

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the following deceased :

Mrs. Jane Keefe, Mrs. Johanna Corrigan and Mrs. Elisabeth Lamoreille.

Ravul Depaz, Louis Depaz and Gaston Sushielle, three devout servants of Mary who perished at St. Pierre, Martinique, May 8th, 1902.

Martin T. Kelly, died May 31st, and was buried at Waterloo, N.Y., on June 2nd, 1902.

May they rest in peace.

LILIES OF THE ALTAR

St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Aloysius

These are two fair lilies from the garden of Holy Church, that boomed with virginal beauty and shed their mystic odors in Jesus' Eucharistic Presence, and at the feet of His Immaculate Mother! How like and yet how different! "The Angel of the Schools," a marvel of erudition, whose teachings resound to all time in the aisles of God's Church, and whose melodies echo day by day in the Sanctuary, and the youthful Saint, Aloysius, who entered the land of Angels on the Octave of Corpus Christi, for which feast these melodies were written. This lily of the valley was not doctor but disciple, not priest but Levite, not teacher, but hidden in the shade of interior life. Yet how like in love for the Most Holy Sacrament, and devotion to Mary! How like also in purity, so angelic that both are held up as models of fair virtue,—both are styled "Angel," and to both we have given in these humble lines the title of "Lily." The "Bread of Angels" rendered them chaste, and elevated them to a participation of celestial joys even in this life. Beautiful names that are like music in His Holy Place! Beautiful Saints following the Lamb in His Kingdom! May we emulate them from afar in love for Jesus and Mary, and in that purity of heart to which is promised the vision of His Face. "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God."

Enfant de Marie.

MAY-TIME MEMORIES.

Plaintive memories of May-time!

Gliding ever to and fro,
Like the rippling waters sighing
In a cadence soft and low.
Washing through the aisles of spirit
Like sweet incense while we pray,
Or the scent of snow-white blossoms
Coming once again with May.
Gleaming in those golden sunbeams,
Tinging them with brighter hue;
Sometimes veiling o'er their beauty,
Like white clouds in skies of blue.
Are there echoes in light wavelets
Murmuring on silvery sand,
Of most dear familiar voices
Thrilling in God's blessed land?
Are the fragrant, fragile flow'rets,
Breathing soft in hazy air,
Emblems of their white souls blooming
In eternal radiance fair?
Plaintive memories of May-time!
Yet, so full of holy calm,
When our eyes are gazing upward
Towards the Kingdom of the Lamb.
Where our weary ones are resting,
Where all tears are wiped away,
But unfading lovely May.

Enfant de Marie.

*.—In Heaven, there will be perpetual Spring, as to beauty; perpetual summer, as to love; perpetual autumn as to joy; there will be no winter in Heaven.—St. Francis de Sales.

Living well is the best revenge.

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

In moderating, not satisfying passion, lies peace.

Ignorance shuts its eyes and believes it is right.

In the handling of trifles a man shows what he is.

Keep cool and you command everybody.—St. Justin.

Knowledge humbleth the great man, astonishes the common man, and puffs up the little man.

In olden times men painted to show the object of faith; to-day they use objects of faith to show their painting.—Ruskin.