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GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY.

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for all Associates.*

VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD AND TO THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

“It is proved beyond doubt,” as Father Ramière, author of the Apostleship of Prayer, said many years since, that the triumph of the Church alone and the complete reintegration of her benign influence over the souls of men can rescue Europe, and with Europe the rest of the world, from a barbarism all the more to be dreaded as the material forces at its command are the more irresistible.” But while serious minds find weighty reasons for apprehending much evil for the cause of true civilization and the welfare of souls, it is not the less true, that from another point of view, the reasons which encourage hope, grounded as they are on the very laws of Divine Providence, seem to us so forcible, that we cannot but recall the Saviour’s consoling words: *Alibi sunt regi-*

ones ad messem. "Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest."

But that the garnering of this immense harvest of souls, so providentially prepared, may be effected, and the granaries of the Divine Husbandman filled, before the blight destroys the standing crop, one thing is required, and it depends in a great measure on our own good will. It is that the number of faithful laborers remain not stationary without increase, much less that it diminish not so as to become entirely insufficient for the amount of labor to be performed.

It is for this reason that during the present month of July, *priestly and religious vocations* ever dear to the Divine Master's Heart, but nowadays of paramount importance, are recommended to the prayers of all Associates.

At the very opening of this century, Joseph de Maistre, making a forecast of the wants of Christendom, sagely wrote: "At the present moment, the priesthood should be the supreme preoccupation of society which requires to be born again." And as this marking century in the world's history is about to lapse, no other preoccupation should be uppermost in our minds than that concerning the priesthood and the religious orders, for on them depend the permanency of religion and its vitality in the hearts of men.

The steady diminution in number of vocations of laborers to work in the Master's vineyard has assumed in some countries the proportions of a calamity. It is said, not without some show of reason, that certain parishes which sent, generation after generation, an army of priestly candidates to the seminaries contribute scarcely any now. Whole dioceses where the number at one time far exceeded the requirements of the immediate neighbor-

hood supply with difficulty the number required to fill gaps made by sickness or death. This holds true especially for France and Italy. Bishops in the former country have declared, that though the existence of the Church is not yet threatened, her action on the masses has become more languid than of old.

It is not that our Lord has ceased to cast the blessed seed of ecclesiastical and religious vocations in to the hearts of the young, for He knows that His Church can not get on without them, and He loves her and He has pledged Himself that she shall endure forever. But if the seed thus cast be abundant, it can never germinate save in comparatively few souls either through want of culture or because it is intentionally and ruthlessly destroyed. What has contributed most to bring about this result in the countries we mentioned above, in whose government and legislation Masonic methods obtain, are the school laws and those regulating military conscription. Of this there seems to be but little doubt, and it is but a further proof, if proof were needed, of the diabolical ingenuity with which the enemies of Christ's Church determinedly work to compass her destruction.

One of the French bishops writes: "Ecclesiastical vocations diminish in an alarming ratio." Another says: "The evil is spreading from day to day, and in some parts has assumed threatening proportions." A third adds: "Let us work to remedy this state of things, for the Church in tears asks it of us; the Church with motherly tenderness grieves at the sight of the multitude of souls going to perdition for the want of pastors, apostles and teachers. *Parvuli petierunt panem et non erat qui frangeret eis.* The little ones have asked for bread and there was none to break it unto them." (Lamen. IV, 4.)

Happily, things have not come to such a pass with

us; but this is no reason why we should not follow with anxiety every turn in the crisis through which the old Catholic countries of Europe are struggling. And are we so much better off than they? Is there not already a perceptible falling off in the number of vocations in some parts of Canada? There is scarcely a family of our remote rural districts which has not one representative in some of the large cities of the Dominion or of the neighboring republic, and many have more than one; the occasional visits of these to the frugal homes of their youth, affording ocular evidence of an improvement in their circumstances, tend to breed discontent in the minds of the simple country people with what they are led to look upon as their own hard lot. The more wholesome tastes of country life are soon supplanted by new and extravagant likings. There is a shrinking from honest toil, a craving for something more than the comforts of life, a thirst for riches rapidly to be acquired, an inordinate longing to rise above their former social position. All this is perfectly in keeping with the spirit of worldliness, but it is not an atmosphere wherein ecclesiastical or religious vocations thrive.

The good old spirit of the Catholic family, which made it almost a point of honor, or better still, of holy emulation, to have one member a priest at God's altar and another in the cloister, is now on the wane. No sacrifices were too great to secure for one son a good classical education to fit him for the priesthood. Daily, at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, he was to stand as mediator between God and the poor family whose members had deprived themselves of more than one little luxury on his account; and the poor old folks knew that when dead and gone, others might forget them, but a daily memento would be whispered for their souls into the very ear of our Lord living on the altar.

But no. A college course is now too long; it is not a *practical* sort of education. The young collegian goes forth badly equipped for the struggle of life. He is handicapped in the mad race for wealth. The three "R's" and a little book-keeping, and the son is ready to make money for the father without having put him to very great expense for his training. The boy has heard all this from the father over and over again, and his ambition rises no higher; the world and its limited horizon is before him and beyond.... well, there will be time enough to prepare for that when the moment comes.

The boy has heard it from the father, and the father has heard it from the worldly-minded among whom he moves, and read it in Professor N's impeachment of "Education on the old lines;" and Professor N, a member in good standing of the brotherhood, has caught the watch-word and knows that he is dealing Rome a treacherous blow. It matters little to him, or to those who applaud him, that the standard of knowledge for other professions may be lowered, or that long mental training, to be encouraged in every country which would boast of "Grand Old Men," will, as any other useless appliance, become obsolete; the main point will have been gained inasmuch as the Church's recruiting ground will be circumscribed.

If the Church has spread and prospered hitherto in this country, it is owing to the increasing numbers of holy priests, holy religious and fervent spouses of Jesus Christ; and if eventually it become really a great nation, it will again be owing to them, for they will bring home to the minds of all, that with God's interests ignored there can be no security possible, no power and no true greatness.

The loving Heart of our Lord longs to see the multitudes around us brought into the fold: "And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them: because they

were distressed, and lying like sheep that have no shepherd. Then He saith to his disciples: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." And how, Rabboni, can we, poor weak ones, increase that number as we would? "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest." After all the favors which the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord has lavished on us during the month of blessings which has just closed, could we be ungrateful enough to turn a deaf ear to that pressing invitation?

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; I offer them in particular that vocations to the priesthood and to the religious orders may be increased in proportion to the wants of Holy Church. Amen,

TREASURY, JULY, 1893.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity,....	90,908	Works of charity,..	82,852
Beads,.....	586,431	Works of zeal,.....	22,557
Stations of the Cross.	85,953	Prayers,.....	2,157,470
Holy Communion,..	52,991	Charitable conversa-	
Spiritual Commu-		tions,.....	311,923
nions,.....	821,847	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions,.....	1,277,055
conscience,.....	42,812	Self-conquests,.....	149,901
Hours of labor,.....	665,276	Visits to Blessed	
Hours of silence,....	348,977	Sacrament.....	257,346
Pious reading,.....	33,895	Other good works,..	2,407,685
Masses celebrated,..	95,751		
Masses heard,.....	257,960		
Mortifications,.....	454,175		
		Total ..	10,203,765



THE VIGIL.



NIGHT'S sombre veil has fallen
On the vine-clad hills of Spain ;
In lordly hall and lowly cot
Silence and darkness reign.

Sweet sleep is hovering gently
O'er the weary peasant's brow,
The children's merry play is hushed
In softest slumbers now.

Yet near the altar lingers
In Montserrat's temple fair
A kneeling form, with eyes upraised,
And hands close clasped in prayer.

The sentinal lamp gleams faintly
On brow and raven hair
And the eagle-eye, now dimmed by tears,
Of the lonely watcher there.

Who's he who thus keeps vigil
Solemn through midnight drear ?
Has deed of darkness forced a wretch
For sanctuary here ?

Armour and crested helm
And sword bespeak a knight,
Aye, this is one who has gained renown
In many a well-fought fight.

Hush ! burning words are breaking
On the stillness of the night,
While tears from eyes unused to weep
Fall fast on corselet bright.

“ I'm Thine, my God, my King !
Ignatius ne'er again
Shall wield his sword or couch his spear
For glory or for Spain.

“ Thy conquering Cross shall be
Device both grand and high ;
' *Thy greater glory,*' Liege and Lord,
Shall be my battle-cry.

“ And thou, My Lady, hearken ;
Haste, be my helper now,
And aid me, Mother of my God,
To keep the faith I vow.

“ Thy knight for aye and faithful
I'll be, Madonna sweet ;
Accept the gage I fondly place
Here at thy sacred feet.”

He says, and on the altar
He lays his gem-decked blade,
While angel hosts record with joy
The vow Spain's knight has made.

Well chosen, noblest heart !
 Fadeless thy laurels wou ;
Spain's annals show no grander name
 Than thine, Loyola's son.

AMICA.

ST. THOMAS, Ont.

A CURE BY OUR LADY OF LIESSE.

Sometime ago an accident happened to me,—a splinter got into my eye. I suffered very much, and the operation of having it removed unnerved me terribly. The eye was barely better when the very same thing occurred again. I tried everything I could think of in the way of bathing it to remove the splinter, but without avail. Meantime the eye was becoming inflamed, and the doctor had told me that in cases of the kind inflammation set in very quickly. I did not know what to do, I was so frightened at the thought of another operation, though I felt sure that eventually it would have to be undergone. Suddenly an idea struck me. I instantly got down on my knees, and promised that if the splinter out came out its own accord I would write to the MESSENGER. I put a drop of the Notre Dame de Liesse oil into the eye, and lay down. I fell asleep, and when I awoke, the eye was as well as ever it was. With the sincerest thanks to the Sacred Heart,

PROMOTER.

MONTREAL, April 7, 1893.



SPIRITUAL RETREATS FOR THE LAITY.

WHAT A SPIRITUAL RETREAT IS—MUCH NEEDED—
BENEFITS TO THE COUNTRY FROM THESE RE-
TREATS.

BUT few persons in the world know what a spiritual retreat means. To separate ourselves for several days from family, friends, business, in order to treat with God in holy solitude on the affairs of eternity, on the world which is to come, seems to the majority of men very useful for religious at most.

It is no new idea, however. A glance at ecclesiastical history shows how it was practised in former times. In Europe, where houses of spiritual retreat for lay men and women have always existed, new houses have of late been established, in which the number of private retreats often amounts to thousands during the year, and Catholic piety in many places aids in the support of such houses for the working classes, to the great social benefit of rich and poor.

It is true we have at times in parishes the ordinary public mission exercises—excellent, indeed, as far as they go. But are the fruits thereof complete? On leaving the church, business affairs beset us, absorb our time, leave not a moment for reflection on the great truths we had been hurriedly listening to.

Meditation! is that the business of men in the world? Do people in the world know *how* to meditate?

Men dread the thought of meditation, and yet they are the whole day employed in it. Is there any question of a business undertaking, of an enjoyable excursion that they don't reflect on what it is, the means to be employed, the difficulties to be overcome, and then they decide in accordance with the views they have taken. What is this but meditation? A religious truth is studied, reflected upon—resolutions follow in consequence, that is the only difference.

Have not men of the world to think of the truths of religion? Are these subjects for devout people only? Can a man of the world say, "I am perfect, what more do you want of me?" Well, suppose he might say so, this conclusion would only be the result of a serious study of self. Now, this serious consideration of one's own soul is the work, the very object of spiritual retreat.

But to meditate, to reflect thus, how fatiguing! By no means; for the exercises of the retreat are numerous, varied and so portioned off that none last more than an hour. Prayer, religious conversation, reading, walking, reflecting, occasional consultation with the conductor of the retreat, are the principal exercises which make up the duties of a day, and harmonize so well that time passes without weariness or regret at our holy occupation. Quiet of mind, solitude, the grand thoughts of the retreat are truly repose to the heart rather than fatigue.

But the work at home, but affairs, the increasing demands of my business!

Pray, tell me, is it asking even the busiest man too much to set apart a very few days to settle the only necessary affair for which alone he was sent into this world; to see to and consider his eternal interests, moreover, will not our very affairs be benefited by the retreat? Is it not true that patience, a clear mind and

self control are great elements of success? Are there not moments in the lives of business men—especially in our days—when there is the greatest need of resignation and courage so as not to give way to despondency? This courage, this confiding hope is the fruit of a spiritual retreat.

But, it will be said, assiduous attention to business is a duty, a professional obligation; and there is also a duty a man owes to his family, and that this is more imperative even than the former. True enough; but should one not examine from time to time how these same duties are discharged? Are the duties of the father of a family so easy, that for the worthy fulfilling of the same there is no need either of supernatural grace, or heavenly light, or fortitude from on high? Would a few days consecrated to all this be deemed too long a time?

Each year some unforeseen circumstance imposes upon us the necessity of temporarily interrupting our business—a death, or some malady, a voyage, or a family event. People then say, “I must have a day or so off.” Could not the same be said for a spiritual retreat?

Will our affairs prosper less for this? Is not God the origin and end of all things? Is it not He who illumines all intelligence? Is He not the rewarder of all humble and sincere faith? Does He not promise special mercy to those who seek first, above all things else, His Kingdom and His justice? Is He not ever faithful to His promises and all-powerful as well?

Besides, death is most certain, and the time thereof most uncertain. This very year may be our last here below. What a happiness to have made as preparation a good retreat!

Say candidly rather that you fear a retreat because it would do you more good than you wish. Judge yourself

whether or not this objection is worthy of a generous heart. But pray do not say: "What's the use of a retreat?" for you know full well the use there is in it. And do not say: "I have no time." Do not say it, you especially who have large industrial establishments to manage or superintend, you would lay yourself open to rejoinder, for how is it that you find time for an excursion or a week or so down at the sea shore? Be at least careful how you say it, for a retreat is more necessary for you than for many others; for you who find no time for reflection on eternity in the midst of the fever of business excitement; for you whose occupations, centered on what is merely visible and alluring in this world so tend to captivate the mind and heart that you are in special danger of losing sight of the invisible but great realities of your eternal interests; for you, who have in so many ways the responsibility, at least indirect, of the souls of those immense working populations; for you, who in these days have need of so many and strong graces, by dint of perseverance, of devotedness, of a spirit of charity and justice, to solve practically the serious problems of moral weal or ruin which confront all grades of society.

The houses of spiritual retreats, where the special light of heaven awaits you, and where you would form resolutions wise and strong, are as many spiritual fountains in which you would find the inestimable gift announced by the angels to men of good will, to the soldierly hearts of Christ's followers: "Peace, social and Christian-like."

This our Holy Father Leo XIII. emphatically declares in his address to the priests of Carpineto, his birthplace, after the retreat which they made at his request in Rome, 1890, saying: "When my spirit first began to feel the need of special sustenance, I sought it long without finding any. I read many books over and over again,

without being satisfied. Finally, when the book of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius fell into my hands, I was obliged to say: 'This is the solid sustenance I have been seeking.' Since then I have never put that book aside. Its consideration on the end of man would by itself suffice to reform and reconstruct the entire social world."

These are the exercises given to the retreatants at Manresa Institute.

People speak of the conversion of our dear country, with her millions of unbaptized adults! But where is the apostle? The apostles of nations were all interior men, endowed with a sublime spirit of prayer. The salvation of souls being a supernatural end, the instruments ought to bear a proportion to it, and preaching proceed from a grace which is supernatural. To undertake this holy function, without the requisite store of sacred learning and without the necessary precautions of human prudence and industry, would be to tempt God. But interior humility, purity of heart, the practice of holy meditation which will foster recollection of mind and union with God, are the principal preparations for the ministry of the Word and the true means of acquiring the science of the Saints. Thus was a St. Patrick, a St. Francis Xavier prepared,—in a word, all apostolic men and saints of God. "He that can take, let him take it." Even the apostles, after the resurrection of Christ, as seen in the ambition of the sons of Zebedee, the discouragement of the disciples of Emmaus were unfitted for their apostleship, until retiring into a retreat with the Virgin Mother of God in the Cenacle, they were visited by the Holy Ghost, who took absolute possession of their hearts. Their ideas became noble, their conceptions vast, their energy unconquerable, their courage heroic.

Thus Jesus Christ, on ascending into Heaven, having ordered them into retreat, told them that they should be baptized in the Holy Ghost after not many days, which baptism of fire was to consume and destroy their earthly affections, and fill them with an extreme love and desire of only heavenly goods.

So it was in the case of the brilliant young Professor Francis Xavier—pure-hearted it is true—but the world had for him attractions for distinction in learning and the splendor of dignities. But he determined on going through the exercises of St. Ignatius. He did so with rare generosity of heart and perfect abandonment to God. He came out an apostle. He had laid the simple broad foundation of all true apostleship in acquiring humility, love of prayer, an irreconcilable hatred for sin wherever it may be found, tender commiseration, compassion towards the sinner, heroic spirit of sacrifice for the salvation of souls. Thus prepared, he was shortly after called to the high office of Apostle of the East, as the Church has styled him ever since.

The millions of unbaptized adults in this our great and dear country await the messenger of God endowed with the fulness of the power of the Holy Ghost, which Spirit may be poured by his words into the hearts of sinners, enlightening their intellect and moving their hearts.

The number of houses for spiritual retreats which are now opened in Canada and the United States gives the earnest hope that in a few years may be prepared apostolic hearts to bring about the only really solid and crowning work we need,—the conversion of America.

The religious houses are devoted wholly or in part to private retreats of priests and laymen, and are under competent spiritual guidance. We gladly subjoin a list of such as have come to our knowledge :

1. That of Falls View at Niagara, Ontario, Canada. It is under the direction of the Carmelite Fathers.

2. That at the village of Sault-au-Recollet seven miles from Montreal, is also the Jesuit novitiate of the Canada Mission.

3. That of Villa Manrese, Sainte-Foye Road, Quebec.

4. The Old Rose Hill Manor House, on the grounds of Fordham College, New York.

5. Georgetown College, Washington, has for many years made provision for the reception of Catholic laymen who wish to devote a few days to the exercises of a retreat.

6. St. Michael's Retreat, Passionist Monastery, West Hoboken, N.J.

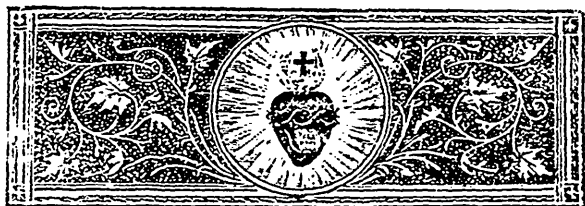
7. The Trappist Fathers of Gethsemani Abbey, Nelson Co., Kentucky.

8. Manresa Institute, Keyser Island, near South Norwalk, Connecticut, is the only house in the United States as yet devoted exclusively to the work of private retreats for priests and laymen. It is situated two miles from the depot in South Norwalk.

Moreover, ladies in the world may be admitted for private retreat at the convents of religious orders or congregations of women, especially where there are novitiates of the same.

R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the following deceased members:—Mrs. Ellen Hughes, Toronto; Mrs. Catherine Lynch, of Guelph; Miss Mary Cecilia Vinette, Mrs. Bridget Callaghan, Peterborough; Mr. James A. Sadlier, New York; Mrs. Patrick O'Rourke and Michael Ambrose of Wooler.



JIM DALY'S REPENTANCE.

WHEN the story was told to me, I thought it infinitely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it I as heard it; but having scant skill as a narrator, I fear I cannot. I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my halting words they will read, I fear, but badly and barely; and if in the reading will be found no trace at all of the tears which awoke in me for this little human tragedy, I am sorry, more sorry than I can say, for my want of skill. Indeed, I would need to write of it with a pen steeped in tears. It is a story of a hard and futile repentance,—futile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against; but surely, surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid before our Lord, but rather is gathered by Him in His pitiful hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

“Whisht, achora, whisht! Sure I know you never meant to hurt me or the child.” The woman, childish young and slight, who spoke was half sitting, half lying in a low rush-bottomed chair, in a poor kitchen of a small Irish farmhouse. Her small pretty face was marked with premature lines of care and pain, and now it was paler than usual, for across eyebrow and cheek extended a livid dark bruise, as if from a blow of a heavy fist, and

over the pathetic drooping mouth there was a cruel jagged cut, this evidently caused by a fall against something with a sharp projecting point. By her side, in a watted cradle, lay a puny small baby, about a year old, with its small blue fingers, claw-like in their leanness, clutched closely, and with such a gray shade over its pinched features that one might have thought it dying. The young husband and father was cast down in an attitude bespeaking utter abasement at his wife's knees, and his face was hidden in her lap; but over the nut-brown hair her thin hands went softly with caressing tender strokings, and as the great heart-breaking sobs burst from him the tears rolled one after another down her wan 'tittle face, while her low soft voice went on tenderly, "Whisht, alanna machree, whisht! Sure it's breakin' my heart ye are! Sure how can I bear at all at all to listen to ye sobbin' like that?"

All the weary months of unkindness and neglect were forgotten; and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore trouble—Jim Daly that courted her, her husband and her baby's father; not Jam Daly the good fellow at the public-house, always ready to take a treat or stand one, always first in every scheme of conviviality, drowning heart and mind and conscience in cheap and bad whisky; while at home, on the little hillside farm, crops were rotting, haggard lying empty, land untilled, and poverty and hunger threatening the little home, and day after day the meek, uncomplaining young wife was growing thinner and paler, and the lines deepening in her face where no lines should be. Three years had gone by since their wedding-day, that seemed but the gate of a happy future for those two young things who loved each other truly, and almost since that wedding-day Jim Daley had been going steadily down hill. Not that he was vicious at all; he was only young and gay

and good-natured, so sought after for those things, and he had a fine baritone voice that could roll out "Colleen has cruithen na mo" with power and tenderness, and when the rare spirits who held their merry-makings in the Widow Doolau's public house nightly would come seeking to draw him thither with many flattering words, he was not strong enough to resist the temptation; and the young wife—they were the merest boy and girl—was too gentle in her clinging love to stay him. So things had gone steadily from bad to worse, and instead of only the nights, much of the days as well were spent in the gin-shop, and at last the time came when people began to shake their heads over bonny Jim Daly as a confirmed drunkard, and the handsome boyish face was getting a sodden look, and the once frank eyes refused to look at one either frank or clearly, but shuffled from under a friend's gaze uneasily and painfully. Last night, however, the climax had come, when, reeling home after midnight, the tender little wife with her baby on her breast had opened the door for him, and had stood in the door-way with some word of pain on her lips; and he, feeling his progress barred, but with no sense of what stood there, had struck out fiercely with his great fist, and stricken wife and child to the ground. And Winnie's mouth had come with cruel force against a projecting corner of the dresser, and his hand had marked darkly her soft face, and she and the little son were both bruised and injured by the fall.

We have seen how bitter poor Jim's repentance was when he came to himself out of this drunken sleep, and in presence of it his wife, woman-like, forgot everything but that he needed her utmost love and tenderness. But if she was forbearing to him out of her great love, his little brown old mother, who had been sent for hastily to her farm two miles away, spared not at all to give him what she called

the rough side of her tongue ; and when the doctor came from his home across the blue mountains, and shook his head ominously over the baby, and dressing Winnie's wan face, said that the blow on the forehead by just missing the temple had escaped being a death-blow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son were great. But the doctor had gone now, with a kindly word of cheer at parting to the poor sinner, and with an expressed hope of pulling the baby through by careful attention and nursing. These it was sure to have, for Jim's mother was the best nurse in all fair Tipperary, and, despite the very rough side of her tongue on occasion, the gentlest and most kind-hearted.

These two were alone now, and the room was quite silent except for the man's occasional great sobs and the low sweet comforting voice of the woman.

Presently the door opened again, this time to admit a priest, a hale, ruddy-faced man of fifty or so, spurred and gaitered as if for riding, who, coming to them quickly, with a keen look of concern and pain in his clear eyes, and drawing a chair closer, laid one large hand on Jim's bent head, while the other went out warmly to take Winnie's little cold fingers. " My poor, poor children ! " he said, and under that true loving pity Winnie's tears began to flow anew. He was sorely troubled for these ; he had baptized them, had admitted both to the Sacraments, had joined their hands in marriage, and he had tried vainly to stop this poor boy's easy descent to evil ; and now it had ended so. In the new silence he was praying rapidly and softly, asking his Lord to make this a means of bringing back the strayed lamb to His fold. Then he spoke again :

" Look up, Jim, my child ; you needn't tell me anything about it, I know all. Look up, and tell me you are going with me now to the altar of God, to kneel there

and ask His forgiveness, and to promise Him that you will never again touch that poison that has so nearly made you the murderer of your wife and child. It is His great mercy that both are spared to you to day, and the doctor tells me that he hopes to bring the baby through safely, so you must cheer up, and it will be a new life; will it not, my poor boy, from this day, with God's good help."

And so Jim lifted his head, and said brokenly :

"God bless you, Father, for the kindly word. Yis; I'm comin' back to my duty with His help, and I thank Him this day, and His blessed Mother, and blessed St. Patrick, that they held my hand. O, sure, Father; to think of me layin' a hand on my purty colleen that I love better nor my life, and the little weany child that laughed up in my face with his two blue eyes, and crowed for me to lift him out of the cradle! But with the help of God, I'm goin' to make up to them for it wan day. But, Father, I won't stay here where my family was always respectable and held up their heads, to have it thrown into my face every day that I had nigh murdered my wife and child. Sure I could never rise under such a shame as that. Give me your blessin', Father, for me and Winnie has settled it; I'm goin' to Australia to begin a new life, and the mother's snug, and'll keep Winnie and the child till I send for them, or make money enough to come back for them."

The priest looked at him gravely, and pondered a few minutes before his reply.

"Well, I don't know but you're right. God enlighten you to do what is for the best! It will be a complete breaking of the old evil ties and fascinations, at all events, and, as you say, the mother'll be glad to have Winnie and her grandson."

This was in February; and outside the little golden-

thatched farmhouse the birds were calling to one another wildly, clearly, making believe, the little mad mummers, —because spring was riotous in their blood—that each was not quite visible to the other under his canopy of interlaced boughs, bare against the sky, but that rather it was June, and the close leafy bowers let through only a little blue sky, and a breath of happy wind and a blent radiance of gold and green, and that so they must perforce signal to each other their whereabouts. Some in the thatch were nest-building, but those little merry drones were swaying to and fro on the bare boughs, delirious with the new delight that had come to them, for spring was here, and there was a stible fragrance of her breath in the air and all over the land, for the sound of her feet passing, there was a strange stirring of unborn things somewhere out of sight, and where she had trodden were springing suddenly rings and clusters of faint snow-drops and tender flame-colored crocus, and double garden primroses, and the clear red brown velvet of the wall-flowers lovely against the dark leaves.

February again—but now far away from the mountain side. In the city, where no sweet premonition of spring comes with those first days of her reign, and in the slums that crouch miserably about the stately Cathedral of St. Patrick's, huddling squalidly around its feet, while the lovely tower of it soars far away into the blue heart of the sky. It is a blue sky—as blue as it can be over any spreading range of solemn hills, for poor Dublin has few tall factory chimneys to defile it with smoke—and there are little feathery wisps of white clouds on the blue, that lie quite calm and motionless, despite the fact that a brisk west wind is flying.

It is so warm that the window of one room in one of the most squalid tenement houses of the Coombe is a

little open, and the wind steals in softly, and sways to and fro the clean white curtains; for this room is poor, but not squalid and grimed as the others are. The two small beds are covered with spotlessly white quilts, and the wooden dresser behind the door is spotless, with its few household utensils shining in the leaping firelight; and opposite the window is a small altar, carefully and neatly tended, whereon are two pretty statuettes of the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Lady, and at the foot of these, no gaudy artificial flowers, but a snowdrop or two and a yellow crocus laid lovingly in a wineglass of water.

It is all very clean and pure, but, alas! it is a very sad room now, despite all that, because—oh, surely, the very saddest thing in all the sad world!—a little child is dying there in its mother's arms. And the mother is poor little Winnie Daly, far from kindly Tipperary and the good priest and the pleasant neighbors who would have been neighborly to her; and here in the cruel city she is watching her one little son die. He is lying on his small bed, with his eyes closed—a little pretty fair boy of seven, his breath coming very faintly, and the golden curls, dank with the death-dew, pushed restlessly off his forehead, and the two gentle little hands crossed meekly on each other on his breast. His mother, her face almost as deathly in its pallor and emaciation as his, is kneeling by the bed, her yellow hair wandering over the pillow, her head bent low beside his, and her eyes drinking thirstily every change that passed over the small face, where the gray shadows were growing grayer. They have lain so for a long time, with no movement disturbing the solemn silence, except once, when her hand goes out tenderly to gather into it the little cold damp one.

But she was not alone in her agony. Two Sisters of Mercy, in their black serge robes, are kneeling each side

of the bed, and their sad clear eyes are very tender and watchful; they will be ready with help the moment it is needed, but now the great beads of the brown rosary at each one's girdle are dropping noiselessly through the white fingers, and their lips are moving in prayer. One is strangely beautiful with a stately imperial beauty, it is etherealized, spiritualized to an unearthly degree, and the flowing serge robes throw out that noble face into fairer relief than could any empress's purple and gold brocade. Both women are wonderfully sweet-faced; these nuns are always so pitying and tender, because their daily and hourly contact with human pain and sin and misery must keep, I think, the warm human sympathies in them alive and throbbing always. Now there is a faint movement over the child's face and limbs, and the tall beautiful nun rises quickly, because well skilled in death-bed lore, she sees that the end cannot be far off. His eyes open slowly, and wander a little at first; then they come back to rest on his mother's face, and raising one small hand with difficulty he touches her thin cheek caressingly, and then his hand falls again, and he says weakly, "Mammy, lift me up."

"Yes, my lamb," poor Winnie answers brokenly, gathering him up in her arms and laying the little golden head on her breast. He closes his eyes again for a minute, then reopens them, and his gaze wanders around the room as if seeking something, and one of the nuns, understanding, goes gently and brings the few spring flowers to the bedside; this morning tender Sister Columba had carried them to him, knowing what a wonder and happiness flowers always are to the little crippled child,—for Jim's little lad was crippled from that fall in his babyhood. He lies contentedly for a moment, and then says weakly, the words dropping with painful pauses between each:

"Mammy, will there—be green fields in Heaven—an' primroses—an' will I be able—to run then? I couldn't go to Crumlin last summer—with the boys—'kase I was lame—but they got primroses—an' gev me some."

And it is the nun who answers, for the mother's agonized white lips only stir dumbly: "Yes, Jimmy, darling little child, there will be green fields in Heaven, and primroses, and you will run and sing; and our dear Lord will be there and His Blessed Mother, and He will smile to see you playing about His feet."

Then she lifts the great crucifix of her rosary, and lays it for a moment against the wan baby lips that smile gently at her; and the white eyelids fall over the weary eyes, and gradually the soft sleep passes imperceptibly and painlessly into death. And the nun takes him out of his mother's arms, and lays him down softly on the pillows and smooths the little fair limbs, and passes a loving hand over the transparent eyelids; and the other nun gathers poor Winnie into her tender arms, with sweet comforting words that will surely help her by and by, but now are unheeded, because God has mercifully given her a short insensibility. And one nun turns to the other, with a little soft fluttering sigh stirring her wistful mouth, and says, "Poor darling, the separation will not be for long. Our dear Lord will very soon lay her baby once more in her arms."

A fortnight later a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dublin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave, strong Jim Daly, coming home, now comparatively a wealthy man, with money earned by steady industry in the gold-fields. There he had worked steadily for three years, with always the object coloring his life of atoning for the past, and making fair the future to wife and child and mother, and the object had been strong enough to keep him apart from the sin and riotousness and

drunkenness of the camp. He would have been persuasive-tongued, indeed, among the wild livers who could have persuaded Jim Daly to join in a carousel. But the worst living among the diggers knew how to come to him for help and advice when they needed it; and many a gentle kindly act was done by him in his quiet, unobtrusive manner, with no consciousness in his own mind that he was doing more than any other man would have done.

He had never written home in all those years, though the thought of those beloved ones was always with him—at getting up and lying down, in his dreams and during the hours of the working day. At first, times were hard with him, and for three years it was a dreary struggle for existence, and he could not bear to write while every day his feet were slipping backward. Then came the rush to the gold-fields, and he, coming on a lucky vein, found himself steadily making “a pile,” and so determined that when a certain sum was amassed he would turn his steps homeward; and because postal arrangements in those days were so precarious and the time occupied by the transit of a letter so long, he had then given up the thought of writing at all, watching eagerly the days drifting by that were bringing him nearer home. In his wandering life no letter had ever reached him; but he never doubted that they were all quite safe: in that little peaceful hill-side village and cluster of farmsteads life passed so innocently and safely; the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient, and they managed to pay the rent he asked without the starvation and misery that existed in other estates; and apart from the pain and destitution and sin of the towns, the little colony seemed also to be exempt from their diseases, and the little graveyard was long in filling up; the funerals were seldom, unless when sometimes an old man or woman,

come to patriarchal age, went out gladly to lay their weary old bones under the long grass and green sorrel and the daisy-stars.

This had all been in his day, and he did not know at all how things had changed. At first, after he had sailed, things had gone fairly: Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his silence grew obstinate, no shadow of doubt crossed her mind; she was sure he loved her, and she knew he would come back some day to her. The first cloud on the sky came when the baby developed some disease of the hip, the result of the fall, and it refused to yield to all the doctor's treatment; indeed, it became worse with time, and as the years slipped by the ailing, puny babe grew into a delicate gentle child, fair and wise and grave, but crippled hopelessly. Then, the fourth year after Jim went, there came a bad season, crops failed, and the cow died, and then, fast on these troubles, the kind old landlord died, and his place was taken by a schoolboy at Eton; and, alas! the agency of his estate placed in the hands of a certain J. P. and D. L., tales of whose evictions on the estates already under his charge had made those simple peasants shiver by their firesides in the winter evenings. Then to this peaceful mountain colony came the raising of rents like a thunder-clap, followed soon by writs, and then the sheriff and the dreadful evicting parties. And one of the first to go was old Mrs. Daly; and when she saw the little brown house whereto her husband, dead those twenty years, had brought her as a bride, where her children were born, and from whose doors one after the other the little frail things, dead at birth, had been carried, till at last her strong hearty Jim came—when she saw the golden thatch of it given to the flames, the honest proud old heart broke, and from the house of a kindly neighbor, where neighbor's hands carried her gently, she also went out,

a few days later, to join her husband and babes in the churchyard house whence none should seek to evict them. And the troubles thickened, and famine and fever and death came; and the good priest died too—of a broken heart, they said. And so the last friend was gone—for the people, with pain and death shadowing every hearthstone, were overwhelmed with their own troubles—and poor Winnie and the little crippled son drifted away to the city.

And at the time all these things were happening, Jim Daly used to stand at the door of his tent in the evening, gazing gravely away westward, his soul's eyes fixed on a fairer vision than the camp, the gorgeous sunset panorama that passed unheeded before the eyes of his body. He saw the long green grasses in the pastures at home in Inniskeen. And he saw Winnie—his darling colleen—coming from the little house door with her little wooden pail under her arm for the milking, and she was laughing and singing and her step was light; and by her side, the little son, with his cheeks like apples in August, and his violet eyes dancing with pleasure, and the little feet trotting, hurrying, stumbling, and the fat baby hand clutching at his mother's apron, till with a sudden tender laugh she swung him in her strong young arms to a throne on her shoulder, wherefrom he shouted so merrily that Cusha, the great gentle white cow, turned about and ceased for a moment her placid chewing of the cud, to gaze in some alarm at the approaching despoilers of her milk.

O how bitterly sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality!—that in the squalid slums of the city the girl-wife was setting her feet for death; that the little child, crippled by the father's drunken blow, had never played or run gladly as other children do—never would do these things unless it might be in the wide green playing-fields of Heaven.

I will tell you how he found his wife. It was evening when he landed at the North Wall, and he found then that till morning there was no train to take him home; and with what fierce impatience he thought of the hours of evening and night to be lived through before he could be on his way to his beloved ones, one can imagine. Then he remembered that by a fellow digger who had parted with him in London he had been entrusted with a wreath to lay on a certain grave in Glasnevin; and with a certain sense of relief at the prospect of something to be done, he unpacked the wreath from among his belongings on his arrival at the hotel, and, ordering a meal to be ready by his return, he set out for the cemetery.

It was almost dusk when he reached it, and not far from closing time, and the wreath deposited, he was making his way to the gate again. Suddenly his attention was caught by a sound of violent coughing, and turning in the direction from whence it proceeded, he saw a woman's figure kneeling by a small poor grave. For the dusk he could hardly see her face, which also was partly turned away from him; but he could see that her hands were pressed tightly on her breast, as if striving to repress the frightful paroxysms which were shaking her from head to foot.

Jim was tender and pitiful to women always, and now with a thought of Winnie—for the figure was slight and girlish-looking—he went over and laid his hand very gently on the woman's shoulder, saying, "Come, poor soul! God help ye; ye must come now, for its nigh on closing time, and sure kneelin' on the wet earth in this raw foggy evenin' is no place for ye at all, at all."

The coughing had ceased, and as he spoke she looked up at him wildly. Then she gave a great cry that went straight through the man's heart; she sprang up, and

throwing her thin arms around his neck cried out: "Jim, Jim, me own Jim, come back to me again! O, thank God thank God! Jim, Jim, don't you know your own Winnie?" for he was standing stupefied by the suddenness of it all. Then he gathered the poor worn body into the happy harborage of his arms, and for a minute, in the joy of the reunion, he did not even think of the strangeness of the place in which he had found her, and mercifully for those first moments the dusk hid from him how deathly was the face his kisses were falling on. Then suddenly, with a dreadful thunderous shock, he remembered where they were standing, and I think, even before he cried out to know whose was the grave, that in his heart he knew.

I cannot tell you how she broke it to him, or in my feeble words speak of this man's dreadful anguish; only I know that with the white mists enfolding them and the little child lying at their feet, she told him all.

"An', darlin', I'm goin', too," she said; "an' even for the sake of stayin' wid you I can't stay. I'm so tired, like, an' my heart's so empty for the child; and you'll say 'God's will be done,' won't ye, achora? And when the hawthorn's out in May bring some of it here; and, Jim darlin', I'll be lying, here so happy—him an' me, an' his little arms claspin' my neck."

He said, "God's will be done," mechanically, but I think his heart was broken; no other words came from his lips except over and over again, "Wife and child! wife and child! My little crippled son! my little crippled son!"

KATHARINE TYNAN,
in *Catholic Truth* Publications.



CONVERSION THROUGH THE FIRST FRIDAY NOVENA.

A Promoter sends us for publication from Toronto a short account of a conversion obtained through communions made on nine consecutive First Fridays.

A young man, belonging to a Catholic family, had fallen away from the faith. He had read the worst infidel authors: Voltaire, Paine and other unbelievers. He frequently went so far as to revile the faith, make light of the Sacraments and whatever pertained to religion. His family had almost entirely given up hope of his ever being converted. At last, hearing of the novena of First Fridays, his mother and two sisters received on the nine First Fridays, each ignorant in the beginning of the intention of the others.

God rewarded their faith and perseverance, for, before the novena was finished, the mother received a letter from him—he was then in the States—in which he stated that he was seriously thinking of asking to be again received into the bosom of the Church, adding that there was an indescribable void which he felt could never be filled, save by becoming once more, what he never should have ceased to have been, a good Catholic.

The delay was not long, and, fully repentant, he made his peace with God, and is now endeavoring to repair the errors of the past.

The good which we do, says St. Gregory the Great, originates in God and in ourselves ; it originates in God by His preventing grace, and in us by the free acquiescence of our will. If it did not come from God, how could we return Him perpetual acts of thanksgiving ? If it did not also come from ourselves, how could we expect a reward ? Since, then, we can render thanks to God, it is a proof that He prevents us with His gifts ; and, as we justly expect to be rewarded, it is a proof that we have chosen of our own free will, following the impulse of grace, the good that we ought to have done.—*Moral B. 33, Ch. 21.*

The Catholic Church possesses the Eucharist, the most complete and perfect gift of God to man ; the Catholic Church produces virginity, the most complete and perfect gift of man to God. I think perfect truth must be there where there is perfect love.

HARRIET SHILLITO.

SELF-SEEKING.

If selfishly Thy love I seek,
I seek Thy love in vain ;
Place at Thy side need none bespeak
Who shrink back from Thy pain.

For love—The love—its sacrifice :
Who seeketh still his own,
Not for his brethren lives and dies,
Thy love hath never known.

Dear Lord, each selfish thought we think
Puts us afar from Thee :
Into our own dark depths we sink,
Where Heaven can never be.

LUCY LARCOM.

IN THANKSGIVING.

ALEXANDRIA.—Thanks are tendered the Sacred Heart of Jesus by five Associates and three Promoters for spiritual and temporal favors received.

AMHERSTBURG.—A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favor received by promising to publish.

BARRIE, Ont.—A Member returns thanks for a temporal favor received.

BATHURST, N.B.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a temporal favor obtained after promising to publish in the MESSENGER.

BRANTFORD.—A Promoter returns sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for recovery of health, promise was made to publish in the MESSENGER. An Associate returns thanks for recovery from illness after praying to the Sacred Heart and promising to publish. Another returns special thanks to the Sacred Heart through St. Joseph, for the recovery of a daughter from an illness in which her life was despaired of. She is now almost well; a promise was made to publish. Thanks are returned for employment obtained.

CALEDONIA.—Thanksgiving for a favor obtained in November, 1892.

COBOURG.—According to a promise made some time ago, I now wish to have published my thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very signal temporal favor obtained almost immediately after asking it.

COLLINGWOOD.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of her hands, which were sore for three years, and are now better through the prayers of the League.

CORNWALL.—A Member wishes to return thanks for a favor received through the Sacred Heart. Thanksgiving

returned for three temporal favors, also for two cures obtained through the badge of the Sacred Heart with promise to publish.

FREELTON.—A Promoter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for three temporal favors, one of which was granted within a half-hour after promise to publish; also for a great spiritual favor granted through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

GALT.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of our Lord for improved health, and many favors granted through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.

GODERICH.—Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for three temporal favors through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs; one was obtained after a mass offered in honor of the martyrs, and the other, too, by novenas. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor obtained through prayers to the Canadian Martyrs. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the unexpected return of a relative not heard of for many years, through the Rosary offered during May.

GRAFTON.—A Promoter wishes to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart, for the cure of a sore on the face of a friend, after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

HALIFAX, N.S.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained after prayers and promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Many thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for two favors granted, which have caused much happiness in a family, a promise was made to publish in the MESSENGER if obtained. Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for one temporal favor

HAMILTON.—A Member wishes to acknowledge, through the MESSENGER, a great favor received through invocations to the Sacred Heart with the promise to publish. A Member desires to acknowledge through your pages a great favor conferred upon her, after offering a

novena, and recommending herself to the prayers of the Holy League, with a promise of publishing. Thanks for a favor received through the Sacred Heart of Jesus with promise to publish. A Promoter, grateful to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, desires to acknowledge the bestowal of several visible graces on a fond mother before death, after being recommended to the Sacred Heart and the Precious Blood of our dear Lord.

INGERSOLL.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a temporal favor received. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors obtained. An Associate returns thanks for two special favors obtained. A Promoter returns thanks for great favor received through the intercession of St. Ann, after promising to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanksgiving for a favor obtained through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs.

KINGSTON.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a conversion and employment obtained.

MCCORMICK, ONT.—Thanks returned to the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, for a spiritual favor obtained through a promise to publish.

MONCTON, N.B.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary for five special favors received after promise to publish. A Promoter returns thanks for a favor obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

MONTREAL.—A lady returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor granted. Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for a recovery from much suffering to perfect health, through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs, after application of their relics. A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a favor received through the Sacred Heart; a promise was made to publish in the MESSENGER. Special thanksgiving for a situation ob-

tained; for a special favor from St. Joseph; for many favors obtained by a Promoter; for one through St. Joseph; for special favors by a Promoter,—one spiritual and one temporal; for one very special favor; for two temporal favors; for two favors obtained through the Canadian Martyrs; for one recovery from sickness,—all with promise to publish. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for favors received after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A member of the Society of the Holy Family returns thanks for favors, both temporal and spiritual, received after a promise to publish. She is grateful for having been delivered from a threatening danger and from scruples of conscience. A member of the League wishes to acknowledge and return thanks for favors received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus; he requested the prayers of the members of the League, and feels happy to say he received more than he asked for,—unexpected success in business and other favors as well. A wife wishes to offer thanksgiving to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the grace granted her husband, who has become quite steady and attends to his monthly Communion regularly. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of two persons, after praying to the Sacred Heart and promising to have it published in the MESSENGER the favor was obtained. Sincere thanks for three special favors received after promise to publish in the MESSENGER if obtained. A Member of the League wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for having no flood this spring, after a promise to publish in the MESSENGER if granted, also wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for several favors that may not have been mentioned. An Associate returns thanks for having received a letter anxiously expected for over a year, after having asked it of the Sacred Heart, and made a promise to publish. A mother of a family returns thanks for a special favor re-

cently received. Forty students of St. Mary's College return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favour.

MOUNT ST PATRICK.—A Member returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs, after promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

OAKVILLE, ONT.—An Associate wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor received after a promise to have it published in the MESSENGER.

OGDENSBURG, N.Y.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for favors granted after promise to have them published: one was to pass successfully a final examination in a training school for nurses. The person was successful and a diploma secured.

ORILLIA, ONT.—A Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart wishes to return thanks through the MESSENGER for a cure obtained through the relics of the Canadian Martyrs.

OTTAWA.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for a cure obtained by applying the relics of the Canadian Martyrs. An Associate wishes to return thanks for a temporal favor received. Another wishes to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for spiritual and temporal favors granted to her family. A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for two favors received after a promise to have them published. A Promoter wishes to offer special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for temporal favors received through the intercession of the Sacred Heart. A Member returns thanks to the Sacred Hearts for benefits received after having made a promise to publish. An Associate wishes to return most sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for special favors received, and for employment

and means obtained while making a novena to the Sacred Heart, and after a promise to have published in the MESSENGER. Thanksgiving is returned to the Sacred Heart for a remarkable change in two members of a family who were addicted to drink. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors received after having promised to publish in the MESSENGER.

PETERBOROUGH.—Special thanksgiving for favors received both spiritual and temporal. A Member of the League returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for spiritual and temporal favors received. Thanks are also returned for the conversion of a brother after promise to publish.

QUEBEC.—Thanksgiving returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a cure obtained after novena and a promise to publish and to have lights burned. A lady returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great favor obtained through a novena made in honor of the Canadian Martyrs; the favor was obtained on the sixth day of the novena. A wife returns her sincere thanks through the MESSENGER, for cure from intemperance of her husband: her home is now a happy one. A young man, whose brother was insane, and is now perfectly restored to reason, wishes to thank publicly the Sacred Heart. A Member for success in a law suit. A Promoter for a very great temporal favor. A Member for a great temporal and spiritual favor. Thanksgivings are returned to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a mother from illness, by touching her side with the relics of the Canadian Martyrs; also for a sister who was relieved of a sore throat. Thanksgiving for a young man who made his Easter duty and who had not been to Holy Communion for a long time; this grace was granted after a novena had been offered.

RENFREW.—Thanks are returned for two temporal favors received with promise to publish. Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A Member of the League offers thanks to the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors received during the month of Mary, after saying the beads of the Sacred Heart and making visits to the Blessed Sacrament, a promise to publish was made.

ST. CATHARINES.—Thanks returned to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary for three temporal favors received. Thanksgiving for five very special favors received through the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. A Promoter returns most grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for recovery from illness after being near death; a promise made to publish in the MESSENGER. A family returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, for a number of favors spiritual and temporal received after promise to publish.

ST. MARY'S, ONT.—Grateful thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord for a great favor conferred, and for a continuance of the same, for which a novena of masses to the Sacred Heart was promised.

TORONTO.—A Member of the League wishes to return thanks for a favor obtained last week. A Member wishes to return most grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, for the cure of her tongue; she made a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, and was immediately cured. A Member wishes to return thanks for a special favor obtained with promise to publish.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors both spiritual and temporal have been received from Almonte, Amherstburg, Bedford, P.Q., Berlin, St. Jerome's College, Calgary Convent, Cassils, South Esk, N.B., Cobden, Ont., Galt, Halifax, Hamilton, Lindsay, Maguire, Ont., Montreal, Mount St. Patrick, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Port Colborne Renfrew, Streator, Ills., Toronto, and Wyoming.

Quebec.

The League of the Sacred Heart in St. Patrick's parish has to mourn the loss of its reverend founder and zealous director, Father Oates, C.S.S.R., who has been transferred to Boston, Mass. Two years ago Rev. Father Oates established the League here, and the parish has every reason to be grateful to him for it. He infused, as it were, into the League his own unassuming, kind and charitable manner, as well as his untiring zeal and devotion in the cause of the Sacred Heart. And the amount of good done by him through the League will be known only on the Last Day. Rev. Father Oates is mourned not only by the League but by every member of the parish. His bland and sympathetic manner won the confidence of all, whilst his charitable deeds have bound all to him by the golden chains of gratitude. It was with keen regret that the Irish Catholics receive the tidings of his approaching departure—a departure which took place just when they had learned to know him and to appreciate his piety and his zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare. Though his departure was too sudden to give him the demonstration which his many sterling qualities deserved, yet the various societies of the parish found time to draw up addresses expressive of their esteem and love of him, as well as their deep regret at his departure, and on the eve of his leaving, these addresses handsomely illuminated were read and presented to him by the respective societies. On the afternoon of his departure the congregation turned out *en masse* and escorted him to the boat, where they all bade him an affectionate farewell and wished him a *bon voyage*.

ADDRESS OF THE LADIES' BRANCH OF THE LEAGUE OF
THE SACRED HEART.

VERY REVEREND FATHER.—With sorrowing hearts we are gathered here to-day, to express our grief at losing you, our esteemed and beloved Pastor.

We are sure there are few among us who have not learned of some sad news during the past two years; but to most of us, that you must go, must leave us, is the saddest *fiat* that has yet been pronounced since the establishment of the League amongst us.

Needless to say, Reverend Father, how much we shall miss you as director, counsellor and friend. As the sheep at the approach of the mountain storm flee for security and protection to the shepherd, so we, in our troubles, had recourse to you, Reverend and dear Father, and unfaillingly benefited by your wisdom as a counsellor, your tenderness as a father, and your devotedness as a friend. What ear so attentive to the tale of sorrow as that of our dear pastor? Where find a tongue so richly eloquent in tender counsel and consolation as that of our counsellor, father, friend and pastor? Vainly and long may we seek such another generous, sympathetic heart as yours, glowing, as it does, with all the warmth of Irish sympathy and love. Truly, we may say, in you we had one to share our joys and our sorrows—to rejoice with us in our joy and to weep with us in our grief. With you, our good pastor, to encourage and support us, we had no fear. We seemed hardly to have sufficiently appreciated these benefits while in the full enjoyment of them. Now, suddenly awakening to their value, we are appalled at the prospect of our great loss.

The endeavor to express all that we could and would wish to say on this subject is unavailing. We, however, wish to thank you, Reverend, dear Father and Director of

the League, for your extreme patience, your great kindness and vigilant watchfulness over us as a body, as well as your strenuous efforts for our success.

We desire to assure you that we shall never forget you, and that a tender, grateful remembrance of you will help us to resist the troubles and crosses of life as the fragrance of the pine is rendered more odorous by the severest frosts of winter.

It will always be a consolation to know that we can pray for you, and you may rest assured that we will daily petition Heaven, begging that the thorns in your pathway through life, bedewed by the blood of the Sacred Heart, may be changed to the rarest jewels, to form one of the brightest crowns for you in Heaven.

Signed for the Ladies' Branch of the Sacred Heart League

BY THE OFFICERS AND COUNSELLORS.

ADDRESS OF THE MEN'S BRANCH OF THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

To the Very Reverend Michael Oates, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

VERY REVEREND AND DEARLY LOVED PASTOR.—
Words fail us to give expression to our feelings of profound sorrow on learning of your departure from amongst us.

We would have ardently wished, if God so willed it, that you would have been spared to us for many long years to come; God had ordained otherwise, and, hard though the sacrifice is, we can only humbly and resignedly bow to His Divine will.

We cannot, however, allow you to leave us without conveying to you our most heartfelt thanks for the loving care you have bestowed on every member of the League

of the Sacred Heart of St. Patrick's church, of which you are the founder.

It shall ever remain a monument of your piety and zeal in the service of God. It has already been the means of bringing untold blessings on its members, which to-day embrace almost every member of St. Patrick's congregation. We are sure the future will be a reflex of the past.

Of all the good you have accomplished in our midst during the past years, your piety, your zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of your flock, all can bear testimony thereto. In a most special manner, however, do we wish to express to you our grateful appreciation of your untiring efforts in banishing dissensions and discords from our midst, your labor in bringing all the members of your flock into the bond of Christian and brotherly union and charity.

We appreciate all your endless good works, and we render you our undying thanks, and we pray the good God to reward you abundantly.

Your reverend name shall be in eternal remembrance in the Church of St. Patrick, Quebec.

God bless you in the new field of your labors; may He shower down every blessing upon you; may He restore you to vigorous health, and may you be long spared to labor many more years in the vineyard of the Master for the salvation of numberless souls, and the glory of God.

Again, God bless you *Soggarth Aroon!*

Remember us always in your good prayers, you will never be forgotten in ours.

For the League of the Sacred Heart.

FELIX CARBRAY,

President.

PETER A. GRAHAM,

Secretary.

Quebec, May 22nd, 1893.

INTENTIONS FOR JULY.

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE

BY CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

- 1.—S.—*Octave of St. John Baptist*. Seek God always. 18,184 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—S.—*VISITATION B. V. M.* at, gf, rf. Charity 24,652. In affliction.
- 3.—M.—*THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD*. Offer the Precious Blood for Sinners. 7,513 Deceased Associates.
- 4.—T.—*St. Theodore, Bp.* Freedom from sin 10,422 Special.
- 5.—W.—*Sts. Cyril and Methodius, Bps. c. c.* Pray for all in schism. 830 Communities.
- 6.—Th.—*Octave of Sts. Peter and Paul*, hf. Love of Candor. 68,173 First Communions.
- 7.—F.—*St. Michael of the Saints*. C. at, gf. Hate worldliness. 33,556 Departed.
- 8.—S.—*St. Elizabeth of Portugal*. Love the poor. 9,337 Mans.
- 9.—S.—*Sts. Zeno and Comp. MM.* Patience in persecution. 5,129 Clergy.
- 10.—M.—*Seven Brothers, MM.* Pray for piety. 63,684 Children.
- 11.—Tu.—*St. Pius I., P. M.* Spirit of sacrifice. 24,835 Families.
- 12.—W.—*St. John Gualbert*, Ab. Love your enemies. 16,356 Perseverance.
- 13.—Th.—*St. Anacletus, P. M.* hf. Loyalty to the Pope. 10,007 Reconciliations.
- 14.—F.—*St. Bonaventure, Bp. D.* Love of Jesus. 19,319 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—S.—*St. Henry C.* Trust in prayer. 14,736 Temporal favors.
- 16.—S.—*Our Lady of Mount Carmel*. Honor our Lady's chosen
- livery. 17,335 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—M.—*St. Alexius, C.* Humility. 20,336 Youths.
- 18.—Tu.—*St. Camillus of Lellis, C.* Pity the Sick. 2,007 Schools.
- 19.—W.—*St. Vincent de Paul, C.* Charity in all. 2,587 Sick.
- 20.—Th.—*St. Jerome Emilian, C. hf.* Fear God's Judgment. 35 Retreats.
- 21.—F.—*St. Praxedas, V.* Beg God's Mercy. 113 Works, Guilds.
- 22.—S.—*St. Mary Magdalen, P. en. pl.* Stoning love for the Sacred Heart. 1,576 Parishes.
- 23.—S.—*St. Apollinaris, Bp. M.* Renew the Morning Offering daily. 3,646 Sinners.
- 24.—M.—*St. Francis Solano, O. S. F.* Pray for our country. 15,300 Parents.
- 25.—Tu.—*St. James, Greater*, 4p. bt mt. Love of our Lady. 7,719 Religious.
- 26.—W.—*St. Anne, Mother B. V. M.* Pray for Christian Mothers. 1,323 Novices.
- 27.—Tp.—*St. Pantaleon, M. hf.* Shun boasting. 2,178 Superiors.
- 28.—F.—*Sts. Nazarius and Celsus, MM.* The daily Decade. 13,089 Vocations.
- 29.—S.—*St. Martha, V.* Help pious works. The Promoters.
- 30.—S.—*Sts. Abdon and Sennen, MM.* Devotedness. 21,312 Various.
- 31.—M.—*St. Ignatius Loyola, F. S. J.* Ardent zeal for the glory of God. The Directors.

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

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