



The Canadian Messenger

of the

SACRED HEART

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY.

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

PROGRESS THROUGH THE CHURCH.

“**T**HE Church, which is the immortal work of a merciful God, has for its primary and essential mission to save souls, and put them in the never-ending possession of heaven. She is, besides, in the domain of purely earthly interests, a source of advantages so precious that no greater could be produced, even though she had been founded chiefly to promote happiness in this life.” (1) These words of Leo XIII. ring in our ears with a clear, definite sound. There is no mistaking their meaning; and they do not need the experience of nineteen hundred years behind them to prove for us the truth that is in them.

(1) Ency. *Immortale Dei*.

It is rather late in the centuries to assert that the doctrines that Christ left to His Church contain principles subversive of progress. If true progress, — or Civilization, to call progress by the name its highest development demands — has for its object the perfecting and well-being of man in actual life, we may rest assured that the Church will not put any obstacles in its way. Man, as a private individual, may exact from civilization the satisfaction of the legitimate exigencies of his soul and body; as a citizen, he may exact the maintenance of order and peace, and whatever else can tone down the rigors of life. There is nothing in the Gospel of Christ, nor in the teachings of His Church, to disappoint those lawful expectations of man here below.

His final end, however, is the attainment of eternal happiness. Every phase of progress, in whatever sphere, should be for him a means of salvation. How, then, can the Church antagonize any such means, seeing that she herself has the same end in view, and employs, besides, supernatural means to attain it?

The proper and direct mission of the Church is to preserve the deposit of revelation that she received from her Founder, and to make men reach heaven. This is the only end the Church has in view, an end which she pursues vigorously, yet, sweetly; all other ends are secondary. If she does not see fit to mix herself up with, or patronize, the various phases of progress that are continually presenting themselves, the only reproach — unfair though it is — that can be made against her is that she is indifferent to them; no one can logically conclude that she is opposed to them.

The Church has her own sphere of action; her programme is one of her Founder's making and is well defined; and she parts company with blatant apologists of progress the moment they cease to listen to her, or attach to their hobbies an importance these do not deserve. Just, a word to illustrate what the Church's attitude is towards the various phases of progress.

Material progress has for its object the development of wealth, notably in the industries which have grown in this century in proportions unprecedented in the history of the world. Leo XIII. tells us very plainly that the Church, far from blaming industrial advancement, approves of it ; for material advancement represents man's conquests over matter, and, consequently, the betterment of his earthly lot. None applauds material progress more heartily than the Church. She contents herself with pointing out abuses that may be made of worldly goods and wealth, abuses that go so far sometimes as even to make man forget that he was born for higher things.

Turn to another and loftier sphere. There is a vast field of action, and even progress, in the domain of the intellect. The mind of man is continually widening the limits of the field of human science, not merely in the speculative order, but in the physical and historical. The Church encourages all progress in their vast domain ; she even insists on her children undertaking these peaceful conquests ; she offers every facility in her halls of learning and research ; she holds out the strongest inducements to victory ; and she crowns the victor when the day is over. She rests satisfied with warning her men of science not to misuse their weapons ; not to seek to put their science in opposition to faith which rests on the Word of God itself. She warns thus wisely, not through fear of injury to herself, for the Church of God is outside such danger, but through love of her children whose faith might suffer.

In a still higher sphere there is spiritual progress ; there is the directing of the human will and the onward march towards spiritual perfection. This is the progress that the Church desires and fosters more than any other ; for it is this that leads men directly to heaven. Is there reason for surprise, then, when we see the Church safeguarding the spiritual interests of her children, not merely by discouraging anything and everything that could injure their souls,

but by bridging their liberty with iron rules? Will not this explain why she takes such care of the training of her little ones; why she will not leave to secular, neutral or irreligious governments the moulding of their minds and hearts; in a word, why she is so rigid in her discipline? The Church is convinced that she alone can promote true spiritual progress, and in that field she will not brook opposition or listen to compromise.

As a consequence, also, of this stand taken by the Church, she is, in the merely ethical or social sphere, the champion of men and their interests. History shows us that never for an instant has the Church ceased to work for the worldly well-being and advancement of her children. "It is remarkable," says Montesquieu, "that the Christian religion not merely aims at compassing man's felicity in the other life, but his happiness in this world as well." She could hardly do otherwise, for the Church is the great school of justice and charity, the foundation-stone of all ethical and social well-being.

All she asks from those who owe her allegiance, is that, while advancing materially, intellectually, morally, socially, they safeguard the interests of their immortal souls. In true progress, as the Church understands it, virtue should never be subordinate to wealth, faith to science, nor the interests of heaven to those of earth.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

Daily prayer during this month.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day, in reparation for our sins, and according to all the intentions for which thou sacrificest Thyself continually on the altar. I offer them, in particular, that true progress may flourish among men for their greater good.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

CHORUS.

Sweet In - fant Je - sus, In - fant di - vine,

Make me, make me for - ev - er Thine!

Make me, make me for - ev - er Thine!

2. — By Thy poor and lowly lot ;
By the manger and the grct ;
By Thy tender feet and hands,
Folded fast in swathing bands.
3. — By the worship shepherds paid,
By the gif s that sages made,
Gold and myrrh and incense sweet,
Laid in homage at Thy feet.
4. — By the joy of Mary blest,
When she clasped Thee to her breast,
When she kneeling first adored
Thee, her infant, yet her Lord.



THE HEART OF JESUS

DESIRES A TRIPLE TESTIMONY OF OUR LOVE.

" Give me, my daughter, this consolation
" of atoning as far as you are able for the
" ingratitude of men."

(Words of Our Lord to B. Marg. Mary.)



ONE day, after having had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion, Blessed Margaret Mary had a light regarding a practice of devotion, which our Lord Himself deigned to teach her. Every week on the night between Thursday and Friday, she was to rise to recite certain prayers indicated by Him, that by this practice she might render homage to the extreme anguish which He had suffered during the night of His Passion.

Although for a long time, this pious practice met with considerable opposition, it flourishes to-day throughout the entire Church, and has even given birth to an archconfraternity, the seat of which is in Paray-le-Monial, and which has been enriched by Gregory XVI. with precious indulgences.

Blessed Margaret Mary is well rewarded for her trouble, when she beholds every week from her heavenly abode, so many pious souls, who, at the very hour that our Lord prostrated Himself before His Father, rise from their sleep,

and thus overcome the weakness of the flesh, that they may escape the reproach made by the Man-God to the first witnesses of His agony: "What! Could you not watch one hour with me?"

Dare we remain indifferent to the mystery of the sorrowful agony of Jesus Christ, and the Passion of His Divine Heart? The interior sufferings of our Saviour at this time were greater than those borne during the whole of His Passion. He saw Himself completely abandoned by heaven and earth, and laden with the sins of all mankind: "I appeared in the presence of the sanctity of God, who, without having regard to my innocence, punished me in His wrath, making me drink the chalice filled with the gall and bitterness of His just indignation. No creature can comprehend the greatness of the torments which I suffered at that time."

If, without detriment to our legitimate duties, we can give to Jesus Christ this testimony of love, let us consecrate to Him this hour from eleven to twelve at midnight, participating in the mortal sadness which he suffered in the Garden of Gethsemane. Let us remain prostrate with Him, that we may appease the Divine Justice in imploring mercy for sinners, as well as to soften and honor the bitterness which He felt from the abandonment of His Apostles.

II

Our Lord also asked of Blessed Margaret Mary a special Communion the first Friday of each month. She was to offer to God the merits of the Heart of Jesus, to satisfy the Divine Justice for the faults committed against charity. It was, therefore, a *Communion of reparation*. This desire of our Lord has been realized and extended by the pious association of the Communion of Reparation, a branch of that of the Sacred Heart, and which has been adopted by the Apostleship of Prayer.

Communion is the great act of reparation. Jesus Christ

Himself has revealed it to us: "My daughter," said He, to His humble servant, "I come in the heart which I have given you, that, by your fervor, you may repair the injuries which I have received from tepid and lax hearts, who dishonor Me in the most Blessed Sacrament."

Is not Communion the end which our Lord proposed, in instituting the Blessed Eucharist? This desire of ardent love to communicate itself exists; always it is the desire of the Heart of Jesus to give Himself each day in Holy Communion. And when a true friend cordially responds to this invitation, when a faithful soul approaches this celestial banquet, with faith, purity and love, the Heart of our dear Lord thrills with joy, and seems to forget Its sorrow. Sometimes in a family, there is an ungrateful child, who saddens his father's declining years, and brings grief to his mother's heart; if the others, by their affection and loving care, endeavor to soften the sadness of which their brother is the cause, the parents are half consoled, because of these testimonies of filial piety; and although they never can forget the absence of the poor prodigal, they appear less sad in the family circle, turning for comfort to these devoted sons remaining to them.

Oh! Pious Associates of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, let us go to communion often, that we may give to Jesus a testimony of love and fidelity; but let us go with fervor. In order to repair incredulity and indifference, we should have a vivid and lively faith, such as drawn from Mary Magdalen, in the Garden of the Sepulchre, that cry of profound conviction: "My Good Master!"

To repair the negligence and tepidity of sluggish souls, our love must be animated by fervor and generosity, which stops at no sacrifice. Finally, to make amends for the sacrileges of those who betray their Master with a kiss. — not only must we be exempt from mortal sin, but we should be purified from all affection to sin. Let our lives be a sacrifice of preparation and thanksgiving, a courageous

immolation of ourselves, and we shall become, day by day, less unworthy to be united to the great Victim of Calvary.

III

When Our Lord asked of Blessed Margaret Mary that a feast be celebrated in honor of His Sacred Heart, He directed that reparation should be made by a *solemn act of atonement*; by this we understand a public humiliation and supplication made in common.

It consists in acknowledging our faults and asking pardon for them. To sinners alone fall the duty of thus humiliating themselves by public avowal; but the just urged by a sentiment of charity, willingly take the place of sinners to implore the Divine Mercy. Our Lord allows Himself to be more easily touched by these fraternal supplications, inspired as they are by generous sentiments of faith and love.

It was in the midst of the horrors of the plague, which cut down at one stroke, forty thousand of the inhabitants of Marseilles, in a city chilled with fear, at the sight of its streets and public encumbered with the dead and the dying, that Mgr. Belzunce, that hero of Christian charity and pastoral zeal, raised his voice to exhort his people to seek refuge in the merciful Heart of the Saviour of Men. On the Feast of All Saints, this new Charles Borromeo, accompanied by those of his clergy who still remained, presented himself at the altar, which he had decorated in the public square, his feet bared, a rope around the neck, with the crucifix in his arms. There in the name of all, amidst silence broken only by the sighs and sobs of those present, he pronounced in a touching voice, solemn acts of reparation and consecration to the Heart of Jesus.

On the first Friday of every month, wherever there exists an association in honor of the Sacred Heart, custom has introduced the practice of reading aloud a solemn Act of Reparation, all the faithful uniting with the priest, who

conjures the most meek and most merciful Heart of Jesus, to show mercy to sinners. Let us love this holy practice, full of faith and humility, where piety speaks the language of repentance and confidence, and addresses itself to the Heart of Him, who loves to be supplicated on behalf of sinners.

R. P. SEGUIN, S. J.

ASPIRATIONS TO MARY.

Mother, upon my lips to-day, Christ's precious Blood was laid ;
That Blood which centuries ago, was for my ransom paid ;

And half in love, and half in fear, I seek for aid from Thee,
Lest what I worship, wrapt in awe, might be profaned by me.

Wilt Thou vouchsafe, as Portress dear, to guard these lips to day ?
Lessen my words of idle worth, and govern all I say ;

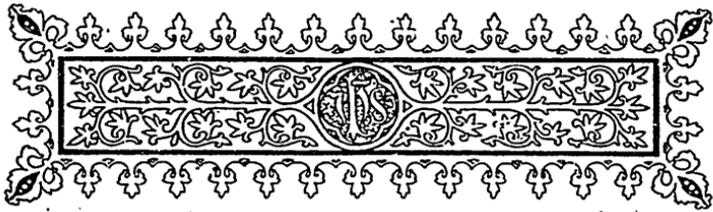
Keep back the sharp and quick retorts that rise so easily :
Soften my speech, with gentle art, to sweetest charity.

Check Thou the laugh, or careless jest, that others harsh may find ;
Teach me the thoughtful words of love which soothe the anxious mind ;

Put far from me all proud replies, and each deceitful tone ;
So that my words, at length, may be faint echoes of Thine own.

O Mother, Thou art mine, to-day, by more than double right ;
A soul where Christ reposed must be most precious in thy sight :

And Thou canst hardly look on me, from Thy dear Son apart ;
Then give me from myself and sin, a refuge in Thy Heart.



Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER

REVEREND MOTHER DUCHESNE.

A recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites sanctioning further procedure in the cause of beatification of Mother Rose Philippine Duchesne, foundress in America of the Society of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, has drawn attention to the career of this saintly religious who died on November 18, 1852. She was born at Grenoble on the 29th August, 1769, seven years before the declaration of American Independence and twenty before the outbreak of the French Revolution — two events which were to largely influence her future destiny. Her father, Pierre François Duchesne, was a distinguished advocate in the Parliament of Grenoble. Her mother, Rose Euphrosyne Périer, belonged to a family which occupied an important position in the political and commercial world of that stirring period. Speaking of the Duchesne family, a friend wrote: "They were souls of strong temperament, self-willed and imperious, but with a great energy for good."

While still very young, Rose Philippine was sent to the convent school of the Visitation in her native town. Here, at the age of twelve, she made her first Communion, and as her sister records, "henceforth the religious life alone seemed capable of satisfying the desires of her soul." With characteristic energy, child as she was, she set about exercising herself in the customs of the life to which she aspired. Her companions used to laugh at her, not doubting that

such extreme fervor could not last, but she continued faithful to her self-imposed practices as long as she remained at school. At a very early age, she evinced a deep love for the foreign missions. This love had been awakened and fostered in her soul by an old Jesuit, who had labored in the missions of Louisiana.

Her parents, disapproving of her inclination for the religious life, removed her from the convent school. She submitted with the best possible grace, went home and entered with great zeal into all the amusements of her young friends. She continued her studies with her boy-cousins and their *abbé précepteur*, went through their course of classics and mathematics, thus acquiring that knowledge of Latin which enabled her later to follow intelligently both the reading of Holy Scripture and the liturgy of the Church. Music, proved



REVEREND MOTHER DUCHESNE

a failure, but for drawing she showed a decided fondness and talent. At eighteen, she received a most advantageous offer of marriage, but feeling she was called to the religious life, she positively refused to accept it. Then, a year later, when the opposition of her family appeared less pronounced, she asked her aunt to take her to her old convent home. Once inside its walls, she declared she would leave it no more, and her parents, although greatly distressed, offered no further resistance. This was in the year 1737.

After a novitiate of eighteen months, Rose Philippine was preparing to take her vows when she was hindered doing so by a formal prohibition from her father, not out of any anti-religious feeling, but merely out of worldly wisdom. The fatal year 1789 was at hand, and M. Duchesne foresaw that the religious institutions would be amongst the first victims of revolutionary violence. Accordingly she remained as a novice at the convent.

At the beginning of 1791, by order of Government, the community were expelled from their convent, and Rose Philippine was obliged to lay aside the religious habit and return to her own home.

After a short absence from Grenoble, Mlle Duchesne found that her former Convent of Ste Marie-d'en-Haut had been turned into a prison, and that noble ladies, grand seigneurs, religious and priests were confined there in hourly expectation of being sent to the scaffold. To succor them spiritually and materially, she formed with other friends a society known as the Ladies of Mercy, and, as one of her associates records, "she did not hesitate to perform for the prisoners the duties of the humblest servant, and amid many perils, she sought out proscribed priests and brought them to administer the last sacraments to the dying.

After some five years of revolution, France began to grow weary of bloodshed and anarchy, and the re-establishment of religion was now the dearest wish of every Catholic heart. Mlle Duchesne felt an intense longing to see her beloved cloister of Ste Marie-d'en-Haut restored. With that eminently practical turn of hers, she brought the powerful political influence of her family to bear on the Government, and to such a good purpose that on the 10th of December, 1801, the Convent of Ste Marie-d'en-Haut was assigned to her at a rental of eight hundred francs.

Her first care was to reassemble the former religious of the convent, but this, after ten years of dispersion and secularization, was no easy matter. After many negotia-

tions, she at length succeeded in securing the return of the former Mother Superior, who was at this time seventy-nine years of age, and a few Sisters. To restore religious observance was a more difficult task. "Of the life prescribed by the Rule," she says, "we kept nothing but meditation and office in common. No silence, no reading at meals, no uniformity of dress." The good Mother was not firm enough to enforce even the mildest form of discipline. Mlle Duchesne was in despair, but she was spared the trial of abandoning the Order; for two months later the Superior and Sisters announced that they were about to disperse, which they did on the 26th of August, 1802.

After two years' negotiations on the part of the Abbé Rivet, Vicar-General of the diocese, on the 13th of December, 1804, the Venerable Mother Barat, Superior of the newly-founded Society of the Sacred Heart, with two of her religious, came to Grenoble and took possession of Ste Marie-d'en-Haut. In token of her entire submission Mlle Duchesne cast herself on the ground and kissed the new superior's feet. The transition from the Order of Blessed Margaret Mary to an institute whose primary object was the veneration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was not violent. So that, after less than a year's novitiate on the 21st of November, 1805, Mlle Duchesne pronounced her vows as a member of the new institute.

As has already been remarked, Rose Philippine had always felt the keenest attraction for the foreign missions, an aspiration which was fully shared and warmly encouraged by Mother Barat, but which was not gratified until 1815, when Mgr. Dubourg, Bishop of New Orleans, was in Europe seeking to obtain priests and nuns for his vast diocese west of the Mississippi. When he applied to Mother Barat, she thought her young Institute unequal to the demand, and asked for time. Mlle Duchesne, casting herself at her beloved superior's feet, implored her to consent to her going. The venerable Mother, recognizing a call from

God, granted her request and set about choosing her future companions.

The departure was fixed for the spring of the following year. On March 21st, 1818, Mother Duchesne as Superior, and four Sisters embarked at Bordeaux on the sailing-ship *Rebecca*. After a hard and most uncomfortable voyage of seventy days, on the 29th of May, the feast, singularly enough, of the Sacred Heart, the *Rebecca* touched land, Mother Duchesne's first act, in spite of the wetness of the soil, was to cast herself upon the ground, and fervently kiss it. The travellers proceeded by road to New Orleans, where they were hospitably received by the Ursuline Nuns.

Through the miscarriage of letters from Mgr. Dubourg, a most trying delay of six weeks occurred. On July 10th, she received orders to proceed to St. Louis, a journey of some thousand miles up the Mississippi. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the newly-invented steamboats, she speaks so hopefully about, it took them forty-two days to reach their destination.

On their arrival at St. Louis, the Sisters were cordially welcomed by Mgr. Dubourg, whom they found living in one poor room which served as study, refectory and dormitory for himself and four priests.

"You have come in quest of crosses," said the good bishop, "you will not have long to wait for them. Only strengthen yourselves more and more in spirit. That is the important point. There is every appearance that you will sow in tears and that others will reap in joy what your labors and prayers will have won for them."

A fortnight later, he set out with them for St. Charles, a town which he destined to be the cradle of the Society of the Sacred Heart in America. A year's experience made it evident that St. Charles was not the place suited for a religious foundation; so Florissant, a village a few miles from St. Charles, was chosen as a new home for the little colony.

Life here, as at St. Charles, was primitive and laborious,

but the advantages of the transfer of the community to Florissant soon became apparent in the increased number of scholars. This, in turn, led to the fond hope of establishing a novitiate, without which any considerable expansion would be vain. The Bishop was not sanguine. The American independence of character and claim to equality were, to his mind, very unpromising material for religious subordination and obedience. Vocations came, notwithstanding, and so quickly, that Mother Duchesne felt justified in acceding to the Bishop's wishes of founding new centres of education in other parts of his diocese.

Mgr. Dubourg wrote to the Venerable Mother Barat that Mother Duchesne was a true saint, but not quite enough after the style of St. Francis of Sales. The "Duchesne character" asserted itself, and the lack of natural pliability and sweetness was a source of many hard trials for her. But with deep and holy humility she acknowledged her defects and begged to be released from her position of superior and to take the lowest place. Her request remained ungranted until she was an old woman. To the Mother General she repeatedly wrote: "I am altogether out of date; this makes me the more anxious to know Jesus alone, and to seek Him in solitude."

At length, in compliance with her repeated requests, a new superior was sent from France, and this holy woman who, for two and twenty years, had borne the heat and burden of the day, knelt, as she has done thirty-six years previously, at her young superior's feet, and humbly asked her blessing, and Mother Duchesne, at seventy years, was once more a simple religious.

At this great age another very ardent desire was at last fulfilled. She was permitted to be one of a band of missionary sisters to a settlement of the Pottawotomies, called Sugar Creek, and although so old that she could only pray still she could teach her companions and the Indians what a saint's life can be when human usefulness is past. They called her the "woman who prays always." God's will was to the last the ruling passion of her life; obedience

her unfalling stay ; so when the order for removal came, she resigned her heart's desire to die amongst her dear Indians, and returned to live for ten years of prayer and suffering close to the Heart of her Lord and Master, the seeming failure of whose life-work she had so singularly been called upon the share.

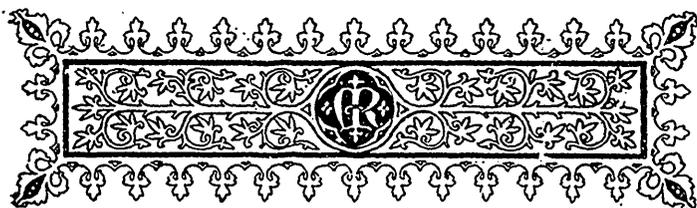
By a strange dispensation of God's will, she was brought back to die at St. Charles, her first foundation in America. She ceased, we are told, to care for anything earthly. Her niece who had come from France to be near her and render her little services, describes her cell as the very sanctuary of poverty. Her prayer was continual, and kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament she forgot the things of time and sense. "How can one be tired who is with the Lord?" she would ask. Father de Smet, the Rocky Mountain missionary, openly expressed his opinion that she was a real saint, and regarded her as the great protectress of his wonderful missions.

It may be asked what the outcome has been of this valiant woman's life of self-sacrifice and devotion. Before her death sixteen houses of the religious of the Sacred Heart had been founded in America ; in these schools both rich and poor learned to love and serve God. At the present day, in the two-peninsulas, there are six vicariates or provinces, comprising forty seven establishments in which two thousand one hundred nuns educate some ten thousand children ; five thousand five hundred belong to the poorer classes, and three hundred are of the negro race.

It was now time to sing her *Nunc dimittis*. At noon on the 18th of November, 1852, the angelic soul of this much tried woman went forth to meet her Divine Spouse whom she had served with such untiring devotion and love for eighty-four years, thirty-four of which were spent in arduous labours upon American soil.

South America has given to Mother Church the great St. Rose of Lima. May God grant us yet to see beside her our altars a St. Rose of Missouri.

THÉRÈSA ANGÉLICA GETHIN.



LOVE'S PRISONER.

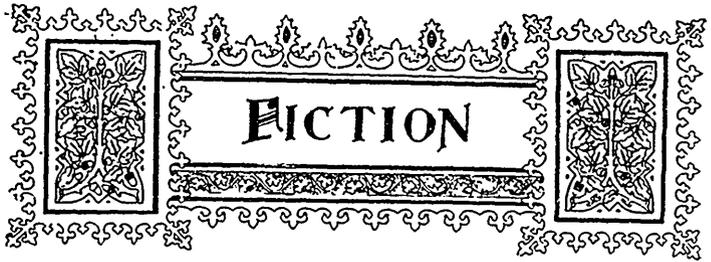
Reposing in His altar-home —
Imprison'd there for love of me —
My spouse awaits me ; and I come
To visit Him awhile and be
A solace to His loneliness —
If aught in me can make it less.

But is He lonely ? Bend not here
Adoring angels as on high ?
Ah, yes ! but yet, when we appear,
A softer glory floods His eye.
Tis earth's frail child He longs to see ;
And thus He is alone — for me !

His Heart, how piningly it aches
With love unheeded, love despised !
O happy soul ! that comes and takes
The gift as something to be prized :
The lavish graces it receives
From that full breast its prayer relieves !

Then, best of lovers, I'll draw near
Each day to minister relief,
For tho' the thought of year on year
Of sin should make me die of grief,
Yet day by day my God I see
" Sick and in prison " — all for me !

— *Rev. E. Hill, C. P., in Emanuel.*



STORY OF A TRAMP.

I was writing at my little desk near the window. It was a cozy hour. My room was warm and bright. Perhaps, as seen from the cold street without, I made a comfortable picture for the chance way-farer. It was a bitter night. The hour was late. Except for my colored girl, Carrie, I was alone in the house. The people who rented my upper floor were away in Florida. My husband had been called out of town to see a patient.

There was a ring at my bell. It was my rule to leave Carrie free in the evenings and answer the bell myself. I laid down my pen with a sigh and went to the door. I opened in just a little way. In the shadow outside stood a man. He took off his hat to me.

"Madam, will you give me something to eat—anything?"

The tone was different from any in which this plea had ever been proffered at my door—although it had been proffered in tones which ran the whole gamut of want and degradation. The request came almost in a whisper, sad, despairing; yet with something in it which commanded respect. The voice and the manner of a gentleman.

My caller did not present the appearance of a pauper nor of one in extreme need. The general impression I received, straining my eyes to take close observation, was of a well-built young fellow of perhaps twenty-five, trimly clad, hair well brushed (the manner in which this man

lifted his hat, as I appeared, alone distinguished him from the ordinary tramp), face scrupulously clean. Where, I wondered afterward, had he made that careful toilet before presenting himself at a lady's door? Probably (on that bitter night) at a public hydrant with pocket-brush and comb. His eyes were shining, his cheeks were red. He did not look cold, hungry or in want. There was not the least scent of whiskey about him.

I could not take in all these details at once, as I was in the light and he rather kept in the shadow.

Now I was used to tramps—we all are. They usually came to my back door, and Carrie or myself dealt with them there. I usually fed them—we all do, pernicious though the practice may be. The only practice which could be worse is that we should be always able to turn them away. They were not always grateful. Why should they be for the bread of charity?

Once a tramp put up such a pitiful tale that I listened with tears in my eyes. And I hadn't a thing to give him. Cooked food had given out. Everything we could rake together—Carrie and I—was a postage stamp and three pennies. We gave him these, and he threw them down on the mat, swore at us in a foreign tongue and walked off. I was very mortified to have offended him, for I had really done my best, though he didn't seem to believe it.

Sometimes tramps did not like Carrie's cooking and threw the food back at her. Naturally, Carrie had come to entertain a strong disapproval of tramps and of the bad habit of feeding them.

My husband had laid down a law that we were to have no dealings with vagrants after dark. After certain hours, doors were not to be opened nor parleyings had with doubtful characters. I had two experiences which prompted me to adhere very strictly to this regulation. Also, my husband did not like tramps to come to the front door. Accordingly, all the tramps of our acquaintance—and there were many—called at the back door.

According to regulations I should have answered "No," and closed my door in his face.

But I parleyed with him.

"I am afraid I have nothing worth giving you," I said.

"Anything," he whispered, huskily—"any cold victuals."

"Larry will scold," I thought, "and so will Carrie," but I said aloud:

"I will see."

I was shivering with cold myself by this. I did not want to leave him standing on the freezing porch. If Carrie had been with me I should have asked him inside; as it was, I closed the door gently, feeling much ashamed; and I went back to my kitchen.

Carrie had taken my sewing-machine into the kitchen and was rattling away on it, making her a dress.

"Carrie, have we any cold victuals?" I asked guiltily and humbly.

She looked up, thoroughly disgusted.

"Norm," she answered very positively. "Nary bit o' nothin'."

"Are you sure, Carrie?"

"Yessum, I is. I cooked 'nuff bread dis mornin' to las' a whole week. An' whar is it now? Tramps done kyard it off. Got to bake ergin to-morrow. Can't keep no victuals in dis house."

"Isn't there a bit of cooked meat some-where, Carrie? No pie, nor anything?"

"Norm. An' mighty little raw meat. An' dar ain't no mo'n a dus' o' flour in dat las' bar'l we got. Got to buy flower tomorrow. You knows we keeps a tramp bo'din' house, ma'am" — with privileged sarcasm.

Carrie doesn't like me to go into my own cupboard, but in spite of her disapprobation I searched for provisions. All I got for my pains was a small piece of corn bread.

"I tole you dar warn't nothin' in dar," said Carrie with cynicism.

I went to my cracker-jar on my little tea-table and

turned it upside down, with the result of four small crackers as an addition to the piece of bread. I had company that afternoon.

All told, the lunch that I got together was a small piece of corn-bread, four little crackers and two wizened apples.

"Come Carrie," I said. "I'm afraid to go by myself."

She left her sewing with the air of a martyr.

"I reckon he's not there now," I continued sorrowfully and reprovingly as she got herself up slowly. "It's taken some time to gather these provisions together."

"He's gwine to throw 'em back at you," she declared.

I expected something of the kind myself. Only a starving man could be thankful for such small favors. Positively, I was ashamed of what I was going to offer.

"Carrie," I said, "don't ever let my cupboard get empty again."

"Like to know how I'm a-gwine to keep in filled, ma'am. Dere ain't but three folks here, countin' me, an, I can't cook 'nuff, to save my life."

"Carrie, drop that sewing, and come on! I am afraid you haven't any feeling."

"Yes'm, I is. But I is got cookin', too."

Really I did think he would be gone. I had looked through every crock and jar that ever had a bit of food stowed away in it, but it seems that Carrie as well as myself had had company that evening.

I regretted that I had not sent him on. To keep him waiting in the cold all this time for such a bite! Any tramp who knew his business could have made more by travelling farther and multiplying calls.

I threw open the door. There he was, standing just as I had left him, except that he had replaced his hat. He took it off as I appeared.

"I am ashamed to give you this," I said, "but really it is everything in the house that's cooked."

The hand that touched mine as I lay the pittance of food in it was so cold that it sent a chill through me.

"Thank you, madam."

I never got such a grateful "Thank you" from a tramp—from any body—for any thing in all my life. Judged by its value to the one receiving, the giving of these bits of cold food was the greatest kindness of my whole existence.

And oh! the sadness of that voice—that gentleman's voice thanking me for alms!

I saw him better now that I had thrown the door wide open and the light streamed full upon him. Yes he was trimly clad; his coat, a cut away, was buttoned close about him, and he wore no overcoat. His eyes and cheeks were bright—too bright for a man whose hand was so cold.

He vanished into the night. With his word of thanks he was gone, leaving my porch with a quick, light tread. No tramp ever walked off my porch that way before. The tramp drags himself, he looks behind, he takes observations—he may come again.

I closed the door lingeringly. Then I opened it quickly and stepped on the porch and looked after him.

"Carrie," I said, "run after that man and bring him back here. He's coming into this house to warm himself if everything I have gets stolen! And I'm going to make him a cup of hot coffee if I get killed for it! Oh, Carrie, if you will make haste, you will catch him before he gets to the corner. I would go myself, but you know I'm lame. I could never catch him!"

She was sullen.

I snatched my wrap off the rack and put it around her.

"Carrie! Carrie, dear! please go! I won't sleep a wink to-night if we don't get that man here and get him warm!"

That put a move on her.

She was off and back again in about ten minutes.

"I'd never catch that man in the world!" she said. "I seen him goin' by the Aragon, eatin' that victuals for dear life. And that's the only time I did see him. When I got to the Aragon, thar warn't nobody on the sidewalk for two blocks ahead of me 'cep' two women an' a p'liceman. That man was walkin' fas' as the win' blows!"

"To keep from freezing," I thought, "Will he walk that way all night?"

I went back to my desk, but I could not write. I was preparing a paper to read before the convention of the Humanitarian Association the next week. We were to discuss the tramp problem. I felt myself utterly unable to deal with it intelligently—though when my bell was rung I had been working out a beautiful plan on paper.

Carrie was warming her toes in front of the fire. I sometimes made believe that Carrie was an audience and practiced my speech-making by talking at her.

"Carrie," I said, "we have free schools, free water, free fire service. We ought to have free bread, free fire, free shelter and free clothes."

"Whar is dey to come f'om?"

"Ah! I don't know."

"Dat's a fack, ma'am. I'm mighty willin' to git' em, but I ain't willin' to furnish 'em."

"Oh, Carrie! I am afraid you are soured. You talk as if you had no compassion, or bowels of mercy. But you have, your dear good Carrie! What would I have done with my tramps but for you? Unless you are in the sulks, you never turn a dog hungry from that back door."

"Yes'm. But I ain't forgot my silver cup what you give me Chris'mas, an' de burglars done stole."

"What would they ever steal for if they had fire, food and shelter?"

"What would dey ever wuk for ef dey had 'em?"

"Do they work now?"

"Dey walks. Dat's sumthin' to do."

"Maybe if they saw that work made them comfortable they would work for work's sake—for love of each other—to make enough for all."

"Humph!"

Plainly these ideas would not do for the Humanitarian Association if even the unsophisticated Carrie would not treat them with respect. The Humanitarian Association

would not approve of them any more than Carrie did ; and like Carrie and myself, they would yet go on feeding haphazard with the bread of charity.

I could not sleep that night. The touch of a cold hand waked me ever as I sought to pass the threshold of dreams. Ever as I turned back and forth in my warm bed, I wondered if he who had stood at my door — my brother — was freezing in the night.

“ Coward ! ” I thought of myself, — “ coward ! And to set more price on your gold and silver, on the sacredness of your home, than on your brother’s life ! ”

Ever, as I was sinking into slumber, I heard his low, sad voice thanking me for the morsel of bread — the insulting pittance — I had given ; even the clinging of the cold fingers held me back from rest.

All next day he was with me, bowing over my hand as a gentleman bows above a lady’s, his coat buttoned close about him, perhaps he had on little beneath ; his eyes, too, bright, a hectic glow on his cheeks. And he had been so hungry that he was eating that food ravenously in the full blaze of light from the Aragon, our fashionable hotel, as he hurried past. Perhaps the keen edge of hunger had hurried him off the porch.

He had never begged before. I knew it as well as if he had told me. No tramp ever thanked anybody with such fervent gratitude for such a handful of food as I had given him. I knew as well as if he had told me how he come to call upon me. He had been walking up and down the street to keep from freezing, and he had seen me through the curtains in my warm, bright room, and he had gotten up courage to ask me for food. Never in all my life had I so poorly answered such a prayer.

I searched the morning and evening papers. There was an account of a man who had been picked up by the police on the steps of a church three blocks away. He had been so nearly frozen, and of such low vitality from continued hardship and exposure, that they had not been able to save him at the hospital, and he was dead.

Was this my tramp?

Carrie caught me crying over the newspaper. She can read the king's English, if she does not choose to talk it every time, and she soon found out what item had upset me.

"Missy," she said, "dat ain't de man dat was here las' night. The way that man was walkin', he never stopped at any church three blocks from here."

Night came, and with it I at my desk and Carrie at the sewing machine. I had a plan laid—the working out of a forlorn hope.

A little niece has painted me a motto, great gold letters on a silver field, and this was how it read:

Come to Me
All You that Labor and are Burdened
And I will Refresh You.

I fixed the motto just above my desk, and drew a scarf across everything on it but the first word. It was the only way I had to extend an invitation under the circumstances. And, after all, if he saw it, it was but the expression of a whimsical idea, and he would probably not understand it at all.

At my elbow I arranged a tempting lunch on my little tea-table. I meant to sit there all night.

I wrote and tore up, wrote and tore up. My address for the convention of the Humanitarian Association did not suit me at all. Midnight came and went. The pictured Christ over my mantel looked at me with reproachful eyes. Carrie was long since asleep. The house was very lonely and still.

There came a ring at the bell.

I went to the door and threw it wide open.

There stood my tramp!

His cheeks were more hollow, his eyes more sunken, and

he seemed hardly able to stand. I never thought a day could work so great a change.

"Will you walk in?" I asked as politely as if the hour were one for evening calls and my guest a man of prominence.

Into my warm, bright room I took him and offered him my best chair in front of the blazing fire. His teeth chattered; he could not speak. My little alcohol lamp was trimmed and ready. In no time I had him a cup of steaming coffee.

I set the little tea-table before him. Then I drew down the shade over the window near my desk and took the scarf from the motto. The picture had served its purpose. He understood. His eyes told me.

Then I went out and left him in there alone with all my best possessions, to eat that square meal by himself. The coffee-pot stood at his elbow.

When I got to my room I cried, and thanked God that he wasn't dead and his death at my door.

After an hour I went back; the supper was eaten, every morsel. He sat in the chair asleep.

Wake him and send him out into the cold night? Not if I knew myself! I wanted to get some sleep and not have the thought of him breaking my rest forever. I had no spare room; my sitting-room, which was dining-room, too; my bedroom, kitchen, and Carrie's little pigeon-hole constituted my floor. It was here or nowhere.

I got a big, soft blanket and spread it over him. He did not stir.

"My brother!" I said softly.

And I went to bed and to sleep.

I waked late next morning. Carrie had waked late also. She always wakes late when I do. I usually ring her up.

"What's dat blanket doin' on de cheer in de sitting-room?" she asked, as soon as I got my eyes open.

I was guiltily silent. In broad daylight I was astounded at what I had done.

"Missy, you ain't done took to havin' tramps sleep in de house, is you?"

I tried to explain.

But Carrie would accept no apologies. She gave notice that she would have to leave me if I took to such "carryin's on" as lodging tramps in the house. I promised to mend my ways — if I could. But she shook her head. She evidently feared that she had an incurable case of trampo-mania on hand.

On my writing-desk I found a note. It was written in a beautiful hand.

"Dear Madam,—I owe you my life. If ever the time comes that I can pay my debt, I will do it.

"I am promised some work to-day. If you had not taken me in last night I would not to-day be able to do it.

"Gratefully yours,

"R——"

Next day Larry came home. I told him about my tramp. He said that I was foolish, and that I musn't do so any more. He also said he wished he could find the poor fellow and help him to get some work. Just like my Larry!

Several weeks later I sat at my old place by the window. Larry had gone out in his buggy after supper to pay some professional calls.

Larry had a fault that by this time I had grown so used to that it did not concern me greatly. He would drive fast and spirited horses. Somehow he and horses seemed to understand each other, and he always succeeded in managing them.

"Well, on this night I presently heard people yelling, the tearing of hoofs and wheels down the street, and then a great crashing and trampling almost in front of my door.

"Larry!" I thought.

My heart jumped into my throat and I ran out on the porch.

A little way up the street a crowd of people had collected

around something. Side streets and alleys were emptying into the main thoroughfare, policemen were running.

My house is on the principal street that leads from the Central Depot, past several hotels to the residence part of the city. It was train time, when the Aragon 'bus and hacks innumerable always thundered by on their way to the station. When I looked out the 'bus was in front of my door and hacks blocked the street, their drivers looking back.

"What's the matter?" I asked of the nearest driver.

"Runaway."

"Drunken hackman let his horses get away from him and they smashed a doctor's buggy.

"The doctor isn't hurt, ma'am" kindly said some who knew me.

I hobbled out into the street on my crutch and tried to make my way among the hacks and horses to the spot where I saw the people collected.

"Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!" the ambulance was coming.

And then I saw my husband moving toward me where I was trying to work my way through the crowd of people and vehicles. He walked badly and was pale. I never even thought to look at the tangled mass of buggy and hack that lay crushed together on the street. I got him into the house and went to heating water and doctoring his bruises, and to stirring Carrie around more than it pleased her to be stirred, until she realized that it was Larry, and that he was hurt, when she was willing enough.

What had become of the horses or the buggy or the hack, I never thought to ask. My only thought was of Larry.

After we had got him to bed, and his leg and arm into hot compresses, and he seemed pretty comfortable and had a good color in his cheeks, I began to catch the drift of the talk about the accident that was going on around me. Two doctors and several of Larry's friends had come in with us.

"Bus and carriages had been starting off from the Aragon and also from the Grand Opera-House, which was empty-

ing at the time Larry was passing. Some friend had called to him, and he was leaning out of his buggy answering back when his horse took fright at something, he didn't know what, and got away from him, he couldn't tell how; but anyhow, before he knew it, the horse was tearing down the street and carriages and hacks were getting out of the way. But even at this Larry thought he would have had him under control, only that a drunken hackman tried to drive across the street in front of his. At this, another cabman threw his reins to somebody and jumped down in front of Larry's horse, and swung on to the reins with such a grip that he nearly stopped them. But the crash came — only not half so bad as it would have been if Larry's horses had not been held back. My husband's arm and leg were lamed, and the cabman was picked up bleeding at the mouth and with his ribs broken.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"We sent him to the hospital in the ambulance."

"I wish I could go and look after him myself," said Larry, and he wanted to go anyway.

One of our doctors promised to go. He was on the hospital staff, and we owed it to him that the ambulance was on the scene so quickly. It had been stopping in front of his office, which was in sight of the accident, and a policeman had gone there for it.

Next morning Larry was unable to rise and he had a high fever. The doctors said he would be all — right in a week or ten days, and I was to keep him quiet.

I don't know how that accident really happened. I have described it as clearly as I could from the comprehension I got of it. But one thing I had come to understand clearly: the driver who threw himself in front of my husband's horse had saved my husband's life. Whatever he did was so foolhardy that he was the first cabman who had been spoken of as "drunk," when I was making my way to the scene of the accident.

The doctors gave Larry something to make him rest.

And then I put on my coat and bonnet and went to the hospital.

There I heard that the cabman's hours were numbered.

Oh, certainly. I could see him if I wished. Larry was one of the staff physicians and I was privileged.

"Are any of his friends or kindred with him?" I asked the nurse who conducted me to the ward.

"He seems to have none. He says that he is a stranger here. He says he has been here for some months knocking around stores and lumber yards and getting odd jobs. He got a place as cabman, about a month ago. He seems to be absolutely without connections of any kind to take interest in him."

I followed her between the rows of cots down the ward until she stopped and said :

"This is the patient you wish to see, madam."

And there on the cot lay my tramp!

His eyes were closed. The seal of death was on him.

I wanted to drop on my knees beside that cot and kiss his poor hands and cry aloud.

But I had been in an hospital before. I knew my business better.

"I will sit here awhile," I said to the nurse. She gave me a chair and I waited.

Presently his eyes opened—the same dark eyes that had looked into mine from my porch that night, but with all the brilliant light gone out of them.

He saw me and smiled.

It was I who didn't know what to say. I could not shorten that feeble life with any outburst of gratitude and sorrow. I bent my head and kissed the hand that lay on the coverlet.

Again he smiled.

"You see I was ready to pay it," he whispered.

"You didn't owe me anything, my brother."

"As much as a life could pay for."

"Too much! Too much!" I sobbed.

"Not very much," he said gently. "Mine was only a fragment. It couldn't have lasted very long, anyway."

"Can't I do something?"

"You have done a great deal by coming. Nobody else has been to see me"

I saw the nurse looking at us.

"I am afraid I musn't let you talk any more just now," I said. "But I will sit here by you as long as you want me to."

Again he smiled — a beautiful smile.

Presently he said, as if he were wandering a little. "What was that you called me?"

I did not catch his meaning at first.

"That word you called me by?"

"My brother?"

"That was it! It sounds so sweet!"

Every time he opened his eyes after I called him by it.

I tried to tell him in a few soft words that I must always think of him, gratefully.

"I'm glad. I'll leave somebody something to remember me by!" he said a little whimsically.

Then he lay very still for quite a while.

When he opened his eyes again he asked in a whisper:

"What were the words over your desk? When I went to sleep that night in the chair. I was reading some words over your desk. What were they? Can you say them?"

"Come to Me all ye that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you."

His eyes closed softly. — *M. L. Avary, in the New Voice.*

IF we fail to show the proper deference and respect for our parents, even after years of maturity, a curse must hover over us. Let us not consider that because we have come to man's or woman's estate love is no longer due the watchers of our blessed childhood. We are still children in a certain sense as long as God spares us our protectors. Be mindful of your action towards them, for when they are gone, all these will come surging upon you tenfold. You will then see what should have been seen while they yet lived. Too much love and tenderness cannot be shown them. Have no fear of this, if you would always be happy.

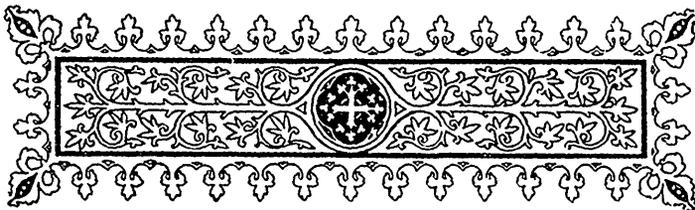


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HIS EXCELLENCY MGR. FALCONIO,
PAPAL DELEGATE.

1899



OUR APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

WE give our readers this month an excellent portrait of His Excellency Mgr. Diomedeo Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. This distinguished prelate was born in 1842, at Pescocostanza in, Abruzzo, Italy, and entered the Order of St. Francis at the age of eighteen. After a brilliant course of studies, under the direction of learned members of his Order, he was, in 1865, sent to the United States. The following year he was raised to the priesthood by Rt. Rev. Doctor Timon, Bishop of Buffalo.

In July, 1866, he was appointed to the vice-presidency of St. Bonaventure's College at Alleghany, N. Y., filling, at the same time, the chair of philosophy. He became successively secretary of the Franciscan province of the Immaculate Conception, professor of theology, and president of the seminary and college. In 1871, he was transferred to Newfoundland to assist Mgr. Corfagnini, O. S. F., Bishop of Harbor Grace.

In these various offices Mgr. Falconio gained the good will and esteem of all who had dealings with him, and several years ago when he revisited America after a long sojourn in Europe, he was the object of touching and sympathetic demonstrations on the part of his former spiritual children.

From 1883 to 1892 Mgr. Falconio gave his services to his Order as provincial of one of the Franciscan provinces in Italy. During this term of office he opened a novitiate,

founded a house of studies, and reestablished a number of convents.

In 1888 Mgr. Falconio had just been named superior of his province for a second time when the general Franciscan Chapter chose him as procurator general of the Friars Minor in the reformed provinces of Italy. In this capacity he was more than once entrusted with delicate missions by the Generals Bernardin de Portogruaro and Louis de Parma. He visited thirteen provinces of his Order, inculcating the principles of the monastic life and spirit of St. Francis everywhere he passed.

He was on the point of visiting France, in 1892, on a similar mission, when the Sovereign Pontiff preconized him Bishop of Lacedonia in the consistory held in July of that year. The new Bishop made his solemn entry into his diocese on February 2, 1893, and began immediately to work for the spiritual welfare of his flock. His affability, united to a great firmness of character, soon gained for him many friends. He aimed chiefly at getting into direct contact with his diocesans, and in the three years that he remained in Lacedonia visited the whole diocese three times. His pastoral letters, written during this term, were remarkable productions, one deserving special mention, the letter which treated of the respect which Catholics owe to their priests.

The Holy Father raised him, in 1895, to the united archiepiscopal sees of Acarenza and Matera. In this new and wider sphere of action, Archbishop Falconio was distinguishing himself when Leo XIII. again called him to a higher dignity, that of Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

His Excellency has been with us now a couple of months, and has already visited several of our cities and their religious institutions. He is for the present in residence with the Oblate Fathers at the Ottawa University.

E. J. D.



Correspondence

All communications intended for insertion in the CANADIAN MESSENGER must be authenticated by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

MONTREAL, Dec. 6, 1899.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — I would like to return thanks publicly in the MESSENGER for a number of spiritual and temporal favors obtained, after praying to the Sacred Heart through the intercession of St. Anthony. I promised to have my thanks published in the MESSENGER, so that my experience would help the faith of others towards the devotion to St. Anthony.

A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE!

ANTIGONISH, N. S., Nov. 16, 1899.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — A few weeks ago, I was in need of a great favor and I promised if I got it to send the acknowledgement in to the MESSENGER, to say how very thankful I am to the Sacred Heart and to dear Mother MARY, for having granted my request. I also wish to give thanks for another great temporal favor which I received lately.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

LONDON, ONT., Nov. 22, 1899.

The Editor CANADIAN MESSENGER,

Rev. Sir, — I would be very ungrateful, indeed, if I did not send you word of the good news that I heard in September from a brother who had been away from home for eleven years. Fervent and continuous prayers and communion were offered to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory, with this happy result. Many thanks to the dear Sacred Heart and the Saints in heaven for granting me my request.

MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE.

SHORT CORRESPONDENCE.

S. H. L., Keene, Ont. — Your letter came too late. Shall use the contents later.

E. P., Rouse's Point, N. Y. — Replying to your letter of Nov. 21st, have recommended your intention to the prayers of the League.

O. N., Port Arthur — We have been able to gather the following notes on the founder of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Father John Paul Medaille, S. J. He was a friend and fellow-missionary of St. John Francis Regis, S. J., in whose footsteps he walked, and from whom he learned the secrets of a successful apostolic career. Father Medaille was one of the most illustrious missionaries that France possessed in the seventeenth century. He preached the word of God in a great many dioceses and founded sodalities of men and women who gave themselves over to spiritual and corporal works of mercy to preserve the fruits of his missions and retreats. But this was not enough for the zeal of Father Medaille. Following the example of St. Francis of Sales, founder of the Nuns of the Visitation, he founded the Sisters of St. Joseph, a community so well known in Europe and America. The humble daughters of St. Joseph are carrying out the designs of their founder in not merely working fervently for their own perfection, but also by consecrating their lives to outside works, visiting the sick and prisoners, consoling the afflicted, helping the poor, instructing the ignorant, founding and directing pious associations of women and young girls. It was Father Medaille's plan to unite the lives of Martha and Mary, external work of charity with the repose of contemplation. In a few years, the Sisterhood of St. Joseph had gained a strong foothold in France where it still flourishes in many dioceses, chiefly in the South of France. The Sisters are doing God's work in the United States and Canada as well. Father Medaille died in the odor of sanctity, at Auch, in France, on the fifteenth of August, 1689.

T. D., Cramac, Ont. — The Mass Cards mentioned in the December MESSENGER are not memorial cards, but cards for ordering masses. These cards are signed by priests, and sent to bereaved families instead of flowers. Let us show you by an example what we mean. Suppose one of your friends dies and you desire to give an expression of your sympathy. You take a Mass Card to a priest, make him an offering for two, or five, or ten Masses, ask him to sign the Card, and you send it to the family. This Card is placed on the coffin instead of

flowers. In this way the offerings that would be spent on flowers go as stipends for Masses. Surely a Mass will be more profitable to a departed soul than a withering wreath of flowers. This custom of having Masses said for a friend's soul, instead of sending flowers to cover his clay, is taking a firm foothold in the Province of Quebec. "No flower, but prayers and Masses," is a phrase frequently seen in death-notice in the newspapers, and it should be the plainly expressed wish of every Catholic family when death robs it of a member. (1)

LEAGUE NOTES.

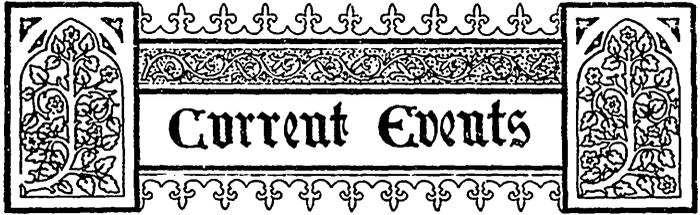
— "I AM happy to inform the MESSSENGER that our little League is now fairly well organized. We have one hundred and sixty members and nine promoters. All seem to be very enthusiastic and make great efforts to receive the monthly communion of reparation. Praised be the Heart of Jesus!"—*Extract of a recent letter from Scuth Bay, C B.*

— "THE League of the Sacred Heart was established in Metcalfe, in November, 1897, and since that time has effected wonderful good in our midst. The first impulse was, of course, the greatest, but it continues to grow..... The spiritual, and very probably, the social good, effected will never be fully known here below. May the League continue to prosper."—*Letter from Metcalfe, Ont.*

— THE PASTOR of Windsor Mills, P. Q., has very kindly sent us an account of the consecration of the parish to the Sacred Heart, together with the minutes of the various meetings held in that town recently for the reorganization of the Men's League and the election of officers. A meeting of the Lady promoters was also held to advance the interests of the Sacred Heart. The reports before us speak eloquently for the zeal of the pastor and the devotedness of his flock.

— THERE is reason to believe that Paray-le-Monial will be a great centre of pilgrimage during the present year. This little French town had the incomparable privilege of being the scene of our Lord's manifestations to Blessed Margaret Mary. An organization has been started in France to promote these pilgrimages in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The movement of 1873 brought two hundred thousand men to kneel at the altar of the apparitions.

(1) Mass Cards may be had from the Librarian, Free Library, 115 Bleury Street, Montreal. Enclose a few cents in stamps to cover printing and postage.



Current Events

—THERE are eleven hundred students studying this year at the Gregorian University, Rome.

—A STATUE is about to be raised in Montreal to the illustrious Mgr. Ignatius Bourget, second bishop of this city.

—THE sixth of May is the date chosen for the solemn canonization of the Blessed Rita da Cascia and John Baptist de la Salle.

—A MOVEMENT is on foot to introduce the Roman pronunciation of Latin into Canada. Mgr. Falconio, in a recent speech at Valley-field, gave the movement his entire approval.

—DR. BENJAMIN De Costa, rector of the Anglican Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, has become a Catholic, and has written a very convincing letter for the press giving his reasons for the step he has taken.

—THE only statue of a nun on a public monument in North America is the portrait of Jean Mance, the first Sister of Charity who landed in North America. The statue is of colossal size, and is in the Place d'Armes, Montreal. She is represented dressing the wounds of an Indian. — *Australian Messenger*.

—THE municipality of Berlin recently received a message from the Empress of Germany in which Her Majesty requested the city fathers to build new Lutheran churches out of public money, in virtue of a consistorial order of 1573. But the municipal authorities, feeling that the Catholics and Jews would be aggrieved at such a use of public funds, politely, but firmly, declined the Imperial request.

—THE Catholic Church will celebrate this year which closes the century, by a solemn act of homage to our Divine Lord as King and Redeemer. The movement initiated at Rome, but it is the intention that the expression and demonstration of the public act shall be world wide. A committee at Rome has been at work for the last three years in preparing and organizing the lines on which it will be carried out.

—A DOUBT has been thrown on the authenticity of the Sistine Madonna of the Dresden gallery. An art historian, Dr. Jelinek, asserts that the canvas painted by Raphael is in Piacenza or in Rome, and his proofs are so strong that Dr. Wörmann, director of the Dresden Gallery, while repudiating the "revelations," is in Italy in order to find out whether the original canvas is really to be found in either of the above mentioned cities.

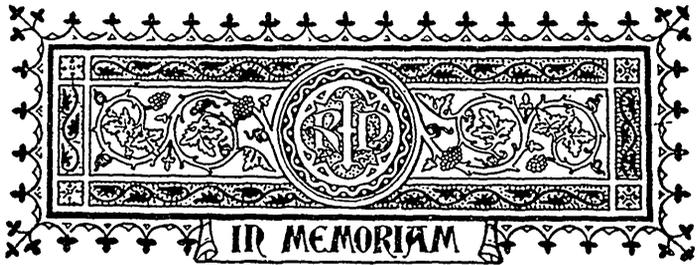
—EUROPEAN journals inform us that the Papal Jubilee is already beginning to create enthusiasm in Leo XIII. at the great good it is going to bring to souls. Letters from Bishops which speak of the Jubilee, and those of organizers of pilgrimages, pour in, in large numbers, to the Vatican. The Holy Father has the more important of these read to him that he may be kept informed of all the proposals and projects which are ventilated for the grand spiritual solemnities of the present year in Rome.

—AN interesting historical fact has been unearthed through the efforts of the Jesuit Fathers of Marquette College, Milwaukee. While they were having the genealogy of the discoverer of the Mississippi prepared at Laon, France, it was found that Father James Marquette, S. J., and Blessed John Baptist de la Salle were descended from the same ancestor, Lancelot de la Salle, whose granddaughter married Nicolas Marquette, the father of the missionary. This Lancelot was the great-grandfather of the founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

—THE Bishop of San Salvador, Central America, Mgr. Anthony Perez de Aguilar, in a pastoral letter on the occasion of the consecration of mankind to the Sacred-Heart, gave some very practical instructions to his clergy. We are happy to be able to reproduce two paragraphs by this remarkable document :

" *Art. 4.* In order to promote the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we hereby decree that in the parishes where the Apostleship of Prayer is established, steps be taken at once to establish it, by asking from the Diocesan Director of the Work all instructions and material required for this purpose.

" *Art. 5.* We recommend to parish priests to give their preference to this salutary devotion, to see that the Apostleship be thoroughly organized, neglecting neither the council of direction nor the ordinary monthly meeting of the promoters. This is the only means of keeping up the spirit of the Apostles' life; and if done, it shall not be long before excellent results will be felt."



ALBION, ONT.

Mrs. Agnes Sedden, d in July

ALEXANDRIA, ONT.

Allen Lirose, d Nov. 6

AYLMER EAST,

John Chartrand, d Sept. 18

Mrs. Mary Fulford, d Oct. 14

Mrs. C. Glandon, d Aug. 7

Damase Perrault, d Sept. 10

ALBERTON, P. E. I.

Celeda Gaudet, d Nov. 30

James Skerry, d Dec. 6

BATHURST, N. B.

Mrs. John Cullen, d Nov. 25

BLESSINGTON, ONT.

Mary Wims, d recently

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Patrick Fitzpatrick, d Oct. 27

BUCKINGHAM, QUR.

Mrs. Joseph Parent, d Nov. 1

BUTTE CITY, MONT.

John Kelly, d in Nov.

Joseph Rajotte, d Dec. 1

CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.

Donald H. De-caire, d Nov. 11

CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.

Denis Connolly, d Feb. 14

CORNWALL, ONT.

Richard Allen, d in Oct.

Mrs. Peter Derochie, d in Nov.

Mrs. Murchison, d Nov. 17

Mr. Leblauc, d Nov. 18

Mr Bone, d Nov. 27

CANSO, N S.

Mrs. Sarah Oliver, d Oct. 21

DRAYTON, ONT.

Denis Gleason, d recently

DETROIT, MICH.

John Devany, d Sept. 8

Devany.

FAIRFIELD, ONT.

Angus A. Campbell, d Sept. 14

FAIRVILLE, N B

Mrs. Johanna Delaney, d Nov. 18

FOREST MILLS, ONT.

Cath. A. Killoran, d Nov. 9

FORT ERIE.

Wm. McLaughlin, d Dec. 5

GALT, ONT.

Frances Gallagher, d Nov. 26

GRAVENHURST.

Mrs Edm. Clairmont, d Nov. 15

GREENFIELD, ONT.

Mrs R A. McDonald, d Sept. 16

HALIFAX, N. S.

Patrick H O'Toole, d Oct. 14

HASTINGS, ONT.

John Shehen, d Nov. 27

HESSON, ONT.

Susanna Biesinger, d Nov. 13

HAMILTON, ONT.

Nellie Sullivan, d Dec. 3

Thrs Kenny, d Aug. 22

KENTVILLE N. S.

James Doyle, d recently

LONDON, ONT.

Margt. O'Meara, d Nov. 12
Flola Campbell, d Déc. 1
Mrs. C. O'Connell, d Nov. 17

MAIDSTONE, ONT.

Mrs. M. McCarthy, d. Nov. 2

METCALFE, ONT.

Mrs. Patrick Conlon, d Oct. 28

MONTREAL.

Michael O'Rourke, d Oct. 13
Mrs. T. Harvey, d in Sept
James T. Platt, d Nov. 22
David J. Kirwan, d Sept. 25
Mrs. J. H. Wilson, d Sept. 15

MORILLO.

Thos. Curran, d Nov. 24.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Charles Spencer, d Nov. 16
Sarah McLellan, d Nov. 21

OSCEOLA, ONT.

Andrew Devine, d Nov. 18

OTTAWA, ONT.

Mrs. Twomey, d Oct. 22

PRESTON, ONT.

Mrs. Lena Haller, d Nov. 8

QUEBEC

Alphonsus Mahoney, d Oct. 26
Catherine Leyden, d Nov. 25
Catherine Duggan, d Nov. 25
Mary Hayes, d Nov. 28
Mrs. Joseph Dalton, d Dec. 2

RIDGETOWN, ONT.

Mrs. Mary Lamb, d Sept. 8

ROLLO BAY, P. E. I.

Mrs. Alex. McGillivray, d July 11

Mrs. John W. Beters, d Nov. 11

Mrs. Peter McCormac, d in Oct.

Phillip Leslie, d Nov. 23

SOUTH LAKE, P. E. I.

Mrs. D. McDonald, d Sept. 12

Mrs. A. McDonald, d Nov. 15

ST. ANDREWS WEST.

Sarah Kennedy, d Nov. 11

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Rt. Rev. Mgr Bauer, d Nov. 20

ST. PETERS' BAY.

Kerin Larkin, d in June

John McIsaac, d Nov. 22

ST. SYLVESTER, P. Q.

Mrs. F. Belanger, d Nov. 2

Margaret O'Neil, d Nov. 17

STANLEYVILLE, ONT.

Mrs. Daniel Troy, d Nov. 17

TORONTO.

Mrs. Curran, d in Oct.

Mrs. Campbell, d in Oct

James Murdock, d in Oct,

Isabella McBride, d in Sept.

Rose Irving, d Nov. 4

James O'Reilly, d Nov. 5

Thos. Cooney, d Nov. 5

WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT.

Sarah Macdonald, d Nov 7

Mr. Angus MacLellan, d Nov. 6

Alex. Macdonald, d recent'y

ZURICH, ONT.

Samuel Randall, d Nov. 12

PLACE NOT GIVEN.

Patrick Hemsworth, d Nov 8





Thanksgivings

The extracts published here have been received during the past month in *bona fide* letters of thanksgiving. The Editor does not vouch for anything more.

ALEXANDRIA. — For a favor obtained, through prayers to the S. H. and the Suffering Souls. For a great favor.

AMHERSTBURG, ONT. — For recovery from severe illness, after promise to publish in MESSENGER. For two temporal favors.

ANTIGONISH. — For escaping threatened blood poisoning, after applying St. Ignatius' water. For a great favor, after novena to the S. H. of Mary. For several other favors.

ANTIGONISH, N. S. — For a special favor received, after promising to publish. For several favors received.

BARRIE, ONT. — For several favors received.

BAHTURST, N. B. — For obtaining two cures from sickness.

BRANTFORD, ONT. — For work obtained for a brother. For spiritual and temporal favors.

BRECHIN, ONT. — For a temporal and spiritual favor, after prayers to the Infant Jesus.

BROCKVILLE, ONT. — For success in renting a house, after promising to have a mass said for souls in Purgatory.

BILLINGS BRIDGE, ONT. — For the recovery of keepsake. For a situation obtained. For the cure of a weakness, after promise to publish.

BUCKINGHAM, QUE. — For the cure of a child's eyes, after prayers and promise to publish. For a successful examination.

CHAUDIÈRE STATION. — For a favor received, after praying to the S. H. and promise to publish.

COLGAN, ONT. — For the conversion of a young man, after having joined the League, and for several other favors, after prayers and promise to publish. For a great favor obtained.

COLLINGWOOD, ONT. — For success in an examination and for several favors.

CORNWALL, ONT. — For success in business. For a successful examination. For recovery of a sick person. For having obtained work.

DRAYTON, ONT. — For the turning of two great troubles into blessings through the intercession of our sweet Mother, who came to my rescue in both cases, when hope had almost fled.

FREDERICTON, N. B. — For twenty-one temporal, one spiritual and eighteen other favors

FREELTON, ONT. — For three spiritual and four temporal favors.

FORT ERIE, ONT. — For employment obtained for a friend.

FORT WILLIAM, ONT. — For a temporal favor obtained after prayer to St. Joseph and St. Anthony, and two masses said for souls in purgatory.

GUELPH, ONT. — For conversion of a person after years of absence after novena of nine Fridays and promise to publish. For the success of an operation after recommendation to the Sacred Heart.

GUYSBORO, N. S. — For relief from trouble.

HALIFAX, N. S. — For success in business and means to pay debts. For many favors received.

HAMILTON, ONT. — For a very great temporal favor after promise to publish. For a great temporal favor received. For a very great favor granted to a member of St. Mary's Parish.

HASTINGS, ONT. — For several spiritual and temporal favors received.

HESSON, ONT. — For restoration to health after a lingering illness through special devotion to the Sacred Heart. For several other spiritual and temporal favors.

INGERSOLL, ONT. — For the recovery of a child after applying the badge. For several favors.

LINDSAY, ONT. — For three favors obtained.

LONDON, ONT. — For the happy death of a brother. For two special favors. For several temporal favors. For hearing from an absent brother.

MCCORMICK. — For favors received, situations obtained and a great many other favors.

MONTREAL. — For employment obtained for a husband, after prayers to the Sacred Heart and having been enrolled in the League.

NEWCASTLE, N. B. — For four favors received.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. — For having been preserved from a serious danger by our dear Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

ORILLIA, ONT. — After years of much suffering from heart disease I have been permanently cured. For special and temporal favor received

OSGOODE, ONT. — For three extraordinary favors; four spiritual favors. For two cures.

OTTAWA. — For peace in a family and other favors. For a great

temporal favor which had been asked for seven years now gained. For five other temporal favors. For receiving news from a long absent member of a family. For employment obtained.

OWEN SOUND, ONT. — For several temporal favors. For immediate relief from very severe pains after application of the S. H. badge and promise to publish. All the more grateful are the thanks returned, for little faith was held by the writer in the efficacy of the badge.

PENETANGUISHENE, ONT. — From relief from pain after applying the badge.

PICTON, ONT. — For the restoration to health of two persons, and for another great favor.

QUEBEC. — For success in an undertaking. For relief from several pains after applying the badge of S. H. For the grace of a happy death for a sinner. For a very particular favor. For a special temporal favor. For the recovery of a sick person. For means to pay debts. For a great temporal favor. For the conversion of a poor sinner. For the cure of a sore throat after applying the badge. For the recovery of a lost article. For success in business. For the success of a young man in business. For a special spiritual favor. For a very particular favor for two persons. For the satisfactory settlement of a law-suit. For recovery from a very severe illness after promising a mass and invoking Brother Gerard.

RIDGETOWN, ONT. — For the sale of property and a reconciliation.

ST. ANDREWS WEST. — For recovery from sickness after prayer and promise to publish. For a temporal favor.

ST. AUGUSTINE, ONT. — For the cure of a cough.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT. — For money recovered. For temporal and spiritual favors. For hearing from an absent brother. For means to pay a debt.

ST. JOHN, N. B. — For employment. For increase in salary. For restoration of mother to her family. For husband become temperate. For means of paying debts. For several other temporal favors. Thanks to Brother Gerard for having obtained them.

ST. MARKS, P. E. I. — For relief of a child from pain, after prayer to Sacred Heart. For a favor obtained through prayer to St. Joseph.

ST. THOMAS, ONT. — For means of living after promise to publish in MESSENGER.

SMITH'S FALLS, ONT. — For the recovery of a Protestant friend whose life was despaired of, through prayers to Sacred Heart, with promise to make an offering. For several temporal favors received.

STRATFORD, ONT. — For the recovery of a brother after promising a mass for the suffering souls and promising to publish in the MESSENGER.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I. — For a great temporal favor received after a promise to say the Litany of the Sacred Heart for a month, and publish in MRSSSENGER.

TILBURY, ONT. — For a very special favor obtained from Sacred Heart.

TOTTENHAW, ONT. — For a successful examination and a special favor.

TORONTO, ONT. — For hearing from a son who had not been heard from for two years after prayers to Our Mother of Sorrows.

WALLACEBURG, ONT. — For relief from pains on several occasion by applying the badge. For having overcome a terrible disease after prayers to the S. H. and burning lights in His honor. For five temporal favors. For the recovery of four friends.

WRSTON, ONT. — For a great temporal favor and several other favors after prayer and promise to publish.

WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT. — For the recovery from illness of a friend. For a conversion to the faith. For a vocation. For two temporal favors.

WOODSTOCK, ONT. — For success of a good work and four other undertakings.

ZURICH, ONT. — For a spiritual favor obtained after prayers to S. H. For another great favor and the cure of a relative.

URGENT REQUESTS. — Williamstown, Amherstburg, London, Alberton, P. E. I., St. Marks, P. E. I., Hastings, Penetanguishene, Brookfield, N. S., Zurich.

TREASURY, NOVEMBER, 1899

Acts of charity.....	175,071	Pious reading	63,304
Acts of mortification.....	177,473	Masses celebrated	207
Beads	264,249	Masses heard	102,461
Stations of the Cross.....	34,494	Works of zeal.....	51,940
Holy Communions.....	34,282	Various good works.....	240,594
Spiritual Communions...	263,703	Prayers	564,537
Exams of conscience	62,381	Sufferings or afflictions...	59,202
Hours of silence	252,531	Self conquests.....	115,272
Charitable conversations.	137,457	Visits to Bl. Sacrament...	128,950
Hours of labour	333,211		
Holy Hours	9,588	Total.....	3,070,916

INTENTIONS FOR JANUARY

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE BY
CANADIAN ASSOCIATES

GENERAL INTENTION BLESSED BY THE POPE :

Progress through the Church.

1.—**M.**—CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. Sacrifice. 28,055 Thanksgivings.

2.—**Tu**—Octave of St. Stephen, M. Generosity. 13,271 In affliction.

3.—**W**—Octave of St. John, Ap. pf. Love of Jesus. 15,827 Departed.

4.—**Th.**—Octave of the H. Innocents. hf. Innocence. 17,693 Special Favours.

5.—**F**—St. Telesphorus, P. M. af. cf. df. Faith. 3,564 Communities.

6.—**S**—EPIPHANY. df. gf. mf. Adoration. 47 First Communions.

7.—**S.**—St. Lucian, M. cf. rf. Devotion to Holy Mass. League Associates.

8.—**M.**—St. Gudula, V. Self-Denial. 4,511 Means.

9.—**Tu**—St. Julian, M. Hospitality. 2,098 Clergy.

10.—**W.**—St. William, Bp. Gentleness. 23,298 Children.

11.—**Th.**—St. Hyginus, P. M. hf. Firmness. 14,785 Families.

12.—**F.**—St. Arcade, M. Energy. 5,981 Perseverance.

13.—**S**—Octave of the Epiphany. Fairness. 5,332 Reconciliation.

14.—**S.**—HOLY NAME OF JESUS. Christian doctrine 7,956 Spiritual favours.

15.—**M.**—St. Paul, Hermit. Reverence. 7,135 Temporal favours.

16.—**Tu.**—St. Marcellus P. M. Exactness. 6,544 Conversions to Faith.

17.—**W.**—St. Anthony, Ab. Courage 12,082 Youth.

18.—**Th**—St. Peter's Chair at Rome hf. Devotion to the Holy See. 1,7 Schools.

19.—**F**—St. Canute, King. Detachment. 5,257 Sick.

20.—**S.**—SS. Fabian and Sebastian MM. Fortitude. 6,313 In retreat.

21.—**S.**—HOLY FAMILY J. M. J. Purity. 875 Works, Guilds.

22.—**M**—SS. Vincent and Anastasus, MM. Peace. 1,870 Parishes.

23.—**Tu**—Espousals B. V. M. Fidelity. 9,125 Sinners.

24.—**W.**—St. Timothy, Bp. M. Docility. 6,853 Parents.

25.—**Th.**—Conversion of St. Paul. hf. Zeal. 4,192 Religious.

26.—**F.**—St. Polycarp, Bp. M. Hatred of heresy. 1,429 Novices.

27.—**S**—St. John Chrysostom, Bp D. Fervor. 217 Superiors.

28.—**S**—St. Raymond of Pennafort, C. mf. rf. Kindness. 4,864 Vocations.

29.—**M.**—St. Francis de Sales, Bp D. pf. Watchfulness. League Promoters.

30.—**Tu.**—St. Martina, V. M. Confidence. 11,929 Various.

31.—**W.**—St. Peter Nolasco, C. Prayer. League Directors.

When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred. ex. cept. that of the Holy Hour.

t=Tenary Indulg., a=1st Degree, b=2nd Degree, d=Apostolic Indulgences; g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity, h=Holy Hour; m. Romana Mors; n=Sodality of the Agonising Heart of J., p=Promoters, r=Posary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

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