



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

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In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

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DECEMBER, 1895.

No. 12.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER.

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

CATHOLIC INTERESTS IN THE FAR EAST.

The diplomatic world has been much busied of late with China and Japan. The main object would seem to be to prevent the conquerors in the late struggle from profiting fully of their triumph, and thereby becoming too formidable. The paramount interests of the two great nations weigh but too lightly on the minds of statesmen. The

Church also has been intently watching events in the far East, and anxiously conjecturing what the result may be from a supernatural standpoint.

So dear to St. Francis Xavier on account of their natural good qualities and their piety, the Japanese, steadfast in their faith amidst even the most cruel tortures, preserved the spark of faith, which smouldered unseen beneath the ashes of their churches, for more than two hundred years. As a nation they have abruptly shaken off their antiquated form of government, and are plunging headlong into the vortex of modern progress. Who can foretell what is to betide newly awakening Christianity among these oft recurring upheavals?

The Chinese, less gifted and less attractive than the Japanese, though they have resisted the encroachment of foreign ideas, have, nevertheless, given the Church more than one consolation. Still, the unceasing and vexatious interference of the Mandarins hamper Christianity in its development.

Now, since both these countries are becoming more and more amenable to outside influence, we should beg the Divine Heart to bless them with that true civilization which elevates the soul and leads it heavenwards.

Western nations do indeed something towards the protection of Christianity in China, but they are too slightly imbued with religion to understand and carry out fully their providential mission. It is sad to think that the vices of European merchants and their vile opium trade, more than all else, disastrously counteract the efforts of the missionaries, their fellow-countrymen.

There is need of radical reforms; but the Sacred Heart alone is able to triumph over the selfish policy of men.

As for precocious Japan, vain of its half-acquired school-boy science, and more so of its recent triumphs, it greatly risks lapsing into rationalism, if the Church does

not hasten to its rescue by founding Catholic colleges and universities.

Unfortunately both men and means are needed to supply so many wants, and meanwhile heretics and unbelievers of every tongue and every race flock to Japan, bent on initiating the nation into their science and scepticism.

During this month, let all the Associates of the Apostleship unite in prayer to obtain from the Sacred Heart of our Lord the gift of faith for these two great nations.

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 in Thy mercy Thou mayest bring the nations of the far East into Thy fold for their salvation. Amen.

TREASURY, DECEMBER, 1895.

Received from the Canadian Centres.

Acts of charity.....	132,075	Pious reading.....	52,627
Acts of mortification	129,758	Masses celebrated...	5,807
Beads.....	205,063	Masses heard.....	94,100
Stations of the Cross.	49,989	Works of zeal.....	68,383
Holy Communion...	29,555	Various good works.	313,950
Spiritual Commu-		Prayers.....	864,010
nions.....	413,110	Sufferings or afflic-	
Examinations of		tions.....	75,570
conscience.....	73,029	Self-conquests.....	69,516
Hours of silence....	171,124	Visits to Blessed	
Charitable conversa-		Sacrament... ..	130,723
tions.....	107,484		
Hours of labor,	292,046		
Holy hours.....	9,252		
		Total.....	3,087,171

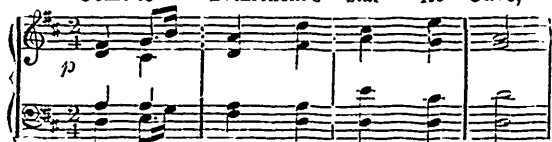
Come to Bethlehem's Star-lit Cave

A Christmas Carol.

Moderato.

Words by J. J. Branta

Come to Bethlehem's star-lit Cave,



Bu - ry sad - ness in its gra - ve;



Come where An - gels watch are kee - ping

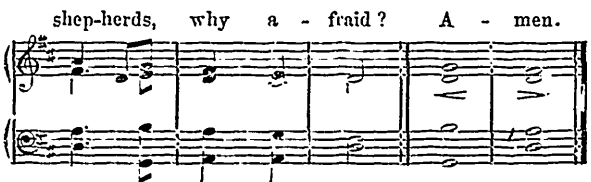
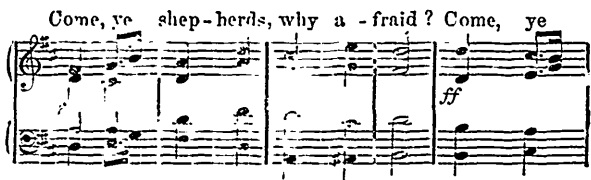
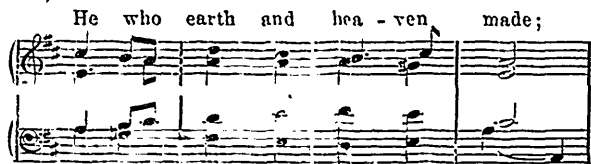


O - ver Ma - ry's New Born slee - ping,



In an hum - ble man - ger laid



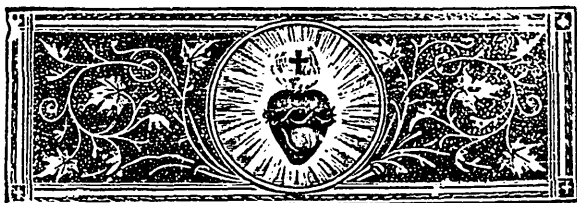


2

Come, ye timid shepherds, near,
Leave your flocks and banish fear;
Come your Infant Saviour greeting,
Come with grateful hearts a-beating,
While bright angels hovering round
Star-lit cave and hallowed ground,
Now the joyful tidings sound.

3

Come to Bethlehem's star-lit cave,
Bury sadness in its grave;
Come, ye all, with gladness singing,
Praise to Mary's New-Born bringing,
Fled the darkness, past the dearth,
Come, ye peoples of the earth,
Hail the Saviour's glorious birth.



NEWS OF THE NOWELL.

FROM THE *Irish Monthly*.

News of a fair and marvellous thing,
(The snow in the street and the wind on the door,)
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell we sing!

CHRISTMAS morning in the city of Tours—seven hundred years ago. All night long its narrow streets have been crowded with wayfarers; all through the morning hours its churches have been thronged with worshippers of the Holy Babe. Since the cathedral bells rang their merry peal for the midnight mass, the snow has not ceased to fall; but now at the dawn of day, and as the minster bells ring out again for the Mass of the *Aurora*, the sky begins to clear. The silent storm of snow is spent; but what a festal garment of white it has woven for house-roof and gable, for turret and tower and spire! What a spotless, wool-like carpet it has spread over every street and lane and bridge of this royal city!

Far away from the cathedral, in the chapel of his kingly castle, the good Count of Mans has kept a night-long vigil with his knights and squires and pages. There he has heard the solemn Matins and Lauds of the Nativity, and the grand Mass of midnight. There he and his attendants have remained until a little before daybreak, only to form in devout procession and pass through the snow-covered city to the minster walls.

Banners of silk and gold hang from the cathedral towers, and the ringing of its deep-toned bells fill the city with sound. Comes mingling with the Christmas carols the blare of many trumpets, and the muffled tramp of many horses on the fresh fallen snow. The progress of the royal party has begun.

A splendid, shifting scene is this early morning procession through the long, narrow, crooked streets of the city, out from the gates of the castle built by Henry the Second of England, past the huge tower of Charlemagne in which his queen lies buried, over the narrow bridge that spans the Loire, on to the cathedral founded by the great S. Martin—once the bishop and now the patron, the glory and the pride of Tours. A lovely, moving picture, the people think, as they crowd the river banks, and line the tortuous streets, and press about the minster's western door. For upon the snowy background gleam a hundred ruddy tints—the cherry-colored silk of the boy-pages, the scarlet of the men-at-arms, the peach-colored velvet of the knights, and last of all the royal purple, half-concealed with folds of ermine whiter than the snow upon the streets.

Denser grows the crowd as the van of the procession reaches the cathedral precincts. It is natural that the people of Tours should wish to see their ruler, since it is only upon the greater feasts of the church he comes amongst them. Natural indeed that they should wish to gaze upon one whose greatest pleasure it is to do honor to the King of Heaven,—one who for his own glory would scorn to make external show, but whose delight it is publicly to proclaim himself the vassal of the King of Kings.

Already the pages have dismounted and left their horses to the care of the grooms. A great space is kept before the minster door for the royal entry, but the people press

and surge about the walls, and many struggle in vain to get a foremost place upon the fringe of the crowd. One small boy has just succeeded in forcing himself to the front, and stands close pressed against a buttress within a few feet of the cathedral entrance.

A pale-faced little lad of fourteen, and by his dress a scholar and a cleric. The hood fell back from his head as he emerged from the mass of waiting people, and his tonsure is plainly visible. He is shivering with cold now, as he stands exposed to the full force of the north wind, and his short cassock and thin black mantle are verily a poor protection from the biting breeze. Yet it is clear that he is radiantly happy. Excitement, or the cold, has brought a faint tinge of color to his pallid cheeks, and his dark eyes shine and glisten as he assures himself that he is within easy reach of the great porch and that there is no fear of his being unable to follow the procession once it has passed into the cathedral. He is not at all indifferent to the pageant that is approaching; but, although he has served at the altar of one of the city churches thrice this morning, he longs to assist at the Mass of the *Aurora* in the minster. "*Puer natus est nobis,*" he keeps whispering to himself as though it were the burden of some sweet song he could not forget;—" *Puer natus est nobis, et Filius datus est nobis.*" "a Child is born to us, a Son is given to us." The joy of this little tonsured cleric is the true Christmas joy. If the Boy so lately born bring any other happiness, well and good; but it was the birth itself that brought such joy to Mary, and that has made the whole world rejoice for twelve hundred years. If it bring only cold and suffering—well, did it bring other than this to the Boy who was born at midnight?—Such were the thoughts of young Martin the little clerk of Tours, as he stood shivering by the minster door at the dawn of Christmas morning.

He had no thought of envy as he watched the rosy-faced page-boys in their bravery of white fur and cherry-colored silk, walking to and fro between the divided crowd—stamping their long fur-lined boots and making their silver spurs ring as they did so. Noble-looking lads they certainly were, graceful and well developed in form, healthy-looking and beautiful in feature; the sons of great lords every one of them, yet proud and happy enough to hold the stirrup or the bridle of their master, and to serve him in hall with basin and ewer, with cup and platter. Pious and good too, it may be hoped, since their lord was the model of a Catholic prince, and would never knowingly suffer the smallest evil to find place in his well regulated court. But—thought young Martin—not one of them is a tonsured cleric. He would not change places with any one of them, even if such a thing were possible. Far from being of noble birth, Martin was the son of a poor weaver living in one of the narrowest lanes in that great city; yet the King of Glory had chosen the weaver's son to be one of His royal pages. Surely it was a greater matter to serve at the altar-table of God than upon any earthly king. And if the boys before him were looking forward to their knighthood, was not he, Martin, waiting longingly for a far more regal order than that—nothing less indeed than the order of Melchisedech, the eternal priesthood?

Yet there was no pride in the little scholar's heart as he thought of these things. *Puer natus est nobis*, was still echoing in his mind, and he knew that, before all things, Mary's Boy was humble, meek and loving, and that if he would be a true page and faithful knight of the kingly Christ, he also must be poor of spirit and truly humble.

But now the bells which, for a time, had ceased to peal broke forth afresh, and the notes of the trumpets reached the ears of the waiting crowd. The Count was already in

sight. A little cloud of smoke floated out through the cathedral porch, and a whiff of incense (that sweetest of odors to the Christian's sense) sent a new thrill of joy through the shivering little cleric. He knew that the procession of priests was approaching the entrance from the interior, in order to meet the Count and to conduct him to his place close to the high altar.

Martin did not envy his sovereign's pages, but he found it hard to put away the wish that he were one of that band of boy-clerics connected with the cathedral of his patron St. Martin. He could see the holy water bearer from where he stood, as also several of the singing boys and acolytes. How beautiful were the fair white albs and amices they wore, and how splendid the cloth of gold copes he knew the priests were vested in! Happy boys, he thought, to have a part in so great a function!

"And yet," said Martin to himself, "their office is the same as mine, and the Holy Sacrifice is everywhere the same—whether it be offered at the side altar of a small church or at the high altar of a great cathedral."

The thought comforted him a good deal; yet he could not help looking with a certain longing towards the cathedral porch, and wishing that he had an office, however small, among the priests and clerics there assembled.

But now the crowd at Martin's back began to surge and sway afresh, for the knights had already appeared, and close behind them was the Count himself. Horses were rearing and capering as they were led away by stable-boys and grooms, and the men-at-arms were being drawn up in two long lines to form a passage for the royal procession. Devout-looking and dignified, yet with a happy smile upon his face, the Count rode to within a few feet of where Martin was standing. Instinctively the boy felt that the moment their prince had entered the porch the people would press forward and crowd into the cathedral.

Martin thought if only he could get within the entrance all would be well. Slipping quickly past the soldier who was now standing almost in front of him, the boy gained the porch, and passing bare-headed the group of ecclesiastics, stationed himself far back in the corner on the right hand side of the door. His boldness startled him when he realized what he had done. The Count himself was barely on the threshold, and yet he, Martin, had already entered. He blushed a little, but he was not afraid of the consequences of his action. The cathedral was God's house, and not the palace of any earthly king. Besides, was Martin not a cleric, and could he not claim the privileges of his state? Had he not a sort of right to stand there among the clergy, although remote from them? It was true he lacked the choir dress necessary to fit him for a part in the procession; but then he had no intention of joining it; all he wished for was a place to pray in during the solemn offering of Holy Mass.

But the boy little thought that the sharp eyes of the Count had detected his manoeuvre. Standing now, bare-headed, under the great doorway, and bowing low as he received the holy water from the priest—the great lord of Tours paused as the procession reformed within the porch and began to move forward within the cathedral. Looking straight towards the corner of the porch where Martin stood with his back against the wall, the good Count smilingly beckoned to him. Trembling, the little boy came forward and bent his knee.

“Tell me, my little clerk,” said the Count in a kindly and almost jocose tone,—“have you any news for me?”

There was silence for a moment during which the trembling lad looked up into the great man's face. Its kindly expression immediately re-assured the little cleric.

“Yes, sire,” he answered in a low but audible voice; “most excellent news.”

The Count started. Could it be that the boy before him was the bearer of some state secret—a messenger, perhaps, disguised as a cleric?

“Quick then,” ejaculated the Count; “tell me your news!”

“*Puer natus est nobis*” (began the little scholar reverently), “*et Filius datus est nobis.*”

Greatly moved and edified, the Count took the boy by the hand, and raising him from his kneeling posture said:—“Excellent news in truth, and news from which only the Boy who is born can reward you. Let us go then and worship the new-born Boy, for Holy Mass is now about to begin. And do you, my little clerk, take your place with the cathedral clergy. It is meet that the Child who is given to us be surrounded with the children of the church.”

Gladly enough would Martin have knelt in a corner of the nave, but this was not to be. Passing into the church the Count bade him take a place in the stalls of the choir. Hesitating for an instant, the lad bowed low, and turning up the south aisle passed into the sacristy. Explaining the Count’s message to the sacristan, the latter immediately provided Martin with amice and alb. Vesting quickly, and with a beating heart, he passed into the choir by a side door, and betook himself to the remotest place he could find among the clerics of the third form. His heart was full of joy, and as the choir began the introit—*Lux fulgebit hodie super nos: quia natus est Dominus*—his voice shook as he tried to join in the singing, and a stream of tears flowed down his cheeks. What a delight to find himself, if only for the first and last time in his life, so near to the high altar of his beloved patron’s church! On such a day too, and under such extraordinary circumstances!

Certainly our young cleric had a hard fight with dis-

tracting thoughts during the progress of the Holy Sacrifice. Try as he would, he could not but think of what had so recently happened in the porch of the cathedral. The great Count of Mans had spoken to him, had taken him by the hand, had smiled upon him, and finally had given him, for one happy hour at least, the privilege he had most desired, and yet one for which he never dared to hope. How glad the boy was that the church was so huge, and that he was, as it were, lost in that great crowd of worshippers. And yet—what a delight for his father and mother if they were within the building (as he was almost sure they were) and if they could see him here in the cathedral stalls! Well, if these thoughts would come back to his mind, no matter how often he put them away, at least he was master of his sight. He would not, saving at the elevation of the Host, raise his eyes to look at any person or thing. He knew the Count could not be far away, for on these occasions a special place was prepared for the royal party not far from the altar; but the boy was resolved that he would not look away from the gradual which lay before him. A wise resolve, indeed! for long before the Canon of the Mass was reached, Martin's habitual recollection came back to him, and when the great bell tolled for the elevation, he could think of nothing save the mystefy of the moment, and the words that so sweetly haunted his memory:—“*Puer natus est nobis, et Filius datus est nobis.*”

Grandly the Holy Rite proceeded to its close, and then the boy found himself walking from the choir to the sacristy in the great procession of priests and clerics which, on this occasion, included every ecclesiastic belonging to the cathedral. Arrived there, he waited with his brother clerics for the signal to unvest. Already the bishop had passed through the kneeling lines of canons and choristers, yet the signal was not given. The bishop

was awaiting the arrival of the Count of Mans whose yearly custom it was to greet the clergy at the close of the Mass of the *Aurora*.

Soon the clatter of sword scabbards was heard and the ringing of spurs, and Martin knew that the Count and his attendants were approaching. Bowing low with the rest as the royal party passed by, the boy did not raise his eyes to look at the Count or at any of his companions. The young cleric felt that sufficient honor had been paid him that day, and had no desire to attract his prince's attention a second time. He rejoiced exceedingly when the bishop led his noble visitor to an inner sacristy, and the signal to unrobe was at length given. For many reasons Martin longed to get away quickly from the minster. He had another mass to assist at before noon, in the church of his own parish, where for several years he had served at the altar. It was now long after nine in the morning and as yet he was fasting; for though he had received Holy Communion at the midnight Mass, he had not left the church until the time drew near for the royal procession to the cathedral. Again, the lad was anxious to avoid the curious questioning of the boys of the choir as to the reason of his sudden and unexpected appearance in their midst.

But Martin was not destined to leave the cathedral so quickly. He had scarcely put off his alb when one of the canons came behind him and whispered, "The bishop desires to see you; follow me!"

A moment later the boy found himself in the presence of the Bishop of Tours and the Count of Mans.

Scarcely in the whole of christendom was there a happier Christmas party than that held the same day in the poor little cottage belonging to Martin's father, the poverty-stricken weaver of Tours. The Noel had brought them news indeed! Martin for whom father and mother

had made so many sacrifices, and whose vocation to the priesthood had long been to them a source of mingled anxiety and delight, was now a member of the great and rich cathedral establishment of Tours ! No room now for fear lest they should be unable to supply their pious and loving little son with sufficient food and clothing ; no cause now for anxiety lest their pale-faced boy should be unable to continue his studies for the priesthood. Martin had obtained the patronage of a bishop and a prince !

In latter years there was a Canon of Tours who is said to have taken the poor of the city into his own particular keeping. So great was his charity that the people declared St. Martin himself had come to life again. But oh, the activity and generosity of this Canon Martin at the time of Christmas, and the sharp look-out he kept for poor shivering little scholars !

DAVID BEARNE.

R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the following members lately deceased:—Charles Derby, d. Oct. 3, Alexander Macdonald, d. Oct. 4, Sarah C. Chisholm, d. Oct. 22, William McDonald, d. at Sault Ste. Mary, Oct. 29, all of Alexandria ; Mary A. Delany, of Almonte, d. Oct. 24 ; Mary L. Galligan. Mrs. Cornelius Priel, d. at Philadelphia, both of Arnprior ; Miss Seraphine St. Onge, of Barrie, d. in Jan ; George Martin, of Cornwall, d. in Sept. ; Mrs. Ellen Vischeau, of Dundas, d. in Oct. ; John Nolan, d. July 1 ; John Kelleher, d. Oct. 15, Michael Feeney, d. in Sept., both of Galt ; Mary M. Murphy, of Guelph, d. May 20 ; John Weir, d. Oct. 7, Mrs. Ann Wall, d. Sept. 24, both of Hamilton ; Mr. Gardner, of Ingersoll, d. Oct. 22 ; Rose McKenty, d. Oct. 26 ; William Campion, d. July 17, William Blaney, Mrs. Pilkington, Mrs. Shuslebotham, all of Kingston ; Rev. Sister M. Ger-

trude, d. Oct. 1, James Smith, d. Sept. 25, Kate Smart, d. Oct. 19, all of London; William Mooney, Thomas Mooney, Dennis Burke, d. Oct. 2, all of Maidstone; Mrs. Owen McGinty, of Moncton, d. Oct. 25; Mr. Lawrence Prucell, d. Oct. 8, Mr. Arthur Wood, d. Oct. 29, both of Montreal; Miss Bridget Harrington, d. Oct. 12, Mrs. M. Healy, d. Oct. 21, both of Niagara Falls; William Regan, of Orillia, d. Sept. 27; William Wall, of Ottawa, d. March 10; Mrs. R. Steele, of Parkhill; Thomas Green, d. Sept. 29, Mrs. Michael Woods, both of Pierre, S. Dak.; Mrs. Mary Ann O'Neil, of Quebec, d. Oct. 5; I. Cahay, of St. Andrews, d. Oct. 11; Mrs. John O'Mara, of St. Catharines, d. Sept. 16; Mrs. Neil Harkin, of Stayner, d. Sept. 23. Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Gannon, d. Oct. 22; Mrs. Martha Clancey, d. in March, both of Toronto; Michael, Savage, of Maidstone, d. Oct. 9; Mrs. A. H. McDonald, of North Lancaster, d. Oct. 24; Eva B. Barrett, of Winnipeg, d. Sept. 1; John Dennis, d. Oct. 5; and Mrs. Michael Woods, of S. Dakota.

“CANNOT.”

By the REV. G. BAMPFIELD.—*Concluded.*

Hush! Father Flanagan. You are getting a trifle hot, and red in the face. I must say I think you have made out about the bones. But what about Goody Maguire's bit of black rag?

F. Flanagan. I will give you but two texts more, for I grant you do make a man hot. In the same Second Book of Kings, Chapter ii., we are told that Elijah, when he went up in a fiery chariot, let fall his mantle, his cloak; only what you would call a rag, mind you; a mere piece of stuff. Now, Elisha took it up, and he did a thing which none of you could, according to your religion, have done. “He took the mantle of Elijah that fell

from him, and smote the waters,” which looked very much like the same sort of trust in a rag which Goody Maguire showed, “and he said, where is the Lord God of Elijah?” which sounded very like trust in the merits and prayers of a saint, who had gone from earth, “and when he had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither; and Elisha went over.”

S. Paul's. But that was the power of God, not of the mantle.

F. Flanagan. Oh! dear, dear, dear; of course it was the power of God; but it was the power of God using the mantle as His instrument. If not, what was the use of Elisha's smiting the river with a piece of stuff? You do not dream that we think a saint's cloak will heal us by any power in the stuff itself! It is God, using it as He used Elijah's mantle. You cannot get into your heads the notion of God's using weak, worthless instruments.

City Temple. It was the power of prayer. Elisha prayed.

F. Flanagan. Granted. But he did not pray only. He prayed and struck. If prayer was enough, why strike? And his prayer was a strange one. He did not kneel down and ask God to divide the river. He did not pray to his God. He said, “Where is the Lord God of Elijah?” He used Elijah's mantle, and prayed to Elijah's God. Surely the plain meaning of this is that the river was divided for Elijah's sake, by the prayer of Elijah in Paradise, and that God gave such strange power to Elijah's relic to show that it was for his sake.

The Tabernacle. Well! well! granting all this, yet your text is from the Old Testament. Things were more outward in the Jews' religion; after the coming of the Holy Ghost all things became spiritual and inward. We don't want saints' mantles now. You cannot give me one instance from the New Testament.

F. Flanagan. Can't I? How I do wish you men would read your Bibles. Among your other societies, do please form a Bible Reading Society, and read it fairly. Do you really not remember how a woman with an issue of blood was cured by the hem of our Lord's garment? Or did you never read how handkerchiefs and aprons were carried from S. Paul's body to the sick, and how devils fled from a piece of stuff?

City Temple. I never read it; I don't think it is in our version.

F. Flanagan. It is there, and you have read it. But you won't notice these things. It is in Acts xix, verse 12.

The Tabernacle. It is there sure enough. It must have been the peoples' faith.

F. Flanagan. Faith! The poor people had plenty of faith before the handkerchiefs touched the bodies; but never an inch did the devils budge for their faith till the handkerchief got near them. They might have asked S. Paul simply to pray, but they didn't; they used the relics. Besides, what did they have faith in? They clearly had faith in that in which you have *no* faith, the power which God gives to a mere rag which has touched a saint's body.

S. Paul's. It cannot be. A rag!

The Tabernacle. It cannot be.

City Temple. It cannot be.

F. Flanagan. Then you don't believe the Scriptures. Oh ye of little faith!

Ah! Father Flanagan. I see you read the Bibles before you burn them. I declare you have beaten them again.

F. Flanagan. Beaten them! How could I help it? The Catholic Church *is* the Bible. The Church and the Bible being both from God are one and the same thing; and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.*

*Single copies of this tract, "Cannot," may be had for 5 cts., by addressing, HERBERT J. COOD, Sec. Cath. Truth Soc., 180 Notre Dame st., Montreal. When ordered by the hundred, a reduction is made.

" OH ! BABY CHRIST."

Oh ! Baby Christ, no room for Thee ;
Our hearts are full of joy and care .
With busy mortal guests—and we
Can find for Thee no welcome there !

Oh ! Baby Christ, in manger laid,—
Our little ones are tended all ;—
For Thee and for the Mother Maid
The scanty shelter of a stall.

Oh ! Baby Christ, the snow shone bright,
Less spotless than Thy purity,
The darkness could not hide the Light
Of Thy divine humanity.

Oh ! Baby Christ, the Angels sing
" Glory to God ! On earth be peace !
" Glory to God on high !"—oh King.
Thy Kingdom come, and still increase.

Oh ! Baby Christ, the shepherds went
To welcome Thee, and, kneeling low,
In humblest adoration bent,
The Saviour of mankind they know.

Oh ! Baby Christ, from far away
The Wise Men hastened—gifts most rare
They offered at Thy Feet,—to-day
Men offer Thee " what they can spare !"

Oh ! Baby Christ, this Christmas night
We offer Thee ourselves ; and Thou
The Lord of Love, of Life, of Light,
Will surely listen to us now.

Oh ! Baby Christ, when Thou shalt come
To reign as King, do thou, we pray,
Give us, in love, " Our Welcome home !"
As we, too, welcome Thee to-day.

FRANCIS W. GREY



MONICA'S ROSARY.

IT was a beautiful spring morning, the snow wreaths had disappeared. The river, freed from its icy fetters, dashed foaming down the chute. Careful farmers and busy housewives rejoiced that the long Canadian winter was over at last. Children and invalids welcomed the awakening world with grateful hearts.

Monica Gray, standing at her window, did not join in the universal *Te Deum*. Gazing into vacancy, a world of trouble in her fair, sweet face, a pathetic droop in the slight girlish shoulders, she stood there, a forlorn little figure indeed! A voice calls from the inner room, "Monica." "Yes, mother," and the girl glides softly to the bedside, and with caressing touch smooths the tumbled pillows.

"What did the doctor say?"

"That you must keep perfectly quiet, and with rest and nourishment you will soon be all right. He left a prescription which I will have filled as soon as Jennie Norton comes in. She promised to remain with you during my absence."

"How can you get the things? There's no money in the house. Your father's away, and—"

"Now, don't worry, mother," said Monica, feigning a cheerfulness she was far from feeling; "everything will come right. Never fear—God is good."

"You are always saying that," answered her mother in a pettish tone.

"Never mind what happens. He is good."

"I don't believe it. No, I don't," she repeated, an angry flush on her pale face. "If He is as good as you say, why don't He help us in our poverty and misery? Here is your father out of work; nothing in the house; myself ill,—and yet God is good—"

"Mother, dear mother, don't talk that way!" implored Monica, gazing at her parent in horror-stricken amazement. "You do not mean it. You are only discouraged because you are weak and ill. Do not despair," she continued, checking the sobs that rose in her throat. Then, in a lighter tone: "Now I must go, I see Jennie coming, and I will be back in no time with all the good things that will make the little mother well again. Won't that be nice?"

But the invalid turned her face to the wall in petulant silence. Out of her mother's sight the trouble returned to Monica's face. Opening her purse she saw she had but thirty cents, not enough for the medicine, not to mention the wine and jellies the doctor had ordered. What was she to do? All at once her face brightened: "Why did I not think of it before?" she exclaimed aloud, and running up to her room, she soon returned, holding in her fingers a small golden cross, a souvenir of her First Communion. When attending school, two miles distant, one of her school-mates, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, had often admired her cross, and even on one occasion wished to buy it. Monica remembered this, and the thought struck her that perhaps Alice Leighton would buy it now, and if she did she could purchase for her mother what she required to help her regain her strength. To go to Leighton Farm, two miles distant, was somewhat out of her way, but the hope of getting the money for the little cross put all idea of inconvenience out of her head. When she reached the farm she was welcomed by Mr. Leighton himself, who made

kindly enquiries about her mother, ignoring her father, whom in his secret heart he designated as "shiftless." When Monica enquired for Alice, imagine her dismay to hear that she had gone on a three months' visit to the city. Declining an invitation to dinner on the plea of want of time, she turned to retrace her steps. Once away from the Leighton's place she gave way to her grief, and sobbed piteously. Then, remembering her mother's rebellious despair, she knelt down on the dusty country road and breathed a prayer to the Sacred Heart for help and strength; rising, she continued her journey, comforted and consoled by her appeal to the Source of all rest and peace.

* * * * *

Six years previous to Monica's disappointment, the Grays were in comfortable circumstances in the city. Her father was a skilled mechanic, and commanded good wages. They owned their own little dwelling and had a fund put by for the proverbial rainy day. But all this sunshine was not to last. An excessive "output" in every line of manufacture had overstocked the market, so that the supply far exceeded the demand. Money was no longer coming in, and liabilities were not met. Failure followed failure, till the great commercial crash came—then stagnation of trade. Factories meanwhile had shut down, and the hard times were pressing sorely on the masses. Gray was without work. Six months—a year went by, and another, and still prospects, instead of brightening, grew more dismal. This of course could not go on much longer without exhausting all the snug little sum he had laid by out of his earnings.

The end was that he sold his house, and with his little daughter and wife removed to a piece of land in the interior, far from railway transportation, far from church or school. As long as his money lasted all went well.

with this "gentleman farmer"; but as soon as it was gone, friends disappeared also. He knew nothing of farming, his wife was totally unfit for the never ending drudgery of a farmer's wife, and Monica, his little girl, of whom he had been so proud, had to leave school, not because she was required to help at home, but due rather to the fact that there was no money to pay for her education.

On the morning that Monica had started out to sell her cross, he had left on the old coach that fortnightly lumbered through with Her Majesty's mails; he had little over what enabled him to pay his fare, but anything was preferable to remaining on the farm and eating his heart out in enforced idleness. The Grays were not what could be called "fervent" Christians. Mrs. Gray prided herself on being a liberal Catholic; her husband was a "one religion as good as another" kind of a Christian; yet with strange inconsistency he did not like his wife's indifference to her religious duties, but he never spoke to her about it, and so they drifted on in their coldness, illness and poverty estranging them from, instead of bringing them nearer to the Heart Divine.

It would have augured ill for the religious training of the little Monica had not Mr. Gray's mother lived with them the first years of their married life, during which time she instilled into the heart of her little granddaughter the maxims and truths of Holy Church. The child proved docile and sweet, and from her babyhood even was a devout little client of the Souls in Purgatory, — a devotion which we will see served her well in trials to come.

* * * * *

When Monica started on her homeward journey, she, seeing that the morning was nearly spent, determined to take a short cut across the fields instead of going round

by the road. This short cut was through a portion of the outlying village known as the "burnt ridge." It had once been a grove of stately pines, but a forest fire had destroyed its beauty, and now it was simply a bare ridge of land, dotted here and there with the blackened stumps of the forest kings. This was a favorite way for the children passing to and fro from school, as it was flanked on either side by raspberry bushes. Monica, who was an observant little soul, discovered that in the centre of the ridge a number of the stumps were in a straight line at almost regular distance from each other. Counting them one day, she made the further discovery that there were just fifteen—one for each mystery of Our Lady. To her quaint childish imagination they were the beads of a gigantic chaplet. This effect was heightened in summer, when the wild vine crept along the ground and hung in graceful festoons from stump to stump, forming as it were a veritable chain for Monica's rosary. When her merry companions would hurry to gain the raspberry plain, Monica would linger shyly behind to repeat a "Hail Mary" at each "bead" for the poor Souls. So, on the day of her trouble, when she entered the ridge and came once more to the scene of her school day devotions, she knelt in the same sweet spirit of faith, and offered up at each stump an "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" for the suffering Souls, adding a petition for help for herself and those dear to her. Her prayers finished, she was about to rise from her knees, when she observed something bright and gleaming under the gnarled root of the last stump, "golden root" she thought, as she reached to pick some of the yellow threads, but to her surprise and joy her fingers came in contact with a purse and a number of gold coins. It must have been there a long time, for the purse fell to pieces in her hand like wet paper. Pedestrians might have walked past for years

and never discovered it. In summer it was covered by the luxurious wild vine, in winter with a mantle of snow. In the early spring and fall the pathway was never used, and only for Monica being in a hurry to reach home, it might have remained there for ages, and even she would not have seen it had she not been kneeling at the time. Hastily putting her treasure in her pocket she hurried to the village and made a number of purchases; the druggist and the general store were visited,—in fact, she had so many parcels that it is doubtful if she would have been able to get them all home had not a good-natured farmer offered to drive her and her precious packages to her mother's door.

We will pass over the meeting of Monica and her mother,—suffice it to say that Mrs. Gray, touched and softened by her child's faith and its almost miraculous reward, became a humble and devout Catholic, and by word and example induced her husband to lead a manly, christian life. It seemed as if Monica's fortunate find was the "open sesame" to a new era of prosperity. Her mother, relieved from anxiety, recovered her health; her father, contrary to expectation, secured work. A neighboring village, becoming a railway centre, the farm increased in value, and as Mr. Gray engaged a competent manager, it soon repaid the capital and labor expended.

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In a distant clime under southern skies, a Franciscan nun sits in the shade of a convent garden. Although it is November, the birds twitter in the trees overhead and the air is balmy and laden with the perfume of many flowers. The good *religieuse* sits unconscious of all this tropical beauty. Her heart, her thoughts are far away mid the snow and ice of her dear native North land. Suddenly her reverie is interrupted by a number

of negro children who surround her and clamor for a story. "What kind of a story?" smilingly questions their gentle teacher. "What shall it be about?" "The poor Souls." comes in chorus from the ebony group; and Monica Gray—now Sister Clare—tells her little charges how once upon a time devotion to the Holy Souls helped a little white girl to get food and medicine for her sick mother.

S. SUTHERLAND.

UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 42.

(*Translation.*)

Father Nicholas Degonnor to Madame Aulneau; address Mademoiselle Aulneau au Moutiers sur le Lay, près de Luçon, en Bas Poitou. Recommandé au R. P. Procureur du Collège à LaRochelelle.

LORETTE, April 23, 1742.

I have read over and over again, my very dear sister in Jesus Christ, the kind and edifying letter you did me the honor to write to me. None could be more sensible of all the marks of friendship you bestow than I am, and be assured that I am really grateful, and that I shall never forget all the kindness you have lavished on me. Please continue to pray for me and my poor Indians.

This year I have been in utter desolation at seeing them suffer from hunger, without being able to come to their relief, not precisely for want of money, but on account of the scarcity of wheat which failed to realize the bright anticipations of the early summer. And what actually

afflicts me still more is that we are threatened throughout the land with a famine more dreadful than that of last year.

Before the grain began to ripen, worms attacked nearly every ear, and devoured most of it, or rather they ate away the kernel and left but the shell.

My Indians, all the same, will gather a little more Indian corn than last year, but their lands are so poor that the harvest supplies their wants for but half the year at most. The evil is diminished by half when there is European wheat, and I am able to buy it at wholesale and deal it out to them in small quantities, allowing them to pay me when they can, which they do pretty faithfully when they are able to earn a little.

But when I am not able to help them this way, they are obliged to scatter right and left to find food, which is prejudicial in no slight degree to their spiritual interests. For, as you know, sanctity is rarely acquired by travelling about. I must needs give my consent to it rather than see them perish with hunger.

I deeply sympathize with our Fathers at Luçon; when you chance to meet them, remember me kindly to them, and to Rev. Father Lafite more particularly. I was all the more surprised at what you told me about him, as when I was in France, His Lordship entertained a very high opinion of him.

We are here in a state of expectancy. We have a new bishop, who seems to be kind and zealous; but they say that he is strongly prejudiced against religious in general.

He came to my mission last year almost immediately after landing in the country, and seemed well pleased with the reception I gave him, and every time I have had occasion to meet him since, he has showed me much kindness.

I am not anxious to see your son, the Sulpician, come

over to this country, because the climate is not at all favorable for those who suffer in the least from weakness of the lungs. I have good reason to know that he would soon express his dissatisfaction at the change. You say nothing in your letter about your other son, the Jesuit: where is he and what is he doing? For him, if, following the inspiration from God, he should come and join us here, I should be delighted to see him; but unless it be God's own doing, I should not wish to see even him among us.

Before concluding, let me make one request: gather and send out to me and to our Fathers at the Quebec College as much porret seed as you can from your own garden, or from anywhere else you may find it, for in Canada this seed very seldom ripens.

I recommend myself very earnestly to your pious prayers, assuring you in turn that you will not be forgotten in mine.

Yours, with the sincerest friendship and respect,

DEGONNOR,

Jesuit Missionary at Lorette

No. 43.

(*Translation.*)

FATHER BESSON TO MADAME AULNEAU.

Address: La Rochelle par Luçon à Madame de la Touche Aulneau, veuve, au Moutiers sur Lais, Bas Poitou.

KOUROT (South America), May 7, 1742.

MADAM,

It is a long time since I received your letter of September 7, last. It was a source of renewed pleasure for me, and

to receive news from you will always be a great satisfaction. You can do nothing to please me more than to write to me from time to time. I feel very grateful for the friendly feelings you express, and beg you to persevere in them, and to pray God for my poor Indians and for myself who stand more in need of your prayers than any other.

If you should ever hear anything more of the death of my dear friend, your son, I most earnestly entreat you to make it known to me. You know well what a keen interest I take in whatever concerns him.

Your dear Michael corresponds with me. He is still the same. What a comfort for you to be blessed with children of their character, all fulfilling their duties each according to his calling. I am faithful in answering him, and shall be always delighted to have news from him. As for Father Aulneau, I have had no news from him. His occupations, very likely, leave him no time to write to me. I shall not complain, provided he does not forget me at the Holy Sacrifice; indeed, I am confident that sometimes he makes a *memento* for me at the altar.

I am exceedingly obliged for all the pains you have taken to send me word of what is going on, and I beg you to continue to keep me informed of whatever occurs.

Father Faye, as I already stated, has been transferred to another mission, and to all appearances it will be some time before he returns to his own province. I hope he will always succeed well wherever he goes. He is an amiable man, as you know, and was very much attached to our dear departed missionary.

We lived under the same roof at Rochelle and Poitiers.

THANKSGIVINGS.

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

ALMONTE.—An Associate, for the passing of an examination, through a novena made in honor of the B. V. and St. J., and having a mass offered for the Souls in Purgatory.

AMHERSTBURG, ONT.—A Member, for two special favors. A Member, for a special favor. A Promoter, for a special favor received through the intercession of the B. V. A Member, for two favors after a promise to have a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For brother and sister having obtained good situations. A Promoter, for the cure of a relative whose health was a great cause of anxiety, through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and St. Ann.

ANTIGONISH.—Promoters, for several temporal favors. A Member, for a special favor. A Member, for a temporal favor, received during the month of October. A Promoter, for several favors. A Promoter, for a spiritual favor.

ARNPRIOR.—An Associate, for the happy death of a parent, after a promise to have a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For finding an article, after praying to St. Anthony. For pecuniary aid after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. A Promoter, for the recovery of an article lost. Two Promoters, for two temporal favors. A Promoter, for a safe journey. A Member, for the speedy relief of a severe toothache and many other favors during the past year.

BARRIE.—An Associate, for the finding of an article that was lost. An Associate, for success in a recent examination. A Promoter, for a great favor during the mission.

BATHURST, N. B.—A Member, for the finding of a valuable article, after praying to St. Anthony.

BELLEVILLE.—Five Members, for temporal favors received. For a spiritual favor.

BERLIN, ONT.—A Promoter, for a safe return home from a journey. For a spiritual favor obtained through the intercession of the B. V. For a temporal favor. For a great favor. For relief from a severe toothache after applying a medal of the S. H. Seven pupils, for having passed successful examinations.

BRACEBRIDGE.—A Member, for a temporal favor received through prayers to the S. H., and the intercession of the B. V.

BRECHIN.—A Promoter, for many favors. A Member, for a cure after applying the Badge.

BROMPTON.—A Promoter, for the speedy removal of some painful substance from the eye by applying the water from the fountain of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

CAMPBELLFORD.—A Promoter, for passing an examination, after praying to the B. V. and St. Ann.

CHICOPEE, MASS.—For three favors. For health received for a brother.

CORNWALL.—For the recovery of a young person through the intercession of the B. V. and St. Ann. A Promoter, for a favor obtained almost as soon as asked, and in the manner most pleasing. For a temporal favor through the intercession of St. Benedict, St. Bridget and St. Ann. A Promoter, for a favor. A mother, for the cure of a son's eyes through the intercession of St. Ann and St. Anthony.

EGANVILLE.—For two very great temporal favors through the intercession of St. Anthony.

FLOS.—For a spiritual favor after being recommended to the prayers of the League and making novenas in honor of the B. V. and St. J. For a temporal favor. For a successful operation through the intercession of St. Ann and the B. V.

GALT.—For the instant relief from a severe pain after applying the Badge and the water of St. Ignatius. A Member, for passing an examination, and for a temporal favor. A Member, for a very great spiritual favor. For a temporal favor.

GUELPH.—A Promoter, for hearing from a lost brother, after making a novena in honor of the S. H. A Promoter, for a position. For many spiritual and temporal favors. A Promoter, for a very great temporal favor, received on the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. A Member, for a parcel that was lost for some weeks, and which was returned after praying to St. Anthony. For three favors, after a promise of having a mass sung. A Member, for having received word from a person who had not been heard from for two years, after making a novena to St. Francis. A Member, for several temporal favors after making a novena to the B. V. and St. J. For a husband going to his duty after an absence of five years. For success in business, after a promise to say the Litany of St. J. every day. A Promoter, for the recovery of a brother after a promise to make a novena in honor of the S. H.

GRAFTON, ONT.—A Promoter, for a situation obtained for a brother through the intercession of St. J. An Associate, for two temporal favors.

HALIFAX.—A Promoter, for employment for a person without work. For a mother having heard from her son after a silence of years. A Promoter, for relief from rheumatic pains, on application of the Badge. For the satisfactory answer to a business letter. For a favor through the intercession of St. J. For the letting of a dwelling house after promising masses in honor of the B. V. and St. J. For a special favor through the intercession of St. J. A Member, for a favor through a novena to the S. H. For several spiritual and temporal favors.

For the recovery of a lost purse with a large sum of money, through the intercession of St. Anthony. Three, for prayers answered. For a special favor. For the success of a school. For the relief of a severe pain after the application of the Badge and prayers to the S. H. For a situation through the intercession of St. J.

HAMILTON.—A Member, for the cure of an infant which had suffered from its birth, and was cured last November by applying the badge and saying the Litany of the S. H. and the Litany and Rosary of the B. V. For employment and several favors both spiritual and temporal.

INGERSOLL.—An Associate, for the recovery of child. A Promoter, for a spiritual and temporal favor. A Promoter, for recovery from a serious injury after praying to the B. V. and the Souls in Purgatory.

KENTVILLE, N. S.—A Promoter, for the cure of a weak throat, after a novena in honor of St. Blaise. For a spiritual favor. For a special favor. For a very special favor after saying the rosary for the Souls in Purgatory and a novena in honor of St. Ann and the B. V.

KINGSTON.—For a temporal favor, through the intercession of St. Ann and St. Anthony. For two spiritual favors. A Member, for three temporal favors. A Promoter, for a special favor. A Member, for the return to the Faith of a woman. For the removal of an affliction.

LINDSAY, ONT.—A Member, for two great favors, after making a novena.

LONDON, ONT.—A Member, for the cure of a sore throat and recovery from a sprain; in both cases the Badge was applied. For a miraculous escape without injury from a fall. For two special favors through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For the recovery of a boy's reason, through the intercession of the B. V. For the partial recovery of a young girl after a dangerous illness, through

the prayers of the League. For two situations through the intercession of St. J. For two brothers going to their duty after an absence of over ten and six years respectively, through the prayers of the League.

MILDMAY, ONT.—A Member, for the recovery of a sore eye, after a novena, the wearing of the Badge, and prayers for the Souls in Purgatory.

MERRITTON.—A Promoter, for a special favor, For employment. A Promoter, for a mother's improvement in health after putting an intention in the box and saying prayers in honor of the S. H. A Promoter, for the cure of a brother of an evil habit after prayers to the S. H.

MONCTON.—A Member, for a person who went to his Easter duty. For employment obtained. A Promoter, for favors in June, 1894. A Promoter, for favors through the intercession of the B. V. and St. Ann. A Promoter, for four special favors.

MONTREAL.—For the immediate cure of a bad cold and pain in lungs and chest, on praying to St. Francis Regis in June last. A Member, for employment after a novena in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. For the recovery of a lost article. For the recovery of a mother who was very ill in the month of April. For other favors through the intercession the B. V., St. J., St. Anthony, St. Ann, Blessed Gerard, the Canadian Martyrs, and the Souls in Purgatory. For having been protected from sickness of all kinds during the past winter and summer. For a temporal favor after a novena to the B. V. For employment. For a sum of money recovered. An Associate, for recovery from a serious operation, by applying the Badge.

NEWCASTLE, N.B.—A Member, for favors spiritual and temporal.

NIAGARA FALLS.—A Member, for the cure of all pain in the lower limbs, by confession and communion and great confidence in the S. H.

NORTH WILLISTON, VT.—A Member, for several favors after making novenas in honor of the B. V.

OAKVILLE, ONT.—A Member, for a favor through the intercession of St. Anthony.

ORILLIA.—A Promoter, for a great favor. For success in a brother's examination. A Promoter, for the happy death of an Associate.

OTTAWA.—A Member, for a very great favor. A mother for the abstaining of a son from drink. For a temporal favor after promising to make the Nine Fridays, and through the intercession of the B. V., St. J., and having masses said for the Holy Souls in Purgatory. For two favors during the past two months. A Promoter, for favors through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. A Member, for spiritual and temporal favors. For two temporal favors. A Member, for a temporal favor. A Member, for two temporal favors after making a novena to the S. H. and the B. V. A Member, for a temporal favor during the month of April after a novena. For the cure of a sore throat after applying the Badge. A Member, for the cure of a pain, after applying the Badge, and making a novena in honor of the Precious Blood.

OWEN SOUND.—For success in an examination after saying the Thirty Days Prayer to the B. V. For a favor. For three particular favors through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For many spiritual and temporal favors. For a spiritual and temporal favor through the Novena of Grace.

PARKHILL, ONT.—For the cure of sore eyes, during the months of July and August, after promising to recite the Rosary for thirty days in honor of the S. H.

PENETANGUISENE.—A Promoter, for the cure of a toothache, after applying the Badge.

PETERBOROUGH.—A Member, for four temporal and several spiritual favors through the intercession of St. J.,

St. Anthony, and the Souls in Purgatory. An Associate, for her recovery from sickness. An Associate, for the recovery of her child from severe illness. A Member, for the cure of a child's sore hand after applying oil from the shrine of St. Ann. A Member, for a restoration to health without undergoing a surgical operation, through prayers and a novena of masses for the Suffering Souls.

PICTON, ONT.—A Member, for two temporal favors. A Promoter, for a cure on applying the Badge. Two members, for favors. For the grace of a reconciliation. For the success of a school, and other favors.

PORT HOOD.—An Associate, for favors received.

PORT LAMBTON, ONT.—A Member and niece, for employment for a mother after making a novena in honor of the Five Wounds. For two very great favors through the prayers of the League.

QUEBEC.—For many very great favors spiritual and temporal through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and the Souls in Purgatory, and after having promised masses for the Poor Souls. A Promoter, for a very great favor. An Associate, for the cure of sore eyes. A Promoter, for great temporal assistance for a little family in need. A Member, for six special favors. An Associate, for grace to receive the Sacraments. A Member, for several temporal favors, through the intercession of St. Anthony. An Associate, for the cure of nervousness. A Promoter, for several spiritual and temporal favors. A Member, for many spiritual and temporal favors for relatives and friends. An Associate, for a very great favor, after making a novena. A Promoter, for help in an undertaking. For a great spiritual favor granted to our League.

RENFREW.—For a favor through the intercession of St. J. and the Canadian Martyrs. A pupil, for a favor after special prayers. A Member, for a favor through prayers to St. J. For five great favors during the months

of August and September. For a cure after making a novena to St. Ann. For two favors.

ST. FRANCIS HARBOUR, N.S.—For obtaining relief after asking the prayers of the League and through the intercession of the B. V., St. J. and St. Ignatius.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Seven, for employment and means. Four, for restoration of peace to families, Three, for recovery from illness. One, for successful surgical operation. One hundred and thirty-six, for various favors and graces.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.—A Member, for one temporal favor. For a very great temporal favor.

SARNIA.—A Promoter, and also a Member, for a very great favor, after a novena to St. Anthony. A Promoter, for many favors during the year through novenas and prayers to the B. V., St. J. and St. Ann.

SEVEN MILE BAY.—An Associate, for the recovery of her husband from a serious illness after making a novena in honor of the B. V. and St. J.

SMITH'S FALLS.—For passing an examination in July. A Member, for a spiritual and temporal favor through the intercession of the B. V. and St. Ann.

SUDBURY.—For having passed a successful examination.

THOROLD, ONT.—A Promoter, for a favor obtained two days after asking. A Promoter, for a special favor after praying to the S. H., the B. V. and St. J. A Promoter, for a temporal favor through St. Ann. For a favor obtained through the Souls in Purgatory. A Promoter, for a temporal favor received from the S. H. through Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

TORONTO.—For a cure through the intercession of Our Lady of Mercy. For several temporal and spiritual favors through the intercession of the B. V., St. J., St. Anthony and St. Philomena. A Promoter, for a favor through the intercession of St. Anthony. A Promoter, for relief from

intense pain after wearing the Badge. For many favors. For a cure through the intercession of Our Lady of Mercy, For several temporal and spiritual favors. For a special favor through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For means to pay a debt. For many temporal favors. A Promoter, for employment through the intercession of the S. H. and the Souls in Purgatory. For many favors through the intercession of the B. V. and St. J. For the grace of going to confession accorded to a young woman who had not gone for some years, through the intercession of the B. V. and St. Bene. For the recovery of a young man's health through the prayers of the League. For a situation, after a novena to the S. H. and the intercession of the B. V. and St. Philomena.

WESTPORT.—For the success of six pupils at their examinations. For a spiritual favor.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors both spiritual and temporal have been received from Almonte, Antigonish, Bowesville, Ont., Brighton, Burlington, Vt., Calgary, Church Point N.S., Edgehill, Hastings, Kingston, Lindsay, Midland, Montreal, Ottawa, Parkhill, Port Hood, Quebec, Renfrew, Rochester, N.Y., Sarnia, Seaforth, Smith's Falls, St-Francis Harbor, N.S., Toronto, Windsor Mills, Ypsilanti, and Picton, Ont.

INTENTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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

- 1.—S.—*B. B. Edmund and Comp. MM.* a†, g†, r†. Virtue of Justice. 61,503 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—M.—*St. Bibiana, V. M.* Fortitude. 8,436 In affliction.
- 3.—Tu.—*St. Francis Xavier, C.* Pray for the Eastern nations. 20,802 Deceased.
- 4.—W.—*St. Peter Chrysologus, Bp. D.* Disgust for worldliness. 14,845 Special.
- 5.—Th.—*St. Sabas, Ab.* h†. Temperance 3,099 Communities.
- 6.—F.—*St. Nicholas, Bp.* a†, g†. Respect little children. 12,936 First Communions.
- 7.—S.—*St. Ambrose, Bp. D.* Crush human respect. The Associates.
- 8.—S.—*IMMAC. CONCEPTION.* a†, b†, g†, m†, r†, s†. Love of purity. 20,488 Means.
- 9.—M.—*St. Leocadia, V. M.* Holy fear. 4,881 Clergy.
- 10.—Tu.—*Holy House of Loretto.* Devotion to the Incarnation. 124,896 Children.
- 11.—W.—*St. Damasus, P. M.* Zeal for Divine worship. 15,191 Families.
- 12.—Th.—*St. Adelaide, Emp.* h†. Love Mary Immaculate. 15,562 Perseverance.
- 13.—F.—*C. Lucy, V. M.* pt. Humility. 5,276 Reconciliations.
- 14.—S.—*St. Spiridion, Bp.* Compassion for sinners. 18,260 Spiritual Favors.
- 15.—S.—*St. Christina, V.* Reparation. 14,242 Temporal Favors.
- 16.—M.—*St. Eusebius, Bp. M.* r†. Pray for bishops. 16,444 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—Tu.—*St. Lazarus, Bp.* Courage to begin anew. 12,159 Youths.
- 18.—W.—*EXPECTATION, B. V. M.* Hope. 3,656 Schools.
- 19.—Th.—*St. Aemeson, M.* h†. Love the Eucharist. 11,805 Sick.
- 20.—F.—*St. Eugene, Priest.* Pray for priests. 1,710 Missions, Retreats.
- 21.—S.—*St. Thomas, Ap.* b†, m†. Pray for Conversion of India. 496 Guilds, Societies.
- 22.—S.—*St. Flavian, M.* Spirit of faith. 1,620 Parishes.
- 23.—M.—*St. Victoria, V. M.* Trust in God. 21,160 Sinners.
- 24.—Tu.—*St. Delphinus, Bp.* r†. Prepare for Christ's Coming. 13,922 Parents.
- 25.—W.—*CHRISTMAS,* b†, g†, m†, r†, s†. Renewal of spirit. 5,566 Religious.
- 26.—Th.—*St. Stephen, 1st M.* h†. Pray for one's enemies. 1,581 Novices.
- 27.—F.—*St. JOHN, AP. AND EVANG.* b†, g†, m†. Love the Sacred Heart. 1,446 Superiors.
- 28.—S.—*Holy Innocents, MM.* Pray for little ones. 6,246 Vocations.
- 29.—S.—*St. Thomas, Bp. M.* Zeal for the right. The Promoters.
- 30.—M.—*St. Sabinus, Bp.* Generosity. 20,179 Various.
- 31.—Tu.—*St. Sylvester, P.* Gratitude. Directors.

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

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; 3=2 Degree; g=Guard of Honor and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mens; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

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



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