortifications, . . . . .	49,548		
		Total . . . . .	1,083,534





BLESSED MARGARET'S ARDENT  
ASPIRATIONS FOR HOLY  
COMMUNION.

**G**REAT God! whom I adore veiled under these humble appearances, is it possible that Thou hast so lowered Thyself as to take possession of this contemptible dwelling, that so Thou mightest come into my house and remain corporally with me? The heavens are unworthy to contain Thee, and Thou art satisfied with these poor and weak species, that Thou mayest be ever with me. O, inconceivable Goodness! could I ever believe this, if Thou didst not Thyself assure me of it? Could I dare to believe that Thou deignest to enter my mouth, to repose upon my tongue, to descend into my breast? Thou wilt it then; and to incite me to come, Thou promisest me a thousand benefits, O God of majesty! But, O God of love, would that I were all understanding to know this mercy; all heart to feel it; all tongue to publish it! What a God must Thou then be, thus to create me to be the object of Thy love and the subject of Thine ineffable goodness! The angels never cease to behold Thee, they desire this favor even while enjoying it; and shall I not wish to possess Thee? Since it pleases Thee, O my amiable Saviour! and since my wants compel me to desire it, and Thy goodness permits me, I will open to Thee my heart, my mouth, my tongue and my breast. Come, come, O divine Sun! I am plunged in the horrible darkness of ignorance and sin; come and enlighten this obscurity, and make the divine light of Thy knowledge to illumine my understanding. Come, O amiable Saviour! Thou didst once deliver Thyself up entirely to draw me from hell. I am fallen back miserably under the servitude of sin. Come yet once more to break my chains, burst my fetters, and set me at liberty. Come, O charitable physician of my soul! after Thou hast made

me a bath of Thy Blood, and in baptism rendered me more holy and healthy than I deserved to be, I have, through my own fault, contracted a thousand dangerous diseases which bring trouble to my heart, fear to my mind, and death to my soul. Come, then, and cure me. I need it more than the paralytic whom Thou didst ask if he desired to be cured. Yes, my God, I wish it sincerely; but Thou who knowest the coldness of this desire, by Thine infinite mercy increase it within me. Come, O most faithful but most tender and gentle of all friends, come to my assistance! She whom Thou lovest is faint, and dangerous and mortal infirmities oppress her. Thou knowest them, O my Saviour! Thou who readest the depths of my heart. If until now I have been insensible to my misfortune and thoughtless of my danger, now, by Thy grace, I complain, I cry out, I feel my wants and implore Thy assistance. By Thy incomparable love, and by Thine own words, I entreat Thee to come and help me. Come, and never permit me to give Thee reason to quit me. Come, O life of my heart! O soul of my life! O only support of my being! O Bread of Angels! incarnate for the love of me, delivered up for my ransom, and prepared for my nourishment, come, and make me grow quickly; come to support me powerfully; come to satisfy me abundantly; come and make me truly live by Thee, in Thee, and for Thee! Ah! my only beloved, if a body were to be deprived of its soul, how earnestly would it seek the soul, how ardently would it call upon it to return. Have I so little feeling of the union between Thee and me, that I am not aware that when Thou art absent I am a body without a soul? Come then, O my God and my all! come and animate once more my languishing soul, which sighs after Him who is the light of its beauty, the principle of its motions, and the source of its life. O Jesus, my love! I conjure Thee to absorb all my thoughts, and draw my heart from all created things by the power of Thy love. O Love! more ardent than fire, and sweeter than honey, grant that I may die consumed with the ardor of Thy fire, as Thou hast been willing to die of love for me. O Lord! so wound this ungrateful heart in every part, and pierce it so thoroughly, that it may no longer be able to contain anything earthly or human, but be filled with the fulness of Thy love alone, since it is Thine, and wishes to be Thine eternally. Amen.



## MAURICE KILEEN'S VISION.

"**L**AY out my things to-night, Kate. I'm going to the procession to-morrow." So spoke Maurice Kileen as he hung up his dinner-can and prepared to wash himself before taking his supper.

Mrs. Kileen laid down the frying-pan she had just lifted from the stove, and looked appealingly at her husband.

"Didn't you promise me after last Labor Day that you'd never go out with the crowd again, Maurice?" she asked.

Maurice avoided his wife's eyes by diving under the tap and drenching his head and face with cold water; but Mrs. Kileen was not to be put off in that way. She waited until he had dried himself and sat down to take his supper, then she repeated her question.

"I did promise you, I know, Kate," he admitted a little impatiently, "but there's no harm in going to the procession after all. There's no fear of me making a fool of myself again, like I did last time, for I'll come straight home the minute the parade is over, and take you and the youngsters out for a sail down the river."

"I wish you wouldn't go to it at all, Maurice dear," urged the wife, bustling around the little kitchen, bestowing housewifely touches here and there.

"I told the fellows I'd go, but I'll come straight back, old girl, sure. Won't that satisfy you?"

"It would if I was sure you'd come," answered the wife hesitatingly, pausing behind the husband's chair to slip her arm around his neck. "But the boys won't want to let you away, and it's not easy for you to say no, Maurice, is it?"

Maurice laughed uneasily and answered: "I know I'm too good-natured at times, but trust me for to-morrow, my girl. I can take care of myself when I want to."

Mrs. Kileen sighed, and returned to her work with a shadow on her brow. She knew it was no use saying any more, for, like all people of weak will, Maurice Kileen was very obstinate when he had made up his mind to do what he ought not to do. She had good reason to dread Labor Day, for only a year before, her husband had gone on a spree on that day that he did not get over until every article of furniture they possessed had been sold to provide his wife and children with food. He was not one of the men who "could drink or leave it alone;" when he tasted liquor he became its slave. No wonder she was afraid.

After the three children had been put to bed she made one more effort to turn her husband from his purpose.

Drawing her chair close to his, she said coaxingly: "Won't you promise not to go to the procession in the morning, Maurice? I feel as if some trouble would come of it."

"Why?" he asked, laying down his paper and looking at her, it must be confessed, a little crossly.

"You know what we are told about going into temptation," she said earnestly.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the man impatiently, "one would think I was a kid to hear you talk. Don't be so silly."

There was no more to be said, so poor Mrs. Kileen went with a heavy heart to lay out his Sunday clothes; but her prayers that night were both long and fervent.

Labor Day dawned bright and sunshiny, and at the appointed hour Maurice Kileen sallied out to take part in the grand celebration. Before leaving, he kissed his wife and children, and bade them be ready when the parade was over, and he'd take them for a trip down the river, according to promise. Mrs. Kileen looked after him, and shook her head, she could not rid herself of a presentiment of evil. She took the children out to see the procession, and baby Kathleen crowed and clapped her hands when she saw her father pass by; then she went home and waited, but the hours sped by and Maurice did not come. This is what had happened: When the procession broke up, Maurice Kileen was about to take his way homeward, when two men with whom he worked every day came up and took hold of him, one by each arm, and invited him to go over with them to St. Helen's Island, where, they averred, they were going to have "a good time." He resisted at first, and explained that his wife was waiting for him to take her out, but they laughed the excuse to scorn and began pulling him along, laughing and jesting all the time. He saw that both were a little the worse for liquor, and made one more feeble effort to get away, but they held him fast, and one said something about his wife's apron-strings. That was the last straw, he gave in at once, and followed the men to a saloon, where the unscrupulous proprietor supplied them with a couple of bottles of liquor and a pack of cards. These they concealed about their persons, and then bent their steps in the direction of the ferry and crossed to the Island.

Arrived there, they selected an unfrequented spot, and sat down to play cards. At first Maurice abstained from

drinking. He knew his own weakness, and had the grace to fear it. But at length he became excited over the cards and forgot himself. As the fiery liquor passed his lips, he thought of his wife, and inwardly vowed to take no more; but the first fatal step had been taken, and the taste of the liquor awakened the demon that had been chained in his soul for twelve months. A momentary hesitation preceded the second glass, then prudence and remorse fled together, and he swallowed drink after drink without a thought of the wife who was waiting patiently for him at home.

Unaccustomed to the liquor as he was, it took quicker and deeper effect upon Maurice Kileen than upon his companions. When the clang of the bell warned them that the last boat was leaving the island, the other two scrambled to their feet and went lurching away, too drunk to have any idea about their stupefied companion save that they couldn't carry him, and that the police would probably "pull him in."

The last rays of daylight faded out of the sky, and the stars came out one by one and shone down on the grass where Maurice Kileen lay in a drunken stupor, his hat beside him and a couple of cards lying where they had dropped from his nerveless fingers. Hidden by the grass and the shadow of the trees, the police missed seeing him, and he lay there while the soft night breeze fanned the leaves tenderly to and fro, and the moon rose and sailed placidly through the dark blue sky, now alight with millions of glowing stars that seemed to laugh down at their own reflection in the bosom of the great St. Lawrence as it rippled past on its way to the ocean. It was a beautiful scene—a scene calculated to raise the hearts even of the most insensible to that wonderful creative love which fashioned the earth and made it a palace for man's habitation; and in the midst of it all lay Maurice Kileen, a

sodden, senseless lump of humanity, fallen lower than the beast of the field.

Several hours went by and the moon began to sink toward the west and the air to grow chilly. By this time the heavy stupor that had settled upon the drunken man began to pass away, and he grew restless and uneasy. Suddenly he sat up and looked stupidly about him; then moved by a vague sense that something was wrong, he scrambled to his feet and went staggering away with some undefined notion in his bemuddled brain of getting home.

He wandered on in an aimless way for nearly fifteen minutes, and at length came to a halt against a wooden railing that barred his further progress. For a few moments he leaned against the railing, and then was about to straighten himself up for another effort, when his eyes fell upon a disorderly heap of graves and tombstones over and around which the rank grass was swaying in the night air. It was the old military cemetery, unkempt and uncared for, where repose the bones of brave men and many women and children, whose last resting place is desecrated by the incongruous presence of a barrel organ and a merry-go-round not ten yards away. Among Christian peoples, silence and prayer are usually supposed to be the fitting accompaniments of a graveyard, and it is no credit to the people of Montreal to have the repose of the cemetery on St. Helen's Island broken, as it is, by the sound of earthly merriment of a not very refined character.

Maurice Kileen gazed stupidly from the graves to the outspread canvas of the merry-go-round, and it began to dawn upon him that he was very far from home indeed, and that he had no possible means of getting there until morning. Having reached this conclusion with some difficulty, he nodded his head at the tombstones, and muttered with drunken gravity: "Seems t'me I've got to

stay here Never mind ; dead people—not noisy—won't 'sturb—*me*," and he sank on the ground and disposed himself for sleep again. Before his senses quite forsook him, the solemnity of his surroundings seemed to impress itself weakly upon him for a brief instant, for he waved his hand in an indistinct sign of the cross, and something fell from his lips that sounded like : " Lord, have mercy on 'em."

How long he slept, he never knew, but all at once he awoke with a violent start, and looked about him.

The moon and stars had disappeared, and black, stormy clouds were spread all over the sky, broken every instant by lurid flashes of forked lightning that seemed to split the heavens in a hundred places at once. Heavy peals of thunder followed each flash and shook the earth with their deafening reverberation. It seemed to Maurice that the end of the world was at hand.

While he was gazing around in search of some shelter, the sky suddenly became of a bright red hue, and he saw by its light that he was no longer outside the little cemetery, but in the middle of a large one that stretched itself away upon all sides as far as he could see. An awful feeling of dread fell upon him, and he dropped on his knees, and lifted his hands to heaven in dumb supplication, for no words would come from his parched lips. As he did so, the sky became blood red, and drops of blood began to fall upon him, and scorch his hands and face.

Then, as he looked wildly around, he became aware of a tall white figure that faced him a few paces distant, and raising his eyes they fell upon the face of his wife. But it was no longer the face of a loving wife, but that of an accusing spirit, pallid, stern and pitiless.

One hand was raised as though to keep him from approaching her, and the other pointed downward to three open graves that lay between him and her.



Fascinated with horror, he remained glued to the earth, while she made a motion with one hand, as though calling something from the grave at her feet. A form arose at her bidding and stood beside her, turning its face toward Maurice; and a chill of disgust ran through him at the sight that met his view. A horrible bloated face, with purple lips and bleared eyes, features swollen to twice their natural size, and a frame and limbs that trembled as though struck by palsy. Then his wife's lips opened, and she spoke, pointing at the figure beside her with an accusing finger as she did so:

"That is your work," she said to Maurice. "Do you not recognize him? He is Terence, our eldest born. You taught him to drink, and he learned the lesson well; so well, that he fills a drunkard's grave; and his soul — where is his soul? You are his father, and are responsible for it. Where is it?"

With a cry of horror, Maurice Kileen buried his face in his hands to shut out the sight of his wife's ghastly face, but she continued speaking, and he was forced to look up again. "Wait," she said, "I have more to show you." As she did so, another form arose from the grave, and stood beside the first one. A form that was the counterpart of Maurice Kileen's, but with an evil face from which wickedness had erased all the comeliness that marked the elder man's. The figure had a rope around its neck, and Maurice saw with a thrill of terror that its hands were dabbled with blood. "That," said his wife, raising her hand again, "is our little Maurice. He too, followed your example, and took to drink. It led him to the gallows, and he died impenitent, cursing you. Where is *his* soul, Maurice?"

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Maurice wildly, fear at last conquering the spell that had bound him; but his wife looked at him coldly, and said, "There is yet another

—we had three children. Look at baby Kathleen if you dare. I cannot,” and she covered her face with her two hands, and turned away as a third form rose from the ground.

“Mother of God!” cried the wretched man, when his eyes fell upon the face from which all innocence and womanliness had been erased as by a searing red-hot iron. The character of a lost soul was imprinted upon every feature of the bold countenance, and as she laughed tauntingly in his face, Maurice Kileen gave vent to a cry of despair, and fell upon his face in the dust. Again his wife’s voice fell upon his ear, and she said: “Have you seen enough? One son filling a drunkard’s grave; the other, a murderer’s; and your daughter, our baby Kathleen—Oh, my God! Need I tell you what became of her? And all this is the result of drink, the result of your example.”

Maurice Kileen dared not look up. He lay face downward in the dust, a very tempest of horror and despair sweeping over his soul. He would have prayed, but he dared not; he felt as if the offended heavens must fall upon him and crush him; and he waited in mute, hopeless agony, to hear the sentence that his conscience told him he deserved. Overhead the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled; and he could feel the rain of blood falling upon and saturating him. It was the blood of the souls he had murdered by his bad example, and every drop seared him as it fell.

Suddenly he started up with a cry, and looked about him in bewilderment. He was lying beside the little cemetery, and the morning sun was flickering down on his face through the trees, and touching gently the old grey tombstones and grass-grown graves of the old graveyard. He had been dreaming.

The sense of relief that he experienced was intense. But what a lesson he had learned!

Maurice Kileen knelt down in the pure morning air, and offered up the most fervent prayer of his life.

By and by the boat came over, and with it came Mrs. Kileen, who had learned of his whereabouts from his two companions of the previous day. He took her for a walk on the island and told her of his dream, and finished by saying emphatically, "Never another drop of drink will I take, Kate; and please God, I'll go up to the church and take the pledge this very day."

And he kept his word.

EMMA C. STREET.

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## IN THANKSGIVING.

ADMASTON.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and to St. Anthony for the recovery of a lost beast worth twenty-five dollars. A promise was made to publish if it were found, and it was found that day, though it had been searched for in vain for several days previous.

ALEXANDRIA.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for favors obtained by three Associates. Acknowledgment with thanks is also made for the fulfillment of one of our Blessed Lord's special promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary.

ALMONTE.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and to St. Joseph and St. Ann, for the success of a very critical operation. A Member returns since thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a child from a serious illness after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

ANTIGONISHE.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a temporal favor received after promise to publish.

**BARRIE.**—A Member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great temporal favor received. A Member wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a sister through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs after a promise to publish. Thanks are returned for a person instantly relieved of a severe pain by applying the relics of the Canadian Martyrs, and after a promise of a Mass being said in their honor if relief were granted.

**BRANTFORD.**—A Member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for two special favors, one granted in January and one in May.

**BRIGHTON.**—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the restoration to health obtained after a novena, in honor of the Canadian Martyrs, and a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

**BROMPTON.**—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for two favors, one temporal and one spiritual, obtained through prayers to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a spiritual favor obtained through the intercession of St. Ann, immediately after promise to publish. A Member returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for two temporal favors obtained after a promise to publish.

**CAMPBELLFORD.**—An Associate returns thanks for a favor granted. A promise was made to publish in the MESSENGER.

**CHARLOTTETOWN.**—A Promoter returns special thanks for a great favor obtained from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Ignatius.

**CHATHAM.**—Thanks are returned through the MESSENGER for a great spiritual favor granted to a brother, that of attending to his duties after many years' neglect.

A promise was made to publish. Thanks are also returned to the Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help.

CORNWALL.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a special favor received through the Sacred Heart, after a promise to publish.

DARTMOUTH.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a great temporal favor received after promising to make the nine first Fridays, and have it published. An Associate returns thanks for a cure, after promising to publish in the MESSENGER, and for many other favors.

EGANVILLE.—A Member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for having successfully passed an examination, after having promised to publish. Two members of the League return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart, for successfully passing an examination after prayers were offered; special mention was promised for this favor. A member of the League returns sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for having successfully passed an examination. Thanks are returned for a temporal favor obtained.

FLOSS.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a favor received; a promise to publish was made.

GALT.—A Member of the League wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the obtaining of two temporal favors, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

GODERICH, Ont.—Thanks are returned by three persons for favors obtained through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs.

GUELPH.—A Member wishes to return thanks for a favor received, after a promise to publish. A Member, in fulfillment of a promise, returns thanks for a temporal favor received. A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a special favor received after promising to pub-

lish if granted. Thanks for two temporal favors granted through two novenas to the Sacred Heart. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for favors obtained. A member wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a favor, with promise to publish in the MESSENGER, and to have a Mass said for the Holy Souls in Purgatory, if granted. Special thanksgiving for a great temporal favor obtained after a promise to make a novena and to publish.

HALIFAX.—A young person desires to thank the Sacred Heart for having passed a certain examination; a promise was made to publish. Thanks to St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin are also offered.

HAMILTON.—A Member returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained after promising to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained after a promise to publish. A Member wishes to return thanks for two temporal favors obtained. An Associate wishes to return thanks for a great grace for years asked of the Sacred Heart, and finally received during the month of June, after a novena to the Sacred Heart. An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for the success of an undertaking, a situation obtained, and also for eight other temporal favors received after a promise to publish.

HAYESLAND.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor, it being granted a week after the end of a novena in honor of the Canadian Martyrs, and a promise to publish.

INGERSOLL.—An Associate, in fulfillment of a promise to publish, wishes to return heartfelt thanks for a temporal favor granted through the Canadian Martyrs.

KENTVILLE.—Three Promoters return thanks to the Sacred Heart for favors received after a promise to publish.

KINGSTON.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for employment, and also for a temporal favor. A child of Mary returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained.

MONTREAL.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for situations obtained by two brothers. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a spiritual and a temporal favor after a promise to publish. A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of a sister from a very dangerous illness after a promise to publish; also for a great temporal favor. A member of the League returns thanks for two temporal favors which were granted through prayers to the Sacred Heart after a promise to publish. A Member of the Holy League returns thanks through the MESSENGER to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained after a promise to publish. An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for a great favor. He writes that in the month of June he received the relic-card of the martyred priests, Fathers De Brebeuf and Lalemant, for his wife who had been ill for several months, and, at the suggestion of the Director, had recommended her to the prayers of the Sacred Heart League. To his great delight, from that very day there was a change for the better, and now she is as well as ever. A Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for having been freed from much worry and trouble, and in fulfillment of a promise made, wishes to gratefully acknowledge the favor in the MESSENGER. A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the safe journey of two persons after a promise to publish. Thanks are also returned for many spiritual and temporal favors obtained, after promise to publish. Two persons return thanks for favors received.

NEWCASTLE, N.B.—In accordance with a promise made to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, an Associate wishes

to acknowledge in the MESSENGER a cure obtained after a novena to the Sacred Heart.

ORILLIA.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a temporal favor received.

OTTAWA.—Thanks are returned for restoration to health. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a great temporal favor.

OAKVILLE.—A Member returns special thanksgiving for a favor obtained.

PENETANGUISHENE.—A Promoter sends a special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for employment obtained by her husband after a promise to publish. An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for success in an examination.

PETERBOROUGH.—Special thanksgivings for spiritual and temporal favors received after a promise to publish.

PORT COLBORNE.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor received after a novena to the Sacred Heart and a promise to publish. A Member returns thanks for a favor granted after a novena to the Sacred Heart. A Member returns sincere thanks for a very great favor obtained after a promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER.

QUEBEC.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for success in gaining a lawsuit. A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for employment obtained by a friend after being a long time idle. A son returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for his mother's recovery from a dangerous illness, through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs. A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the cure of a very serious sickness after making a novena to the Canadian Martyrs and applying their relics. A Promoter returns



thanks to the Sacred Heart for obtaining a very great favor through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, also for several spiritual favors. A Member from Ashland wishes to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for her recovery from a very dangerous sickness after a promise to publish, also for several spiritual and temporal favors obtained. A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for having obtained a position, after promise to publish; also for two other temporal favors received from the Sacred Heart.

RENFREW.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the cure of a very severe pain, after praying to the Sacred Heart and promising to publish. A Member of the League wishes to return thanks for the recovery of a friend who was very sick, after a novena to the Sacred Heart was offered. A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for two great temporal favors obtained through the intercession of St. Ann and the Blessed Virgin, after a promise to publish. A Member of the League offers thanks for a cure received through prayers to the Sacred Heart, a novena to St. Ann, and a promise to publish.

SAND POINT.—A Member of the League wishes to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors received through the intercession of St. Ann, after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

SEAFORTH, ONT.—Special thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the recovery of an Associate through a novena made in honor of the Canadian Martyrs. Thanks are returned by a Promoter to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a young girl, after a novena made in honor of the Canadian Martyrs. An Associate desires to thank the Sacred Heart for a great favor obtained through a novena made in honor of St. Joseph. A Protestant friend had

written to say her only son and sole support was dying, there was no hope for him. She immediately began a novena to St. Joseph for his recovery, and before it was finished, word came that he was better, and is now quite well.

SMITH'S FALLS.—A young person returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for having granted her a great temporal favor, and wishes to have it published in the MESSENGER.

ST. ANDREWS.—A Promoter, after a promise made some time ago, returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special temporal favor obtained almost immediately after asking for it.

ST. CATHARINES.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for several favors received. A Promoter returns thanks for temporal favors received. A Member's sincere thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor received, after promise to publish.

SOLOM, ME. —A Member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for restoration to health during the month of July, owing to the success of an operation that was performed after a promise to publish.

SUDBURY.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor received—the finding of the body of a young man who was drowned. After long and fruitless efforts the body was recovered during the Mass celebrated in honor of the Sacred Heart for that intention.

SWANTON.—Thanks are returned in fulfillment of a promise to the Sacred Heart for the reconciliation of a husband and wife who had not lived together for fifteen years.

TORONTO.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a very great temporal favor obtained through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, after a novena had been made and a promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER. A member of the League wishes to return thanks for a very great temporal favor obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A Member wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very great cure obtained through a novena made in honor of St. Ann to the Sacred Heart.

VANKLEEK HILL, ONT.—In fulfillment of a promise made, thanks are returned through the MESSENGER for the success of four pupils at recent entrance examinations.

WARKWORTH.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained, after making a novena to Our Lady of Sorrows and after promising to have it published in the MESSENGER if granted.

WEST MCGILLIVRAY.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart, for two temporal favors received, after promise to publish.

WINNIPEG.—Special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for His mercy and goodness. An Associate wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great favor received after promising to publish in the MESSENGER if granted.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Almoute, Antigonish, Bedford, P.Q., Burlington, W., Chatham, Ont., Cobourg, Eganville, Galt, Halifax, Lindsay, Moncton, Montreal, New Carlisle, North Conway, N.H., Ottawa, Peterborough, Port Colborne, Quebec, St. Agatha, Ont., Ste Agathe de Lotbinière, P.Q., St. Louis, Mo., Summerside, P.E.I., Toronto, Winnipeg, Wyoming.

## INTENTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE

BY CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

- 1.—S.—THE HOLY ROSARY at  
gt. rt. Devotion to the Rosary.  
8,667 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—M.—HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.  
Honor the angels. 7,574 In affliction.
- 3.—Tu.—St. Thomas of Here-  
ford, Bp. Persevere in good. 3,704  
Deceased Associates.
- 4.—W.—St. Francis of Assisi.  
pt. Poverty of Spirit. 5,273  
Special.
- 5.—Th.—SS. Placidus and  
Coma, ht. Avoid Sadness. 847  
Communities.
- 6.—F.—St. Bruno, F., at. gt.  
Recollection. 8,333 First Com-  
munion.
- 7.—S.—St. Mark, P.M. Self  
denial. 17,274 Departed.
- 8.—S.—MATERNITY, B.V.M., ht.  
Say the daily decade. 16,294 Means.
- 9.—M.—SS. Denis and Comp.,  
M.M. Make the Stations. 4,210  
Clergy.
- 10.—Tu.—St. Francis Borgia,  
C. Love the Holy Eucharist, 188,  
548 Children.
- 11.—W.—St. Germanus, Bp.  
M. Mortify self-will. 8,073 Families.
- 12.—Th.—Bl. Camillus and  
Comp., ht. Care in daily duties.  
6,234 Perseverance.
- 13.—F.—St. Edward the Con-  
fessor, King. Purity of heart.  
4,191 Reconciliations.
- 14.—S.—St. Callistus, P.M.  
Fidelity. 8,077 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—S.—PURITY, B.V.M., pt.  
Trust in our Mother's love. 17,069  
Temporal favors.
- 16.—M.—St. Gall, Ab. Fortitude.  
11,859 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—Tu.—St. Hedwidge, W.  
Horror of sin. 6,425 Youths.
- 18.—W.—St. Luke, Evang.  
Seek God's Will. 2,470 Schools.
- 19.—Th.—St. Peter of Alcan-  
tara, ht. Spirit of penance. 14,795  
Sick.
- 20.—F.—St. John Cantius, C.  
Love of prayer. 65 Missions, retreats.
- 21.—S.—St. Ursula and Comp.,  
Virg., M.M. Christian activity.  
336 Works.
- 22.—S.—Patronage B.V.M.  
Reparation. 1,513 Parishes.
- 23.—M.—THE MOST HOLY  
REDEEMER, rt. Gratitude for re-  
demption. 46,717 Sinners.
- 24.—Tu.—St. Raphael, Arch.  
Take good ad. ice. 12,082 Parents.
- 25.—W.—Bl. MARGARET MARY,  
Pray for her canonization. 4,269  
Religious.
- 26.—Th.—THE HOLY RELICS,  
ht. Reverence. 1,002 Novices.
- 27.—F.—St. Yves, Lawyer.  
God's presence. 1,979 Superiors.
- 28.—S.—Sts. Simon and Jude,  
Ap., ht. mt. Confidence in God.  
3,511 Vocations.
- 29.—S.—St. Narcissus, Bp.  
Avoid self-praise. The Promoters  
of the League.
- 30.—M.—St. Alphonsus Rodri-  
guez. Devotedness. 30,850 Various.
- 31.—Tu.—St. Siricius, Bp.  
Think of Heaven. 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; promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B.V.

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