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GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST.

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

The Church in the two Americas.

THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF
THE NEW WORLD.

IN his Brief of February 27, Leo XIII had remarked, that on all sides preparations were going on for the grand celebration in honor of the memory of the great man who had so well deserved of all Christendom and of the whole world in opening a new continent to the missionaries of the true God. It was indeed on October 12, 1492, that Christopher Columbus, after sailing from Palos, on August 3 of the same year, planted the Cross, the banner of Christ, on a prominence of the Island of San Salvador, that banner which later on was to shelter under its protecting folds the vast continent of the two Americas.

By this discovery of a New World, the fame of which will be handed down to the remotest of coming ages, Christopher Columbus, adds the Holy Father, united, as it were, the two portions into which the human race had been sundered from time immemorial ; and thus bestowed on both halves of humanity so extraordinary a boon, that among all the benefactors of mankind he has few peers, and not one who can justly claim superiority over him.

From the first moment when the news of this glorious centenary was heralded abroad to the world, two distinct phases in the conceptions of men, two modes of yearning and endeavor, wholly antagonistic to each other, were made manifest in Europe and America.

The Catholic world girded itself in preparation to honor becomingly the illustrious servant of God and of His Church. On the other hand, Free Masonry, so prolific of unprincipled evil-doers, at least on the European Continent, and so poor in heroes, would claim for itself the great Genoese navigator, as it had striven so long but so unsuccessfully to lay claim to St. Vincent of Paul, whom it ostentatiously hailed as the "great philanthropist."

The present is an attempt not less silly than offensive, for the whole life of Columbus is a reminder "that if he undertook such perilous voyages, if he encountered excessive hardships and inconceivable dangers, he did so to open out new highways to the propagation of the Gospel, to bring numerous nations to the knowledge of the true God, and to win them to Christ." (Brief of Leo XIII to a South American Society of Buenos Ayres.)

And God, during the lapse of these last four centuries, has bountifully blest the prophetic yearnings of His devoted servant. America, at that time wholly merged in the shadow of death, and peopled, for the most part with savage hordes who devoured each other, is peopled to-day with nigh on to a hundred millions of civiliz-

beings, and this number goes on swelling from day to day.

Among the various forms of worship which portion off these millions of human souls, the Catholic Church, Roman and Apostolic, stands out in bold relief. She holds by long odds and without dispute the foremost place; and this, even in the great Protestant Republic of the United States, which could boast, a hundred years ago, of but one Catholic bishop. That country alone now claims one cardinal, thirteen archbishops, seventy-six bishops, five vicars apostolic, one arch abbot, nine mitred abbots, six thousand seven hundred and twelve secular, and two thousand three hundred and fifty regular clergy, and finally, in round numbers, NINE MILLIONS of Catholics under one head, the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Within the boundaries of our own Dominion and Newfoundland we can count one cardinal, seven archbishops, twenty-five bishops, two prefects apostolic, one mitred abbot, one abbot, about two thousand four hundred and seventy-eight secular and regular clergy, and by the last census one million nine hundred and ninety thousand four hundred and sixty-five members of the Church.

In South America, we see, in the bosom of several of the Spanish republics, a consoling movement of revival in progress, which is impelling them mildly but irresistibly towards a thorough social renovation through the benign sway of the Heart of Jesus.

However, if in this fourth centenary magnificent hopes are to be entertained, serious forebodings for the future of the New World are not entirely dispelled. In the United States, side by side with the glorious conquests of Holy Church, religious indifference, begot of Protestantism and godless schools, makes daily sad havoc among the unwary. And South America, where we find the principles of the Revolution worked out to their logical

conclusion, is rent with periodical upheavals; while the people is too often the prey of Free Masons and other baneful sects, those relentless "rodents who," as the famous Bolivar energetically expresses it, "gnaw away at its vitals without pity and without remorse."

Let us therefore applaud to our heart's content, and emulate, if possible, those who, in America as in Europe, contribute to increase the splendor of the coming festivals. But above all, to render this centenary truly fruitful, according to the spirit and yearnings of the immortal Columbus, let us address to the Divine Heart of Jesus our fervent supplications and our sacrifices for the triumph in all its fulness of His Church on the continent of America.

Then shall we be able to hail from afar and with confidence that blessed dawn when the New World, with all its energy and immense resources, will become the finest jewel in the crown of Christ's mystic bride upon earth, our Mother Holy Church.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for Thy Holy Catholic Church in America, which vouchsafe to pacify, preserve, unite and govern. Amen.



OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS.

An unexpected cure effected by the application of their relics.

(Translation)

FORT WILLIAM, May 30, 1892.

REVEREND FATHER—, P.C.,

I thank you for the relics of our martyrs, Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, which you were so kind as to send me. The day after I received them, I gave one like ours to Mrs. M— of Port Arthur. I have not yet heard whether the prayers of that good lady have been granted, but I am glad to be able to inform you of the result brought about by the intercession of our holy martyrs in our behalf.

It is now a good many years that our Brother Timmons has been suffering from an ulcer on his leg, and it was becoming more and more troublesome. The good brother is not in the habit of complaining, it might ever be added with reason that he takes too little care of his health; but his leg refusing to do further service, we placed him under the care of Dr. Macdonell, with whom you are acquainted.

The confidence of physicians resembles, exteriorly at least, that of Abraham,—they hope against hope; and

though the Doctor had formerly expressed doubts as to the result, this time at least he encouraged the Brother. The latter, however, in three weeks' time experienced no amelioration. Last night I asked him how he was getting on. "It is worse," he answered; "the instep is beginning to swell." Upon examination I found that it was in fact the case. When I reached my room I began a letter to Dr. Macdonell, begging him to tell me candidly what he thought of the case, so that I might notify Reverend Father Superior, who no doubt would find for the brother some occupation which would require less moving about than the one he was engaged in here, unless perchance the poor old man were to be condemned to absolute repose. Having written my letter, I returned to the Brother with the relics of Jean de Brebeuf.

This morning I was hurrying off to carry the letter myself to the post office, when the Brother met me, and, with joy beaming on his face, told me that he felt completely cured. He has been working to-day as if he had never suffered the least indisposition. Thank our blessed martyrs for this favor. Please advise Reverend Father of this providential change.

In union with your prayers and Holy Sacrifices,

Rae. Vae. inf. in Xo. servus,

A. BAUDIN, S.J.

In answer to a request for further particulars, the following letter was received:—

(Translation.)

FORT WILLIAM, June 9, 1892.

REVEREND FATHER—, P.C.,

I am happy to be able to give you immediately some information relative to the really marvellous cure of good Brother Timmons.

The swelling and ulcer, or rather the ulcers, have disappeared. The Brother has just shown me his leg. Previously, and that immediately before the application of the relic, the sores—for they were numerous—were gaping wounds, and were in constant suppuration; they are at present healed, the incrustations alone remain. There is no longer the slightest indication of pain, but as the skin is newly formed it is a little sensitive to the touch. The Brother continues his work, which he resumed the very day of his cure, without experiencing the least inconvenience.

Last Thursday I saw the doctor, and without breathing a word of the Brother's cure, I asked him to tell me frankly what he thought of the condition of his leg. "The brother," he said, "is a worn-out man, fit to be placed on the retired list. His ailment," the doctor added, "proceeds from general debility. For that," he said, "there is no cure."

My precaution in concealing from him the Brother's recovery was owing to the fact that the Brother is hard on himself and unsparing, and he might have fancied he was cured, when perhaps it might have been only a transient improvement in his condition. The swelling, moreover, had not quite subsided the few first days, but to-day, as I verify with my own eyes, there is not a trace of it left.

We are actually so hurried with our seeding that I could not think of sending the Brother to Port Arthur. If later on it should still be deemed necessary, I can have his cure attested by the doctor who was attending him.

In union with your prayers and Holy Sacrifices,

Rae. Vae. inf. in Xo. servus,

A. BAUDIN, S.J.

The foregoing correspondence speaks for itself. Relics of Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant may be had by applying to the Sacred Heart offices, The Gesu, Bleury street, Montreal. Send stamps to defray postage.



A TRYST IN THE SACRED HEART.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

I.

THE pallid sun of early November was shining its brightest on the gray walls and vine-wreathed windows of a southern convent some years ago in the tender radiance of the fair Indian summer. The girls of the school were in the full enjoyment of holiday leisure, for it was Reverend Mother's feast, and everything that loving kindness could dictate was done by the dear Sisters of the community to make it a bright and happy day for their pupils.

Yet the light-hearted gaiety of the hour was not without a cloud to dim its brightness. That very day,—nay, in a little while, the best loved of all the graduating class, Helena Weston, was to leave the abode of four happy years for her far-off home away north in the old Granite State. And the cause of her going made it all the sadder. Early that morning had come a telegram announcing that her father had been suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and lay, it was feared, at the point of death.

At this sad news all her girlish ambition to win the honors of the school, all her eager desire to attain proficiency in the several branches of study, all her bright hopes of success,—all vanished like the morning dew.

The one thought of her father's danger, the one fear that he might die without her seeing him, hearing his dying words, or receiving his last blessing, took entire possession of her loving heart. To get away—even from that peaceful convent-home, so justly dear,—to find herself on the way to that still dearer home where her beloved father might even then be passing away; where her mother and sister and brother were counting the hours till she should join the anxious group of watchers around the bed whereon the head of the family lay, perhaps unconscious, or, it might be, asking faintly for her, the absent one;—that was all she thought of.

Her few preparations were quickly made by the Sisters, and after a hasty meal—at which poor Helena could only be persuaded to take a biscuit and a cup of tea,—the little convent rockaway was brought round, and while her trunk was being carried out and her other little “belongings” disposed of in the carriage, the last farewells were exchanged with her fellow-pupils and then with her beloved teachers where they stood, a dark-robed, sympathetic group, on the broad verandah in front of the convent.

Helena was already descending the steps when the Mother Superior detained her a moment while she said: “Helena, my poor child, a word before you go! A thought has just come to me. It is a long and perilous journey you have before you. You are going all alone, without any earthly protector. Now, I want to place you specially under the loving care of the Sacred Heart, and this I do most earnestly and confidently. This evening, just before the Angelus, we here will say the Rosary of the Sacred Heart for your intention, and you will join us in it. Remember—before the Angelus!”

In a voice choked with tears Helena promised. She entered the carriage and was driven rapidly towards the

Railway station some two miles away. Many a loving prayer went up for her at that sad moment from those she left behind—for how long, no one knew.

II.

Meanwhile, the hours passed slowly and sadly in the northern home of Helena. The last sacraments had been administered to the father and husband of the Weston family, a man who but two days before was in the flower of his years, a successful merchant who had done well for his family, and a fervent convert from some one of the many sects to the Catholic faith. He was still conscious and fully resigned to die, but yearning for the sight of his eldest and best-beloved daughter before he closed his eyes in death. His voice, but late so full and sonorous, was already growing faint and feeble, and it was only by leaning over him and listening intently that his sorrow-stricken wife could catch his words :

“I am willing to die,” he murmured, “if God so pleases—I have tried to serve Him—I leave you all to His holy keeping—but I want to see—Helena—I want to hear her voice.”

“She is on her way now, Richard!—she left in the 10 o'clock train and it is now 2 o'clock. We may look for her about 7.”

The sick man heaved a weary sigh—“So long,” he said, “so long—my God! let her come in time! Oh! if she were—too late!”

Oh! how earnestly the watchers looked and prayed for the absent one's speedy return! Many an anxious glance was cast at the clock on the mantel-shelf and thence to the pallid face among the white pillows on the bed. He was holding out wonderfully, everyone said. God was dealing tenderly with him in giving him so many hours of life contrary to all expectation. But as the time

Helena's arrival drew near, his anxiety seemed to increase and his failing eyes were ever and anon turned to the time-piece.

At last the hand on the dial reached 7, and yet Helena came not.

"There—it is 7 o'clock—and she is not here. Must I go without seeing her?"

"Be patient, Richard, be patient!" whispered his wife. "You know it takes ten minutes to get here from the station."

But ten minutes passed—twenty—and still she came not. Then young Weston stepped softly to the door whence some one without had beckoned to him. Before he could close the door after him, his sister followed him and heard him say to their own coachman who stood there with a scared look on his white face—"What did you say, Peter?—an accident to the Baltimore Express. Many people killed? My God! did you say that?"

"I did, Master William!—the Lord help us all this day!—I did say just that!" Miss Weston clung to her brother in speechless terror.

"You went to the train to meet my sister?"

"I did, sir, and waited till after 7, but there was no train there, only crowds of people waiting, everyone wondering at the delay. Then news came in all of a sudden that the bridge at N— was open and no lights up and—and—"

"And what—can't you go on?" cried the young man, excitedly.

"And then—the cars went right down in the middle of the river."

"Is the carriage at the door?"

"It is, sir, it is!"

"Well! I'll go at once to the *depot* and see what can be done. Not a word now, Carrie, not a word! and

mind!—no screaming or crying if you would not kill father instantly. Say nothing to mother—if—if the worst has happened, she will know it too soon. Go in now, and try to look as if nothing were wrong. If mother asks why I came out, say I went to meet Helena. That's all!"

"Oh! William, is there any hope?—do you think there is?" and the poor girl grasped her brother's arm and looked up into his face with a look that wrung his heart.

"How can I tell, Carrie?—You have heard what Peter said. We can say that God is good, and pray that—that we may still have a sister! Go in now to poor mother." And he hurried away after the faithful Irish servant who had already gone back to his horses.

Within the room there was solemn silence. The shadow of the death-angel's wing seemed already falling over the sick bed and its scarcely breathing occupant. Even the cue last lingering trouble, the one last feverish desire, had wellnigh disappeared at the near approach of death. The mother raised her head as her daughter entered and cast a look of eager inquiry on her face; startled by what she saw there she could hardly repress the cry of terror that rose to her blanched lips. But knowing well what the consequence of any sudden alarm might be, she mastered her emotion, bent her head again over her husband's face, and said within herself: "Thy will, not ours, be done!" Her hope now was that *he* might die without knowing.

III.

Two hours later, while the desolate mother and daughter were prostrate in silent prayer beside the bed whereon lay the motionless form of him who seemed already dead to all the world, steps were heard on the stairs, the door

was gently opened, and young Weston entered. He glanced at the bed, then inquiringly at his mother, who shook her head sorrowfully.

"O mother, is he gone?" broke from the young man's lips in a half-stifled cry. At the sound, the father opened his languid eyes and looked up at his son. His lips moved, and he spoke more audibly than before.

"Is she dead?"—he faintly articulated—"I know—what—happened?"

"No, father, not dead—but safe and well!" cried Helena herself, who, left by her brother at the door, could bear it no longer. In her delight at finding her father still alive and hearing his dear voice again, she forgot the possible danger to him of the sudden shock, and rushing in she threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and seizing the cold, clammy hand her father tried to hold out, she bedewed it with her tears. The others waited in silence, fearing the worst result from Helena's indiscretion. It was very different from what they sadly expected. Mr. Weston's eyes grew brighter and his voice stronger, while words of joy and gratitude came from his lips, so lately colorless. "Thank God! oh! thank God!"

Just then the priest entered the room. Having so lately prepared Mr. Weston for death, his first glance was at him, whom he expected to find dead,—then his eye fell on Helena, and he exclaimed—

"How is this?—Mr. Weston still alive and better, I see, than when I left him; and you here, Helena! I heard of the terrible accident to the Baltimore Express, and knowing that you were coming by this train, I feared the worst, and—in fact, I came here expressly to break the news to some of the family and keep it from your father, in case he still lived."

"Accident!—what accident? I thought something—had happened!"

It was Mr. Weston who spoke, and the others shrank from telling him—all but Father Casey, who said cheerily :

“ You may tell him, Helena!—joy will not kill him—I verily believe it has brought him back to life. But let your father rest a little while—he will be all the better for it, and when you have had your tea come in again and tell us all. Go to tea, all of you, and I will stay with Mr. Weston till your return. I have some of my office to say yet, and he will keep quiet and try to sleep while I say it. No, thank you, Mrs. Weston,” in answer to a whispered request from that lady to go and have tea with the family; she would remain with her husband,—“ No, thank you, I have had tea hours ago. Do not mind me! I will wait, for I want to hear about the accident and how Helena escaped unhurt.”

IV.

In the silence of the sick-room Mr. Weston slept a refreshing sleep while Father Casey read his breviary, the light of the lamp carefully shaded from the patient's eye .

A very little while and the small family were again assembled round Mr. Weston's bed. All were eager to hear what Helena had to tell, and when she said to Father Casey in a hesitating voice—“ Do you think it will do father any harm to hear it?” the patient smiled as he looked at his daughter, saying in a whisper—“ Good, not harm, my child.” The priest nodded encouragingly, and Helena began her account. She told of her departure from the convent in the early afternoon, of what the Mother Superior had said to her the last thing, and how her fear of the long railroad journey all alone and its possible dangers all disappeared from her mind, and she began to look forward hopefully to reaching home in time to see her father alive and perhaps not so low after all.

The dear Sisters had provided her with a book, in case she felt inclined to read, and in her more hopeful state of mind she gladly beguiled the tedium of the way by reading. It was Miss Starr's beautiful volume "Patron Saints," and she soon became so deeply interested in its pages that the hours passed almost unnoticed. The short November day passed—night fell, and the lamps were lit in the Pullman car; laying down her book, Helena began to think of her sick father and all the dear ones at home whom she was so soon to see. Then her thoughts went back to the scarcely less dear ones she had left behind, and the parting words of Mother Augusta stood out in strong relief from all the rest: "We will say the Rosary of the Sacred Heart for you just before the Angelus—and you will join us in it."

She looked at her watch, and started to find that it wanted but twenty minutes of the time. Instantly taking out her beads she crossed herself with them, to the evident amusement of the few other passengers in the drawing-room car who were chatting away merrily at the other end. Helena, little heeding their derisive remarks or amused glances, began low to herself the beautiful prayer of St. Ignatius, usually prefixed to the Rosary of the Sacred Heart—"O good Jesus, hear me; within Thy wounds, hide me!" She had reached the last invocations of the Rosary—"Sacred Heart of Jesus! have mercy on us!—Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us!" when a tremendous crash was heard; it seemed, as Helena described it, as though heaven and earth were coming together—a sound of crashing timbers,—the roof above was rent asunder as were both sides to the car, and in the twinkling of an eye that half in which the merry party of travellers were seated disappeared from Helena's horror-stricken gaze, while their despairing cries made her heart stand still. Wonderful to relate, the portion of

the car in which Helena sat remained firm on the edge of the yawning chasm where the black river rolled far below.*

On the instant, and while Helena, stunned and bewildered, could scarcely articulate a prayer, and unable to realize what had happened, the Angelus rang out from the tower of a neighboring church. The Sacred Heart whose tryst she had kept with her far off teachers had saved her from a fearful death where so many others had perished!

Helena could tell nothing more, and never knew how she found herself in her father's carriage supported by the strong arm of her delighted brother who had just reached the scene of the disaster.

But the Sacred Heart had done more than save Helena. From that happy hour Mr. Weston began to recover, and was soon restored to his former health and strength.

Next day a telegram from the Maryland convent asked—“Was Helena saved?”

“Saved by a miracle,” was the reply—“*just before the Angelus!*”

* This incident is literally true. Many still living will remember reading the account in the journals of the time. Indeed, the major part of the story is all true, including the spiritual tryst mentioned.



MESSENGER ITEMS.

A little girl writes us from Ga't as follows : " Will you please be so kind as to put in our dear little MESSENGER these few verses in honor of our dear Lord's Precious Blood. It took me so long to compose them that I fear I am too late ; but, kind Father, if I am too late this time, put them in the next MESSENGER. They will not take up much room. You will favor a little girl if you do this, and I will pray for you."

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

O the Blood of Christ !
It soothes the Father's ire,
Opes the gate of heaven,
Quells eternal fire.

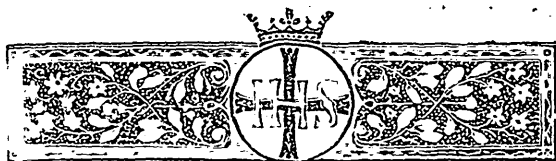
Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with terror trembles,
Heaven is filled with joy.

Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood :
Louder still and louder
Praise the Precious Blood.

We have certainly a weakness for prayers in our behalf from little children ; but our little "B" of Galt should know that it is a rule with the MESSENGER never to take notice of anonymous communications. The real name and address should always accompany the *nom de plume*. If we have made an exception on this occasion, it is that we may take advantage of it to remind all that in future we intend to adhere strictly to this wise regulation. We can hazard no conjecture as to the age of little "B," but there is a maturity in the choice of words in her simple little ode which augurs well for the future. May the Blood of our dear Lord be to her a flood of grace ; though, as she surmised, her verses reached the MESSENGER too late for the Month of the Precious Blood.

On this occasion, also, we would beg contributors to remember that no purely literary production, be its merit ever so much superior to what generally appears in our pages, can find place in the MESSENGER. Nor is piety of sentiment alone the only qualification required. Simplicity of thought without triteness, correctness of expression, and, when there is question of poetry, strict adherence to the rules of prosody, and finally a probability of the theme being acceptable to the general run of readers, are so many conditions, the absence of which is quite sufficient to determine us to do violence to our good nature, at the risk no doubt sometimes of wounding the feelings of the writer. It would be for us a cause of deep regret to learn that our declining to publish what may have cost the contributor much time and trouble has had the effect of estranging from the cause one single friend or well-wisher. We do not profess to be infallible, but we reserve to ourselves the privilege of determining, even at the risk of being mistaken, what may or may not be suitable for the MESSENGER.



A FAMOUS CANADIAN SHRINE.

MORE than two centuries ago, in the year 1671, Mother Mary of the Incarnation wrote to her son, that many wonders were being wrought in a church, seven leagues distant from Quebec, at Petit-Cap.

We of to-day can bear the same testimony, only the little chapel of 1671 is now a mighty Basilica, and a no less mighty throng of human beings come year after year, from the great centres of life upon this continent, to pray there at the feet of St. Anne.

Tradition asserts that a few Breton sailors, in fulfillment of a vow made when threatened with shipwreck, raised upon the shore, so justly called Beaupré, a little wooden temple to the mother of our Blessed Lady. The date of this event is not preserved, but it is supposed to have been but a few years previous to the erection of the second church in 1660. Land was given upon that occasion for the purpose, by the generosity of a then prominent citizen of Petit-Cap, a certain M. Etienne Lesard, as it was again given for the same pious purpose, two centuries later, by one of his descendants.

It is unnecessary here to follow the history of this structure, which was improved, enlarged, rebuilt, and finally attained the magnificent proportions now so universally admired.

In October, 1876, the shrine was solemnly blessed, and the Archbishop of Quebec, accompanied by a large assemblage of clergy and laity and the whole population of

Petit-Çap, went in procession to the ancient chapel, bearing there the relics. The church-wardens carried a pyramid, upon which were displayed the golden hearts offered by the Bishops of the Province of Quebec. The elders of the parish bore the celebrated altar-piece, the picture of St. Anne, to which reference will presently be made. Old and young vied with each other for the honor of carrying a crutch, or a staff, or any one of the numerous ex-votos which from time immemorial had accumulated at the shrine of the good Saint as silent witnesses of prayers answered and of faith rewarded.

The church was erected into a Basilica by our late Holy Father, Pius IX, and a crown of gold was placed upon the statue for the present Pontiff, Leo XIII,—the crown placed as it were upon all those years grown into centuries, during which St. Anne had hearkened to the people's prayers;—all those years since Mgr. de Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec, approved the miracles already in his day become so numerous, and declared that devotion to St. Anne aided him so powerfully in his pastoral duties;—all those years since the bark canoes of the Indians were gathered upon the shore, where now the steamers land. For we read that the various tribes evinced a remarkable love for the great Saint, and were known to proceed upon their knees from the landing place to the church.

The Basilica has become so familiar as to require but little description. Of massive gray stone dug from the quarries of St. Alban de Portneuf, it is one hundred and fifty-two feet in length to sixty-four in breadth. It is surmounted by a steeple, which dominates the landscape for many a mile. The interior of the edifice is strikingly beautiful. Its rich and variegated coloring is softened by the light of many painted windows; it has numerous and ornate altars; and, above all, it has

a majestic statue of St. Anne, standing almost in the centre of the principal nave. A strange and impressive character is given to this interior by the pyramids of crutches, by the spectacles, the staffs, symbols of human infirmity, here made whole, as well as by hearts of gold or silver, jewellery and other offerings, which each tells its own tale of gratitude. Around this statue of St. Anne are often to be seen still more impressive figures: the dumb and the blind and the lame and the paralytic, with hands of supplication raised upwards, praying with an unspeakable fervor, and frequently laying a life-long burden down forever at the feet of their gracious intercessor. Many scenes are here witnessed which recall the Apostolic days of Holy Church, when Christ himself made the dumb to speak, and the blind to see, and the deaf to hear, and transmitted such power to the Apostles that the very shadow of St. Peter effected cures. As he by the beautiful gate, so St. Anne in this beautiful church on the banks of the beautiful river, broadest and fairest here, shows forth once more how wonderful is God in His saints, and links once more heaven and earth, in a striking and palpable manner. Even the sceptic disconcerted seeks to find some reason for the wonders he beholds, and talks incoherently of faith-cures and of impressionable nerves. But calmly the work of God goes on; and through His great servant, St. Anne, He confounds this false wisdom of these sophists by the cure of infants in arms, who know nothing of nerves nor of faith-cures. They are made whole before even their tiny voices can swell the mighty canticle of thanksgiving which goes up from the Beaupré shore, in which join with one voice the young and the old, the lettered and the unlettered, who have been recipients of the favors of St. Anne.

Every year numberless pilgrimages hasten to the

shrine, and at almost all of them miracles are wrought. Within the past month of July a large Irish pilgrimage went down from St. Patrick's, Montreal, under the direction of the Rev. James Callaghan, P.S.S., of that Church, assisted in the musical part of the ceremonies by Rev. I. J. Callaghan. Father Doyle, the eloquent Paulist from New York, so favorably remembered by the people of Montreal since the great Mission given at St. Patrick's during the Lenten season past, accompanied the pilgrimage, which was, in all respects, a wonderful success.

During its progress, a number of remarkable cures were effected, of which it will doubtless interest our readers to give a brief account. A Mr. Milloy from Ardee in Ireland, and later of Downeyville, Ont., accompanied the pilgrimage. He was in a most infirm condition, being actually bent in two, suffering from an incurable mania; he was unable to walk without the help of two canes and the further assistance of his son. During the Mass at St. Anne de Beaupré, after the Elevation, he threw up his hands in the air, and the canes dropped from them; he was able to walk unsupported to the boat, and has ever since given evidence of a complete recovery.

A dressmaker from Montreal was suffering from a nervous affection which deprived her of the use of her right arm, and which the highest medical authority declared to be incurable. But her visit to the shrine resulted in a cure which enabled her to begin work vigorously upon her return to Montreal.

A boy who had been much disfigured by a defect in both eyes had his eyes most wonderfully straightened, and the squint entirely removed. One young girl was cured of long-standing deafness, another of cerebral catarrh, a third of a painful rheumatic affection which had crippled her left hand, and a fourth of defective sight. The latter had worn glasses for a period of fifteen

years. But the spectacles remained at St. Anne's, a witness of the cure that had been wrought. Two boys, brothers, from the Scotch settlement of Alexandria, respectively twelve and fourteen years of age, deaf mutes from infancy, were cured on approaching the shrine. They made signs to their mother that they heard the bells, the bells of St. Anne ringing out over the glorious St. Lawrence. What a moment of delight for the poor mother! What a strange, new sensation for these hapless ones so long afflicted!

A married woman, a consumptive from Montreal, found her long feeble health so much improved by the pilgrimage to St. Anne, that she was enabled, immediately upon her return home, to resume long interrupted household duties.* And so the Parish of St. Patrick's has established in this last successful pilgrimage a new link in the chain of God's mercy, a new and striking proof of the power of the Mother of God's mother. Such favors are of constant occurrence, as is to be seen in the Annals of St. Anne published monthly by the Redemptorist Fathers, and it is a noteworthy fact that miracles are more numerous and more striking upon the occasion of pilgrimages. No doubt because they are a public profession of faith, and in direct opposition to the hard, unbelieving and materialistic spirit of our age.

The Church at St. Anne's possessed until this summer two authentic relics of the Saint. It has been now enriched with a third, consisting of a portion of the arm of St. Anne, brought from Rome by Mgr. Marquis. It was exposed to the veneration of the faithful in New York, when on the way to Beaupré, and was visited, as it is stated, by five hundred thousand people.

* I have given these details with the kind approval and upon the authority of the Rev. Director of the Pilgrimage.

Amongst the chief ex-voto or thanks-offerings at St. Anne's is a superb set of vestments, worked by the royal hands of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, the great king of France. Another is the altar-piece before mentioned, a picture of the Saint, donated far back in the early French days of Canada by the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of New France. It was given in fulfillment of a vow, made when he and his family were in danger of shipwreck; it is from the pencil of Lebrun, and is intrinsically the best of the many pictures which adorn the walls of the church, and which are likewise ex-votos. A massive crucifix of silver stands upon the high altar, and was an offering from the famous Le Moyne d'Iberville, called, on account of his noble and adventurous deeds, "The Cid of New France." He was, moreover, like the original Cid, a devout Christian, and presented the beautiful emblem of our faith to the altar of St. Anne, where it has ever since remained, though a century and more has passed since the donor returned to dust.

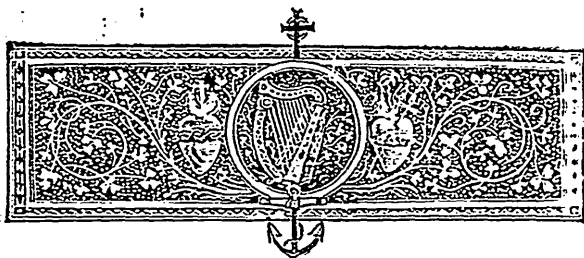
The altars at St. Anne's have been donated by the Canadian Bishops, and by the various religious orders, and merit a detailed examination. The windows and the Stations are the gifts of parishioners, and will long remain a monument of their zeal and generosity.

Much more might be said about the beautiful church, which is under the care of the Redemptorist Fathers. It would be idle to dwell here upon the zeal and devotedness with which they fulfill the arduous duties of their post, and upon the unflinching courtesy for which pilgrims are so largely indebted. To them is mainly due the new impetus which has been given to this devotion during the past years, as well as the embellishment of the stately Basilica and the general improvement of the village of Beaupré. Space prevents a detailed account of the

ancient chapel, so quaint and interesting with its *Scala Sancta*; of the splendid Fountain before the Church, whence the afflicted draw water as healing in many cases as that of the Bethesda Pool; of the Redemptorist Monastery; of the Grey Nunnery, so delightfully situated high above the village.

The village itself, built principally upon the slope of the hill, presents many curious features. It has, in point of situation, an array of natural advantages seldom surpassed. For St. Anne has chosen a fair shore, indeed, for her shrine. The wooded slopes of the Laurentians are a background to the picture, while stretching out and away in the foreground is the swift and silent river, the great artery, as it were, of Canada. Here to-day the passing tourist hears, as he remarks upon the beauty of the shore, those self-same bells of St. Anne, which the voyageur heard long ago as he swept down the current in his frail canoe, which the Indians heard with reverence as a message from the unseen world. To the pilgrim of single heart, of unerring faith, who goes thither, this sound is frequently the herald of a mercy to come. And if those who are cured in body at St. Anne's are numerous, the writer was assured, by a member of the Redemptorist order, that even through the confessional, they become aware that spiritual miracles are of still more frequent occurrence. The eyes of the soul long blind, its ears long deaf to the things of eternity, regain their faculties, in the shadow of that mighty church, under the gracious patronage of her, who seems to look down from that noble statue upon them—the glorious and powerful St. Anne.

A. T. S.



THE PLEA OF A DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.



O, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne ;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And all the cold world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness changed to gall ;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt—
Implore, beseech and pray ;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay :
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand as I have stood, *
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow.
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard :
The sobs of wild despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side
And her crushed spirit cheer ;
Thine own deep anguish from her hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear ;
Mark her dimmed eye and furrowed brow
The grey that streaks her dark hair now—

Her toil-worn frame and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth ;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife—
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife !
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight—" a drunkard's child !"

Go, hear and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known :
Then see within the wine-cup's glow—
For this and more, can it atone ?
Think if its flavor you would try
If all proclaimed : " This drink and die !"

Tell me I hate the bowl !
Hate is a feeble word—
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell.

ANON.

OBITUARY.

The prayers of our Associates are requested for the repose of the soul of Sister Meunier, of Hotel-Dieu, Montreal. She was an ardent promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in that venerable institution.

Prayers are also asked for the soul of Percy Madden, one of the Associates attached to the Gesu Centre, Montreal, who was accidentally drowned with five others in the St. Lawrence, in the first days of July.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

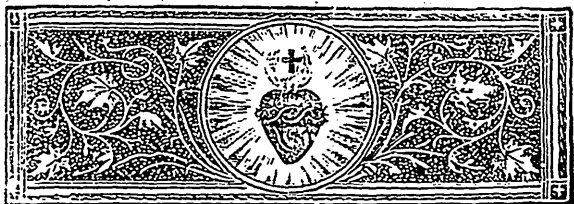
OTTAWA.—Parish of St. Gabriel, Bouchette, Que.

PETERBOROUGH.—Parish of the Sacred Heart, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

OTTAWA.—Parish of St. John Evangelist, Thurso, Que.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Parish of the Immaculate Conception, Willington, P.E.I.

MONTREAL.—Parish of St. Henry, Mascouche, Que.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY

THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

UNTIL 1890 little or nothing was known of Father Jean (?) Pierre Aulneau, even among the few who devote their time to Canadian or American historical researches, save that a Jesuit of the name of Aulneau was massacred in company with De LaVerendrye's son, at the Lake of The Woods, in the beginning of June, 1736. The unexpected discovery of a number of letters written by or relating to the Father has awakened a new interest in the matter.

During the Advent of 1889, Fathers Dauchez, Lallemaud and Legall, of the Society of Jesus, were engaged giving a mission in Vendée, France. The result was very consoling. About six hundred men, a large number for the place, received on Christmas morning at the close of the exercises. Among the latter was the venerable descendant of the ancient family of the Aulneaus. Previous to this he had never had any intercourse with the members of the Jesuit order. He informed them, however, that a bundle of old letters had been passed down as an heirloom in the family from father to son. They dated

over 150 years back. From them it appeared that formerly a member of his family had been put to death by the Indians in the wilds of North America. He kindly allowed them to be copied, and moreover furnished several interesting details relating to Father Aulneau hitherto unknown.

The present representative of the Aulneau family, and possessor of these letters, resides at his country seat at Bournezeau, Vendée. He explains that this historical treasure escaped destruction during the Vendean wars, when so many other historical relics were pillaged or destroyed by the revolutionary hordes, owing to the fact that the Aulneau manor was the head-quarters of the Vendean staff. His son, Monsieur Paul Aulneau, is at present "Conseiller Général de Vendée."

It is the translation of this collection which we purpose publishing for the benefit of the readers of the CANADIAN MESSENGER; and it should be borne in mind that these letters have not yet appeared in print even in the original French.

Father Aulneau was born April 21, 1705, at Moutiers-sur-le-Hay, in Vendée, for it was there that the manor of the Aulneaus or Seigneurs de la Touche was situated. His brother Jean Baptiste was born December 15, 1709. His brother Charles was also a Jesuit, and his sister Thérèse was a nun of the "Union Chrétienne de Fontenoy." She entered religion in 1730 and died in 1779. He had still another brother, Michael, whose health was always weak. He became a Sulpician, and entered at Angers in 1734. He was born in 1716 and died at Autun in 1752.

Our missionary embarked at La Rochelle, May 29, 1734, on board the "Ruby," commanded by the chevalier Chaon. Mgr. Dosquet, fourth Bishop of Quebec, had taken passage on the same vessel with a number of recruits to fill vacancies in the ranks of his diocesan clergy

There were also on board three priests of St. Sulpice, whose names are not given, but who, we have reason to believe, were Jean Charles Chevalier, François Piquet and Pierre Sartelon.

Several other Jesuit missionaries sailed for Canada with Father Aulneau. Father Pierre de Lauzon, superior general of the Canadian missions, who had gone to France in quest of new evangelical laborers, was returning with Luc Francois Nau, Jean de La Pierre and, in all probability, also, with Barthelemi Galpin, priests of the Society of Jesus. Besides these there was a large number of sailors and soldiers, for the "Ruby" was a man-of-war, one hundred new recruits for the King's posts in the colony, and eighty smugglers, who had already languished a year in prison, but of whom, no doubt, the colonial authorities were expected to make honest citizens. The latter were in a semi-nude and filthy condition; and if the vessel's gun-room, which served as a sleeping cabin for all, was crowded to suffocation, its living cargo was as nothing when compared to the parasitical stow-aways which swarmed on the limbs and clothing of this motley crew of contrabandists. Little wonder then if after forty-seven days of a rough navigation the pest should break out among the passengers and sailors huddled together as they were within the stifling hold. Father Aulneau, in his letters, is silent on his own self-sacrifice in laboring among the sick to alleviate their bodily sufferings and in bringing peace to their souls; but Father Nau tells us how the future victim of Indian cruelty devoted himself without intermission to so repulsive a duty.

He escaped, however, serious illness until he reached Quebec. Brother Jean Jard Boispineau came down as far as Cape Maillard in a launch to meet the ship, and took on board Father Aulneau, who already showed the pre-

monitory symptoms of the dread disease. After three days he was prostrated with the fever, and twice was at the point of death. God reserved him, however, for a different kind of sacrifice. Brother Boispineau, the skillful infirmarian, who according to the records of the time saved on different occasions so many other precious lives, treated him successfully, and by careful nursing restored him to perfect health.

Father Aulneau had landed on the 12th of August. The man-of-war, with the other passengers on board, reached Quebec only on the 16th, after a disastrous passage of eighty days, twenty men having been carried off by the contagion.

As soon as he had regained sufficient strength he began his fourth year of theology, and he was very likely directed in his studies by Father François Bertin Guesnier, whose health, never robust, was fast giving away under his many duties self-imposed and allotted by obedience. He was a man of about forty, but deeply versed in theological science, which he had taught since his arrival in Quebec in the summer of 1732. But what was of far more importance to Father Aulneau, he was eminently a man of prayer, animated with an untiring zeal in God's service and relentless in the practice of self denial and mortification.

The young missionary found in him a kindred spirit; and though he saw much to admire in the other more venerable missionaries around him, he nevertheless took Father Guesnier more especially as his model. He was indeed an example to him in the perfect observance of all religious practices, but he was to set him the example in that all-important act, which saints make their study throughout a lifetime, that of passing from time to eternity.

Father Guesnier's obituary, written in October, 1735,

by his superior, Father Pierre de Lauzon, is the true delineation of a saint. It will be reproduced in its proper place. We shall quote here but one passage: "He employed his last days in continually uniting his own dispositions with those of Our Saviour during His agony and while on the cross. The morning of his demise he had the office of the dead recited for him, and he passed to a better life tenderly kissing the crucifix and with his dying lips pressed to the wound of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for which he had a particular devotion." This death, precious in the sight of God, took place on December 18, 1734.

Father Aulneau counted it a happiness to have been called upon to watch during two nights at the bedside of his fellow-religious, and the sight of his holy death encouraged him to give himself up still more unreservedly to the service of his Master.

Winter at last wore away, and with the opening of navigation he set out for Montreal. On the 13th of June, he left the latter town, to spend a few days at Sault St. Louis; and finally on the 21st of the same month, three weeks after Pentecost, he began his long journey towards Fort St. Charles and the Lake of the Woods. On July 27, 1735, he wrote to Father Nau from Michilimackinac, but the letter is missing from the collection. He reached Fort St. Charles on October 23, whence he wrote his last letter to Father Bonin, in France, and in it he sets forth his projected plans for the exploration of the regions still further west. They were never carried out; God had ordained it otherwise.

No. 1.

(Translation.)

FATHER AULNEAU TO HIS MOTHER.

Quebec, October 10, 1734.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

On taking leave of you I promised to write to you as often as it would be possible for me, and to inform you of whatever would take place during my journey, and even of what might happen later on. It is with pleasure that I now begin to fulfill my promise, and this is the first letter I write since my arrival in Canada.

We embarked on the 29th of May, at two in the afternoon. Adverse winds obliged us to lie in the roadstead the 30th, so that it was only on the 31st, at three o'clock in the morning, the wind having become favorable, that we weighed anchor and set sail. We lost sight of the shores of France that same day, and we made such headway that all on board began already to congratulate themselves at the prospect of a short voyage across. Their satisfaction was but short-lived, as contrary winds soon set in; we consoled ourselves, however, with the hope that they would not last. The sequel convinced us but too well that our hopes were vain. We took forty-seven days to reach the great Banks of Newfoundlaud, and during that long run, with the exception of a few days of calm, we encountered fierce head winds from the northwest, which more than once forced us to let the vessel scud before the gale. Mass was not celebrated on board either on Pentecost, or the Octave, or on Saint Peter and Saint Paul's days, as the storm was so violent and the rolling and pitching of the ship so heavy that it was impossible to stand. Our rations on those days were biscuits and dry bread, of which each one secured a supply as best he could.

The pleasure we experienced the morrow of our arrival on the Great Banks, watching the sailors fishing for cod, compensated us for our late fatigues. In less than two hours the crew caught more than two hundred. Some were salted and the remainder distributed amongst those on board. That same day they were served up at table, and were much relished by some, others found them very insipid, myself amongst the number.

Once on the Banks, we began to catch sight of different varieties of birds which I do not think are to be seen in Europe. The kind of most frequent occurrence the sailors called "Tomgeux"; it is a bird shaped somewhat like a goose, and nearly as large. Its breast is pure white, and the tips of the wings black. We saw also numbers of "Happefoix," "Godes" and "Pelyngoins." They are kinds of small duck which never abandon the vicinity of the Grand Bank.

There arose, during the night which followed our catch of codfish, a dense fog[†] accompanied by a breeze strong enough to enable us to set sail. We therefore got under way, and began beating about as we had done heretofore. We sailed at haphazard; and if the fog had held on an hour or two longer, a misfortune would have befallen us, for after tacking about for twenty-four hours in the darkness we were surprised when the mist cleared away to see land about a league and a half distant. It was the island of Newfoundland whose coasts loomed up high before us. We had drifted imperceptibly with the current towards the island, and found ourselves at the entrance of Placencia Bay, an English settlement and the capital of the island. We immediately put about and took a whole day to beat out from land. As soon as we thought that we were at a safe distance we continued our run along "Cavert" Bank.* It is a bank of sand about fifteen

* Cap Vert, at present Green Bank.

leagues long, where also large quantities of codfish are caught. We did not stop, however, to fish for any; but what delayed us was another fog which rose, and forced us for three entire days to beat about Cavert Bank.

Meanwhile a great many on board had fallen sick, and seeing the winds always unfavorable, our officers began to grow despondent, and thought seriously of putting in to Louisburg, a town on "Ile Royale" (Cape Breton), which belongs to the French, and is situated at the entrance of the Gulf of the River St. Lawrence. Had they done so we should have been obliged to take shipping in some smaller craft to make the two hundred leagues which yet remained to cover before we could reach Quebec. Providentially, the winds having become a little more favorable, the officers abandoned the project, and finally determined to go as far as that port. We consequently entered the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, leaving on our left Ile Royale and St. Paul's, and on our right the islands of St. Pierre.

It was at about this date that we began to notice frequently on our masts and yard arms a kind of bird called the Cardinal, very likely because its plumage is red with the exception of the tail and the tips of the wings. It is about as large as a chaffinch, but its beak resembles that of a parrot. Several were captured by the sailors, and caged.

It was also about this time that we had to change our fore-top-mast, which was split in the late gales. In spite of these delays we made some headway towards the mouth of the St. Lawrence, but before reaching it we witnessed a spectacle which, I am sure, many in Europe would set down as as a pure invention. In the middle of the Gulf are two small islands, the larger of which might be about a half league in circumference. They

are not named without reason Bird Islands. Never in all my life did I see as great a number as was to be seen on these islands, though they are completely denuded of trees. The ground was actually alive with them and the sky darkened. It was one of the kinds of bird of which I spoke to you above. Our captain fired a cannon ball twice in their direction as we passed, but as we were not near enough both fell short of their mark. During the remainder of our journey up the Gulf we caught sight of Brion and Magdalen Islands (to the southwest of the Bird Islands). Porpoises of a prodigious size, whales, blowers and sea-cows awakened if they did not entirely satisfy our curiosity. Finally we reached the mouth of the river two months after leaving France. We entered it on the south side, with the Island of Anticosti on our right. The river here is more than 40 leagues wide, and is one of the greatest and most beautiful of the world. The wind soon obliged us to bear away from the southern towards the northern shore, which is of the two the less dangerous. Both are formed of very lofty mountains which extend along the river almost as far as Quebec. For several days we struggled on against the violence of the winds, which tossed us about even more boisterously than they had done heretofore, but finally made an island lying midway in the stream and which bears the name of Isle Verte. A dead calm succeeded when we were abreast of the island, and this gave us an opportunity of sending a boat ashore in quest of refreshments of which we stood in great need, as for many days we had lived on nothing but salt beef, while the number on the sick list had considerably increased. Since we left the Grand Bank, five had died and were buried at sea. The boat which we had despatched to the southern shore,—for the settlements begin about here,—took a day and a half to make her little trip, and when she again joined us we had already been

two or three hours under sail, the wind having sprung up again while she was away seeking fresh provisions. She brought back but a small supply, but what little she did bring was received with satisfaction by all on board. We proceeded on our way with more caution and dread than ever, for, though we had escaped many dangers already, we had still greater ones to guard against.

We shortly made for another island which bears the name of Ile-aux-Coudres. Near this island there is a whirlpool which makes it the most dangerous spot throughout all the passage from France to Canada. It was there that we realized for the first time that we were in summer, for since our departure from France we had experienced all along wintry weather. The sick aboard had suffered much from it. I can say that in all my experience I never endured such intense heat.

We rode at anchor two days near the whirlpool without being able to pass it, as we were wind-bound. This delay brought us a further supply of fresh provisions; it gave us also a chance to admire at our leisure the snow-white porpoises and numbers of seal. At last a northeast wind sprung up about two o'clock in the afternoon, and we successfully cleared the whirlpool, but again cast anchor two or three leagues beyond.

On the morrow we proceeded as far as the cape called Maillard, and there I left the King's vessel. From the time we reached the whirlpool I had suffered from violent headaches, and this led Father Superior to apprehend that I had caught the ship-fever. He therefore bade me take to the launch which a Jesuit had brought down from Quebec to receive those among us who might be ailing. But fifteen leagues remained to reach that port. The evening of the day on which I left the ship I supped at the Island of Orleans, and travelling all night I arrived the following morning at six o'clock in the bark canoe

which, to journey more expeditiously, we had taken at the Island of Orleans. I had up to this enjoyed good health, I had not even been seasick during the passage across, though it had taken us seventy-five days. Three days after landing at Quebec I was taken down with ship-fever. Twice did it bring me to death's door, but, thank God, I have now quite recovered.

Beg the Father of Mercy, my dear mother, to grant me the grace of devoting to His service my health and my life which He has restored to me, and that I may bring the poor Indians also to serve and love Him. I have already seen a few of almost all the tribes, and there is no more repulsive sight, but they have been ransomed by the blood of a God. How happy shall I be if He deigns to make use of so unworthy an instrument as myself to bring them to love and adore Him in spirit and in truth.

I am to spend the winter in Quebec. It is a town perched on the top of a mountain. There are houses pretty enough, but they are built, to some extent at least, as necessity required, without order or symmetry. The Island of Orleans, the environs of Quebec, and either shore, for a stretch of more than a hundred leagues beyond, are under very good cultivation, and with the exception of wine everything that is found in France may be found here.

Once more, my dear Mother, implore Our Lord that I may have the grace to draw profit from the grand examples of virtue which I have before my eyes. I am here in a college made up of former missionaries who have sacrificed their health and strength to win for Him the love of souls. Father Nau, who is in excellent health, sends his compliments.

I am, my dear mother, with the tenderest affection for now and for life,

Your servant and son,

AULNEAU, J.



RECENT CONVERSIONS.

Archbishop Vaughan is arranging to confirm a considerable number of notable converts from Anglicanism. Amongst these may be mentioned Lady Somers, wife of Lord Somers (not the Countess of that ilk, as inaccurately stated by the *World*); the Baroness Sherborne; Lady Edith Cecilia Howe, daughter of Earl Howe, and sister of Lord Curzon, M.P.; Miss Evered, of Wadhurst Castle, Sussex; Mr. J. L. Pearson, the ecclesiastical architect; Mr. Paul Lawrence Huskisson, grandson of the well remembered economist and statesman of that name; Mr. Gilbert Firebrace Marshall, Furness Lodge, Southsea; Major Walter Cotton, R.A.; Mr. John Long, the Firs, Wilberton, Sussex (late 10th Hussars); Mr. Neville Taylor, of Rock Abbey; Mr. Laurence Kip, grandson of a Protestant Bishop; Mr. Waugh, son of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh; Messrs. Coleman and Durant, members of the Anglican brotherhood; and Mr. Donald Arbuthnot.

The two great universities have recently contributed some "recruits to Rome," one of whom has left the Isis to enter the novitiate of the learned order of St. Benedict. Seven or eight clergymen of the establishment who have been received into the Church are now preparing for the priesthood, but amongst recent accessions occur the names of the Rev. Howell Lloyd, M.A., a gifted member of the Cambrian Archæological Society; Rev. Howell Pattison Lewis Blood, M.A., rector Bergholt, Colchester; Rev. F. Besant, M.A., of St. Michael's, Shoreditch; Rev. Hugh Lean, M.A., a nephew of the Rev. Mr. Coles, chaplain of

Pusey House, Oxford; the Rev. Dr. James Field Spalding; the Rev. Herbert Boothby, M.A., etc

Members of High Church sisterhoods figure, as frequently is the case, somewhat largely in the list. The Archbishop has received an entire community of these ladies into the Church.—*London Universe*.

IN THANKSGIVING.

CALGARY.—Thanksgiving for the return of a mother of a family to the frequentation of the Sacraments after having been careless for years.

CORNWALL.—Special thanksgiving by a lay-promoter for one spiritual favor and temporal favors obtained through the Sacred Heart.

HAMILTON.—For several favors received and for the recovery of a dear relative. I promised if she recovered I would publish it in the *Messenger*.

HAMILTON.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the restoration of hearing, recommended to the prayers of the League last month, also for a spiritual favor.—In accordance with a promise thanks returned for the recovery of a mother whose cure was very doubtful.—In accordance with a promise thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a splendid position obtained for my brother, also for an improvement in my own.

HAMILTON.—Thanks for the success of a special undertaking.

INGERSOLL.—Thanks, according to promise, are returned to the Sacred Heart for the success of a critical operation.

MELBOURNE.—Thanks for the cure of the eyes of an associate.

MONTREAL.—A promoter of the Gesu, for husband and

children, thank the Sacred Heart for having been all saved from sudden death in a recent collision.

MONTREAL.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained at the end of May through a novena to our Lady of the Sacred Heart, with promise to have it acknowledged in the *Messenger*.

MONTREAL.—According to promise, thanks returned through the *Messenger* for two special favors received from the Sacred Heart; also for two other favors obtained after a year, during which time prayers were constantly offered.

OAKVILLE.—Special thanksgiving for a situation unexpectedly obtained. For two temporal favors received.

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

POINT ST. CHARLES.—Sincere thanks tendered to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of my father and brother who were very ill; also for a temporal favor granted, with only a promise to publish in the *Messenger*.

QUEBEC.—A promoter of the Men's Branch wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a great favor received.

SWANTON, VT.—Thanksgiving for three special favors received.

SAULT STE. MARIE.—A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained.

WINDSOR.—According to promise thanks returned for a situation obtained at a difficult time, and seemingly through no human agency.

WINDSOR.—This is to thank the Sacred Heart for a very great temporal favor received, with promise to publish.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Georgetown College, the Jesuit University of the District of Columbia, has, as a mark of gratitude on the part of the Order, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. William Flannery, Pastor of St. Thomas, diocese of London, Ont. Father Flannery has deserved well of the Society of Jesus and of the Church, and the tribute is looked upon as but a weak expression of the grateful feelings of all the members of the Society for his able and persistent defence of their interests and good name. Some time before his death, Father Anderledy, the late General of the Society, had written to him from Fiesole to thank him in the name of all the members of the Order throughout the world. On the occasion of the conferring of the doctorate, addresses were presented to Father Flannery on behalf of the priests of London, on behalf of the parish of St. Thomas by the Sodality and by the school. We offer the Doctor the warmest congratulations of the *Messenger*, and the prayers of its readers, that God may prolong *ad multos annos* so useful a career.

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At a meeting of the New London (Conn.) Board of Trade, a very cordial feeling was shown towards the Catholic Summer Assembly. It was resolved to extend a hearty and cordial welcome to the members and visitors to the Assembly, and to aid in every way possible the local committee in making their visit pleasant and profitable. It is to be hoped that the idea of having their annual meeting somewhere among the Thousand Islands has not been definitely abandoned, so that it may partake of an international character as originally proposed by the organizers.

INTENTIONS FOR AUGUST

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

- 1.—**M.**—*St. Peter in chains.* Love of the Holy Sec. 25,129 Thanksgiving.
- 2.—**T.**—*St. Alphonsus Ligouri,* Founder. Use time well. 12,856 in affliction.
- 3.—**W.**—*Finding of St. Stephen's Relics.* Love your enemies. 8013 dead associates.
- 4.—**T.**—*St. Dominic, Founder,* h.† p.† Devotion to the Rosary. 107,985 special intentions.
- 5.—**F.**—*First Friday, Our Lady of Snows,* a.† g.† Trust in Mary. 590 communities.
- 6.—**S.**—*Transfiguration of Our Lord.* Renewal of Purpose. 19,300 1st communions.
- 7.—**S.**—*St. Cajetan Founder,* a.† g.† r.† Love of Labor. 32,971 departed souls.
- 8.—**M.**—*Bl. Peter Faber, S. J.* Revere the Angels. 8,135 Employment and means.
- 9.—**T.**—*St. Romanus.* Good resolutions. 1,250 Priests.
- 10.—**W.**—*St. Lawrence, M.* Love God's poor. 155,744 Children.
- 11.—**T.**—*St. Philomena,* h.† Fly dangerous occasions. 29,619 Families.
- 12.—**F.**—*St. Clara,* Foundress. Seek the friendship of Jesus. 6,612 Reconciliations.
- 13.—**S.**—*St. John Buchman, S. J.* Fidelity in little things. 26,322 Spiritual Favors.
- 14.—**S.**—*St. Hormisdas, Pope.* Prepare for to-morrow. 13,844 Temporal Favors.
- 15.—**M.**—*ASSUMPTION B.V. MARY,* a.† b.† g.† m.† r.† s.† Joy in our Mother's Glory. 13,341 Conversions in the Faith.
- 16.—**T.**—*St. Roch, Conf.* The Morning Offering. 17,063 Young persons.
- 17.—**W.**—*St. Liberatus, Martyr.* Give good example. 1,141 Schools.
- 18.—**T.**—*St. Hyacinth, C.* Charity for poor children. 10,645 Sick.
- 19.—**F.**—*St. Helen Empress.* Patience in trial. 371 Missions.
- 20.—**S.**—*St. Bernard, Doctor.* Love Our Lady. 4,794 Works of Zeal.
- 21.—**S.**—*St. Jane Frances Chantal.* Encourage Good Works. 7,723 Parishes.
- 22.—**M.**—*SS. Timothy and Titus.* Christian fortitude. 547 Sinners.
- 23.—**T.**—*St. Philip Beniti Seraphic.* Humility of Heart. 15,746 Parents.
- 24.—**W.**—*St. Bartholomew Apostle.* Zeal for Souls, b.† 44,131 Religious.
- 25.—**T.**—*St. Louis, King of France,* h.† Horror of Sin. 10,996 Church Students.
- 26.—**F.**—*St. Zephyrinus, P.* Unselfishness. 1,120 Superiors.
- 27.—**S.**—*St. Joseph Calasanz.* Help our Catholic Schools. 13 Vocations.
- 28.—**S.**—*THE MOST PURE HEART OF MARY,* b.† Love holy purity. 38 Perseverance.
- 29.—**M.**—*Beheading of St. John Baptist.* Shun egotism. 6,564 Preachers.
- 30.—**T.**—*St. Rose of Lima,* Avoid Sadness. MESSENGER Readers.
- 31.—**W.**—*St. Raymond Nonnatus.* Do not worry. The Directors.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guardian Honor or Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Memoria; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

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