



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 2.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY.

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

THE GOOD USE OF THE GIFTS OF GOD IN THE ORDER OF
NATURE AND IN THE ORDER OF GRACE.

During this Jubilee Year of our Holy League, would it not be very profitable to consider more attentively than ever, as we said last month, the sublime ideal held up for our admiration, that Kingdom of the Heart of Jesus cherished object of all our prayers and of all our labors ?

In the very first issue of the original MESSENGER, principal organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, Reverend Father Ramière drew our attention forcibly to the great fact that the Divine Heart was the focus from which all good radiated and the centre toward which all converged ; and he thereupon exhorted us to seek in the Sacred Heart the summary of what we should believe, the model of what we should perform, the source of every good we had to hope for, and the key to the destinies of the world ;

Now, there is one primary truth, consoling beyond all else, which this attentive consideration of the Heart of Jesus brings out into a stronger light: it is that whatever happens to us here below, either in the order of nature or in the order of grace, is a gift of God proceeding directly from His love for us,—in other words, from His adorable Heart.

These gifts of God are truly without number. They surround us on every side, and our very lives are made up of them. The devotion to the Heart of Jesus teaches us how to determine them *mentally*, and, what is of far more importance, how to acknowledge them with our *heart*, practically by making a good use of them.

To make a good use of the gifts of God in the order of nature and in the order of grace is assuredly, in the times in which we live, to work strenuously to establish within ourselves and others the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

But now more than at any other time, our first efforts in that direction are thwarted by a formidable obstacle peculiar to the age, that very *egotism* denounced in such strong terms by our Holy Father Leo XIII in his recent admirable address to the delegates of the Apostleship:

“The devotion to the Sacred Heart,” he said, “as was revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, is pre-ordained for the healing of the great wound of modern society, which is *egotism*, the idolatry of self, the worship of the sensual self and of the pride of self, the intrusion of self into God’s place and self-assertion to the exclusion of the rest of mankind; so that to this self all is referred, and self usurps all the rights of God, of the Church and of man individual and social. It is this selfishness, in fine, which severs the bonds of the Christian home by assailing at once religion and morality, law and authority, property and family.”

It is but too true, that what gives rise within us to a disordinate attachment to creatures, and leads us, alas ! at every turn to make an ill use of God's gifts, is solely, under one form or another, *selfishness*, "that great wound of modern society, selfishness, which is the idolatry of self and the worship of the sensual self and the pride of self."

"But," continues the Holy Father, "what means is better devised for the overcoming of this egotism than the infinite power of that flame of love, which, breaking forth from the most loving Heart of Jesus, wrapped the whole world in one vast conflagration of holy charity, quickening the pulseless form of pagan society with a new soul instinct with a moral and civil life? 'I am come to send fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?'"

It is that divine charity, and it alone, which, by making us consider with an equal eye poverty and wealth, humiliation and honors, life and death, will dispose us to make a good use of all these boons which come from God, how opposite soever they may seem, but which, if we only will it, may all lead us safely to our end.

It is it again which will incline all noble and generous souls to seek preferably whatever may identify them more with the cross and the complete sacrifices of the Word Incarnate.

In a word, it is that charity of the Heart of Jesus which, by awakening within us a keener sense of gratitude at the sight of those peerless gifts of grace, will endow us with a ready and generous docility to the Holy Ghost, thereby fashioning us into worthy instruments for the salvation and regeneration of the world.

"Thus," said his Holiness in conclusion, "your prayer, blended habitually with the imitation of our Lord's Sacred Heart, and re-enforced by the mediation and the

infinite merits of Jesus Christ, will become effectual beyond measure in appeasing the divine wrath, and in obtaining from God the return of society to Him who redeemed it with His blood and revived it with His love."

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, that the souls of Thy faithful, by endeavoring to make a good use of God's gifts, may become worthy instruments in His hands for the regeneration of society and the salvation of the world. Amen:

TREASURY, JANUARY, 1894.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity,....	130,830	Pious reading,	24,546
Acts of mortification.	84,202	Masses celebrated,..	139
Beads,.....	281,029	Masses heard,	97,233
Stations of the Cross,	30,537	Works of zeal,.....	20,500
Holy Communions,..	60,316	Various good works,.	484,454
Spiritual Commu-		Prayers,.....	1,730,742
nions,.....	199,371	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions,.....	39,567
conscience,.....	46,617	Self-conquests.....	142,592
Hours of silence,....	251,243	Visits to Blessed	
Charitable conversa-		Sacrament	91,806
tions,	197,460		
Hours of labor,.....	463,416	Total....	4,269,251
Holy hours.....	2,661		



ERAT SUBDITUS ILLIS.

(*St. Luke, ii. 51.*)



STRANGELY sweet and ever Blessed Mother !

And thou, St. Joseph ! chosen of the Lord,
Unto your sacred feet we come to ponder
The mystic meaning of this wondrous word.

Floats thro' our hearts the breath of Faith's evangel,
" *Erat subditus illis !* " *God most high*
Was subject to His creature,—O blest angels !
Shield us beneath your pinions, lest we die !

For lo ! before our spirits self-complacent,
Our wilful hearts so proud and uncontrolled,
The great, great mystery of self-abasement,
Of deep, divine abjection is unrolled.

Eternal Power, subject unto weakness,
Eternal Wisdom, hidden, shrouded, dumb ;—
The Godhead's glory, all Its radiant sweetness,
Veiled in the lowly shrine of Mary's home.

Oh ! with what trembling awe thou must have spoken
Thy meek commands, dear Mother, to that Son,—
Thy spouse's heart with love and fear nigh broken,
Marking th' appointed tasks so promptly done.

Never a murmur from those lips majestic,—
 Whose *Fiat* thro' creation's chaos pealed,—
 The Father's Word, uttered from everlasting,
 Is here a wordless mystery revealed.

Hither, ye souls, so full of self-reliance,
 Come to the little cot in Galilee,
 And from this Master learn the matchless science
 Of deep, unquestioning humility.

Look on your Love, your gracious Elder-Brother
 (The God whose glories earth and heaven fill),
 He stands before Saint Joseph and His Mother,
 Submissive, silent, docile to their will.

No miracles or marvels How it thrills us
 To read the record of those Thirty Years !
 Three little words :—“ *Erat subditus illis,*”
 Tell the whole story. Ponder it with tears.

Fierce in our bosoms rage the storms of passion,
 Our stubborn wills 'gainst God and man rebel :
 “ *Non serviam !* ” we cry,—our heaven-born reason
 Dimmed by the lurid clouds that rise from hell.

“ *Erat subditus illis !* ”—downward flutter
 The magic words, as from an angel's lips :
 And oil descends upon the troubled water,
 And heavenly light illumines our dark eclipse.

O Heart of Jesus ! wisest of all teachers,
 Blest be this work of Thine omnipotence !
 Ruler of all, yet subject to Thy creatures,
 Thou art the crown of *our* obedience.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



IN MEMORY OF FATHER RAMIERE.

The life work of Father Ramière and the ways through which divine Providence led him to it and prepared him to meet and overcome its trials and its difficulties have been already narrated in the notices published in the year of his death. It may not, however, be unprofitable to dwell, if only for a short moment, on the thoughts which they suggest.

It is our purpose, then, simply to recall to the minds of our Associates in the League of the Apostleship of Prayer the memory of that noble and useful life, especially of its usefulness to us who have gained so much spiritual advantage from his great work. The remembrance of that Apostolic career and of its fruits of benediction in so many souls should urge us on to renewed efforts in the work that was dear to his heart.

The presence and the power of God are never wanting to His Church ; but it is in the hour of danger, when the truth is most fiercely attacked and when the enemies of God and of His Church have put forth their united strength, their cunning and diplomacy to crush or to ensnare the children of God, that this divine guidance and protection are most signally manifested. It is then that God raises up, from among His servants, men whom He has chosen to be the instruments of His Providence for

the carrying out of His loving and merciful designs. These He endows with the qualities of mind and heart, which are necessary for the work He has assigned to them. They must be men of toil and of devotedness, of courage and constancy, firm of purpose and fearless of personal danger, strong in faith, unwavering in hope, burning with a charity that will inflame all who come in contact with them. This they need; for they have a great work to do: they have powerful enemies to overcome, they have the world to conquer with its crafty allies—the flesh and the devil—in a word, they have God's work to do, since for this they were chosen.

These champions of God's truth He prepares and fashions early for the conflict which they are to meet when the day shall come on which they must throw themselves into the thick of the fray, to measure weapons with the enemies of God, of His holy name and of His Church.

Such a man, in his day and generation, was the founder and the devoted champion of our great Apostleship of Prayer: such his preparation.

From his earliest years, in the home-life spent in his native Languedoc, he gave tokens of God's designs; even then his thoughts were all of virtue, of holy things, of self-sacrifice; for even then he had fixed the ideal which was to give the tone and coloring to his life's career, which was to be the goal of his ambition. He was only nine years old when he leaped for joy at the birth of a brother, as he cried: "Thank God! now they will not hinder me from being a priest." For, till then, he was the only son of his father's house. At the age of ten, he had already twice gone into banishment from his native France, to pursue his studies: once in Spain, finally to Fribourg in Switzerland; and exile, which is a school of license for many, taught him the true lessons

of trial and tribulation—the imitation of the divine Redeemer who was an outcast among His own. Those who have been trained in the school of Christ know that trial begets energy, as struggle leads to triumph.

From the great College of Fribourg, which has given so many of God's heroes to the service of Church and State, young Ramière passed to the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, in which he was led through another phase of his preparation for what was to be the great work of his life. In the atmosphere of those grand apostolic traditions which the Society has inherited from its great-hearted founder, with the inspiring example of its apostles and martyrs ever before him, his ardent soul was soon full of the soldier spirit of Ignatius. Here was developed in him a strong yearning for the Apostolate, with a marked aptitude for numerous and vast designs, keenness of intellect and generosity of heart. His years of study and teaching finished the work of his intellectual formation. In the years of his exile, he had learned Spanish in the College at the foot of the Pyrenees, German at Fribourg, English at Stonyhurst. To these linguistic accomplishments he added a knowledge of Italian through his own private study. Thus thoroughly equipped, he began his career as a writer.

It would carry us beyond the space allotted to this brief notice, to give even so much as a summary sketch of his achievements in this career. Besides, it is known to the world. We are chiefly concerned with his work for the Apostleship of Prayer. But before entering upon this topic, we may be allowed to quote the words of one of his panegyrists, who spoke of him in a funeral sermon at Naples as follows: "But before speaking of this immense Apostolate which won for Fr. Ramière, in the bosom of the Catholic Church, a crown that is granted to very few, and which surrounded him with a halo of glory

in the Christian world, as a man of large views, of energetic character, wise in the choice and constant in the execution of his glorious designs, let me say a word about his interior spirit As the soldier, before engaging in a great struggle, must be assured of unflinching courage and trusty weapons, so the apostle must not venture into the field, to fight the battles of the Lord, until he feels that his soul is strong with the might of God's word and his body shielded with the armor of virtue. And Henry Ramière was such a soldier, for he was a man of prayer. He gave few hours to repose, and very early in the day he offered the Holy Sacrifice. He was niggardly of time; but he valued that treasure all the more, when he consecrated it to God. . . . Not content with the ordinary mortifications of the religious life, he never shrank from privations and toil of any kind. It could not be otherwise with one who sacrificed his whole life to the glory of his Lord and Master."

In his discourse to the Pilgrims of the Apostleship of Prayer, on the 11th of October, 1893, the Holy Father spoke of this great work as springing from a tiny seed and growing into a vast tree that overshadows the world. So indeed it is. The first idea of the Apostleship was that of Fr. Gautrelet, who intended it only as a pious practice for the young Jesuits in the scholasticate at Vals.

Fr. Ramière first conceived the thought of extending it to the faithful at large. He began to organize the Apostleship. Like all the great works undertaken to spread abroad the spirit of God and to advance the interests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, his work met with strong opposition from many quarters. Even good men doubted the prudence, the expediency of such a movement. It required all the courage, the indomitable energy and the confidence in God which characterized

its founder to make the undertaking successful, and the whole world is witness to-day of the splendor of his triumph and of the glorious fruits of his victory which has wrought in the Church imperishable good, while its grandeur, its wide-spreading influence, its truly Catholic character, show forth the might of the spirit of the Lord. And Fr. Ramière is the great Apostle of that work. His mission in God's Church was a glorious one. He was the St. Bernard of this great crusade of prayer which has shed abroad the fire of his own consuming zeal, and he has drawn millions of loving souls together, binding them "with golden chains about the feet of God," spreading far and wide the glory of that Sacred Heart which revealed itself to men to unite them all in one great spiritual family. In union is strength. We must believe, then, that this great work will go on in its vigorous growth, that its progress will be marked by new wonders of grace and glory, that it will overcome, in the might of God's word, the combined assaults of His enemies. May it be ours to witness this glorious triumph, and as we pray for the eternal repose of his soul, who put into the Apostleship of Prayer life and vigor, who gave it a name and a place among the great apostolic works of God's Church, let us ask that his hope and prayer may be granted—that the day may come when all the faithful may be gathered into one great body of faithful worshippers and ardent lovers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.—*American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

MGR. SATOLLI'S LETTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN MESSENGER.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

WASHINGTON, D.C., October 17, 1893.

REVEREND DEAR SIR :—

I have received from you since September several copies of *THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART*, organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, for which I return you sincere thanks.

It ought to be the special mission of the Catholic press to promote Christian piety, and to unite in the bonds of charity all the children of the Church. For this purpose there can be no better means than common prayer, of which Our Lord Himself gave the example, and to which, with His own blessed lips, He urged His disciples. As the Sacred Heart has always been the centre of the original and divine apostleship exercised by the hierarchy in all its grades, from the Supreme Pontiff down to the diocesan clergy, so, too, is it the natural centre of special associations, which, like the Apostleship of Prayer, are destined to unite all hearts in that overflowing fountain of grace and holiness.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart has always been a profound, though latent, form of the love which the Church bears to her Divine Spouse; but the public manifestation of it was reserved for these later times, when the charity of so many has grown cold, and the belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ has grown weak in so many unhappy souls. Very rightly, therefore, it has become the most popular and efficacious of modern devotions, adopted in all the Catholic churches of the world, and productive of incalculable good. Our Holy Father, Leo

XIII, when Bishop of Perugia, had the Apostleship of Prayer established in every parish of his diocese, and the whole diocese itself consecrated with solemn pomp in the Cathedral of Perugia to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Thanking you for your assurance that the members of the Association pray fervently for the success of the Apostolic Delegation, and granting you most willingly the blessing you request,

I remain, Reverend Dear Sir,

Respectfully yours in Christ,

FRANCIS ARCHB. SATOLLI,

Delegat. Apost.

SECOND PROMISE OF OUR LORD TO BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

"I will establish peace in their houses."

BY JOHN J. BRANIN.

Not as the world gives peace, O Heart divine,
Is that sweet peace the love of Thee ensures
The dwellers in the homes where love endures
The burden light and easy yoke of Thine,
And loving hearts in praise to Thee combine
For all the favors Thy great love secures.
Ah! sweet indeed the peace that home immures,
Where Thy dear Heart is made the household shrine:

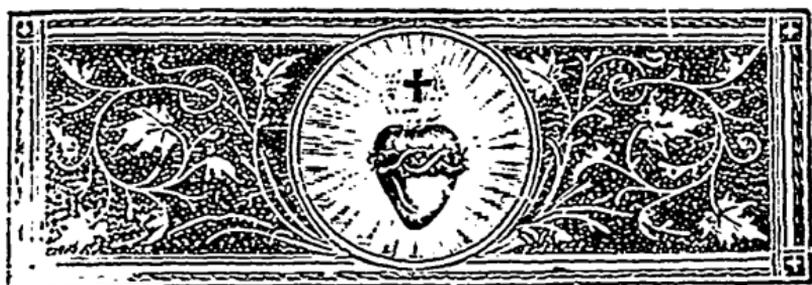
Such peace, O Lord, within that house shall dwell,
As in that blest abode at Nazareth,
Where Mary loved Thee as no tongue can tell,
And lulled Thine infant cries with reverent breath;
Where Joseph labored hard and loved Thee well,
Though Juda's King had planned Thine early death.

SOMETHING TO BE DONE.

A love of distinctively Catholic literature should be taught in our schools. Here is a matter which is too much neglected. You will observe when in the company of our bright young people of either sex, who are home from college and academy, how they delight to converse on the books they are reading or have read. Dickens, Thackeray and unfortunately Bulwer, they are familiar with or busily reading their pages. They love to talk of them and their literary excellencies. Sterling Catholic books, of which there are very many, they seem ignorant of. Catholic papers and magazines do not interest them so much as the secular papers and popular monthlies. Their education has been neglected here in this respect. They have not been made familiar with Catholic literature, hence their lack of interest in it.—*Sacred Heart Review*, Boston.

R. I. P.

The following lately deceased members are earnestly recommended to the prayers of the League :—Mrs. Jane Dunne, died at Renfrew, Dec. 21 ; Mrs. John McCann, Montreal ; Michael O'Connell and Elizabeth McGregor, of Brantford ; Miss Cleuence Berriot of Penetanguishene ; Margaret Cummings, Ellen Harrison, Janet Grant and Michael Donahue, of Cornwall ; Miss Mary O'Sullivan, of Bathurst ; Nicholas Dunn, Mary Dunn, Colin Frazer and John Ronayne, of Ingersoll ; Mrs. Mary Moran, of Woodslee ; Mrs. Bridget Dooley, died Nov. 13 at Guelph ; Miss Annie Buckley, died at Ottawa Nov. 26, Mrs. James Doris, died Dec. 12, at Coburg ; Mrs. James Kinsella, died Dec. 23, at Montreal.



IT WORKED WELL.

Larry McKenna sat thinking.

The news from Europe did not trouble him, with its dynamitè scare, its Barcelona horror, the Riffian incident, or Captain Wilson's fate in Mataberland; the political situation had no effect on his life; he had not heard of the financial depression in the States, and would have been quite at sea on the question of the city's borrowing power—though it affected interests 'nearer home; the weather might be foul or fine, he cared not; stocks might rise or fall, he knew nothing of them, for he never read the newspaper; but what he did read was the little MESSENGER which came to his mother's address every month.

Nevertheless, he was thinking with all the earnestness of which he was master and the occasion would permit, for Larry had just reached the mature age of ten years, and the train of thought which occupied his brain was sadly and frequently interrupted by the necessity of attending to a younger brother of one year, who sat on his outstretched legs, and varied the monotony of crying with occasional efforts to pull Larry's hair or dab his chubby fingers in the thoughtful Larry's eyes.

He sat on the roof of a tall tenement house which over looked St. Mary's Current and the Island, with his back against one of the clothes-line posts, and his hands were occupied with the baby while his eyes wandered over the

spires, domes and towers of the big city of Montreal, or followed mechanically the slow progress up the stream of a fussy little tug with a huge "liner" in tow.

Downstairs, on the floor below, his mother was cooking what little supper they could afford, helped by a little girl younger than Larry, and in one of the three rooms his father lay just recovering from the effects of falling through the beams of a building where he had been employed as night watchman.

For two months they had been living "from hand to mouth." The last month's rent had been paid only in instalments, and the landlord said "he wouldn't take next month's rent in that way, and if they couldn't pay it all at once they had better get out." And now there was just one week left, and not a dollar in the house. It was bad enough to live as they were, in debt to the grocer, to the butcher, and to their few friends, besides getting barely enough to sustain life, but to be thrown out on the sidewalk—it was horrible.

Poor Mike McKenna had never been what might be called a careful man; hence there was no money to fall back on when he met with the accident. He had no trade, and earned very little, but he managed to send Larry to the Brothers' school, determined to give him some education at least, and also determined that that *some* should be Christian.

Larry was not the boy to grow up and sneer at the "old man" and at the "old woman" on account of their Irish birth; oh! no. God had blessed him with too much intelligence for that. His father had some pride, and so, after applying to a few intimate friends for such small sums as they could spare, he gave up and would ask no more. If they could only manage the next month's rent, Mike would be on his feet again and likely to get a job. Larry knew all these things, and so he was

thinking. He had never run the street with the rougher boys, but he knew how many of them made money during vacation, and when we find him on the roof he is deeply intent on a simple plan of raising some money if—ah! there's the rub—if he only had fifty cents. Where to borrow—for Larry would not beg—this fifty cents had been the special subject of his thoughts during the last half hour, and he had just arrived at a definite conclusion when a shrill young voice called "Larry," and he went down with the baby.

That evening, about two hours later, the servant girl announced to Father Madden. "Boy to see your reverence," and Larry stepped into the back parlor where Father Madden sat reading.

"Well, Larry, my son, how are you?" he said kindly

"I'm well, Father," answered Larry.

"How is your father?"

"He's getting well," said the boy, "and the doctor says he'll be able to go to work in about a week; but we—" here Larry paused. He disliked to say that he had no money. Then he began. "I came to ask you, Father—" another pause, while the straw hat was fingered nervously and the eyes sought the floor.

"Courage, man," said Father Madden; "speak up. Look here. Yes, I *will*. Now, then, you have my promise. Come now, what is it?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents! Is that all?"

"Yes, Father, I want to borrow fifty cents."

"To borrow it, eh?"

"Yes, Father."

"But wouldn't you let me make you a present of it?"

"No, Father, if you please. I want to earn some money, and I think I can do so, but I don't want to beg. I'll pay it back."

"First rate, my son ; first rate," said Father Madden, smilingly. Then he added to himself: "The little fellow is manly. I'll see just what he is going to do."

"I suppose now," he said aloud, "you don't care to tell me what you are going to do ; but remember, you must come and let me know how you succeed and what you have done with the money. Here you are now, and I wish you success."

Larry took the proffered half dollar with a murmured "Thank you, Father, I will," and such a great rush of happiness came over him that he did not know where he was going or what he was doing until he reached home and hid away his fifty cents lest anyone should interfere with his cherished project.

Poor Larry ! To him it was a wonderful piece of work. To others it was a very simple, common-place affair. But common things are rendered godlike by the manner in which they are done or the end at which we aim ; and so Larry, when he had knelt by his bedside that night, and repeated the simple prayers taught him by his mother, added a "Hail Mary," and asked the Blessed Virgin to intercede for him with the Sacred Heart. Then he went asleep with confidence that he would succeed. He was not trying to perform any remarkable feat. He wished to raise five dollars and return the borrowed money to Father Madden. But to Larry five dollars was a small fortune. Still, after his prayer he was confident.

Many a time he had seen small boys selling papers or peddling their wares around the Park and on the cars. He had imitated their monotonous cry many a time too, without once thinking he would ever use it in a business way ; but now he had gone to bed so filled with the thought of it, that, as his mother told the neighbors afterwards, he woke her up twice during the night by singing out at the top of his voice : "Lozenges, cent a paper,—all

kins." This then was Larry's secret. He was going to purchase a box of lozenges for fifty cents and sell the hundred little packages for a cent each. This would bring him fifty cents clear profit. And just as he was dozing off to sleep he murmured: "If I could only sell two boxes to-morrow," after which he spent the entire night dreaming that he couldn't sell even one box, that he fell off the car and lost several packages, and he was on his way home, sad and desperate, when he woke. The remembrance of the dream, however, did not discourage him, for though he had been taught not to believe in "dreams or phantoms of the night," he had often heard the old people say that dreams went by contraries.

Breakfast came at last—poor and scant as it was, but Larry didn't mind that. He had been looking forward to breakfast, not as a feast, but as an event,—the last thing to be attended to in the house before going forth on this great mission. Permission from his mother "to go and see the golf players up at the Park" was easily obtained, much more easily than he had expected, owing to the existence of the baby, and with a light heart he started out to purchase his candies.

Taking up his position at the foot of the Inclined Railway, he took off the sliding cover of his box and went toward an approaching party, with his most appealing tones, crying "Los-sen-gees, cent a paper,—all kinds."

It was useless. The rotund German matron answered the look of a flaxen-haired girl with: "No, Louise, vee god blenty kendy home," and passed on in silence.

Many people passed, and Larry's box was still full. The tears were almost in his eyes, but he was determined to stay there. He took out his little crumpled badge of the League, and eyeing it wistfully, "Help me, oh! Sacred Heart," he ejaculated, and had barely put it back when a

gentleman in black came along the path. He carried a book, and seemed to be thinking. Larry thought to himself, "He doesn't care about lossenges, but I'll try anyhow."

"Los-sen-gees, cent a paper,—all kinds," and the box was thrust out.

The man smiled and shook his head.

"Please, mister, buy a paper—just one to start me," ventured Larry.

"Why, you haven't had good luck this morning?"

"No, sir,—please sir, buy just one."

"Well, I can't resist, I suppose. Give me two;" and he dropped two cents into Larry's trembling palm.

That was the beginning. For another half hour things remained at a standstill, and then it was wonderful. People began to come along who seemed to be amazingly fond of lozenges. They took five cents worth, and ten cents worth, and so on, until Larry was fairly beaming with delight, and before twelve o'clock he sold his last package, and went home fifty cents richer.

In the afternoon he managed to get away again, and actually sold two boxes more, so that he could pay Father Madden now and have a dollar clear profit. He had exchanged his pennies for a one dollar bill and a silver half dollar, and these he had put carefully away where no one would be likely to find them.

With what feelings that boy knelt down to his prayers that night and thanked the Sacred Heart in his simple way, and with what happiness he sank to sleep, no pen can describe. Language is weak, and thought alone can know the all-pervading soul-satisfying sweetness of such moments that come to refresh the human heart after the simplest action well performed.

¹²This was on Monday, and on that day week the rent was due. But Larry did not fear now. He sold two boxes

regularly every day for the rest of the week, and on Sunday afternoon with six dollars in his pocket he went to pay Father Madden and return his thanks.

The good Father would not take a cent, and called Larry a hero. He clapped him on the back, and said he would be a great man some day. This was too much, and poor Larry cried with joy.

Then Father Madden slipped a five dollar bill into Larry's hand, and said :

"Take that, my boy, as a present from me, and tell your father I'll call around to-morrow afternoon to see him. God bless you, my boy."

You should have seen Larry as he walked home with eleven dollars in his pocket. Pride, joy and happiness made him feel so light that he thought he could almost fly, and I am sure some one on the street turned to look curiously at a small boy standing on a corner with his arms spread and making motions like the wing of a bird.

When he got upstairs, his father, who by this time was able to be up, was sitting by the window looking worn out and heartbroken. His mother was doing some work around the stove.

"Well, you young scapegrace," she said, "you've had outing enough this week, so you had better stay in now, and don't ask me to go to the Mountain for a month."

Poor Larry, he couldn't say a word, but went over and placed five dollars in his father's hand. The sad face lighted up, and he said :

"Why, my son, where did you get this?"

"Father Madden gave it to me, papa, and he'll be over to see you to-morrow afternoon."

"And here's some more," said Larry, bringing out his own money, "I earned that myself."

"Earned it, Larry! Six dollars! How in the name of gracious—"

"But the mother's heart was quicker. She knew now why the poor boy had been out so much, and the next minute she had him in her arms and was kissing him, while she murmured :

"God bless my boy."

It was the father's turn next, and Larry, with tears streaming down his face, was kissed again and again, while he told in a few words how and where he had borrowed the fifty cents and all about the lozenges.

Well, they were very happy. Next day was Sunday, and when Father Madden came around the table was set with a snowy linen cloth—perhaps it was borrowed for the occasion, but that is none of our business—and some cups and saucers, etc., for tea. Their visitor had his tea with them, and, after lavishing praises on Larry, he told Mr. McKenna that he wanted a good steady man for sexton, and that he would be delighted to have him as soon as his health would permit. Then the sun stole in through the windows, the baby for some reason of its own began to crow with delight, and if ever there was a happier family in this world, or—as they used to say at the end of old fairy stories—"If they didn't live happy ever after, that you and I may!"

(Adapted).



ASH WEDNESDAY.

*"Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto dust
thou shalt return."*

By M. E. HENRY.

In the prime of thy vigor, go, manhood, and kneel
To-day at the foot of God's altar, and feel,
When dread sounds the truth of mortality's doom,
As thy brow is impressed with the seal of the tomb
That the palm of thy strength, which thou bearest
with pride,

In a handful of ashes the grave will soon hide.
In a few fleeting years, as these ashes to thee,
To the world all the pride of thy manhood will be.

In the light of thy beauty, fair maidenhood, go
To the altar, and bend, in thy loveliness, low ;
Thou wilt learn there is nothing that nature can hold
But a handful of ashes, lifeless and cold.
Dost thou shudder to think all thy brightness and bloom
Will be spiritless dust in the sleep of the tomb ?
O'er its lesson, then, ponder ; for what thou dost see,
In a few fleeting years will thy maidenhood be.

With thy sorrowless spirit, go, childhood, and bow
To receive the dread sign on thy shadowless brow.
In life's golden promise thou lovest thy trust,
As thou, wondering, hearest that "man is but dust."
For it tells that thy youth, with its gladness and peace,
'Neath the grave, in the silence of dust, will soon cease.
Learn the lesson of ashes, as they are to thee,
In a few fleeting years all thy childhood will be.

The pale brow where presses the thorn-wreath of care
The dark symbol of death unshrinking will bear.
At the altar, then, kneel, and the sound of the voice
That hath terror to others will bid thee rejoice.
For it says that thy woe to the dust will descend,
And that pain in the sleep of thy ashes will end.
In a few fleeting years, as these ashes to thee,
To thy soul all its toils and its sorrows will be.

With thy face to the future, bend, faithful soul, low;
At its vision thy scorn for mortality show;
On thy spirit there falls not a tremor of fear
That thy life to the nothing of dust is so near;
Thou art glad that thy ashes alone will remain
Of the bonds of the flesh and the world's heavy chain,
In a few fleeting years will thy spirit be free,
When thou but a handful of ashes wilt be.



OLD FRIAR ANDREW.

FATHER Prior was reading aloud in the Chapter Hall. Clad in their long cassocks, their cowls drawn down recollectedly over their brows, the monks were listening in silence. They were seated around the massive walls on which stood outsententiously in relief pious inscriptions, whose great black letters were in dazzling contrast with the lime-wash.

The Prior abruptly interrupted his reading:—"Brethren," he said, "Father Abbott leaves N..... this morning at eight, and will be here among us two hours later."

Having made this short announcement, he arose, and was leading the way to the door, when with a bewildered look he stopped short as he caught sight of the features of an aged monk whose stall was not far from his own.

.....
One morning, years ago, a young man had knocked for admittance at the portals of the Abbey. What was his errand? He could not have answered the question himself. He had been journeying along the highway, when the convent loomed up before him with its antiquated chapel and imposing front adorned with many a weather-beaten statue, the outlines of which lay placidly mirrored on the bosom of a little lake.

Thither had he bent his steps, without knowing why, following aimlessly the poverty-stricken wayfarers, who begged a penny here and there to help them on their

journey. They had assured him that the good Trappists considered it a duty to "welcome, as they would Jesus Himself, the stranger who would ask charity in His name."

Irresistibly he had been drawn to the very threshold, wrapt in a sort of ecstasy as his gaze lingered rapturously on the charming Gothic pile, vestige of an age long gone by. It was indeed a sight to impress vividly the imagination of a youth of twenty. He had knocked at the great portals, had been kindly received, and had remained.

All those who had then welcomed him had by this time gone to their reward. One after the other he had assisted in lowering them into their graves, ranged around without the chancel in the secluded graveyard, so that they might be within shelter of the altar which had witnessed their first tears of repentance and of love.

In turn, he had grown old. After years of exhausting toil he needs must rest awhile from his labors. Now his occupation was to gather up the seared leaves which sadly littered the alleys, as the rain and winds of autumn swept through the oaks and lindens; or else, he trimmed the lamps which lit up the chapel when the monks chanted the office during the dim watches of the night.

Once the question had been, what was to be done with him? But now the good monks wondered what would be done without him. He was as much a part of the convent as the chapel, or the dormitory, or the garden. He made himself as indispensable as the little flame which flickered through the long corridors as he lighted those very lamps entrusted to his care.

He had reached that degree of impassibility when nothing earthly was likely ever more to ruffle his placid features. His face always bore the same calm, changeless expression, and yet that morning he had

been seen to smile. It was this very wonderful occurrence which had made Father Prior pause in amazement.

The announcement of the journey from N..... to the convent station to be accomplished in two hours had provoked a knowing smile of incredulity, for old Friar Andrew remembered well the last trip he had made in his youth ; the four hours' sail by boat was not to be forgotten, nor was the tedious journey in the lumbering stage-coach which required but very little less time.

This, at least, was the explanation vouchsafed to Father Prior, who now indeed bethought himself that, at the period when the worthy friar had come to the monastery, had those who wished to travel systematically set their minds against stage-coaches or boats, they would have been obliged to trudge on foot all the way to the convent, as steam cars had not yet been invented.

It was now Father Prior's turn to smile. "But, Friar Andrew," he queried, "would you not like as much as anyone, before you take leave of us for the next world, to see this wonderful invention. the railway-train, which whisks a man from Nantes to Paris, for instance, in seven hours? If the proposal is to your liking, just accompany the Brother who is to meet Father Abbott to the station."

The old monk's face glowed with unwonted animation, and before five minutes had sped by, he was comfortably seated in the convent cart, side by side with the Brother who was to direct the expedition.

The monastery gate swung open wide, and they were soon over the bridge and jolting along the highway.

The landscape had undergone a great change for Friar Andrew. The contour of the lake had been modified ; the trees were not the same, many had gone to decay, and others had grown so tall that it was impossible to recognize them ; new roads had been laid out, and the lines of those familiar once were now obliterated.

The old chapel, the old inscriptions, the old Saints in their old niches, no, they alone had not changed ; it was as if they would set forth the immutability of the old faith in the midst of the ceaseless changes of all else.

The cart bowled quietly along the deserted highway drawn by the staid little cob. The beast was fully conscious that he had his sixteen miles to cover, but knew well, too, that going and coming he could, as of wont, keep up without precipitancy the old jog-trot. This was indeed seemly for an animal accustomed to carry none but quiet folks, who were never in a hurry. Neither had he any dread of the whip, which cast its threatening shadow before on the dust-white road, for no one had thought of ever renewing its time-worn lash.

Meanwhile, the old monk is in child-like raptures of delight. He has left his convent, it is true, but he knows he will soon see it again, and every object in surrounding nature seems to remind him of it at every turn.

The brook, too diminutive to be seen, but which betrays its proximity by its gentle murmur trickling over the white pebbles, yonder, near that clump of trees, is the very feeder of the lake encircling the abbey, and limiting the encroachments of the outer world, like those ancient moats one may yet see around some feudal castle, and which, in olden time, protected its walls from the fury of its assailants.

Those pines, which border the highway, and whose shapely lances, feebly swayed by the dying breath of the morning breeze, exhale for him their balmy fragrance, are they not the brothers of those under whose sheltering boughs he feels he shall soon be laid to slumber for ever?

The oaks here and there he passes on the way, their leaves glistening with dew which the sun, envious of their freshness, will soon parch,—they too recall his convent home. For, will they not on his way back be the first of

the long avenue, the last of which cast so grateful a shade on the form of the "Mother of Mercies," whose statue was but yesterday blessed when she was chosen the guardian of those hallowed precincts?

The open plain he recognizes indeed more or less. He even fancies he can descry through the endless veil of poplars, stretching far away in the distance, his native steeple, for all the world like those he sees around about him, whose bells, according to the joys or sorrows of those who were dear to him, rung out over the scented heather wilds of Brittany their peals of gladness or their knells of mourning.

And the old monk forgets all. His soul, long since weaned from things earthly, takes up again the thread of the morning's meditation before the altar. Everything he beholds bids him chant God's praises, as do the little birds on every side around him, for, hidden in the foliage, they sing in a rapturous warble their Matins to the Creator.

He asks himself what will not be the joys of Heaven if the earth even now offers such as these?

In mind, he beholds all those above who have gone before, and he envies them their happiness.

Alas! but are they all safely there? Will he himself not have the stain of some former sin to wipe out before he be allowed to enter the mansion where Saint Bernard awaits his coming? A great sacrifice might rescue all, rescue himself and those whom he loves, and whom God, in His justice, still holds away from Him.

In a twinkling his resolve is taken.

"Here we are at our journey's end," said his companion, rousing him.

In fact, the ringing of the gong warned the station master that in a few seconds more the train would arrive at the little red brick station, out of which the busy porters were already hurrying.

"Friar Andrew, here comes the train!"

And the ponderous engine under a full head of steam came thundering along the track. It drew up suddenly with much creaking and straining of the brakes—a piercing shriek from the panting monster—a jarring and recoil of the last cars, as they came to a stop, and the din ceased amid a whirlwind of dust, following closely on a whirlwind of stifling smoke.

The good Brother craned his neck to take in all the admiration and wonder of the old monk. But Friar Andrew had turned his face to the wall, and was holding tightly clasped in his hand a little crucifix that had been given him when he took his first vows.

"For the souls of my parents, friends and relatives departed and for myself—accept, my God, from your old worthless servant this last sacrifice."

And while his companion watched him, the grateful tears welling up into his eyes like those shed at some deep and blissful emotion, he overheard him repeat again:

"For you, my God, for mine, for myself, I offer this sacrifice of dying without having seen the steam cars."

And as the noise of the departing train died away in the distance, he blithely clambered into the cart and seated himself between Father Abbot and the driver.

An hour later and the great portals of the old abbey had closed behind him for ever.

THE LEAGUE IN TORONTO.

The Golden Jubilee of the League of the Sacred Heart will begin with the year 1894, but the closing weeks of the year just ending will be ever memorable in the League annals of St. Michael's, Toronto. A friendly and zealous rivalry has been going on for some time between

the Men's League and the Women's League of the Cathedral parish. In such a pious contest it would be only natural to expect that the devout sex would be victorious. But though the ladies deserve all praise, the men of the League are in no wise daunted.

Sunday, the 10th, was the day of glory and joy for the Women's League. "Clothed in beauty and surrounded with vanity," the ladies assembled at Vesper service in the Cathedral, to see their Promoters receive from His Grace the Archbishop their official diplomas and crosses of honor and office. There was a splendid attendance. His Grace preached one of his luminous, soul-stirring sermons on Christ the Regenerator, with special and appropriate reference to the League of the Sacred Heart. Always learned and eloquent in his exposition of doctrine, His Grace is especially powerful and impressive when he treats of devotion to the Sacred Heart. His beautiful pastoral on that great devotion is one of the very best treatises on the subject, and the remarkable success of the League in St. Michael's parish is mainly due, under God's blessing, to the eloquent exhortations and zealous work of our great and good Archbishop. It must have been a joy to the heart of His Grace to see twenty-five new Promoters of the Ladies' League come to him that Sunday, coming to receive their well-earned rewards for the work they had done for the Heart of Jesus. These twenty-five Promoters represented about 400 members. When the diplomas and crosses had been conferred, Vicar-General McCann, the zealous and active Director of the Ladies' League and Altar Society, read the solemn Act of Consecration, and the impressive ceremony closed with Benediction.

Sunday, the 17th, was the day for the quarterly Communion of the Men's League; and, inspired by the example of the women, they made a very good showing

indeed, and were warmly complimented by Father Ryan.

A special feature of this meeting was the Cadet contingent to the Men's League. Father Ryan had been for some time devoting special attention to the working boys, and he thought the best means of keeping them to their religious duties was to have them in the League. After giving the boys a little mission, he formed a cadet society, provided them with neat, ornamental badges, and had them join the men at Communion on Sunday. The little fellows turned out well, and promise to be a most interesting and important addition to the League.

With such results in the past, and such zeal in the present, much may be hoped in the future from the League in St. Michael's parish.—*Catholic Register.*

UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY,
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 19.

(*Translation.*)

FATHER BESSOU TO MADAME AULNEAU.

Continued.

(Address:—A Madame—Madame La Touche Aulneau, Veuve—Aux Moutiers sur Le Lay—en Bas Poitou par Luçon).

LA ROCHELLE, Feb. 18, 1736.

Madame,

I received yesterday evening, at half past eight, the letter you did me the honor to write to me. The one who handed it to me told me that he had it already for some time, but that he had forgotten to deliver it. His

thoughtlessness was very near depriving me of the pleasure of receiving it, for had the winds been as favorable as they were last Sunday, we should have sailed Monday morning at five. I congratulate myself that through the postponement of our departure I am now in possession of your missive. Had it been otherwise, you would have accused me of negligence in answering, and with reason, though I should not have been in the wrong, as no letter had reached me.

I feel grateful to dear Father Aulneau for having thought of me and having mentioned me in his letter to you; but I am still more grateful for the letter you took the trouble to write, to wish me a prosperous voyage.

I should have liked very much to have started for Canada. I had asked for this mission in a particular way from Father General; I had explained to him that I felt better able to stand the cold there than a hot climate; he had promised me in the answer he wrote that he would bear in mind my preference, but he has disposed of me otherwise, the urgent needs of the Cayenne mission having caused him to modify his first resolve. God's will must be accepted; but I confess, all the same, that I was not a little surprised at the change. I had but a confused idea of the nature of the Cayenne mission, for I imagined that the climate was excessively hot, and for that reason quite incompatible with my temperament, and in acquiescing I offered the sacrifice of my life to our Lord. It is to be hoped that He accepted it as a grateful offering. Since my departure from Poitiers, I have heard from persons who have sojourned in the country that the heat there is not so intense as one might naturally conjecture, from the fact that it lies so near the Equator. This advantage, however, can in no wise compensate for the pleasure I should have experienced in seeing once more our dear Father Aulneau, for I had

promised to join him, as he very likely told you before his departure from France. He was well aware of my leaning to the foreign missions. From the time that we lived together at LaRoche, friendship had united us; Providence now separates us. The great distance which is to separate us will not lessen it, at least I so flatter myself. I had not the virtue necessary for a mission where there is as much to suffer as there is in the field of his labors. I might have proved an impediment to the good he is to accomplish in that barbarous region. I trust that the fruits garnered will be abundant: his ardent zeal, his eminent virtue and his love of suffering make me count on it.

You should congratulate yourself on having a son worthy of you, who will be the first to announce the mystery of the cross to nations who have never heard of it. The character of the tribes for whose conversion he is to labor leads us to believe that his efforts will not be in vain. They are less barbarous than the other Indians of Canada. They will consequently be more inclined to turn to profit the useful lessons he will impart them of a God dying for their salvation. These Ouantchipouanes have herds of cattle and horses to cultivate the land, which shows that they are not such wanderers as the other natives.

The Indians amongst whom I am to labor are not less erratic than those of Canada. Hunting and fishing are their only occupations. They always carry a knife in their hand as a Frenchman would carry a cane. They are mild of disposition provided you do them no wrong, or at least provided they fancy you intend none; but to convert them permanently they must be brought to adopt more sedentary habits. Their wanderings will be a great drawback to their instruction.

My Mission will not be on the islands but on the main land, somewhere in the vicinity of the Amazon River, a

thousand leagues or thereabouts from Canada. If God preserves my life and health, I do not despair some day of seeing Father Aulneau. We cannot tell what may happen. Some of our Fathers who are in Cayenne came there from Canada, and perhaps there will be some who will leave Cayenne for Canada. If I never again have the happiness in this world of embracing my dear friend, I hope to meet him in heaven. Opportunities for sanctifying myself will not be wanting: I have but to profit by them. I shall not have as much to suffer from cold, it is true, but I shall have to bear with other discomforts which will be equivalent to it. Beg God that I may know how to use them with advantage, and that I become a fitting instrument to work for my own salvation and that of others.

Since you look upon missionaries as your fathers, brothers and sons, deign to number me among the latter. If to deserve this privilege it be sufficient to cherish a true attachment for yourself and the rest of your family, I think my title is as valid as that of any other. I had the honor of two or three interviews with you at Luçon; I met your daughter at Fontenay, and have heard our Fathers speak of her in eulogistic terms: I was intimately acquainted with your three sons, and appreciate their many good qualities, and it would be impossible for me not to hold them in high esteem and to bear for them a sincere attachment. Though I have not seen Michael since he was my pupil, I have heard that he remains always steadfast in the performance of his duty, and that he gives you every reason to be satisfied with him by faithfully seconding the care you take in the matter of his education. When you write to him, pray assure him of the kind remembrance of him I still entertain. I fully appreciate the trouble he took to come to Luçon in hopes of seeing me. It would have been an

unfeigned pleasure for me to have met him ; I indeed counted on going there, but obedience called me elsewhere.

Do not forget me when you write to Canada. I should have written myself to Father Aulneau, but that I feared my letter would miscarry. I may even do so yet if our voyage is postponed for any considerable time. Though we are waiting only for favorable winds, the weather does not seem disposed to smile upon us.

I shall not fail to write you not only after my arrival in Cayenne but every year and oftener, if I find a means of sending my letters. You will confer on me a great favor and a great honor by sending me news of yourself and family. I recommend myself to your prayers, and be persuaded I shall not forget you in mine.

I have the honor to be with all possible esteem and respect, Madam,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

BESSOU, Jesuit.

THANKSGIVINGS

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

ALEXANDRIA.—By an Associate, the grace of conversion to the faith. A Promoter, a special favor. A Promoter, a temporal favor. An Associate, special favor. A Promoter, a spiritual favor. A Promoter, a great spiritual favor after two years prayers. An Associate, a temporal favor after a novena made in honor of the Canadian Martyrs. An Associate, two great spiritual favors. An Associate, the recovery of a child from illness. An Associate, a temporal favor received in September. Three other Associates, temporal favors,—one a recovery from sickness after special prayers to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

AMHERSTBURG.—For a cure, after applying the badge, and invoking the Blessed Virgin and St. Ann. For a temporal favor obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

ANTIGONISH, N.S.—For a successful operation.

ARNPRIOR, Ont.—For a great favor obtained in the month of November through prayers to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

BARRIE.—For a very great favor received.

BATHURST, N.B.—For the recovery of a child from a serious illness. For a temporal favor received through the intercession of St. Joseph. For temporal favors received. A child of Mary, for three temporal favors obtained.

BELLEVILLE.—For recovery from a serious illness after special petitions to the Sacred Heart.

BRECHIN, Ont.—For the enjoyment of better health after being enrolled in the League. For two temporal favors received.

BRIGHTON, Ont.—For restoration to health after a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart.

BURLINGTON, Vt.—For an increase of attendance at school. For preservation from an epidemic. For many graces received.

BUCKINGHAM.—For being relieved of an indisposition after applying the badge. For several graces obtained.

CAMPBELLFORD.—For a favor received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.

CHATHAM, Ont.—For a great favor received.

CHATHAM, Ont.—For a temporal favor received. For a grace vouchsafed.

CORNWALL.—For the reformation of a young man, and the grace of a happy death obtained by him through the wearing of the Sacred Heart badge. For the cure of a child suffering for over two years, through three novenas

to St. Joseph, St. Benedict, and the Canadian Martyrs. For a special favor received. For a conversion obtained. For two temporal favors. For three favors obtained. For five special favors obtained during the past year. For the overcoming of an evil habit. For the recovery of one sick from erysipelas in the head through the application of the badge. For a favor received in sickness.

DUNDAS.—For the recovery of a dear cousin from a most malignant fever.

FLOS.—For the cure of a severe sickness, after having a mass offered up, and making a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart.

FREELTON.—For two temporal favors granted. For a very special favor obtained. For a signal favor granted after a novena.

GEORGETOWN, Ont.—For a great temporal favor received. For good health restored to a relative.

GLENNEVIS, Ont.—For a great favor. For four special favors. For a conversion after a novena. For the cure of a daughter after a novena in honor of the Precious Blood and St. Ann. For a husband cured of intemperance. For a dying man restored to consciousness through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and by the Sacred Heart. For a husband cured of rheumatism. For the return of a dear friend to his duty. For a priest restored to health. For a young man's escape from death; neglectful for years, he received the last rites of the Church and was restored to health. For a daughter and son restored to health. For the instantaneous cure of a son's throat through the intercession of St. Joseph. For several favors obtained. For a friend very much relieved through a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin, after an illness of three years.

GUELPH, Ont.—For three temporal favors received through special prayers to the Sacred Heart.

HALIFAX, N. S.—For a temporal favor received. For two very great temporal favors received after making a novena. For recovery of health through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. For the conversion of a brother addicted to drink, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph. For recovery from a very severe illness. For a special temporal favor granted.

HAMILTON.—For a favor received through the intercession of St. Anthony.

HAMILTON.—For the recovery of a person who was very ill. For the finding of a sum of money through the intercession of St. Anthony. For the recovery of a brother. A Promoter, for the bestowal of a temporal favor. For spiritual and corporal favors, and for a special favor. For a temporal favor granted after special prayers.

INGERSOLL.—For two temporal favors received through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs. For many favors obtained through the prayers of the League and the intercession of the Suffering Souls.

KINGSTON.—For the conversion of a friend. For a temporal and spiritual favor obtained by a family. For the conversion of a dying man, who consented to see a priest after refusing to approach the Sacraments for years; this favor was asked through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, St. Barbara, and St. Stanislaus Kostka.

LINDSAY.—For a favor obtained in the month of November, through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory.

LONG-POINT —For two favors received after a novena.

MARYSVILLE.—For a great favor granted.

MATTEWA, Ont.—For a favor obtained after wearing the badge of the Sacred Heart.

MONCTON, N. B.—For two favors obtained from the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; also thanks to St. Ann for two temporal favors.

MONTREAL.—Two persons for past favors granted. For the recovery of a mother from a serious illness. For a very great special favor. For two temporal favors received. For two favors received. For a good situation obtained. For two spiritual and two temporal favors obtained. For a special grace obtained during the month of December. For a situation obtained for a friend who was in want. For a special favor granted after a triduum in honor of the Sacred Heart and a communion. For a temporal and spiritual favor granted. For a temporal favor. For the satisfactory settlement of business affairs which had occasioned great anxiety for months, after recommending the matter to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through our Lady of Lieve in the church of the Gesù. For many other favors obtained.

OAKVILLE, Ont.—For a very great favor received through the bounty of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and through the intercession of St. Joseph, and the Souls in Purgatory. For three temporal favors received. For a temporal favor received through the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, St. Joseph, and the Canadian Martyrs. For a temporal favor received. For several temporal favors received, one through the intercession of St. Anthony. For many other favors graciously granted.

ORILLIA.—For two temporal favors received by two different persons.

OTTAWA.—For a favor received. For two temporal favors received. For a temporal favor obtained after making a novena to the Sacred Heart. For the happy issue of a law-suit through the intercession of St. Joseph and the Canadian Martyrs. For a great temporal favor received after making a novena.

OWEN SOUND.—For a favor obtained.

PETERBOROUGH.—An Associate, for a cure granted through St. Ann. An Associate, for a cure obtained through the Canadian Martyrs. A Promoter, for a temporal favor gained through the Canadian Martyrs. For temporal favors received by a Promoter. A Promoter, for three special favors. A Member, for a cure obtained by the wearing of the Sacred Heart Badge.

PICTON, Ont.—For the recovery of a young person from a disease from which she suffered for years.

PERTH.—For a great temporal favor granted through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and good St. Ann.

PETERBOROUGH.—For success in passing a recent examination. For many other favors received.

QUEBEC.—For two favors obtained some time since through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs; also, for the recovery of a sister from pleurisy. For the recovery of a person after four slight hemorrhages; the last two favors were obtained through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs and Blessed Brother Gerard Majella. For a favor obtained through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs.

QUEBEC.—Four persons, for spiritual and temporal favors obtained. For employment obtained. For true peace of heart obtained through the intercession of Blessed Gerard Majella and St. Philip. For the cure of acute attacks of nervousness after applying the badge. For health restored to a sick brother; also for the recovery of money lost. For a good situation for a member of a family who was out of employment.

RENFREV.—For two temporal favors granted.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.—For a great temporal favor received according to petition, before a certain time.

SMITH'S FALLS.—For success in passing an examination through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and good St. Ann.

STONE POINT, Ont.—For the cure of a severe pain of long standing, through the intercession of St. Anne and novenas in honor of the Sacred Heart and St. Ann.

SWANTON, Vt.—For a child relieved of the croup, also for a temporal favor received.

ST. AGATHA —For a great temporal favor granted, the sale of summer produce of a farm.

ST. CATHARINES.—Three persons, for special favors granted during the month of November.

TORONTO.—For two spiritual favors and one temporal obtained.

ST. THOMAS.—For a spiritual and a special favor obtained.

TORONTO.—For recovery from a serious illness through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs and the application of their relics. For two favors received: one was the conversion of a careless brother; the other, the friendship of a family. For the recovery of a husband from a serious illness, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the application of the badge. For the return of a friend to the frequentation of the sacraments. For two temporal favors received. For a very signal temporal favor. For health restored to a member of a family and for a situation obtained for a daughter, through a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart. For a favor obtained through prayers offered.

TRENTON.—For a temporal favor after a novena. For a temporal favor received. For a temporal favor granted through the intercession of St. Joseph.

VERNON RIVER, P.E.I.—For a favor obtained.

VERNON RIVER, P.E.I.—For favors received by two persons

WARKWORTH.—For a temporal favor received through prayers to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory. For a cure effected through prayers to the

Blessed Virgin and the application of the blessed water from the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

WINNIPEG.—For five spiritual and temporal favors received during the month.

WOOLER, Ont.—For a temporal favor obtained after a promise to have a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For improvement in health. For two temporal favors obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Canadian Martyrs. For the favor granted of hearing from an absent son. For being restored to health through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs, also for a great and very special favor.

WYOMING, Mass.—For a favor granted.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors, both temporal and spiritual, have been received from Almonte, Berlin, Buckingham, Everton, Hamilton, Huntley, Memramcook, Midland, Montreal, New Hamburg, Ottawa, Penetanguishene, Picton, Pockshaw, Port Hood, Quebec, Swanton, Vt Toronto, Tyotown, Valcartier, Windsor and Woodslee.

INTENTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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

- 1.—Th.—*St. Ignatius, M.* h†, pt. All for Jesus. 55,134 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—F.—PURIFICATION B. V. M. at, gt, rt, st Spirit of sacrifice. 19,288 In affliction.
- 3.—S.—ESPousALS B. V. M. Faith. 17,542 Departed.
- 4.—S.—*St. Jane de Valois.* at, gt, rt. Patience in trials. 50,282 Special.
- 5.—M.—*St. Agatha, V. M.* Respect for the poor. 1,820 Communities.
- 6.—Tu.—*St. Titus, Bp. C.* Unselfishness. 17,434 First Communions.
- 7.—W.—ASH WEDNESDAY (*St. Romuald*). Sorrow for sin. The Associates of the League.
- 8.—Th.—*St. John of Matha.* h†. Pray for sinners. 19,991 Means.
- 9.—F.—HOLY CROWN OF THORNS. Pray for sufferers. 3,142 Clergy.
- 10.—S.—*St. Scholastica, V. M.* Simplicity. 48,405 Children.
- 11.—S.—*Bl. John of Britto, M.* Fortitude. 25,021 Families.
- 12.—M.—OUR LADY OF LOURDES. Love of Our Lady. 20,321 Perseverance.
- 13.—Tu.—*St. Catherine of Ricci.* Fly evil company. 16,004 Reconciliations.
- 14.—W.—*St. Ildefonsus, B. C.* Perseverance in Prayer. 26,591 Spiritual.
- 15.—Th.—26 *Holy Japanese Martyrs.* h†. Family prayers. 22,203 Temporal.
- 16.—F.—THE LANCE AND NAILS. Help the Poor. 66,148 Conversions to faith.
- 17.—S.—*St. Hilary, Bp. D.* Trust God's mercy. 35,553 Youth.
- 18.—S.—*St. Simeon, Bp. M.* Reparation. 1,608 Schools.
- 19.—M.—*St. Cyril of Alexandria.* Pray for the Pope. 24,482 Sick.
- 20.—Tu.—*St. Eucherius, Bp.* Charity for the poor. 89 Missions.
- 21.—W.—*St. Felix, Bp.* Forgetfulness of self. 907 Works.
- 22.—Th.—*St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.* h†. Pray for all Bishops. 1,731 Parishes.
- 23.—F.—THE HOLY SHROUD. Prepare for death. 148,824 Sinners.
- 24.—S.—*St. Matthias, Apost.* bf, mf. Fear worldliness. 21,193 Parents.
- 25.—S.—*St. Felix III, P.* A word for God. 6,317 Religious, Novices.
- 26.—M.—*St. Peter Damian, Bp. C.* Avoid scandal. 12,854 Vocations.
- 27.—Tu.—*St. Leander, Bp.* Pray for missions. 1,723 Superiors.
- 28.—W.—*St. Oswald, Bp.* Pray for converts. The Directors and Promoters.

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

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