



OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

MAY, 24TH.

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel !
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,
In all doubts I fly to thee for guidance—
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

By thy face to Jesus' face inclining,
Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue ;
By His little arms around thee twining,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,
By the tears that dim their lustre too ;
By the story that these tears are telling,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Life, alas ! is often dark and dreary,
Cheating shadows hide the truth from view ;
When my soul is most perplexed and weary,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

See my hopes in fragile vessel tossing ;
Be the pilot of that trembling crew :
Guide me safely o'er the dangerous circling,
Mother, tell me, what am I do ?

Should I ever, wilfully forgetting,
Fail to pay my God His homage due ;
Should I sin and live without regretting,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Stir my heart, while gazing on thy features,
With the old, old story, ever new—
How Our Lord has loved His sinful creatures ;
Then, dear Mother, show me what to do !

Plead my cause, for what can He refuse thee ?
Get me back His saving grace anew.
Ah ! I know thou dost not wish to lose me—
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Thus alike when needful sorrows chasten,
As amid joy's visits fair and few,
To thy shrine with loving trust I hasten
Mother, tell me, what am I to ?

Be of all my friends the best and dearest—
O my counsellor, sincere and true !
Let thy voice sound always first and clearest,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,
Now I face my toils and cares anew ;
All through life and at its awful closing,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

MISS E. C. DONNELLY,

In the "AVE MARIA."



GENERAL INTENTION FOR
MAY, 1891.

Named by Leo XIII with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of all the Associates.

CATHOLIC ARTISTS.

IT is St. Paul who tells us that the invisible perfections of God are clearly seen in the works of the creation. They shine through it in a triple ray of truth, goodness and beauty. These are but different glimpses of the same absolute perfection, even as light, warmth and brilliancy are different properties of the same ray. The man of learning, the philosopher, devotes himself to the study of truth, the saint gives himself up to the pursuit of goodness, but the beautiful is the especial aim of the artist. The artist's endeavour is to grasp the ideal of beauty, to embody it in sensible forms that will speak to eye, ear and imagination, and through these to the soul itself, the seat of beauty. Let us hear the illustrious Father Burke:—"What is it

that forms the peculiar attraction—that creates the peculiar influence of art on the soul of man? It is the ideal that speaks to him through art. In nature there are many beautiful things, and we contemplate them with joy and delight. But in nature, because it is nature, the perfectly beautiful is rarely or never to be found. Some one thing or other is wanting that would lend an additional feature of loveliness to the scene which we contemplate, or to the theme the hearing of which delights us. Now, the aim of the Catholic soul of art is to take the beautiful wherever it is found, to abstract it from all that might deform it, or to add all that might be wanting to its perfect beauty—to add to it every feature and every element that can fulfil the human idea of perfect loveliness, and to fling over all the still higher loveliness that is caught from Heaven." Hence the refining, elevating influence of art on the mind. When the ideal of Beauty, especially beauty of the moral order, is thus presented clearly defined in sensible form by a masterpiece of art, it ravishes the mind and lifts it for the while to communion with itself. Who that stood before the "Angelus" of Millet did not feel this influence?

What is true of painting is true also of music, architecture and sculpture.

Hence the wide and mighty sway of art. It is more potent than the pen or the eloquent word, because it obtains a ready admission to the heart, and speaks a more persuasive language in forms that strike and impress and ravish. There is an apostleship of art as well as of the word and of the press, and this apostleship strives to range this mighty power on the side of virtue and religion, to prevent it from debasing itself and destroying souls by being turned into an instrument of vice. We have it from St. Theresa, that to look at a sacred picture was to her as good as a sermon. How many a

child has received its first ideas and impressions of the mysteries of faith from the pious pictures that adorned the walls of its Catholic home ! How many children, alas ! of so-called Catholic parents drink in their first impressions from pagan ideals, or models more debased still !

On account of the incalculable power for good or for evil held by the artist, his responsibility is grave. A fall from the ideal of true beauty may drag along with it multitudes into the degradation of sensualism. How many artists of unquestioned talent, enslaved to the realistic school, instead of representing the beautiful in nature, picture only its deformity, its ugliness, its corruption ! Thus they side with the enemies of virtue and true art.

The Catholic Church, besides fulfilling her direct mission of saving souls, has at all times shown herself the mother of inspiration and art. She gathered together and preserved what masterpieces remained from the crumbling ruins of empires. She set them up for imitation in her monasteries and in the schools which she founded and fostered, taking care to fling over ideals of earthly beauty, "a higher loveliness that is caught from Heaven." The greatest artists the world ever saw in all lines—poetry, architecture, music and painting—flourished precisely at those epochs when her influence was greatest. They were the outcome of the civilization which she nurtured, and of the inspiration which she imparted. Says the Protestant Ruskin :—"Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo were all trained in the old school ; they all had masters who knew the true ends of art, and had reached them, also drinking at the same time from all the fountains of knowledge opened in their day became the world's wonders. When the dull wondering world believed that their greatness rose out of the new knowledge instead of out of the ancient religious root, in which to abide was life, from which to be severed was

annihilation. And from that day to this they have tried to produce Michael Angelos and Leonardos by teaching the barren sciences, and still have mourned and marvelled that 10 more Michael Angelos came; not perceiving that those great fathers are only able to receive such nourishment because they were rooted on the rock of all ages, and that our scientific teaching now-a-days is nothing more nor less than the assiduous watering of trees whose stems are cut through."

In view of all the Church has done for the fine arts which she prizes so highly, we will send up our earnest prayers this month that Catholic artists, adhering to the footsteps of so many illustrious models, may consecrate to God and to the cause of virtue all the power of these talents, and that they may always turn to Jesus Christ and His adorable Heart—the centre of all beauty—for inspiration.

By lending them the help of our prayers in this work of regeneration—a work which belongs to religion as well as to art—we shall be taking part in an apostleship of the highest order.

PRAYER.

Jesus! I offer Thee, by the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart.

I offer them in particular for the gifted family of Catholic artists, that they may turn to Thee, Centre of all beauty, for inspiration, and make the Beautiful serve the cause of religion and virtue. Amen.



THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

MORNING OFFERING.

NOW, Father, I am persuaded that the temperance clause, far from being an obstacle, ought to be an inducement to every public spirited man to enter the ranks of the Men's League. It places at his disposal such a simple, practical and influential organization for helping on the spiritual and temporal welfare of his fellow-man. You have rolled away the stone from the door which opens to the treasures of the Holy League; but, behold, on the very threshold, I see facing me the morning offering, with a host of difficulties.

You tell me it is the fundamental practice and the only essential condition for gaining the spiritual favors of the Holy League. How can an offering of the Sacred Heart, made at morning, and a mere mental offering at that, be the door to so many graces and privileges? How can it be the foundation of a world-wide organization like the Apostleship of Prayer? Instead of fostering among its members a spirit of prayer, does it not seem to dispense with prayer altogether by attaching the treasures of grace and of glory, of time and of eternity to a breath of wind, to a simple offering of the heart to the Heart of Jesus?"

Dear Associate of the Men's League, I am thankful to you for having broached such an important topic as the Morning Offering. Your desire to understand its real significance is a test of your earnestness and a pledge of

your fidelity to this practice, once you are convinced of its importance. You will readily understand why the Holy League of the Sacred Heart, which is an association of earnest Catholics, should have made this, so to speak, its bottom plank, if you reflect that it is but the application to a man's daily life, through the devotion of the Sacred Heart, of the fundamental principle which ought to govern every Christian and rational life, namely, that man is placed on earth but for one end—to glorify God, and thus save his soul. All other ends of thought, action and suffering should be rendered subordinate to this essential one. According to St. Paul, "whether you eat or drink or do anything else, let all be for the glory of God." As the sea-captain takes care every morning to straighten his ship on her course, that she may make direct for port, and afterwards throughout the day keeps her on it, so should every rational man shape the course of his life to his one final destiny, by directing his intention, making up his mind to tend to it in all that he does, and never to stray from it. The will of man, too, is fickle and inconstant. It is tossed to and fro by passions surging within, by gusts and storms of temptation assailing without. Woe to him if he will not keep steady and straightening and bracing it by renewed intentions and resolutions. Woe to him if he will not invoke aid and assistance from on High. A prosperous journey to eternity is not so much his work as God's work. Now, what time can be better fitted for this prayer and direction of intention than the morning? The morning is the dawn of a new existence, when man, emerging from the forgetfulness of sleep with the forces of nature restored, begins life afresh. If he is bound to make of his whole life an offering to the glory of his Creator, and to pray for strength to fulfil this first of duties, should he not every morning, at the beginning of his daily life, renew the offering and the "prayer to the God of his salvation?"

“Surely, Father, you do not mean to tell me that a fleeting offering of the heart in the morning can shape a man's life for the day, and impart to all its actions a tendency heavenward?”

That is just what I maintain. After all, it does not take the will long to determine itself, nor a man to make up his mind, especially when the motives of conviction that have already often determined him are ready at hand. Nor, once determined on a course and with mind made up as to a line of conduct, does he suddenly in a few minutes or a few hours change, especially if the same motives are in readiness to prop his will.

To use a familiar illustration of St. Thomas Aquinas, that prince of moralists, when a boy is sent on an errand by his father, it is enough for him to make up his mind to do what he was told on starting out. He will then take the direct street leading to the store, and continue on his way until he has reached it. He does not renew his intention every moment or actually think of every step he takes in order to direct it. He keeps on his way chattering with his play-fellows, seeing the sights, enjoying the sounds, so long as they do not stop him or turn him aside from the straight way. But should they endeavor to stop him or tempt him into by-paths, he will, if he is faithful, at once resist. All this he does in *virtue* of the intention which he formed on setting out, and which without his advertence or actual consciousness has directed all his steps. His play-fellows, acting the part of the tempter, endeavor to make him change his intention, break and replace it by a contrary one. But, propped by his filial obedience, he holds out against their assaults, and vanquishes the foe. Thus, a fervent morning offering, accompanied by morning prayer, will often suffice to impart to all a man's actions, occupations and sufferings, no matter how distracting, a direction towards heaven.

Should the tempter come with his suggestions of evil, morning, noon or night, he will be met with a prompt "no," and resolute resistance. "How can I sin against my God?" exclaimed Joseph, in the most violent of assaults. How can I take back from my Saviour the heart I consecrated to Him, or the actions I offered Him this morning? I admit, however, that we have subtle enemies and invisible foes on our way through life, the most subtle and dangerous perhaps being our own self-love, always on the alert to rob God of His glory and ourselves of merits. Our intention, under its influence, is easily and imperceptibly warped. We often begin a good work to please God, but end it to please ourselves, self-love having crept in and changed our motive wholly or in part. Hence we should renew our intention and offering throughout the day, especially at the beginning of more important actions.

As a good deal must be said short about intentions, and I am afraid I have already trespassed on your time, let us leave that topic for our next talk. Good day, dear friend, but do not forget morning prayer and offering.



EACH sigh, each look, each act of mine
 Shall be an act of Love Divine,
 And everything that I shall do
 Shall be, dear Lord, for love of You

Here is my heart. Oh! let it be
 A fountain sealed to all but Thee.
 What is there that I would not do,
 My God, my All, for love of You!

THE TERCENETNARY OF ST. ALOY- SIUS.

Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar of His Holiness, to the Director General of the Holy League.

ROME, 5th February, 1891.

Reverend Father,—I thank you for the little Life of St. Aloysius which you have been so kind as to send me, which is admirably adapted for its purpose, and will prove, I hope, very acceptable to our Catholic youth.

I take the opportunity to congratulate your Reverence and the Apostleship of Prayer, which is so well promoting the movement to honor this year with special solemnity the Angelic Patron of youth.

St. Aloysius, who so loved the Heart of Jesus, will be pleased with the honor offered him by a work which is so entirely devoted to the glory of the Sacred Heart; he who was in life a seraph of prayer will welcome the homage of a League which plants the spirit of prayer in so many millions of hearts.

LUCIDO MARIA,
Cardinal Vicar.

The beautiful little illustrated Life mentioned in the Cardinal's letter shall be translated, and ready for all our Associates, young and old, on the 15th of May next. It will cost only five cents a copy, and will be given to Local Directors at reduced rates.

What else shall our young Canadian League do for the Patron of Youth? All the Messengers are publishing programmes for June next. The following points will commend themselves to our Rev. Local Directors and Promoters.

1. The Holy Father, by his brief of January 1st, has granted a Plenary Indulgence to all who celebrate the

anniversary by a Novena or Triduum, on the usual conditions of Confession and Communion and prayers for his intentions in a church or chapel where the feast is celebrated, with permission of the ordinary. The Triduum or Novena for the children might consist of a short reading taken from the little Life of the Saint, followed by the Act of Consecration, recited before a picture or statue of St. Aloysius set up in the school-room. They will go to Holy Communion with the badge within the Novena or Triduum, or on the Feast.

2. A good day for the Communion would be the feast itself, which this year falls on the third Sunday of June, were it not that we should like to see this great day reserved for the Men's League Communion. As we stated in the Intention for January, last year was the children's year for consecration. This is the young men's year. What more appropriate day could they have for their June Communion and their consecration to the Sacred Heart, than the anniversary feast of the pattern youth?

"It is a praiseworthy thing," says the Sovereign Pontiff in his Brief, "to pay special homage to the singular holiness of Aloysius, and still more praiseworthy when it comes from men who are in the prime of their life, since he was the best example of youthful purity that the world ever saw."

At the Sunday evening Vespers, more solemn than usual, all the Associates being present with badge, the Act of Consecration under the protection of St. Aloysius might be publicly read during benediction.

3. Children, or parents for small children, who desire to have their names inscribed in the Album to be placed in the tomb of the young saint in Rome, may hand them in, christian and surname in full, to the school or local secretary, who will forward them to the Messenger office at the end of June.

A GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

MRS. JAMES SADLIER.



PLEASANT home-circle was that which gathered round the cheerful blaze of the parlor-fire in a comfortable homestead in a town of Western Canada one stormy evening in late November, some few years ago. The party consisted of the father and mother, three fair daughters, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-five, and a son, a pale student-like young man of twenty-eight or thirty; last, but by no means least in importance, was a silver-haired, patriarchal-looking o'd man, the grandfather of the young people and father of the comely matron who looked more like their elder sister than their mother.

While the mournful winds shrieked and howled without, increasing the sense of comfort and security within, and the fire-light cast strange weird shadows over the cosy room, with its cretonne-draped windows, and the group around the fire-place, conversation flowed freely in the careless ease of home-life, interrupted only by the merry laughter of the younger girls, or now and again

“The quick questioning that brought
Such gentle calm replies.”

One of the girls had mentioned a wedding that was soon to take place in the neighborhood, and to which all the family were invited.

“What a splendid match it is for Alice Costelloe!” said Mary, the eldest girl; “they say the intended groom is quite well off, besides his profession. And we all know the Costelloes are anything but well off.”

“You forget one thing, Mary,” said her father earnestly. “The wealth and position are all very well, as far

as they go. But what of religion—the main thing after all? You know this Mr. Barrington is a Protestant.”

“Oh! but every one says that he is very liberal,” cried Bella, another of the girls, and will never interfere with Alice’s religion. Indeed, they say he has made all sorts of promises.”

“And probably means to keep them, too,” replied the father. “But what of that? The fact remains that he is a Protestant, and that being so, all his other advantages cannot make the match a splendid one for poor Alice.”

“That is so, Edward,” said his wife in her cheery pleasant voice. “No worldly advantages can make up for difference of religion. No matter how good the man is, or how bright his prospects may be, I would rather see one of my children dead than marrying out of her own church.”

The girls were loud in their protestations that people were too hard on mixed marriages, declaring that no girl ought to lose the chance of a good settlement in life on account of religion. There was always a hope, they said, that the husband might be converted. Their brother was partly of their opinion, frankly admitting, however, that there was more chance of happiness in the married state where both parties were of the same religion.

The old grandfather had not yet spoken. He had been quietly smoking his pipe in the chimney-corner, an attentive listener to the conversation, an amused smile flitting athwart his aged face at the childish arguments advanced by the young people in support of their worldly ideas. He now took the pipe from his mouth, and, holding it suspended between two fingers, thus spoke :

“Children, I hardly wonder at your way of thinking and talking on this all-important subject of mixed marriages, considering that you have been brought up amongst non-Catholics, and are too young to understand

yet how it is that they may be very good neighbors and pleasant acquaintances, even friends, yet most unsuitable for a husband or wife for a Catholic woman or man. I have just been thinking of a little story, an 'ower true tale,' as the Scotch are wont to say, for it came within my own personal experience."

"O grandfather, let us hear it," cried Rosa, the youngest daughter, the others eagerly seconding her request. The old man cleared his throat, and, after a brief pause of what was evidently painful recollection, began his little story :

"You are aware, my dear grandchildren, that before I came to Canada to make my home with you—when your dear grandmother died and left me alone—I had spent the greater part of my life in one of the great cities of the neighboring republic. I had emigrated from Ireland in early youth, and after a little while of striving and waiting in that strange city where I had at first no one to give me a helping hand, I at last found lucrative employment in the workshops of a large manufacturing firm. It was not long before I found a friend in one of my fellow workmen, a young Irishman and a Catholic like myself, whom I will call Lawrence Rourke. He was a good honest fellow, devotedly attached to the traditions of his race, and faithful in the discharge of his religious duties. In our leisure moments, and especially in our long Sunday afternoon walks in the pleasant suburban places around our great city, my new friend and I often talked of the dear old home so far away, and the good old days we might never see again. We spoke of the pleasant gatherings in fair or market or rustic festival; of the kindly ways of the simple folk whom we loved to call our own, and very often reminded each other of some well-loved

,—chapel in the glen

Where oft with bare and reverent locks we stood
To hear the eternal truths.'

Of the dear old priests, the teachers of our childhood, who had married the parents, baptized the children and blessed the graves where the grandparents were laid to rest.

"In those long-past days, children, our holy religion occupied a very different position in the cities of the Union from that which it does to-day. You will find it hard to believe that the really respectable firm in whose employment Rourke and I were, insisted that we should work on Christmas Day, declaring that they could not allow any such nonsense to interrupt their works. I'm glad to say that of a dozen Catholic workmen in the place, not one would consent to work on the great festival; the superintendent insisted, the men were firm in their refusal, and all the Catholics were, in consequence, dismissed.

"Rourke and myself, finding ourselves so unexpectedly thrown out of employment, were at first bewildered and at a loss to know what to turn to for a living. But even then neither he nor I regretted for a moment what we had done. Duty, before all, was our motto, and especially religious duty. So it was that, cheered by the approval of our conscience, and trusting in Divine Providence, we set about seeking other employment. In this we succeeded beyond our expectation, thanks to God and Our Blessed Mother, to whom we were at that time equally devout. After a time each of us commenced business on our own account.

"It would be tedious for you, children, were I to go over in detail all that befell Rourke and myself during the long years that followed. Suffice it to say that we both prospered exceedingly in our undertakings. I married a young girl from near my own place at home, and of a family well known to me. She was possessed of good sense and a good heart, and by her prudence and industry, above all by her practical piety and cheerful submission to God's will in all the vicissitudes of life, she helped me

to gain a still better position, and sustained me in many an anxious hour. Her death, ten years ago, was my first great sorrow."

The old man's voice faltered and he remained silent a moment, as did all his listeners, who understood and shared his emotion. Looking round with a sad smile, and controlling himself by an effort, he resumed :

"Children were born to us who grew up in the love and fear of God. Nearly all of them, like your dear mother there, have sons and daughters of their own, all good Christians—a son of our family, as you know, studying for the priesthood, and two daughters of another family members of religious communities.

"You will ask how it fared with Lawrence Rourke. Alas ! for the sad story I have to tell of him and his ! He made what our Mary here would call a splendid match. He married the daughter of a wealthy merchant who brought him a fortune of several thousand dollars, which enabled him to extend his business operations and even to invest in property. He bought a fine house on one of the grand avenues as a home for his family. So far all was well. But there was one fearful drawback. The young lady and her family were of the sect of Methodist Episcopalian, and deeply imbued with strong prejudices against the Catholic religion and all that belonged to it.

"Up to the time of his marriage, Rourke had been, not indeed a very zealous Catholic, but still a tolerably practical one. He had even worn the scapulars of the Blessed Virgin, and been enrolled, as I was, in her sodality. This went on for some time. His wife went regularly to the Methodist meeting house on Sunday morning and Rourke to his own church as usual. The first trouble came with the first child, a son. The father would fain have had him baptized in the Catholic Church, but the mother positively refused to allow it, and waxed alarmingly hysterical over

the matter ; then her mother declared it would kill her darling in her weak condition if her child were taken to a *Roman Catholic* church for baptism.

“ ‘ So what could I do ? ’ said Lawrence to me when unbosoming himself of this new trouble. ‘ I could not run the risk of killing my poor wife, you know ? ’

“ ‘ I don’t know about that, ’ I said, ‘ where your child’s soul was at stake. And besides I don’t think it would have killed your wife. She’d soon have got over it, depend upon it, if she found you were not to be frightened out of doing your duty. ’

“ ‘ Oh well ! it may easily be remedied afterwards, ’ was the reply. ‘ I tell you, Ned, I can’t go against poor Elsie’s wishes at such a critical time. The old folks would never forgive me if I did. ’

“ I shook my head but said nothing more. I saw it would be all in vain. At first my friend seemed troubled and anxious, but the boy was strong and healthy, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. Of baptism nothing more was said by Rourke, but I had reason to know that the child had been baptized, after two or three months, by a minister of his mother’s religion. Other children came in due time and were baptized in like manner, the father no longer daring, or perhaps not caring, to protest. By and by all were sent to Protestant schools, and grew up in the ways of their mother’s family, staunch out-and-out Protestants.

“ And still prosperity flowed in on Rourke. His business increased to an enormous extent, and the upshot was that in the course of years, by the time his sons and daughters were grown up, he declared himself to me, in our occasional conversations on the subject, far too busy to practise his religion. The sodality meetings were out of the question, the scapular was half jestingly laid aside, and when Sunday came, poor Lawrence was tired and worn

out with the manifold affairs of his vast business during the week.

“ It was only now and then that he managed to go to mass, always avoided hearing sermons, and *never* approached sacraments. It took years and years to bring all this about, but it came surely and sadly, even as constant dropping wears the stone.

“ It was not without many a strenuous effort on my part that my early friend—now a middle-aged man with grizzled hair and portly figure—sank into this state of awful indifference. He always listened good-humoredly, admitted the truth of all I said, but always wound up with—‘ It will be all right some day. Never fear, Ned, I appreciate your good intentions, but nothing can be done at present. Let us talk of something else.’

“ In vain I endeavored to remind him of the danger of putting off his conversion. ‘ My conversion, indeed ! ’ he would exclaim with heightened color. ‘ I tell you, Ned, I’m as good a Catholic as you are. I have lived a good Catholic, and hope to die one, too ! ’

“ It is so happened that, after one of these discussions, Rourke was more than usually excited. He seemed rather depressed in mind for some cause unknown to me, and after a short silence he suddenly said :

“ ‘ Ned Dalton, you are my oldest friend. I know your advice is good, and I wish from my heart I could only follow it. But I can’t, Ned, I can’t ! You don’t know how hard it is for me to do even the little I do in the way of religion. And when it comes to the end—’ he paused again, then, as if making a violent effort, he said in an agitated voice :

“ ‘ There is one thing, Ned, I want you to promise me. When you hear of my being taken sick—I mean, of course, dangerously sick—will you make it your business to bring the priest to me ? ’

"I was startled by this strange request, wholly unexpected as it was, but I willingly gave the required promise, adding with a smile, 'that is, if I am alive. I may die before you, you know.'

"'Oh! I hope not; but in case you should, you must ask your family beforehand for some one of them to render me that last service. They all know my wife and children, and can easily do what I ask.'

"'I am not so sure of that,' I replied, 'but we will do our best.' Whereupon he wrung my hand with a nervous grasp and I left him. More than once after he reminded me of this promise, and I could only make the same reply. He was evidently troubled in his mind.

"One day about three months later word was brought me that poor Lawrence was seriously ill. I went at once to his house, and was told he was too ill to see any one—the doctor had given strict orders that he was not to be disturbed on any account. Knowing very well that the priest would not be admitted, I was wholly at a loss how to fulfil my promise. In my perplexity I went home and told my wife and children how matters stood.

"One of my daughters, a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, declared she would go and try to see a faithful old Irish servant of the Rourke family, and a fervent Catholic, who might succeed in bringing the priest upstairs to her master to whom she was much attached. 'I know Nellie will do it if it can be done,' she said, 'and then, father, you can go at once for Father Williams.'

"My daughter hastened to the Rourke mansion. The bells were all muffled, but by tapping at a window in the basement she succeeded in attracting old Nellie's attention, and, having secured her willing aid in her charitable undertaking, she was leaving the house when one of the Rourke young men came down the stairs.

“‘How is your father, Mr. Charles?’ she anxiously inquired. ‘Do you think he would like to see a priest?’”

“‘Thanks very much, Miss Dalton, but my father is just dead!’”

“‘Dead!’ said my daughter horrified and amazed—‘and without any preparation!’”

“‘Oh! not quite,’ the young man replied with a half smile on his lips,—‘the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, our minister, prayed beside him.’”

“‘The girl came home with tearful eyes and pallid face and told the awful news. My wife and children were loud in their lamentations, but for me I only said—‘Ah! poor Lawrence, poor friend, so much for your oft-repeated protestation that you were a good Catholic and would die one.’ Alas! he died as he had lived, at least for years and years.’”

The old man ceased to speak, and was evidently overcome by the sorrowful recollection of vanished years that crowded upon his mind. The young people were deeply impressed by their grandfather's simple story, and all were fain to admit that mixed marriages were not desirable after all.

While writing the above story of a mixed marriage the writer was told of a death noticed in some of the American papers. It was that of a man of ninety, a nominal Catholic, at whose funeral service no fewer than fifty-one descendants, all Protestants, were present. So much for mixed marriages.

THE BIRTH OF THE MAYFLOWERS.

Oh ! gay was the forest in the springtime,
The wild-birds were warbling their lay,
The moss-covered banks were half hidden
By the sweet, rosy flowers of May.
And their pearly and pink star-like petals
Unfolded themselves one by one,
Awakened from winter's long slumber
By the kiss of the ardent spring sun.
And I bent me down o'er the sweet blossoms
And whispered my longing to know
When first, in our fair Nova Scotia,
They bloomed 'neath the melting spring snow.
And they opened their pearly-pink petals
And told me the tale of their birth,
How first they saw nature's bright sunshine
Upspringing from out the dark earth.

“There dwelt 'midst the shades of the forest
A chief, great and mighty and strong ;
He loved the bright flowers upspringing,
He loved every wild-bird's sweet song.
But he loved, more than all nature's beauties,
The dark-haired Winona, his wife ;
And their one child, the little Anita,
Was e'en as the light of his life.
But the little Anita was drooping,
And fading away like a flower,
And he saw, with the deepest emotion,
That weaker she grew every hour.
But lo ! the third day of her sickness
She stretches her little thin hands
And looks toward the door of the wigwam,
When, just at the entrance, there stands

A pale-face, with black robes around him,
And holding aloft in his hands
A cross with a Figure upon it,
The Figure of Him who thus died
To save the dark sons of the forest.
'For all He was crucified.'
And a look of unutt'able longing
On the face of the fast dying child
Turned the Indian's heart toward the Black-robe,
Who stood there so grave and so mild.
And in a few words he unfolded
The truth to their wondering gaze,
And they heard of their Crucified Saviour
In tender and loving amaze.
And he told of the spotless white garment
That covers the Christian's soul,
As the waters of baptism free it
From sin's all-enthraling control.
O'er the face of the little Anita
The death angel's wings cast their shade ;
Ere they fold her within their embraces,
And she in the dark earth be laid.
The waters of Baptism clothe her
In the garment so'spotless and white,
And the soul of the child of the forest
Becomes all resplendent and bright.
And when her pure spirit had wandered
To the regions celestial above,
They laid her to rest in the forest,
Where the pine trees o'er-shade her in love.
And the bosom of earth thrilled with rapture
To receive that first spotless white soul,
And gave birth to our pearly-pink blossoms.
And, as the long ages still roll,
Adown Time's deep swift flowing river,

We treasure the memory sweet
Of Anita, the child of the forest.
And our watch 'neath the snow-wreaths we keep
O'er her grave. And the emblem they made us
Of the land where God gave us our birth,
The purest and fairest of blossoms
That spring from the heart of the earth."

HALIFAX, N. S., April 5th.

A TRUE STORY FOR MAY.

It was a lovely morning in early May.

Two little girls were roaming about in the suburban park of a Canadian city. They were busily gathering green leaves, with here and there a fragrant May-flower from the moss at the foot of the old, gnarled trees.

A hurried glance in the direction of the sun, which was rapidly increasing in brightness, showed that it was almost school-time, and so, with a longing, backward glance at the woody nook, they retraced their steps to the high road and ran merrily along towards the city.

"It's too bad we couldn't get more flowers," said the elder of the two, ruefully, as she glanced at the green leaves. "If we could only place a lovely bunch of real flowers before the Blessed Virgin's statue every day this month, I should be so glad."

Before her companion had time to answer, a pleasant voice called out: "Well! little girls, where are you going with the leaves? Come into my garden and I'll give you some flowers to put with them."

It was an old man who spoke, and as the delighted little girls followed him into his well-stocked flower-garden, he picked a large bunch of bright-hued spring flowers, and handed them to the happy children, saying: "Every morning when you're passing I'll have a nice bunch ready for you."

The little ones were overjoyed, and hurried off with

their treasure, after thanking their new friend most cordially. And every morning after that, there he stood at the gate of his little garden with the promised blossoms.

One day he asked: "What do you do with your flowers?"

"We give them to our Lady."

"What Lady?"

"The Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God. We put them before her statue."

"Well, I don't know anything about that: but if the flowers please you, you're welcome to them."

And the bright, many-colored spring blossoms were followed by the fragrant June roses, and those by the rich hues of the autumnal plants, and the bouquet was always ready and always composed of the richest and most fragrant blossoms. Even in winter some delicately nurtured house-plants supplied a bunch of rich coloring to honor the Queen of Heaven.

It was the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, the titular feast of the Cathedral. This year it was celebrated with unusual magnificence, and priests from all parts of the diocese, as well as several strangers who were spending a few weeks in the cool climate of the north, after escaping from the intense heat of the Southern States, were present at the celebration.

One of the latter—Rev. Father N——, who was in ill health, feeling too fatigued to attend the ceremonies, having said Mass at an early hour, strolled off in the direction of the Park. On the way, feeling thirsty, he stopped at the door of a cottage to ask for a drink of water. While he was awaiting an answer to his knock, he stood admiring the little garden which bloomed with a profusion of the loveliest flowers.

Not many seconds elapsed before an elderly woman appeared, and, at his request, brought him a glass of clear,

cool water. Seeing on her face the traces of recent tears, he said kindly : " My good woman, you seem in trouble can I be of any service to you ? "

Bursting into a flood of tears, the woman answered. " My poor husband is very sick, and I fear he is going to die."

" Has he had a doctor ? "

" No. He doesn't want the doctor."

" May I see him ? "

" Certainly, sir, if you will be so good."

Father N—— went in, and, after a few minutes' conversation with the sick man, asked : " What religion do you profess ? "

" Well, sir, I've never belonged to any church. In England, where I come from, I went sometimes to one and sometimes to another, but here I've never gone anywhere. That worries me a little, too, for the Bible tells us that unless a man is baptized he cannot be saved, but there are so many different religions all calling themselves right, that I don't know what parson to ask to baptize me."

" Well," said the good Father, " I'm a Catholic priest, and I'll give you some information about the church Christ built on a rock."

His explanations were so successful that, when he rose to go, the sick man asked him to come again the next day. After a few visits the old gardener was ready for Baptism, and when the ceremony was over his wife said : " Father, the old man and I have travelled the same road these forty years, and I don't want this to come between us so near the end, you had better instruct me too, and I'll be baptized as soon as you think I know enough."

Thus did Our Lady reward an act of kindness done her.



THE HOLY LEAGUE ABROAD.

France.

An official report on the state of the Apostleship of Prayer in France, submitted to the Catholic Congress of Lille in November last, sets down the number organized in bands of the Second Degree at 1,400,000. That is not many, you will say, in a population of 30,000,000 of Catholics. But if we only knew the obstacles the fervent French Catholics have to overcome from organized indifference and rampant hate of religion, we should consider the increase of 130,000 in the 2nd degree since the previous report a solid proof of the zeal and energy displayed by the French Promoters.

An extract of the report on the organization of the Holy League in parishes is well worthy our attention: "It is marked by an extreme simplicity. None of its practices oblige under pain of sin, even venial. What can be more simple or easy than *to offer every morning one's day to God*. Is not such a practice the foundation of a rational and Christian life? *The daily recitation of a decade of the beads*, is it not the minimum of observance for serious piety? *A monthly communion*, is it not for a large number of the faithful a necessary condition of perseverance?"

"The League lends itself admirably to the perfect organization of a parish or house of education, by grouping together all the members, according to their degree of fervor, in a body of Promoters or active members and associates of first, second and third degrees. Hence the fruits of sanctification and the consoling results wherever the work has been solidly established."

Italy.

Italy is at present the centre of the preparations undertaken for the tercentenary of St. Aloysius. All the young men's associations are astir. Religious festivals, with plays, artistic exhibitions, orations in honor of the young saint, are the order of the day. At Rome a new college is to be founded for the youth of all nations. A petition will be laid at the feet of the Holy Father to raise the annual feast of St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, to the rite of *major double*. A special Album will be placed in the tomb of St. Aloysius at Rome, containing the names of children desiring to be consecrated under his protection. This consecration may be made by parents for their young children. The first act of consecration and name written in the album was that of the Infant King of Spain and his little sister, made by the pious Queen Regent, their mother.

A great feature of the celebration will be two great pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Aloysius, in September: one *international*, representing the Catholic countries of Europe and South America under Cardinal Mermillod; the other of the *Association of the Catholic Youth of France*. Let all our Canadian youth, especially the children of the Juvenile League, join in spirit this great manifestation in September next, and thus have some share of its fruits as promised by our Holy Father in his Brief of January 1st.

THE HOLY LEAGUE AT HOME.

The Lenten season just closed and its after harvest have been rich in fruits for the Sacred Heart. We are happy to be able to contribute to the Easter joy of our Associates by recording the aggregation of five large centres of Holy League activity. As they came in at the close of missions or triduum when the people were fervent, the good work struck all at once roots deep and wide, as we shall see by the following reports.

St. Columban's, Cornwall, Ontario.

This large and flourishing parish, with its many mills and factories, all centres of busy life, had long since shewn its sympathy for the Holy League and longed for its establishment. The devoted Father Corbett seized the first opportunity to bring the missionaries and set it on a canonical basis, while extending its benefits to all the inhabitants.

Great was the enthusiasm manifested by the people in attending the exercises four times a day and embracing the practices. The elite of Cornwall took out Promoters' lists and associated in the work a number of intelligent young ladies, through whom they were enabled to reach every family in the parish. The enrolling began at once before the fervor of the mission had time to cool, and in a few days one thousand associates were enregistered.

Our account should be very incomplete if we omitted mention of the Men's League, which fell into line on Sunday, the closing day of the mission. This is to be the mainstay of the Holy League in St. Columban's parish, and a strong one it promises to prove. Two hundred and fifty men of influence and respectability, besides adopting the ordinary practices of the League, lifted the hand in token of their promise to promote temperance and regular frequentation of the Sacraments. They then came forward to the altar to record their names and receive the badge of the Sacred Heart. Who can calculate the effect on the religious life of the town of such an influential body of men united by the ties of religion and strengthened by its solid practices?

According to latest reports the Holy League in Cornwall is growing apace. Some seventy rosary bands have been completed, and their Promoters spread amongst them two hundred Messengers monthly.

ST. RAPHAEL'S, GLENGARRY.

By taking possession of old St. Raphael's Cathedral, erected by Bishop Macdonnell, of patriarchal fame, the Holy League captured the first stronghold of Catholicity in Ontario. It is now a rural parish, the spacious stone church of mediæval appearance standing amidst fields dotted here and there with comfortable farm houses.

The energetic pastor had taken pains to prepare his people for the Mission and Holy League by distributing the Promise leaflets through the homesteads of the farmers. When the exercises opened, the people came in sleighfuls from a radius of ten miles, morning and afternoon, not deeming it too much to give a whole week, and horses in the bargain, to the work of their salvation. Attached as they warmly are to the time-honored devotion of the Scapular, those sturdy Scotch people at first seemed loth to accept another. But once they understood the nature of the Holy League, and that instead of enjoining new practices and obligations, it would rather breathe fresh life and spirit into old ones, they came forward in crowds to make their promises and receive their blessed badges. Here, too, a troop of fifty intelligent ladies, the freshest roses of Glengarry, came forward to volunteer their services as Promoters, and spread the devotion over the broad extent of St. Raphael's parish. They have already enlisted seven hundred associates in 50 rosary bands, through which one hundred Messengers circulate monthly to preserve and instil the spirit of the Holy League, which is a spirit of prayer, zeal and devotion to every good cause.

On Sunday, at the close of the Mission, the Men's League organized, and one hundred and fifty of the sturdy descendants of the Glengarry Fencibles made their promises to the Sacred Heart, and received on their knees the

blessed badge. The St. Raphael's branch, under Father Fitzpatrick's energetic direction, promises a bright future for Glengarry. Already a parochial library is projected, to break the monopoly held by the common newspaper, or the ubiquitous "novel," through the long winter evenings in the homes of the farmers.

ST. LAWRENCE'S, HAMILTON.

"Another parish has been added to the Church," said somebody on Easter Sunday morning, at the close of the week's Mission given at St. Lawrence's Church, Hamilton. And a fervent parish, too, for it entered the Holy League in a body, and embraced its practices. One hundred stalwart men came to the altar rail after High Mass, to sign their promises to the Sacred Heart of temperance and regular frequentation of the Sacraments, and to receive on their knees the badge. The women, too, enlisted under fifty lady Promoters. All this took place without any perceptible reduction of the crowded congregations attending the Cathedral and St. Patrick's on Easter Sunday. This wonder—the mushroom growth of a parish—is the effect of Father O'Sullivan's zeal. The story is short and easily told. The people at the Lake had the good old Irish faith, but little or no opportunity to practise, there being no church. A good Providence sent among them Father O'Sullivan, who had rendered service to his fellow countrymen on the English Mission. With his large eye and larger heart he took in at a glance the situation. He set to work, nobly supported and kindly encouraged by Bishop Dowling. A handsome church in brick, of Roman design, was the work of a few months. Ornaments, altars, wall-pictures and lastly a magnificent painting of the Crucifixion, a perfect copy of a great

masterpiece, were the generous gifts of a grateful people. And now came the Mission to crown the work and gather in the dispersed sheep of Israel. Who that witnessed it, pastor, missionaries or people, can ever forget the demonstration of faith, a full attendance every morning at five o'clock, another at eight; at night, packed seats, thronged aisles and crowded galleries? The groups besieging the confessionals all day till close on midnight; the numbers going round the Stations; beads, scapulars, crucifixes blessed; finally, the enthusiastic acceptance of the practices of the Holy League told the tale of awakening faith. Yes, St. Lawrence's parish came to remain; it rose to live and to flourish, to be the joy of its pastors.

ST. PATRICK'S, HAMILTON.

The priests of the influential congregation of St. Patrick's, witnessing the magnificent fruits produced by the Holy League in the Cathedral centre, were long awaiting an opportunity to establish it in their beautiful church of the South end. A Triduum was opened on Easter Sunday evening, with a view not only to start a league centre, but also to prepare the people for a mission, shortly to be given at St. Patrick's. It was well attended throughout, a large number profiting by the opportunity to perform their Easter duty.

An influential body of lady Promoters was organized, who began the work of enrolment, with such bright promise, that one hundred lists were called for. Though the Men's League was organized on a week day evening, fifty representative men came forward to receive the badge, amongst them the most eminent professional men of Hamilton. This number will form a nucleus around

which more will gather at the mission. A juvenile branch was also established in the separate schools of the parish.

Now, the Holy League has taken a thorough hold of Hamilton, with its three parochial centres organized in three branches each, for men, women and children, and three community centres, in the La Salle Academy of Christian Brothers, Loretto Convent and Sisters of St. Joseph, respectively.

ST. PATRICK'S, OTTAWA.

A most important centre of the Holy League was inaugurated on Low Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa. There the people were already ripe, for it was not long since the Mission, and there had been two hundred communions of reparation the Friday previous, first Friday of the month. Nor could there be any obstacle in the way of the men, for nearly all are total abstainers, and, headed by the fervent society of St. Vincent de Paul, were accustomed to approach the holy rail four times a year. The children, under the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity, were anxious to wear the badge. St. Patrick's whole parish is imbued with the spirit of its pastor—that of earnestness in every good work.

There was demand for one hundred enrolling lists, a thousand badges, and at the inauguration of the men's branch on Sunday evening one hundred and fifty representative citizens of Ottawa responded to the appeal to encourage temperance and add to the four communions a fifth every year, by lifting the right hand and coming to the altar rail to receive the badge. We shall hear more about Father Whelan's centre in the near future.

VARIOUS CENTRES.

Toronto.—The Brockton School boys enclose their Treasury and Intention sheet. They seem to be in excellent disposition, are quite regular in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and more earnest than boys usually are. There are very few who are not active members.—

Bro. Orbanus.

Hamilton.—Dear Messenger. Now that we have a Canadian Messenger I am able to acknowledge a favor I obtained through the Sacred Heart last summer. Having joined the Holy League, I asked the favor of passing a good written examination about which I was very anxious, having failed the year before. I was successful, and could not hope for better prospects.

Montreal.—Dear Messenger. Permit me to return thanks through your pages for a signal favor obtained through the intercession of the Sacred Heart, namely, recovery from illness when scarcely any hope was entertained.

Letters containing *Intentions* and *Treasury Reports* were received last month from the following Centres:

Acton.—*Acton Vale*: Convent.—*Amherstburgh (Ont.)*: St. Joseph's Academy; Parish.—*Barrie.*—*Belleville (Ont.)*: Loretto Convent.—*Belle River.*—*Burlington (Ont.)*.—*Calgary*: Sacred Heart Convent.—*Campbellford.*—*Carleton (Que.)*: Convent.—*Chatham (Ont.)*: Ursuline Convent.—*Cobourg (Ont.)*: St. Joseph's Convent; Parish.—*Cornwall (Ont.)*: Congregation N. D.; Parish.—*Crown Point (N. Y.)*.—*Dundas.*—*Eganville.*—*Falls View*: Loretto Convent.—*Faribault (Minn.)*.—*Georgetown (Ont.)*.—*Godfrick.*—*Guelph*: Church of Our Lady; Loretto Convent and Separate School.—*Hamilton*: Mount St. Mary.—*Hammondville.*—*Hochelaga*: Convent.—*Ingersoll*: St. Joseph's Convent.—*Kingston*: Congr. N. D.; St. Mary's School.—*Lewiston (Me.)*.—*London*: Sacred Heart Convent; St. Mary's School; St. Joseph's Convent; St. Peter's School.—*Marlboro*: St. Mary's Convent.—*Midland.*—*Montbello.*—*Montreal*: Gesu; Grand Seminary; Hotel-Dieu; Infant Jesus Parish; Reform School; St. Anthony's Academy; St. Joseph's Academy; Jesuit Scholasticate; St. Mary's College.—*Mount Saint Patrick.*—*New York*: Mothers' Home.—*Niagara Fort Erie.*—*North Onslow.*—*N. D. of Stan*

bridge.—Oakville.—Orillia.—Ottawa: Gingué School; La Salle School; Youville School.—Penetanguishene.—Quyon.—Renfrew: Convent; De la Salle School; Parish.—Sandwich.—Sault Ste. Marie (Ont.).—Sault-au-Recollet: Jesuit Novitiate; Sacred Heart Convent.—Sherbrooke: Parish; Seminary.—Stratford: Loretto Convent; St. Joseph's School.—Strenton (Vt.).—Ste. Anne de Bellevue.—St. Anne (Ill.): Academy St. Boniface; College; St. Joseph's Convent.—St. Catharines: St. Nicholas' School; Parish.—St. Eugene.—St. Philip of Argenteuil.—St. Raphael of Glengarry.—Toronto: De la Salle Institute; Loretto Abbey; Loretto Academy; Notre Dame Convent; St. Helen's Boys' School; St. Joseph's Convent; Novitiate and Academy; St. Mary's Boys' School; St. Mary's Parish; St. Michael's School (Girls' Dept.); St. Paul's Parish and School; St. Patrick's Boys' School.—Williamstown: Convent N.D.—Windsor (N. S.).—Winnipeg: Academy of the Immaculate Conception.—Wonooski (Vt.): Convent; Parish.

Intentions sent for insertion in the monthly calendars should reach the Secretary's office before or on the first of the month.

THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

GOOD WORKS OFFERED FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE LEAGUE.

Acts of Charity, 103,271.—Beads, 216,409.—Stations of the Cross, 56,356.—Holy Communions, 29,466.—Spiritual Communions, 293,321.—Examinations of conscience, 119,618.—Hours of labor, 233,190.—Hours of silence, 168,520.—Pious readings, 39,015.—Masses celebrated, 119.—Masses heard, 93,133.—Mortifications, 57,557.—Works of charity, 28,068.—Works of zeal, 13,283.—Prayers, 713,978.—Charitable conversations, 114,162.—Self-quests, 63,180.—Sufferings, 51,143.—Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 124,764.—Holy hours, 1,232.—Other good works, 286,097. Total:—2,775,862 contributed by 182 local Centres of the League.

An Indulgence of 100 days, applicable to departed Souls, is attached to every good work offered for the intentions of the League. Use the *Daily Handbooks* or the *Treasury Sheets* to mark down your works.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

1. Promoters may have observed that the Messenger articles under the heading of Men's League may be read with equal profit by all Associates, as it is their aim to explain briefly and clearly the spirit and practices of the Holy League. They are intended indeed to draw to the easy and solid practice of piety the splendid bodies of men who have lately entered the parochial organizations; but in things pious and religious, women are less fastidious than men, and often can derive the fullest benefit from articles written for the latter. There is not one of the thirty-six compact pages which fill our little monthly magazine that does not contain matter suitable for all our associates. Soon we hope to add a special department for the benefit of the academics, the convents and schools—that flower of our Canadian League—who swell the Treasury every month with their numberless good works and generous acts of self-sacrifice.

2. The edition of the Messenger for the first quarter is almost exhausted, and demands for back numbers are fast coming in. Associates who intend binding the monthly copies into a volume at the end of the year had better keep them carefully; those who do not, we will thank for the first four numbers, and compensate by a fair price.

3. A resolution in keeping with the intention for May is to help on the Apostleship of Art by spreading Catholic pictures and works of art, especially pictures of the Sacred Heart. This is one of the practices revealed by our Blessed Lord to Margaret Mary for the propagation of devotion to His Divine Heart. This is the origin of the Badge. And there is the magnificent promise, "I will bless every house in which a picture of my Heart is honored."

We shall have ready for June a larger copy of the devotional and artistic engraving of Imlé, and shall meet orders at the lowest possible price, that every Catholic home in the land may have the blessing of the Sacred Heart.