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for all Associates.*

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.



THE Month of the Sacred Heart, with all its accompanying graces, its numerous aids to piety, its holy practices, its stirring appeals, its noble examples, its solemn displays and public manifestations of love to the Adorable Heart of Our Lord, is again upon us. Upon us, but not as the storm-cloud that breaks in a deluge carrying devastation before it, but as the summer shower which is greedily drank up by the parched soil, a gentle shower that beats down neither blossom nor bud, nor lays low the young harvest, yet forcible enough to drench every sprig, and leaf, and flower, and cleanse them of dust and parasite: so that when the sun bursts forth again, as suddenly as it disappeared, every growing thing glistens in its rays and gives signs of fresh vigour and life.

This is what the Month of the Sacred Heart is to do for

us and for our poor souls, and they all need it. If they be parched they will be refreshed, if drooping and withered they will be revived, and bloom anew more luxuriantly into life.

But we must draw near to the Heart of Our Lord, for not only do we thirst for the dews of Heaven, but we yearn for the warmth of the Sun of Justice, for those rays that ripen our immature resolutions, and send to the very roots of our pious practices—the growth of a day or so—strength to strike deeply into our souls, and to take that firm hold which will enable them to survive any prolonged spiritual drought.

During this month we shall have accomplished but little if we do not learn from the Divine Heart to long for His personal presence, for the contact of His Heart with ours. Our life would be too short and its lessons too imperfect to enable us to come to the full and complete understanding of how much Jesus yearns for our love; but let us strive to fathom it as we may. “My son, give Me thy heart,” (Prov. xxiii, 26), such is the pleading of His love. But there was one moment in His mortal career when that yearning for our love was made known to us in less general terms, where it was even more condescending to our poverty and worthlessness, where it seemed reckless in the lavish outlay of its treasures in view of so pitiful a return.

It was the eve of the Saviour's Passion, and the great sacrifice was at hand. He had toiled through the long years to form the uncouth fishermen to the holy ideal of His own mind. One out of that little band was to prove a traitor, one a sceptic in what he did not himself behold, one, and the very one whom He had chosen to take His place, was to deny Him thrice. And yet as the frugal banquet is spread, as they gather round the Master, at the last supper, the last they should partake of all together, with a full knowledge of the guilt of the one, the faithlessness of another, the presumption and cowardice of a third, the imperfections and many shortcomings of them all, His love refused to be im-

prisoned longer in His own Heart, and despite the appalling night and morrow revealed before Him, it breaks forth in these rapturous accents : " With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer " (Luke, xxii, 15).

Jesus desired with an irrepressible desire ; He longed, and had longed from the beginning, to see the evening of this day, when He should enter into the hearts of his chosen ones, all imperfect as they were, not to reap any benefit for Himself, but to overpower them with His love, and to become for them their spiritual food and life.

If the present Month of the Sacred Heart brings home to us but this one lesson, if at its close we shall have learnt to reciprocate that desire, and shall have commenced in all earnestness to long to eat that pasch with Him, it will have been well spent and will prove profitable beyond measure for eternity.

It should not be difficult to foster within us that desire, so pleasing to the Divine Lover of souls, when we consider to what lengths He went to make that union of a God, with His creature possible. Man's ingenuity could never have devised the plan, nor would he ever have dared to consider such a one as possible. It required a God's love and a God's omnipotence. It was a miracle of love that gave existence to what was in itself inconceivable for man, the great test of his belief, the *Mysterium Fidei*.

But Almighty God, in His dealings with man, from the beginning of the world, had ever shrouded Himself in mystery. At one time, it was to spare human nature, too weak to look upon the undiminished splendour of His majesty ; at another, to veil from mortal eyes the aspect of His glory, of His beauty, of His divine perfections, whose sight is to enrapture the elect throughout the endless ages ; while again it may have tallied better with His, all-merciful designs for man's salvation.

It was a mysterious voice that upbraided Cain for the murder of his brother ; it was from the midst of a burning

bush that Moses received his sublime mission ; it was from the awful heights of Sinai, wreathed in mist and hidden from the eyes of all, that the people of God first listened to the promulgation of the Law. It was a pillar of smoke by day, and a column of flame, dispelling the darkness of the night that guided the Israelites through the trackless wastes of the desert ; it was, finally, a mysterious cloud, overhanging the Holy of Holies, that warned the Jews that the Spirit of the Most High lingered invisibly around their altars. Because of these and other wonders, did the prophetic voice of Isaias exclaim : " Verily Thou art a hidden God, the God of Israel the Saviour " (Is. lxv, 15).

But if the Almighty proved a hidden God to the patriarchs and to the prophets of old, Jesus, under the Law of grace and love, has shown Himself also to the Apostles and to His followers a God wrapt in mystery, a God hidden from their eyes the better to become the God their Saviour. And when, at the Last Supper, our divine Lord took bread and wine and blessed them saying this is My Body and this is My Blood, that incomprehensible mystery of a hidden God reached the limits of what was possible, and the words recorded in Isaias were verified to the very fulness of truth, for, Jesus had become preeminently a hidden God, the better to become the God their Saviour.

Doubtless, when the Second Person of the adorable Trinity became man He humbled Himself, taking upon Himself the form of a slave ; but even then, from time to time, He shed some ray of glory that betokened the presence of a God. It was a choir of angels that ushered in His birth ; at the moment of His baptism, the heavens opened and the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove, while God the Father, throned in the clouds above, proclaimed Him ; His beloved Son in whom He was well pleased. Thabor reflected a gleam of that hidden majesty, and Calvary was rocked to its base, while the sun refused its light, as He gave back His spirit to His Heavenly Father.

But in the Eucharist, O prodigy of love, excess of tenderness which only a God could show to His unworthy creature ; here in the Eucharist, He is reduced to the semblance of the lowliest of created things, mere inert matter. He is to our eyes no longer a man but lies hiddeen beneath an impenetrable veil, and has become the frail host which is at the mercy of both the sinner and the just. And all this, that He may become more effectually our Saviour, that He may, as our food, communicate His life to us. This leads us to the consideration of the merciful aim of the Heart of Jesus, in view of which He exposed Himself in the Eucharist to indifference, profanation and sacrilege.

The work of Redemption rendered it once more possible for us to acquire merits for heaven by good works, for it reinstated us in God's friendship and restored us to His grace which had been forfeited by the sin of Adam. But now that we live again a supernatural life, through the merits of Christ, the struggle against sin begins anew, not in the person of our first parent, but in the soul of each individual one of us. The greatest danger that threatens is from the revolt of the understanding and the rebellion of the will : in other words, from pride of the intellect and the corruption of the heart.

Christ, in giving Himself to us in the Blessed Eucharist, has placed within easy reach the means of successfully resisting both. First, He has set us an example of the most perfect humility in choosing abjection in the hidden life of our tabernacles, far greater indeed than that of becoming man even under the form of slave. While, as "The Bread of Angels," He has provided us with a food for our souls, and all those who partake of it worthily, frequently and fervently are thereby enabled to lead an angelic life in the midst of all the corruption of a depraved world. Nor must we otherwise understand this priceless boon. Holy Communion is not a recompense of sanctity already acquired, though it supposes the state of grace and the fitting preparation for its

reception. To say that with all due preparation and even with the most perfect dispositions we are really worthy, would be untrue. For the Cherubim and Seraphim of heaven, spotless as they are, knowing and loving God perfectly, would not be worthy recipients of so august a guest. But as Christ wishes to give Himself to us as a Sacrament, the degree of worthiness He requires of us is not beyond our capability, and with that, once assured, He deigns to be satisfied. Nay more, He presses us and urges us, through His own invitations and the invitations of His Church, to draw nigh to Him in our weakness, our affliction and our despondency when borne down by the weight of our daily burden.

A Sacrament, howsoever august, retains always its nature as such. Consequently it must be made use of, like all other sacraments, as a help, a means, and not simply as an end, since Christ has so ordained. The more we need help in our toilsome journey upward towards perfection the more frequently should we have recourse to those sacraments which are intended as aids in our every-day life and which may be reiterated. These are the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, or simply and emphatically, in the language of the faithful, *the Sacraments*.

The consciousness of our spiritual penury, and of the pertinacity of our evil inclinations should not deter us from the practice of frequent communion ; for it was precisely to impart strength to the soul that these sacraments were instituted. What Our Lord requires is not that we be confirmed in grace, a privilege reserved to the elect in heaven, but that we be free from attachment to sin if we would approach daily as bidden guests the heavenly banquet. That Our Lord intended this is as true as that He intended us to take up our cross daily and follow Him, or that he willed that our toil should be of every day, and that our burden should never be shifted from our shoulders. His own words are our warrant : "Come to Me all ye that labour, and are burdened, and I will refresh you" (Matth. xi, 28).

Why should Christ have said : " For My flesh is meat indeed : and My blood is drink indeed . . . As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me " (John, vi, 56), unless He intended to convey to us this truth, that just as the body needs its daily sustenance so also the soul's wants should be supplied by the frequent reception of this Bread, which is the Body of Christ and which is to make us live by Him ?

Why then do we not receive Our Lord oftener in Holy Communion ? Is it the fear of having so little to offer Him ? But it is His delight to be with the children of men (Prov. viii, 31). It is not what we can offer that He is in quest of, it is our poor empty heart. This is the sole treasure He seeks, and He came down from heaven, and suffered, to win it from us. Is it the overpowering awe which His presence inspires ? But this is the very reason our dear Lord gives for banishing all fear. " Peace be to you, *it is I*, fear not " (Luke xxiv, 36). Were it any other, Ah yes, but " it is I," lover of your souls. Is it the coldness of our hearts, the unfixedness of our thoughts, or the lack of sensible devotion, that keeps Our Lord standing without knocking for an entrance ? When all other considerations fail, or are too abstruse to move us, or to impart warmth to our prayer, there is one which will be ever potent to impress on the mind the character of the guest we are receiving. Who am I who am acting as host ? A poor culprit, who one day, when he departs from this world, will appear alone, without a counselling or pleading friend, before the judgment-seat of his Maker. And who is this visitor who has sought my hospitality as a friend ? My future Judge, at that same awful moment. He who has over me power of everlasting life or death. Now, what would be the feelings, the words of a wretched felon whom his future judge with power of life and death, but bent on an errand of mercy, seeks out in his dungeon cell ? Let these be ours and all our communions will be fervent.

What will not be our comfort when our span is run, and we are about to leave this world for eternity, as we look back on that drear, faulty record of ours, to think that there is one redeeming feature among so much else that was reprehensible. Evil deeds? We shall see many of them. Good works? Some few; but often like the ruddy fruit, fair to the eye and worm-eaten at the core by vanity and self-complacency. Communion? Ah yes! with heart-felt humility, and with a sigh at the remembrance of our many failings, shall we say: "Out of deference to Our Lord's own wishes, did I dare to receive Him often into my heart. It was poorly *swept* and poorly *garnished*, but it was all I had to offer Him as a home. I was not worthy, I know, to receive Him under my roof, but as He stood at the door so long and knocked so gently, I received Him, and received Him often, and made Him welcome, after my own imperfect way. Lord, I am now going home to you. You will stand at the threshold of your own heaven as the gates are thrown open and the dazzling brightness blinds weak human eyes: you will stand there, not as a stern judge, but as my former frequent guest, to bid me welcome at last to the eternal mansions of your Father. I trusted your words and have relied on your promise: 'He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up in the last day.'" (John, vi, 55).

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament implies more than frequent and fervent Communion. It includes also devotion to Our Lord in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and devotion to Our Lord ever present in the tabernacle. Where is the true Catholic soul that has not sometime carried back his thoughts to now nigh two thousand years ago, to the eventful day in the life of the world, when the adorable Victim was immolated on Calvary? Have we never wished that we had stood there by the Cross with the Mother of Sorrows, St. John, Mary the repentant sinner and the other Mary? Not to dare, no doubt, to break in upon the sacredness of their

anguish or offer them a word of consolation to ease their weight of woe — for what could all our words avail to comfort? — but that we might have stood there in silent sorrow, and abashed, and acknowledging in our heart of hearts that we were not free from guilt in that awful tragedy? Yet, what takes place daily upon our altars is the selfsame sacrifice. It is the same Victim offered and the same One who offers it to His Eternal Father. The sacrifice of the Mass is essentially the one offered on Calvary, save that it is offered in an unbloody manner. Now, if we were sincere in that wish, how comes it that we seem to realize so little the inestimable privilege of being present at the renewal of this immolation? We are impassive, cold and distraught, while the angels of the court of heaven, how humble and lowly so ever be the temple and the altar, throng round and bow low, with folded wings, in adoration of their Lord and Master. Do we forget, as we stand there unmoved, if we are so far faithful in being present, that we are also witnesses of the fulfilment of a great prophecy, made long before the coming of Our Lord? The prophet Malachias, heralding the words of the Lord of Israel, looks down the long vista of ages, to the centuries yet unborn, to regions yet undiscovered, across ocean and continent, to the shores of nameless seas, and in city and hamlet, in forest, and wild, and prairie, and mountain-gorge, everywhere does he see, in his prophetic vision, the great Christian Sacrifice enacted and offered to God for the rescuing of the world from sin and for graces for the faithful of his Church. Following the sun in its course across the heavens, one after another in an unbroken round, the altars are lit up in cathedral, or chapel, or hovel, on shipboard in mid-ocean, or in the solitary tent in the desert. Sacrifice succeeds sacrifice, and before night falls on one hemisphere the never ending act of worship is taken up as the circling light illumines newly awakening lands; and this was all foretold in God's warning to the Jewish priesthood: "I have no pleasure in you,

saith the Lord of hosts : and I will not receive a gift at your hand. For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is offered to My name a clean oblation : for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts." (Malach., i. 10, 11).

In this august Sacrifice of the Altar, where the Son of God is offered to His Father, we may join with our intentions, while God's priest, at the commemoration of the living, associates us with himself as he says : "Remember, O Lord, thy servants (N and N). And all here present, whose faith and devotion are known to Thee, for whom we offer to Thee, or who offer to Thee this sacrifice of praise, for themselves, and all that belong to them : for the redemption of their souls, for the hope of their salvation and safety : and render their vows to Thee, the eternal, living and true God."

Think, then, as we stand around our altars at Holy Mass, of the innumerable offerings taking place throughout the world, all identical with the one at which we assist, and unite in heart with all our brethren in other lands. We may be living in some poor, out-of-the-way parish, with a mere apology for a church ; perhaps, all told, we form but a handful of poor labourers, looked down upon as an ignorant, superstitious lot ; but bear in mind that elsewhere, in all the great centres of modern life, God's worship is conducted with ceremony, and pomp, and becoming grandeur. Remember that the greatest intellects even of this century, with the full knowledge of what they were abandoning and what they were seeking for, have humbly knocked for admission into what they had become convinced was the true Church of Christ ; and that, if accident should one day cast them among you, they would pass by the more pretentious structure, and be only too glad to find a corner among you to adore, "in spirit and in truth," Him whom the angels adore on your altars.

Thank God for His ever-abiding presence in our churches ; and be not satisfied with attending Holy Mass devoutly whenever it can be done without neglecting the duties of our state of life, but let us pay a visit, when occasion offers, to the Silent Dweller in our Tabernacles. He is there to listen to our prayers, a Prisoner of Love. How often does it not happen that in our troubles we know not where to turn for advice and comfort ; where else should we go but to the feet of Our Lord, who is waiting for us ? He is ever ready to receive us, He will not plead that He has no time to listen to our complaints, and He is never importuned by our entreaties. The more we ask of Him, the oftener we seek His company, the more pleased He is, and the more gracious does He show Himself to us. He will surely grant what He foresees is for our good, and when His loving Heart has refused a request be sure that the granting of it would have wrought havoc in our souls. Something more precious will be granted in its stead something that will bring us peace and contentment even in this world, and something which eventually will be turned to account for eternity.

The office of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord in the Tabernacle is the same as that of every associate of the Apostleship. It is to pray for sinners, in which prayers we have our own share. There is He "always living to make intercession for us" (Heb.. vii, 25). And it is at His feet that we all should learn that great duty of our Association. Remember, as we enter His presence, there at the door of His temple, that His Heart already goes out to us from the Tabernacle ; and that when we withdraw, as we do Him reverence, His blessing follows us out to our homes and occupations. Love the Prisoner of the Tabernacle, for the bonds that hold Him there are the bounds of love, so that He has every reason to complain if we forget Him, and forsake Him, in His never-ending and solitary vigils. On the contrary, if, by our frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, we console Him in His captivity, were it only by our mute

presence, He will not be forgetful of our thoughtful piety. He has deigned to let us know beforehand how He will recompense those who shall have given comfort to Himself in the person of the poor and needy, and how He will welcome them home: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat: I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink. . . ." (Math, xxv, 34). . . . "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me" (40). But for the watchers, aglow like the sanctuary lamp, before His altars, He will welcome them with love a hundred-fold: "For I Myself was a prisoner in the Tabernacle and you came to Me."

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 we may love more and more the Heart of Jesus, living, and praying, and immolating Itself in the Holy and Adorable Eucharist. — Amen.

TREASURY, MAY, 1898.

RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	213,577	Pious reading.....	96,286
Acts of mortification.....	241,680	Masses celebrated.....	627
Beads	390,316	Masses heard.....	1,089,377
Stations of the Cross.....	78,344	Works of zeal.....	115,229
Holy Communion.....	46,424	Various good works.....	431,764
Spiritual Communion..	479,594	Prayers.....	2,850,036
Examinations of conscience	49,185	Sufferings or afflictions..	73,436
Hours of silence	340,167	Self conquests.....	109,569
Charitable conversations.	176,173	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	218,048
Hours of labour.....	859,983		
Holy Hours	40,984	Total.....	7,900,199

The Blessed Sacrament.

(FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR)

ROUGNON.

o Je - su! joy of lov - ing

f

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics "o Je - su! joy of lov - ing" are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte dynamic marking (*f*) and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

hearts. Thou Fount of life. Thou light of men: From

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of music. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics "hearts. Thou Fount of life. Thou light of men: From" are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with musical notation, including a fermata over a note in the vocal line.

high - est bliss that earth in - parts We turn, un-filled, to Thee a -

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics "high - est bliss that earth in - parts We turn, un-filled, to Thee a -" are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with musical notation, including a fermata over a note in the vocal line.

gain O Je - su! ... O Je -

Detailed description: This system contains the fourth line of music. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics "gain O Je - su! ... O Je -" are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with musical notation, including a fermata over a note in the vocal line.

su l. . . . ov-er with us, stay, Make all our moments calm and

pp *piu animato.* *crescendo.*

bright: Chase Thouth night of sin a - way, And o'er us

shed Thy bles - sed light, And o'er us shed And

Allargando. (1st & 2nd time.) (3rd time.)

o'er us shed Thy bles - sed light. light.

f



1. — Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good ;
To them that find Thee, all in all.
O Jesu ! etc.

2. — We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, Thou Fountain-head,
And yearn our souls from Thee to fill.
O Jesu ! etc.

3. — O Jesu, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase Thou the night of sin away,
And o'er us shed Thy blessed light.
O Jesu ! etc.

Tr. from ST. BERNARD.



THE WITNESS OF SAINT ANTOINE

P'TIT Jean had gone to the bad! It was only what might have been expected. The soft warmth of the Bayou country is not conducive to strong moral fibre, and hot Creole passion and weak Creole will form a perilous combination. So, although P'tit Jean, with his bright gazelle eyes, his quick, eager gestures, his soft flowing speech, had gone the happy ways of the untempted — with child-like virtue until he was twenty, Père Etienne had only nodded his head in grim silence when la Veuve Pitot had told him of the grand, good fortune of her eldest born.

For young Louis Verrier, coming down for his yearly shooting, had taken a sudden fancy to the merry, bright-eyed youth who so skillfully had steered his pirogue through the winding waterways of the swamp, and who knew all the haunts of the mallard and the cache-cache. It was to P'tit Jean, young Verrier owed not only a record-breaking game-bag, but escape from the long-backed saurian, whose jaws would have made a quick end of the sportsman's story.

From the grateful Louis had come the offer of twenty dollars a month to P'tit Jean, as runner and messenger in the great sugar sheds of Verrier-Freres, in the city whose echoes faintly reached the little village near the swamps.

Twenty dollars! La veuve Pitot's black beads of eyes glittered in her brown wrinkled face, as she retailed the good tidings to the old priest, standing in his rusty soutane and broad hat by her cabin door. "Ah Heaven! what good fortune. It was a thing, incredible! Twenty dollars! Truly, the good St. Antoine had at last heard her vociferous prayers."

Twenty dollars! What would not twenty dollars do for the six little Pitots running brown and bare-legged over the half-submerged rice fields, for the small cabin nearly tumbling down on the fatherless brood, for la Veuve Pitot herself, who could go to church now in the black gown, suitable to her widowhood, and, perhaps, even so far did fancy run riot, in a capote and veil. And Père Etienne again had nodded and taken three pinches from his old silver tabatiere before he tapped its battered lid. When le Père Etienne took three pinches of snuff in succession, he must be thinking very seriously, indeed.

Far be it from him to question the mercy of good St. Antoine, but he knew the great city, and he, perhaps, knew also P'tit Jean.

Nevertheless, the luckless day came when P'tit Jean knelt for the last time at the communion rail of the little church, where the brown-robed "St. Antoine," standing by the altar, had been to his childish eyes a veritable presence, gravely cognizant of all infantile misdeeds; and then, with Père Etienne's blessing upon his brow, made his way to the great city that sits at the "gate of the waters," to become an atom in the whirlpool of her seething life-tide.

Alas, for P'tit Jean! the glamour of false lights, the music of siren voices, the fumes of strong wine were too much for Bayou virtue, and after a brief, delicious dance on the frothing waters of the new life, the poor little atom had gone down, down — P'tit Jean scarcely knew how or where, until he found himself one glaring, sunbright day struggling up from the mud and slime of the French market, where he had been flung by the mighty arm of Filippo Secchi, after such a castigation as only a jealous lover can bestow.

"Enough, have you?" cried the big Italian sailor, with addenda not to be transcribed, for Filippo had learned vigorous, if broken, English from his mates along the levee. "Come back, then, reptile that you are, come back and I will give you more, more, more."

Slowly P'tit Jean dragged himself to his feet, stunned, blinded, bleeding from the gash of a stone upon which he had fallen, and the fires of hell in his heart.

Mocking laughter echoed all about him, for the laugh goes with the victor, and besides, in the flush of his new independence (alas, the twenty dollars a month had never found its way to the little home in the rice-fields), P'tit Jean had strutted about like a young peacock in first feather. And now to be crushed, shamed, beaten like this before all the world! P'tit Jean rose, brushing the blinding blood drops from his brow with the torn sleeve of his blouse, and looking around him with glittering, narrowing eyes, the eyes of the swamp moccasin when he feels the heel upon his head.

"Ssss," it was a moment before he could find any speech but a sibilant gasp. "I will have more, more, but not now, not now! But" — he shook his clinched hand to the sky, while the oath that leaped from his white lips would have made Père Etienne tremble. "Dog of a dago, I will put my foot on your bleeding heart yet." And he slunk limping away, while Filippo laughed loud and scornfully.

"Be jabbers!" said an old Irishman standing near, "that's a queer sort of a naygur. He has the hiss of a snake."

"Aye, and its fangs, too! I'll wager," added Mat Lynn, mate of the New Bedford barque on which Filippo had shipped. "Best stick to

your boat after dark, Fil, my lad, there was a look in that chap's eye that means mischief. He'll lay for you to-night, sure"

"Pah," said Filippo, flinging back his mighty shoulders. "Zat leetle, vat you call it, hopper grass, I could blow him off like this — pouff—pouff." And laughing in scornful triumph, he turned away to bask in the fickle smile of the fair Carlotta, for whom the battle had been fought.

And P'tit Jean, bruised, ragged, bleeding, aching in every limb, crept away from the glaring sunshine and mocking voices, and hid himself under the vinegrown gallery of a deserted old house near the river.

His heart throbbed fiercely, his brain seemed working with new, swift power. For the blood that had hitherto flowed so blithely through P'tit Jean's veins had been of a very mixed strain, since the days of old Pierre Pitot, fiercest pirate of the Delta in the time of Jean Lafitte.

Old Pierre, who had flaunted his black flag boldly in the face of three nations, and finally blown up himself and his ship under the guns of the English cruiser that demanded his surrender, had gone bravely "au diable," as his family record ran.

The Spanish wife of the old buccaneer had spent her deserted days in prayer and penance for the misdeeds she had learned too late, while the fierce young brood of the Sea Vulture had flown far and fast, mating recklessly at their own wild wills.

Pitots had been hanged, and Pitots had been martyred, they had worn tinsel and tonsure, borne sword and spade, but however chastened, disciplined or unaroused, the spirit of the old Sea Vulture lived in all. It had wakened in P'tit Jean now, growing stronger and fiercer with the pain and rage of the passing hours, until, when the veil of twilight fell upon the city, the erst laughing boy of the bayou crept from his hiding place like a tiger from his lair, and with the same fierce blood-thirst.

He would kill Filippo to-night, he swore it with a trembling hand lifted to the sky. He would steal upon the great tall form as it went singing home through the darkness, he would spring upon him with the "canzonetta" in his throat, and he would cut swift, deep, strong, ah! how he would cut down into the, the great, thick neck, "le gros cochon!"

"Ah!" it would be good! good to feel the hot blood spurt, to hear the hated voice gasp and gurgle, to see the big legs shake, the great body fall. How the fellow had laughed at him this morning, how his white teeth had glittered. P'tit Jean would crash those white, shining teeth with one hard blow, when he was down at his feet. And

so, with the fierce breath of such fancies feeding the baleful fire within him, P'tit Jean crept out into the darkness, as deadly and malignant a creature as was ever born of the festering waters of a tropic swamp.

He must have a knife — until now his easy good-humor had known no such need. He had seen one such as he wished — long, sharp, bright, in the windows of a little shop, where he had paused to look at a tray of tempting trinkets, yesterday.

And, quickening his stealthy steps, P'tit Jean made his way into a dim, narrow street, where, under the sign of " Benjamin Isaacs, Horloger," a withered old Jew presided over a comprehensive stock of old watches, jewelry, canes and weapons, flotsam and jetsam from the Mont de Pieté, higher in the town. The greedy eyes of the old Israelite blinked, as P'tit Jean paid unquestioningly the price demanded for the knife he picked out from his heterogeneous collection. " It goes for no good," he muttered to himself as the purchaser left the shop, " but," with a shrug of his bent shoulders, " what is that to me if these Christians kill each other, like the uncircumcised dogs they are? The sons of Abraham must live."

And P'tit Jean, with the knife hidden in his breast and a wild exultation in his heart, hurried on through the dark, narrow streets, to track down his prey.

At eight o'clock, Filippo was drinking jovially in the wine shop of Jacques Delroy, and P'tit Jean's glittering eyes were piercing through the blinds. At nine, the big Italian was dancing in the saloon of " Le Matelot," while a slight, silent figure skulked in the shadow without. At eleven — at eleven! Filippo lay in a dim, narrow street near the levee, his battered face upturned in dumb protest to the midnight sky, stabbed to the heart!

And three hours later, a lithe, active, sinewy figure, limping with desperate haste on a southward flight, was stopped by the iron hand of the law, and Jean Baptiste Pitot was held for the murder of Filippo Secchi.

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Wan, wasted and unkempt, with queer old lines graven about his once laughing lips, and the restless look of some caged wild thing in his bright eyes, P'tit Jean sat on the cot in his narrow cell, watching the sunbeam that just at noon-day struggled in through the high grated window, slanted across the floor, crept up the stone wall and vanished, as if loth to leave his darkness.

Ah, that sunbeam! how P'tit Jean, child of warmth and light that he was, watched for it! What queer fancies it brought him, as he sat there stunned, bewildered, thinking of he knew not what.

Did it come from his old home, where the sunshine lay so bright upon the rice fields, and trembled like golden rain through the shadows of the cypress, and flashed, ah, so dazzlingly, from the cross, the little church spire held up to the clear blue sky? Did it come from heaven, where, perhaps, the saints were pitiful, and let one blessed ray "steal into the darkness of this tomb?" To-day, as P'tit Jean's hollow eyes followed the track of light, it was suddenly broken by an opening door, and there — there, on the threshold, in his old rusty soutane and broad hat, stood Père Etienne haloed by the sunbeam.

"My son, my poor son," and the old priest outstretched pitying, fatherly hands.

"Mon Père, mon Père," sobbed P'tit Jean, falling upon his knees.

"My child, my unhappy child! Ah, I feared for thee, P'tit Jean, I feared for thee, but not for anything so terrible as this. But God is good. God is merciful — there is pardon for all who repent."

"I do, mon Père, I do, I do," answered P'tit Jean, brokenly. "Is it not what I have been doing all these days, these nights which I cannot count?"

"Much sin, great sin have I done since I left you, mon Père, but of this, for which they have put me here — I am innocent — I did not kill Filippo Secchi, no, no, no. The good Saint Antoine himself is my witness that I did not."

"Hush, hush," interrupted the old priest, sternly. "It is right that you should defend yourself before the court, before the world, but do not call on one of God's saints to witness a lie to me — to me, unhappy child!"

"Mon Père, it is no lie, it is no lie," repeated P'tit Jean passionately "That is what they all say — that is what the Monsieur Counsel says when he talks to me. I must tell him the truth, if I would have him save me from the hangman. And I have told the whole truth, five, ten, twenty, forty times, as the good Saint Antoine knows."

"Again, again, child of perdition that you are," said Père Etienne, indignantly. "Did you not swear before twenty witnesses — before the most high God, that you would kill this man?"

"Yes, mon Père, yes, yes. But listen, and I will tell you all — all, as if I stood before the judgment seat of the good God, all that is the truth, mon Père. I swore to kill Filippo Secchi, when he beat me, crushed me to the earth, drove me mad with rage, and hate, and shame. All day long I nursed the bad thought, it was like fire in my veins, and thirst in my throat, and madness in my brain, until I was no longer a man, mon Père, but a devil, the devil that ruled my heart. And at night, when the darkness came, I stole out to the little

shop, as the Jew man told, and bought a knife. This is true, mon Père God's truth. And I crept after Filippo——"

"Aye, I have heard it all, unhappy child. Truly the evil one must have maddened you, that could sin thus before all eyes. There were six witnesses who saw you watching through the blinds of Jacques Delroy's wine shop."

"Yes, mon Père, yes, yes," assented P'tit Jean, humbly.

"And again, afterwards, by the dance house, there were those who saw you watching him there," continued Père Etienne, pitilessly.

"Yes, that is the truth, mon Père, still the truth."

"And then, then, into the dark, narrow street you followed him, and, forgetful of God, forgetful of the soul you sent black with sin before its Maker, forgetful of hell opening at your feet, you struck the wretched man."

"No, mon Père," interrupted P'tit Jean, wringing his lean hands excitedly, "no, no, no, that is not the truth, no, no. I left the dance house, knowing it would be two or three hours perhaps before he would go to his boat for the night. And I would have to wait — curious eyes had been fixed on me already. I felt I must not be seen watching him longer. I must hide till the time came. I saw the open door of the church, and I went in, mon Père, there to wait — to hide. It was still in there and dark, so dark, all but the little lamp before the altar, the same lamp that told us the good God was in the chapel at home, there, too, close by the altar, stood Saint Antoine in his brown robe, always the same as at home.

"And I began to tremble, mon Père, I could not tell why — to tremble like a little tree in a great wind.

"So much did I tremble that I could not stand, I fell down on my knees there in the darkness before the good God and Saint Antoine. What was it they knew I was going to do?"

"And then, mon Père, thoughts came to me, it was like the crevasse when the waters burst through, so did the thoughts come — rushing, flooding, sweeping over me; the old mother, with her brown, wrinkled face, the little ones, with their hands joined in their night prayer, the first communion day and the little book you gave me, the white surplice I wore at the Christmas Mass, ah, mon Père, I know not how to tell you, the thoughts were so many.

"Two, three, four times the evil one raged up within me. I rose again to go and kill Filippo, but the thoughts pressed me back, down, down on my knees, until I was left shaking, sobbing like little Pierrot, when last summer I caught him out of the foaming waters of the mill dam. Then, then, at last, mon Père, did I snatch the knife from my breast and fling it down in the holy place before the altar, fall on my

face and weep, ah, such great tears, tears that cooled the burning fire within me, tears that made me feel that I was P'tit Jean again, and not a devil in his shape. And I vowed then, to Saint Antoine, that very night would I fly from Filippo, from the wicked town, from my wicked self, that I would go back to the little home in the rice fields and never leave it more, never, mon Père. And it was that I was doing when they caught me on the road, and brought me back, and showed me Filippo all bruised and bloody and dead — killed — but not by me mon Père. And at the sight of him, at the awful sight of what I might have done, but for the good God and Saint Antoine, my head turned and I grew sick, and all things turned black. They said it was because I had killed him, but it was not so. What I have told you is the truth, mon Père, Saint Antoine is my witness, all the truth."

No protest came from Père Etienne now, tears were streaming down his furrowed cheeks. Ah, this was the child of his teaching, this was the P'tit Jean he knew.

"I believe you, my son, I believe you. We will pray, P'tit Jean, it is all we, poor and weak that we are, can do, pray that good Saint Antoine may bear witness for you yet."

And Père Etienne, who had learned enough of the case to know that it would be almost hopeless for P'tit Jean to escape human condemnation, went back to his rectory, to comfort the poor bewildered mother and to put in motion the mighty organ of intercessory prayer, sending an account of his poor young parishioner's peril to the various houses of his order, and begging for novenas to the good Saint Antoine, in whom P'tit Jean relied with such simple childlike trust.

* * *

P'tit Jean's trial had come at last. It promised to be a brief one.

The tragedy was unfortunately too commonplace to awaken public interest, the prisoner was obscure and friendless, the evidence against him apparently overwhelming.

Wild-eyed, wan, unkempt, P'tit Jean sat at the bar of human justice, listening bewildered to the proceedings which seemed to array the whole world against him. The hot glare of the court room, the strange faces gazing at him curiously, pitilessly or indifferently, the dull drone of voices, speaking in terms he could not comprehend; it all seemed a vague, confusing dream. In helpless despair he heard witness after witness brought forward against him.

"A weak, light-headed young fellow," so the manager of Verrier Freres was compelled to testify: "he was on their books for dismissal at the end of the month — worthless and dissipated." The old Irishman, the Yankee mate, pretty Carlotta herself, tearful and coquettish,

half a dozen others bore witness to the fight at the market, the threat that followed; the old Jew who had sold P'tit Jean the knife, the watchers at the wine shop, at the door of the dance house, all had their tales to tell.

Everywhere there had been keen eyes and quick ears and busy tongues; everywhere there was the cloud of witnesses gathered against him — everywhere but in the church, where he had knelt, prayed, repented. There, ah, there! had been only the good God and St. Antoine.

It was shown clearly that P'tit Jean had dogged his victim's steps all evening, watching until he passed through the dark, lonely street where the fatal blow could be struck unseen. The knife, identified by the old Jew as one taken from his stock, had been left in the wound, and was shown to the court, rusty with its blood stains. True, on cross-examination, the old Horloger was unable to swear that this knife was the identical one purchased by P'tit Jean on the night of the murder; he had sold several of the kind during the week, marked with the same cost price on the handle; to that, his private mark, he could swear on the Books of Moses, to that and no more. And so the testimony led up to the hour, quarter past ten, when Filippo, looking at his round silver watch, and parted from a company of jovial mates, saying he must be on his ship at eleven. All his companions could swear to the hour and minute, for they had protested against his departure, and he had shown them the time, the quarter striking even while he spoke from the cathedral tower. And at ten minutes of eleven a policeman had stumbled over the huge body of the big Italian lying dead already on his riverward way. In that half hour the crime had been committed, of that half hour no witness could speak.

There were only the mute lips of Filippo to accuse — P'tit Jean's passionate appeal to heaven to defend him.

So clear and convincing seemed the testimony against the prisoner that the prosecution felt all display of legal brilliancy unnecessary, and simply concluded with the incontrovertible statement, that the increasing boldness of the criminal class demanded the enforcement of the law in all its rigour. "Monsieur Counsel," to whom P'tit Jean turned his haggard, wistful face despairingly, did his best, but that best was simply a clever young lawyer's word play. He had not the shadow of a case and he knew it. A faint smile rippled around the court room, at his eloquent picture of his client's supposed repentance at the foot of the altar.

But that word-picture, fictitious as it seemed to the others, roused P'tit Jean into sudden passion. Heedless of rules and regulations, he sprang to his feet. "That is true," he burst forth, "that is God's

truth. It was there that I knelt, that I prayed, that I wept. There I flung down the knife, there I vowed to fly, fly from this wicked, evil place forever. Saint Antoine saw," and he flung his thin brown arms up in passionate appeal. "Saint Antoine is my witness." "Silence!" interposed the Judge, sternly. "Unfortunately, gentlemen," he continued with a dry smile, "the prisoner appeals to a witness over whom this court has no jurisdiction, therefore —"

"Pardon, your Honour," spoke a clear, ringing voice. "The prisoner's faith is not vain. His witness is here."

A perceptible thrill ran through the court room; P'tit Jean uttered a startled cry of wonder and rapture. Was that tall dark-robed figure that rose in the witness stand the good Saint himself? Who else was that pale, ascetic stranger, with the kindly eyes, the clear, fearless voice? "Le Père Ravalle!" was the astonished murmur, as the well-known missionary, recognized by most of those present, reverently took the preliminary oath and stood forth to give his testimony.

"Gentlemen, I have come five hundred miles to bear witness to the innocence of this unfortunate young man.

"As many of you may remember, I concluded a mission in the Church of Saint Antoine on the tenth of last October, the date of the murder. I left at twelve that night, for six months of entire rest and retirement in one of our distant monasteries.

"On the night in question, I was in the confessional, to the right of the altar. It was my custom during the mission to remain there until half-past ten, in the hope that poor sinners, shrinking from the sight of men, might be led under the shelter of the darkness to God's feet. But no penitents came that night.

"It was just five minutes past ten; I had looked at my watch to see if it were my usual time for leaving, when I heard a footstep in the aisle, and, looking unseen through the curtain of my confessional, saw the prisoner approaching the altar. The light of the sanctuary lamp fell full upon his face, so that I am able to identify him fully. His movements were so strange and suspicious that I hesitated to reveal my presence, as my denunciation of various forms of crime during the mission had brought me several threatening letters, and I was unarmed and helpless, should any sacrilegious criminal choose this holy place for a deed of violence.

"Therefore I remained quietly watching the prisoner. He seemed to be laboring under some intense excitement.

"Again and again he fell on his knees before the altar, and often rose again, muttering, shivering, trembling in every limb. At last, snatching a knife from his breast, he flung it in the Sanctuary, and then, casting himself on the floor, burst into a wild passion of sobs and tears.

"For a long time he lay there in an agony, whether of rage, remorse, or fear, I could not tell, and at last he rose, and, kissing the feet of St. Anthony's statue, hurried from the church."

"Can you tell the exact hour that you lost sight of him, Father?" was the respectful question. "Eleven o'clock was just striking from the cathedral clock."

"Then he had been in the church under your eyes for nearly an hour?"

"From five minutes past ten."

There was an eager movement of interest through the court room, but P'tit Jean did not understand. His face, radiant with delight, was fixed on the witness, the witness of St. Antoine, who was speaking for him, who was telling the truth, at last the whole truth.

"And the knife?" continued the cross-examiner, "the knife that was flung on the sanctuary floor?"

"It was too deadly a weapon to be left there," answered Father Ravalle, "besides, I feared, knowing the evil in the city as I do, it might be a signal, a pledge of some future crime. So I picked it up, the blade was bright and clear, and thrust it (I had no time for delay) in the hollow pedestal under St. Antoine's statue. If you will search, there is a crevice in the back of the pedestal, you will find the prisoner's knife there in St. Antoine's keeping still, unstained by the Italian's blood. To that I can swear. As you perceive, St. Antoine has heard his client, gentlemen. But for the appeal for prayers, sent to our monasteries by this poor lad's parish priest, I would never in my close retirement have heard of his danger, never have come forward to testify to his innocence by proving his alibi. It is the good St. Antoine who has borne witness after all."

A ringing cheer went up, for Père Ravalle was known and beloved by all.

P'tit Jean was saved.

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Five years later a murderer condemned for another crime, confessed that he had killed Filippo Secchi, in obedience to the laws of an Italian secret society of which both were members.

But P'tit Jean neither knew nor cared ought of this tardy justice.

Once more light-hearted and happy, he steers his pirogue through the waters of the swamp, and gaily tills his spreading rice fields. The dollars of the distant city tempt him no more.

He must keep his vows to the good Saint who was sent from heaven to save him. For so P'tit Jean believes, so will he teach the children who are springing around his knee. It was St. Antoine who was his witness, when all the world was against him.

M. T. WAGGAMAN, in the *American Messenger*.



A HEART CONTRITE.

What is this heart of ours,
Throughout the dark, despondent years?
A garden rank with faded flowers,
An urn brimful of briny tears;
Our life, with its proud record of high deeds,
Is choked with weeds.

We rise and then we fall;
We stumble over veriest pebbles in the way;
We hate and yet we love the thrall
Of sinful loves, idolatries of clay;
And our faint hearts can never firmly cling
To the one good thing,

We faint upon the road,
Or linger near cool fountains in the sensuous shades;
Or else we strain against the goad
That spurs high souls unto immortal grades;
And oft, in sight of the Celestial gate,
We halt or deviate.

Pecavi! When the veil
Of night is gathered o'er our couch of rest;
Pecavi! must we wail,
With bended head and hand upon our breast;
Another day has circled o'er our path,
And we have reaped God's wrath.

Ay, and His forgiveness.
Despond not, O my soul, nor be cast down;
Though He is angered sore, yet none the less
Will He accept thy penance and relax His frown;
If thou dost weep, He will condone thy sin,
And make thee clean.

Thick as the notes that dance
In the slant sun-beam, thick as the stars that shine
In heaven; thick as the silex points that glance
On the moon-lit beach, or as the grains o' brine
That shimmer in the illimitable sea
Though thy sins be —

Yet, He will pardon all ;
 Yea, and will take thee to His heart again ;
 The Father loves the wandering prodigal,
 When he returns in penitence and pain ;
 He that attends the plover's querulous cry
 Will heed the culprit's sigh.

A heart contrite and lowly,
 Lord, Thou wilt not wholly spurn ;
 The silent pleadings of deep melancholy,
 The bitter, bitter thoughts, the tears that burn,
 The low prostrations at Thy altar, move
 The bowels of Thy love.

Blest Spirit of Compunction !
 Feeling of timorous sorrow that imparts
 Unto our sinful lives a soothing unction,
 A saving grace unto our sinful hearts,
 Do thou, like holy olives pressèd, heal
 All my soul's ill.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

NEW STATUTES OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

LOCAL DIRECTORS.

DIPLOMAS. — Any priest may become a Local Director of the Apostleship in all its Degrees.

" The Local Directors of the various Centres of the Association shall, with the approval of the Ordinery, be appointed by the Diocesan Director. (Stat. VIII.)

As a rule, not only every centre (parish, community or association), should hold a Diploma of Aggregation, by virtue of which the Centre is affiliated to the Apostleship, but it is desirable that the Local Director also be provided with one, signed by the Diocesan Director, or when this cannot be, by the Director General. This latter document is the official announcement, that the rights and privileges

attached to the position have been conferred on the Director of the Centre.

Let us add, however, that the Diploma of the Local Director, although in every way expedient, is not essential to the working of the Centre, whereas the Diploma of Aggregation is indispensable.

PRINCIPAL DUTIES OF LOCAL DIRECTORS.

1. AGGREGATION. — It is the duty of the Local Director to admit the faithful into the Apostleship of Prayer, by inscribing their names in a register of aggregation, — or having them inscribed by a promoter appointed for the purpose, — and by giving or forwarding them a certificate of membership. The Director should also see to the safe-keeping of the register in which are inscribed the names of the Associates, but it is not necessary to transmit these names to the General, nor even to the Diocesan Centre. (Rescript of June 2nd, 1880, — Statute IX.)

The Local Director may also, if he so wishes, countersign the certificates of membership.

The power of aggregating possessed by Local Directors is not limited to persons in their own centre of aggregation, but extends to all strangers, priests, members of religious orders, etc.

2. MEETINGS. — It is the duty of the Director to preside at the monthly meeting of the Associates. This meeting should be held in a church or chapel, if the Director wishes to enjoy the privileges to be mentioned. (Rescript of August 24, 1884.)

3. PROMOTERS. — The Local Director names the promoters, and signs the diploma whereby, after a six months' trial they are confirmed in their functions.

4. MEETING OF PROMOTERS. — Every month (1), or at

(1) It is usually on the fourth Sunday, or during the fourth week of each month that this meeting takes place, at which, also, the promoters receive the Calendar which they are to distribute to the Associates for the ensuing month.

least at stated intervals, the Director should assemble the Promoters in order the better to incite them "*to promote more and more the glory of God, the salvation of souls and the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, conformably to the Statutes of the Apostleship.*" (Stat. VI.)

5. GENERAL COMMUNION. — It is likewise the Local Director who fixes the day for the monthly Communion of Reparation or Atonement, on which Associates, by receiving Holy Communion in a body, gain the plenary indulgence attached to this general Communion. (Rescript of June 14th, 1877.)

6. HOLY HOUR. — Finally, each week, on the day and at the hour fixed upon by himself, the Director should do well to assemble the Associates in a church or chapel, in order to have them gain the plenary indulgence attached to the practice of the Holy Hour.

PRIVILEGES OF LOCAL DIRECTORS.

1. FACULTY OF INDULGENCING. — If he has under his care at least fifty Associates belonging to the second Degree of the Apostleship, the Director, by that very fact, enjoys the privileges of applying to crosses, medals and beads, the apostolic indulgences and those of Saint Bridget; provided that once a month, he holds a meeting of Associates in a church or chapel. (Rescript of Aug. 24th, 1884.)

2. INDULGENCES. — In his capacity of chief Promoter, the Director has a right to all the plenary indulgences granted to the Promoters of the Apostleship, namely: twice a month, on the feasts of the Patrons of the Association, and twice a year when he renews his consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

3. RECEPTION OF PROMOTERS. — In appointing Promoters, the Local Director should not lightly dispense with the use of the Diploma (1); in cases where the Diploma is dispensed with, however, the appointment should be made

1) Directors can obtain these Diplomas from the office of the MESSENGER.

by means of some other positive act, such, for instance, as the sending of a letter.

As regards the ceremony and the official delivery of the Diploma, the medal and the Handbook, it may be performed by the Local Director, who has likewise the power of dispensing, either wholly, or in part, with these latter details of the regular reception. Members of religious communities, we may add, are as a rule exempt from all these formalities.

Directors are advised to grant such exemptions only for grave reasons, as experience has shown that these impressive ceremonies are most useful in awakening among Promoters that spirit of devotedness which should be their distinguishing characteristic.

The Rule (which is to be found in the Handbook of the Apostleship) should be the touchstone by means of which the Director may discern from among all those who labour for the spread of the Association, the chosen souls worthy of being enrolled in this picked corps. Those persons who, without assuming any special obligation properly so called, accept this rule with the sincere desire of modeling their lives thereon, may be allowed to make the act of consecration according to the received rite.

For reasons which are sufficiently obvious the Society has always required a delay of six months before the formal reception of promoters. The omission of this delay, however, in no wise invalidates the reception; and even, in many circumstances — for example in giving a start to the Association in a new locality — this custom may, with advantage, be dispensed with. It would be well, however, to do so for weighty reasons only.

The solemn consecration of Promoters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus should be renewed every six months with special ceremonies. A plenary indulgence has been granted by the Holy See for each of these renovations.

(Rescript of June 14th, 1877). If the Director inte-

rest himself actively in his Promoters and their work, he may look forward to the most happy results in his parish, or even throughout the entire city, from the combined action of these chosen souls, whose one great desire is to work in concert for the realization of the designs of the Sacred Heart. The Promoters, in fact, may be looked upon as the regimental officers of the Apostleship; for each has charge of a section of the city or parish, and look after a certain number of Associates, thirty, fifteen or ten, as the case may be. So that with their help, a zealous pastor may keep himself constantly in touch with the members of his flock, and communicate a vigorous impulse to the various good works of the parish.

4. FACULTY OF AGGREGATING. — The Local Director has also the power of enrolling the faithful in the Roman Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, on condition, however, that at least once a year, he forward the names of those he shall have enrolled to the office of the MESSENGER, to Rome, or to some confraternity affiliated to the Roman Archconfraternity.

(To be continued)

R. I. P.

The prayers of the League are earnestly requested for the following Members lately deceased:

Alexandria: Michael McDougald, d. Apr. 1; Archibald D. McPhee, d. Apr. 27. *Almonte*: John J. O'Reilly, d. March 23. *Athlone*: William Kidd, d. March 15. *Barrie*: Mrs. Mary McBride, d. Apr. 18. *Bathurst, N. B.*: Mrs. Angus McInnis. *Bathurst Village*: Francis Xavier Doucette, d. Apr. 21. *Brantford*: Arthur Savage, d. March 26. *Buckingham*: John Baker. *Cornwall*: John McGibbon, d. Jan. *Eganville*: Neil Mulvenna, d. Apr. 9. *Freelton*: William Burke, d. March 10; Thomas Keating, d. Apr. 9. *Hamilton*: Bernard J. McCowell, d. Apr. 24. *Hastings*: Mrs. John Lynch, d. Apr. 5. *Kingston*: Mrs. Mary Marvin, d. March; Katie Hayward, d. Apr. 10. *Lochiel*: George McCormick, d. March 28. *Maidstone*: Nellie Ward, d. July 21. *Montreal*: Mrs. George Burden, d. Apr. 3. *Napanee*:

Mrs. Christine Burns, d. Apr. 14. *Newcastle, N. B.* : William Merry, d. Apr. 4. *New Hamburg* : Miss Annie Hartman, d. March 27. *Ottawa* : Mary Julia Quinn, d. Feb. 11, James Slate Esq., d. Nov. 16. *Pembroke* : Mrs. Theresa O'Brien, d. Apr. 29. *Port Lambton* : Teresa Ridge, d. Apr. 5. *Quebec* : Mary Myler, d. March 27 ; Mr. James Murphy, d. Apr. 9 ; Mr. Matthew Mahoney, d. Apr. 27. *Red Bank* : Miss Katie Ryan, d. Apr. 25. *Rollo Bay* : Mrs. Frederick Chaisson, d. Dec. 20 ; Mr. Patrick Walker, d. Jan. 8 ; Miss Mary Mallard, d. March 24 ; Mrs. Henry Bushy, d. March 30 ; Miss Annie Kickham, d. Dec. 31. *Catharines* : Thomas Hickey, d. Jan. 22. *St George's P. E. I.* : Malcolm McLellan, d. March 22 ; William McDonald, d. Apr. 6. *Sarnia* : Reuben Savoy, d. March 15. *Thorold* : William P. McCarthy. *Toronto* : Mrs. Flanagan, d. March 22. *Zurich* : Mrs. Jacob Regier, d. Apr. 6.

Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER

ESCAM DEDIT TIMENTIBUS SE.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

"Give us this day, our daily Bread,"
So hast Thou taught us, Lord, to pray ;
Oh Thou, by whom our souls are fed,
Give us Thyself from day to day.

Give us Thy Love, that we may know
Its sweetness, all its depth and height ;
Love that in us shall daily grow,
Subduing all things by its might.

Give us Thy Patience — Thou didst bear
Reproaches, blasphemy and shame,
Grant us, in these, to have our share,
Our joy to suffer for Thy Name.

Give us Thy Lowliness, that we
May learn of Thee, the Wisest, Best ;
That being made, dear Lord, like Thee,
Our souls may find in Thee their rest.

Give us Thyself, with all Thou art,
All Thou canst give, for we are Thine ;
Give us Thy Grace, Thy-Love, Thy Heart,
Thyself, to be our Food Divine.



THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

MACRON, ONT. — Under the impulse given by the zealous Local Director, the League has taken a new start. Within the short space of three weeks, one hundred and fifty members have been enrolled. With the blessing of the Sacred Heart, the Reverend Director has every reason to be sanguine for the future, while the Parish is to be congratulated for the unmistakable proofs given of newly awakened fervour in promoting a devotion so dear to our Lord.

TORONTO. — *St. John's Industrial School*, March 30. — Reverend Father, — The enclosed is the first month of our League-work. Our poor boys seem to enter into the work with enthusiasm, and I notice a great improvement generally. It is consoling to note the marks of faith evinced by them in going to the Intention-Sheet and marking down their points with such seriousness; surely, the little acts of generosity must bear fruit. Fifteen of our boys were, some two or more years, in a Protestant institution in this city, where they were obliged to conform to all the practices of the house just as if they were actually Protestants and never, on *any account*, could any of them have the ministry of a priest during the three or five years which they had to spend there. It is astonishing how zealously they enter into the spirit of their Faith. The Archbishop feels consoled that from thirty to forty of his children are no longer lost to the Church by being brought up aliens to their religion as they were while in the other school. We shall give our closest attention to the work of the League as it will bring us many blessings.

BRO. ORBANUS.

HASTINGS, April 21st. — Being placed in charge of this parish, the President of the Sacred Heart Society has requested me to drop a note to you stating the standing of the Society amongst us. When I came here I found that the Sacred Heart League established by one of your Fathers was in a flourishing condition. At present we have about five hundred members, and since I announced the special Communion on the First Friday of the month, the number is increasing daily. The ladies are now ordering one hundred MESSENGERS and I hope

soon to be able to say that they have it in every family or home in the parish. The success here is due to the zeal of the good women who are interesting themselves in this noblest of all works.

P. J. McGUIRE, P. P.

ST. ANDREW'S WEST, April 4. — A most successful Mission was given here by the Redemptorist Fathers from Montreal.

It had been announced some Sundays previous that the Mission would open March 20th. Although the weather looked gloomy and the roads not in the best condition, the church was full the appointed day. Almighty God blessed such self-sacrifice by sending very favourable weather, cold frosty nights followed by bright warm days, so that all in the parish were able to attend the two sermons every day. Old and young assembled to hear the stirring and faith-inspiring words. No matter what hour you entered the church crowds would be there, each one intent on making the Mission in the best possible way; some making the Way of the Cross, some preparing to refresh their souls in the Sacrament of Penance, others adoring the Silent Dweller of the Tabernacle, all showing the most lively faith and most fervent devotion.

We shall never forget Thursday's scene; we shall forever love to recall that solemn and impressive ceremony. Our grand altar was ablaze with light, over one hundred and fifty tapers — the offering of pious souls — silently made intercession for the living and the dead. The Angels of God must have gazed in ecstasy on that lovely scene, the whole Congregation on bended knees imploring forgiveness and mercy. I asked myself, as I whispered a prayer for our dear departed ones, do they see this scene? How lovingly they must have looked on us poor pilgrims. How our worthy and regretted President, who devoted herself so zealously for the propagation of the League, must have rejoiced. Yes, the League has produced glorious results in St. Andrew's as elsewhere. It must be confessed there is a noted change since that happy day when it was introduced and established so firmly. The First Friday is duly and faithfully observed, the young find strength and courage to face life's battles in this beautiful devotion, manhood there finds a shield against the evil one, while the sorrow-stricken find rest and consolation. Such are the graces that flow from that Heart which has loved to the end, and now daily and hourly calls us to repose in Its fathomless love. Another grand devotion is established in our parish, that of the perpetual Way of the Cross. Each member has promised to make the Stations once a week in honour of the Passion of our Divine Lord. In a parish where a ten minutes' walk will bring people to God's house, such a practice

would not be difficult, but here, where most of the congregation drive miles to church in cold weather and very often over bad roads, it is most admirable.

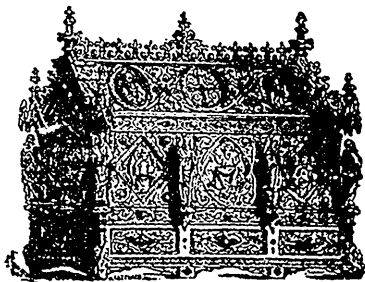
Sunday the 27th, at 7 p. m., the mission closed. Every heart was filled with emotion as the zealous missionary asked: "Are you, my dear people of St. Andrew's, firmly resolved to practice pious prayer? Are you firmly resolved to frequent the Sacraments? Are you firmly resolved to avoid the occasions of sin?" "We are," simultaneously rang through the whole church. The sacred edifice was crowded. Solemn Benediction was given by Vicar General Corbett, our former pastor, from Cornwall, after which all retired fully resolved to lead better and purer lives.

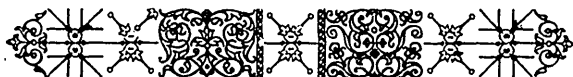
Yesterday, our worthy Pastor, Rev. Father Macdonell, expressed his entire satisfaction at the success of the mission, and hoped that the results would be life-long.

May the Sacred Heart continue to protect and bless our parish. May Mary Immaculate keep us in her maternal Heart and may we always prove ourselves worthy of such loving protection.

THE SECRETARY.

TORONTO, April 25, *St. Basil's Parish*. —The League of Prayer in union with the Sacred Heart is now established in St Basil's Parish, Toronto, with twenty-eight Circles. All the members practise the Friday adoration and the Communion of Reparation.





THANKSGIVINGS

For special favours received from the Sacred Heart, published in fulfilment of promises made.

(N. B. Thanksgivings intended for publication under this heading should reach the editor before the first of the month preceding publication. General thanksgivings for favours received throughout the month or the year, or vaguely expressed as "several" or "many" are not here mentioned.)

ALBERTON, P. E. I. For two spiritual and temporal favours in March. — ALEXANDRIA, ONT. For a very great favour. For two great favours, after prayers and novena to the S. H., B. V. and the Souls in Purgatory. A mother, for her little girl's eyes having been cured. For finding a promoter's cross that was lost. For a great spiritual favour. — ANTIGONISH. For a favour. For three great favours. — ARNPRIOR. For a very great temporal favour in March, through B. V. and St. Ann. For one spiritual and temporal favour in April, through B. V. and St. J.

BATHURST, N. B. For a great favour, through the B. V. and St. J. For ten spiritual and temporal favours. — BATHURST VILLAGE. For the cure of a painful malady, through St. Ann. For three great favours. For a very great favour, after saying the Thirty Days' Prayer. For recovery from sickness, after making the Nine First Fridays. For the cure of deafness, after making a novena to St. Anthony. For four favours. For the cure of a cough, after praying to the B. V. — BRANTFORD, ONT. For improvement in health. For a situation, after promising three masses in honour of the B. V. For a safe journey. For a special favour. For employment for a husband. For employment and increase of wages. — BRECHIN. For recovery of a lost article, through St. Anthony. For seven favours. For a favour. — Two, for employment. For a great favour, after promising to hear mass for the departed members of the League. For recovery of memory. For two making their Easter duty. For two brothers making their Easter duty, through prayers to B. V. and St. J. Two, for restoration to health. For four favours. For steady employment. For receiving a letter, thanks to the B. V. For a good position secured. For being saved from smothering, after applying the Badge, and promising prayers for the Souls in Purgatory. — BELLEVILLE. For six favours, through B. V. and St. J. — BUCKINGHAM. — For four favours, through B. V. and St. Anthony. For a conversion. — BROCKVILLE. For ascertaining the whereabouts of an absent brother, through the prayers of the League. For a spiritual and temporal favour, through the B. V. and St. Anthony.

CALEDONIA. For a brother obtaining a situation. — **CALGARY.** For a temporal favour, through St. Anthony of Padua. — **CANSO.** For five favours. For a great favour. For a conversion, after prayers to the S. H., the B. V. and St. J. For the recovery of an object much prized. **COBOURG.** For two great temporal favours. For work for a member. For a favour, after making a novena to the B. V. For success at an examination, after saying the Thirty Days' Prayer. For finding a sum of money, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. — **CORNWALL.** For three special favours. For the cure of a child's sore throat, after applying the Badge. For two temporal favours. For a spiritual favour. — **COTE St. PAUL.** For the return of a father to his duty after many years' neglect, by making the Nine First Fridays.

DEBEC, N. B. For a favour, after prayers to the S. H. and the B. V. For a favour, through prayers for the Souls in Purgatory. — **DUNDAS.** For the cure of abscesses of frequent recurrence for many years, after using oil from St. Ann's shrine and making a novena in her honour. For the cure of toothache, by applying the Badge.

EGANVILLE. For the cure of headache, after applying the Badge.

FAIRVILLE, N. B. For five special favours in March, through devotions to St. J. — **FOREST, ONT.** For relief from severe pain, after applying the Badge. For relief from neuralgia, after applying the Badge. — **FORT ERIE.** For the cure of a severe cold, after applying the Badge and praying to the B. V. M. — **FREDRICKTON, N. B.** For finding of promoter's cross, through prayers to St. Anthony. For four great favours, through prayers to S. H. and B. V. For success in an examination, after asking the help of the S. H. and B. V. M. For grace to make a good confession. For the cure of a child. For relief from pain, after applying St. Benedict's Medal. For a cure, through St. Ann.

GRAFTON, ONT. For the cure of a sore on the face, through St. Ann. For a situation, through B. V. M. and St. Anthony. For two special favours. For hearing from an absent friend. For the recovery of a lost article. For a cure, by applying the Badge. — **GRAVENHURST, ONT.** For the cure of a pain in the side, by applying the Badge. For many other favours, through B. V. M. — **GUELPH.** For a situation, through St. J, St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory. For the cure of a pain in the breast and palpitation of the heart, after applying the Badge. For the cure of toothache, after applying the Badge. For the cure of earache. For two situations secured. For the recovery of a child, through St. J.

HALIFAX, N. S. For success in business and means to pay debts. For a situation for a young man. — **HAMILTON.** For the grace of a

happy death for a brother. For two special favours. For the cure of sick headache, by applying the Badge. For two favours. For work obtained. — HASTINGS, ONT. For a special favour. For employment for a brother. For a temporal favour. For being restored to health. For eight special favours, through the prayers of the League. — HAWKESVILLE. For a great favour. For restoration to health for two sisters, after praying to the B. V. M.

INGERSOLL. For a favour, through B. V. M. For a favour, through the souls in Purgatory. For a favour, through St. Anthony.

KINGSTON, ONT. For work. For a father's getting work. For three favours, through B. V. M. For health restored. For a successful operation. For a favour and graces obtained. For three temporal favours, after hearing a mass.

LINDSAY, ONT. For four favours, after having mass said in honour of St. Anthony. For two favours, after praying to St. Ann. — LONDON, ONT. For employment. For three special favours. Two, for employment.

MONCTON. For a successful school examination.

NEW HAMBURG. For the cure of a pain in the shoulder, after praying to the S. H.

ORILLIA. For two temporal favours. — OTTAWA. For the conversion of a brother, after twenty-five years' neglect of his duty, through Our Lady of Perpetual Help. For a cure of deafness, after applying the Badge and by praying to the B. V. M. For two other temporal favours. For employment, after saying five Our Fathers, Hail Marys and Gloria Patris in honour of the five wounds of Our Blessed Lord. For relief from pain, after applying the Badge. For a temporal favour. For an examination successfully passed, through St. Anthony and St. Aloysius. — OWEN SOUND. For the finding of a lost article. For a temporal favour, through B. V. M. For a good situation. For recovery from an illness.

PORT HAWKESBURY, C.B. For two temporal favours.

QUEBEC. For a most special favour prayed for, for a long time. For the cure of a dear daughter who took suddenly and dangerously ill. For a very great favour, through B. V. and St. J. For a great temporal favour. For the cure of severe toothache, after applying the Badge. For three special favours. For the restoration to health of a dear child. For employment for several persons. For the return of a wandering son. For the success of a difficult undertaking. For the restoration to health of a sick person. For means to pay debts and for help in a difficulty. For twenty-five special favours. For fifty spiritual favours. For one very great special favour.

RENFREW. For a brother making his Easter duty, after offering prayers in honour of the sufferings of Jesus.

SARNIA. For employment, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For being cured of a painful disease, after prayers to the S. H., a novena to the Infant Jesus of Prague, and having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. For the return of voice, after applying the Badge. For a special favour, after promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For the relief of pain, after applying the Badge.

— **SILLERY.** For the cure of two persons, by applying the miraculous oil from the shrine of Our Lady of Liesse. For a situation. For many favours. — **SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.** For a spiritual and temporal favour, after having made a novena and receiving Communion in honour of the S. H. For a temporal favour. — **ST. ANDREW'S WEST.** For a very great favour. For steady employment for a brother, through prayers to the S. H. and St. Anthony. For a young man's return to the faith, through Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. J. and St. Ann.

— **ST. CATHARINE'S.** For employment for a brother, after a novena in honour of B. V. M. and St. Anthony. — **ST. GEORGE'S, P. E. I.** For improvement in the health of two persons, after praying to the B. V. M. — **ST. JOHN, N. B.** For recovery from illness. For restoration to health, through St. J. For work. For receiving tidings from one given up as lost for seven years. For a safe voyage. For receiving money to pay a debt, through St. Anthony. For hearing from a brother, after a silence of fifty years. For perseverance. One hundred and seventy-five for various spiritual and temporal blessings.

— **ST. MARK'S, P. E. I.** For the cure of deafness, after offering a mass. — **ST. MARY'S, ONT.** For a cure. For having heard from an absent brother, after praying to St. Joseph and St. Anthony. For a young man getting employment, through the prayers of the League. For a special favour.

THOROLD, ONT. For the cure of earache, after applying the Badge. For the cure of sore eyes in two or three cases, after applying the Badge. For three spiritual and temporal favours. — **TORONTO** For a very great favour obtained.

WOODSLEE. For the cure of a severe toothache, after the promise of a communion in honour of the S. H. — **WOODSIDE.** For a speedy recovery, after an operation, through B. V. M. and a promise to have a mass said. For five temporal favours, through St. Anthony. For two other favours. — **WOODSTOCK.** For a special favour.

URGENT REQUESTS, for favours both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Antigonish, Belleville, Caledonia, Dundas, Hamilton, Hastings, Kirgston, Lindsay, London, Marysville, Montreal, Ottawa, Penetanguishene, Port Hawkesbury, N. S., Quebec, St. Georges, P. E. I., Silery, Streetsville, Thorburn, Toronto. Zurich.

INTENTIONS FOR JUNE

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

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| <p>1.—W.—<i>Ember day</i>. St. Clair, M. L^or retirement. 28,531 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2.—Th.—Bl. Marianna, V. ht. Practise self denial. 21,456 in affliction.</p> <p>3.—F.—<i>Ember day</i>. St. Clotilde, Q. at 81 pt. Pray for soldiers. 49,839 Deceased.</p> <p>4.—S.—<i>Ember day</i>. St. Francis Carace, C. Heed holy inspirations. 50,413 Special.</p> <p>5.—S.—TRINITY SUNDAY. at 81 pt. Honour the Holy Trinity. 11,800 Communities.</p> <p>6.—M.—St. Norbert, F. Honour the Holy Ghost. 25,498 First Communions.</p> <p>7.—Tu.—OUR LADY OF GRACE. Devotion to Our Lady of Llesse. S. H. League Associates.</p> <p>8.—W.—St. Medard, Bp. Spirit of thanksgiving. 24,559 Means.</p> <p>9.—Th.—CORPUS CHRISTI. b. ht. m. ht. Honour the Holy Eucharist. 3,182 Clergy.</p> <p>10.—F.—St. Margaret, Q. St. Spirit of simplicity. 84,814 Children.</p> <p>11.—S.—St. BARNABAS, Ap. Console the afflicted. 28,248 Families.</p> <p>12.—S.—St. John Facundus, C. Reparation. 25,081 Perseverance.</p> <p>13.—M.—St. Anthony of Padua, C. Pray for sinners. 9,704 Reconciliations.</p> <p>14.—Tu.—St. Basil, Bp. D. Zeal for the faith. 43,721 Spiritual Favours.</p> <p>15.—W.—SS. Vitus and Comp. MM. Patience in trials. 32,372 Temporal Favours.</p> | <p>16.—Th.—St. John Francis Regis, C. ht. Pray for the ignorant. 20,014 Conversions to Faith.</p> <p>17.—F.—SACRED HEART OF JESUS. at 81 pt. Repair sacrifices. 29,620 Youths.</p> <p>18.—S.—SS. Mark and Marcellinus, MM. Guard the senses. 1,400 Schools.</p> <p>19.—S.—St. Juliana Falconieri, V. Visit the E. Sacrament. 19,521 Sick.</p> <p>20.—M.—St. Silverius, P. M. Confidence in God. 5,203 Retreats.</p> <p>21.—Tu.—St. Aloysius, C. Patron of youth. Love of purity. 582 Societies.</p> <p>22.—W.—St. Paulinus, Bp. Guard the heart. 1,977 Parishes.</p> <p>23.—Th.—St. Etheldreda, V. ht. Despise the world. 48,689 Sinners.</p> <p>24.—F.—St. JOHN BAPTIST. b. ht. Spirit of penance. 38,230 Parents.</p> <p>25.—S.—St. William, Ab. ht. Apostolic spirit. 3,901 Religious.</p> <p>26.—S.—SS. John and Paul, MM. Fraternal union. 1,233 Novices.</p> <p>27.—M.—St. Ladislaus, King. Pray for a happy death. 1,227 Superiors.</p> <p>28.—Tu.—St. Leo II, P. Pray for the Sovereign Pontiff. 17,519 Vocations.</p> <p>29.—W.—SS. PETER and PAUL, Ap. b. ht. m. ht. Obey Christ's Vicar. 11,637 Promoters and Directors.</p> <p>30.—Th.—Commemoration of St. Paul, Ap. Live for Christ. 60,029 Various.</p> |
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When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2nd Degree, c=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity, h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mors, p=Promoters, r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

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