



MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

WE are bidden, in the month of November, to lend ear to a voice from the dead : "*Have pity on me, have pity on me a least you, my friends.*" For most of us it comes in accents not only plaintive but familiar, endeared by ties of kindred and friendship with the holiest and tenderest of earth's memories.

Nature seems to attune itself to the voice, bringing it home in notes distincter still. The black thickening clouds, the moan of the wind, the ceaseless wail of the restless withering leaves, driven about by every gust, tell us of souls in grief, and of the gloomy visitor that will one day call us in our turn from earth's fleeting scenes, stained joys and fading happiness.

What a mercy for man to be thus brought in contact with the other world, his imperishable home, to be drawn to it by the cords of Adam, by the voice and affection as of flesh and blood. "Non omnis moriar." "*I shall not all die,*" he exclaims as he sees the hand pointing upward from the mound of clay, and the cross planted ; and memories rush in the mind, and he joins in converse of heart and feeling with those whom once he loved.

Yet he would be selfish, indeed, if he merely heard the voice and brooded over the memories, whilst it is a cry of distress that rings in his ears. The very cross over the grave tells us the price that must be paid before rest is attained, the full satisfaction for every offence, the perfect cleansing of every stain. For the dead the day of merit and atonement is gone never to return, "the night is come when no man worketh." Happy they who can turn to some pitying friend for whom the Blood of the Lamb still flows, for whom the treasury of merits is yet open. "Have pity on me, have pity on me at least you who are my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." Thrice happy the souls that cry not in vain, whose ties of affection and friendship, knit on earth, death could not sever!

Shall we not hasten to the rescue? Which of us, if father, mother or dear friend was pinned down in the wreckage of a railway disaster or buried in a smouldering heap of ruins, would not move heaven and earth to bear relief? Yet no earthly pang can be compared to Purgatory. Earthly fires are but pictures beside those cleansing, searching flames. The blows of men are light in comparison with that chastising touch of the Lord. Shall we not hurry to their relief? Shall not masses, communions, indulgences, prayers, alms, acts of self-sacrifice be given to them who, when we die, will receive us in everlasting tabernacles prepared by their prayers?



GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1891.

THE MISSIONS OF INDO-CHINA.

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.

THE Holy Father asks the prayers of the Holy League this month in behalf of another mission of rich promise, but sorely tried by persecutions. It is also one of the missions for which the united prayers of the associates have already ascended to the throne of grace. Thirty years ago the *Messenger* lifted up its voice to implore the prayers of the Apostleship for Indo-China. "It was impossible to find in the sufferings of the first martyrs more atrocious torments than those employed to vanquish the constancy of our Tonquin brethren. Tu-Duc is a match for Diocletian. Let us pray for this persecuted church and its martyrs, that they may persevere to the last in their glorious confession of faith. Let us pray for their persecutors, that they may open their eyes to the testimony for the truth borne by the blood which they spill."

The celebrated saying of Tertullian, speaking of the early Christian martyrs, "the blood of the martyrs is become the seed of Christians," has been fulfilled in the missions of Annam (Tonquin and Cochin-China). The Church of Christ has always set great store by the conversion of the mighty empire of the Chinese with its seething millions of immortal souls, and has spared for its conversion neither money, nor toil, nor the best blood of her children, and on the whole she has considered herself amply rewarded; yet, though Indo-China has but the tenth part of the population of China, the number of Christians is much larger, showing the richness of the soil and the abundance of the harvest.

For three centuries now, the blood-stained pages of its martyrology have not been closed. The fierce Ming-Mang one day sent word to his mandarins: "Treat them without pity, torture them, put to death all who refuse to trample on the cross. Let them understand that they are declared rebels by the mere refusal. Then with an axe, or cutlass, or with whatever comes first to hand, let the obstinate ones be cut down till not one is left."

But it was all in vain. The rage of the persecutors was conquered by the courage of the martyrs. When Ming-Mang died in 1841, the Catholic faith which he had pledged himself to stamp out was stronger than ever; nor have the tyrant's successors been more fortunate.

Later on, the conquest of Cochin-China and the famous Tonquin expedition, undertaken by the French Republic, offered the persecuting mandarins the occasion of putting to death by torture and starvation first forty thousand Christians and then fifty thousand. But, as if nothing had happened, there are to-day in Indo-China over six hundred and twenty thousand Catholics. Not only so, but lately the Vicar Apostolic, recommending the West Tonquin mission which he has consecrated to the Sacred

Heart to the prayers of our associates, wrote to the Director General: "If we had enough of means we could have in my own vicariate twenty thousand baptisms of pagans every year."

The want of missionaries and of resources is the first obstacle to the conversion of those poor people; but a still more difficult one is presented by the indifference in religious matters and the scandalous example of the majority of the Europeans—so-called Christians, who were baptized, and count on dying in the Catholic faith, but disgrace it in their lives.

A third obstacle comes from the acts and evil influence of the French Masonic officials, who, because of the satanic hate they bear the Church, instead of conciliating the natives and helping the missionaries, are jealous of the latter's influence, and throw secret obstacles in their path.

Notwithstanding, the light of truth shines with penetrating rays, and the powers of darkness are retreating. The blood of the martyrs too is still flowing, enriching more and more the soil of Annam and yielding a good harvest of catechumens.

Let us send up our prayers this month to the Sacred Heart that, like West Tonquin and South Birmah, all the Catholic Missions of Indo-China may be consecrated to this Fountain of Light and Mercy, and obtain through the united prayers of our associates abundant helps of prosperity and salvation.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for the Missions of Indo-China, that, turning to Thee, the fountain of mercy, they may obtain light, grace and prosperity.—Amen.

A VESPER PRAYER.

When the mystic twilight gray
Brings the Sabbath of the day,
Kneel we at Thy shrine to pray,
Heart of Jesus !

When my soul holds converse sweet
At Thine earthly mercy-seat,
Kneeling at my Saviour's feet,
Heart of Jesus !

Fill my heart with heavenly love
Born in Thy bright home above
Make me gentle as the dove—
Heart of Jesus !

Teach me Thy sweet yoke to bear,
Take my life into Thy care,
Save me from each sinful snare,
Heart of Jesus !

Help me on a little space,
That I may one day see Thy face
In its majesty and grace—
O my Jesus !

Aid me when stern death draws near,
Teach me then to hope, not fear,
And my fainting spirit cheer,
Heart of Jesus !

AN ASSOCIATE OF THE LEAGUE.

THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

THIRD DEGREE.

III.

“**B**UT, Father, I have been told that your Third Degree is something more than a Communion Association, it is named a *Communion of Atonement or Reparation*. If you had drawn the line at Communion, well and good; but a Communion of Atonement is, I am afraid, rather *mystical* for us men of the nineteenth century.”

I admit, dear friend, there can be no higher act of lay worship than a Communion of Atonement, not one that can give more glory and pleasure to the Heart of our Redeemer. I am aware that the sacrifice of the Mass is the greatest act of religion, but the communion is an integral part of it and the communion of the people is morally one with that of the priest as partaking of the same sacrifice. Likewise this great act can be offered and performed with no higher intention than reparation or desire to atone for the sins of others. This desire means a very sincere sorrow for our own sins and a firm purpose of amendment. There can be no thought of reparation whilst we ourselves wilfully offend God. But it means a great deal more, namely, that we *feel for* our Divine Friend; that we *sympathize* with Him in the evils which befall Him, apart from any share we may have had in causing them; and then, that we do something to *make up* for the pain thus given Him. It is this *unselfish* love that gives the Sacred Heart such glory and consolation.

There is only one evil that can afflict the heart of a God—sin, and of all sins none have caused more pain to the Heart of the Saviour than the ingratitude, the coldness, the contempt shown Him in the Eucharist, which has

been to mankind the greatest pledge of His love. This, therefore, ought to be the special object of our Atonement. This is why He has asked for communions of Atonement, and made of them the special act of devotion to His Divine Heart.

As, according to the saying of a distinguished prelate, Devotion to the Sacred Heart is the quintessence of Catholicity, so the Communion of Reparation is the quintessence of the Devotion of the Sacred Heart.

“There is precisely my difficulty. That unselfish love, that disinterested motive of making up for others’ sins, without thought of reward and punishment, and offering communion for so high a purpose, is far above us common work-a-day mortals, covered all over with the dust of the plain and spattered with the blood of the battle.”

By no means, particularly in the ranks of the League, where the Associate mounts step by step from the lowest to the highest degree. The Morning Offering is the best preparation for the Communion of Atonement. Can any man make the Morning Offering for any length of time without feeling a real personal friendship growing in his heart for Our Lord? He begins to realize that he is his Saviour’s friend and no longer the stranger he used to be. His sins, it is true, will check the growth of that friendly feeling, but if he is sorry and repents, they ought not. Once he has begun to feel this heavenly influence of a personal friendship, he will soon have the desire of reparation. There is no friend that does not sympathize with his friend. His sympathy will go out to his divine Friend in all the sins committed against Him, but particularly in those which most wound His loving Heart, namely, the ingratitude, contempt and indifference with which He is treated in the Eucharist. He will seek to make amends, and he finds in the Communion of Reparation not only the highest satisfaction for the wrongs inflicted, but that

which the Sacred Heart has marked out as agreeable and acceptable above all others.

It is Christ himself who, by His sacrifice on Calvary, renewed continually on our altars, is the great Atonement. In the Old Law it was said, "Life for a life, eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, hand for a hand, foot for a foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." In the New Law, out of love a brother can make atonement for a brother's sin, as our divine elder Brother "who bore our sins in His body upon the tree." And this was the great Atonement by which the justice of God was satisfied for man's sin, his vengeance appeased and countless blessings obtained. Here again, however, as in all things pertaining to the creature's salvation, God demands our co-operation, that we work with Him and unite our atonements with the atonement of Christ. But, alas! whilst the crucified Hands are outstretched to plead for us, *even those who kneel beneath* are indifferent. The intercession of the Sacred Heart is robbed of its efficacy, because men are too idle, too selfish, to join in spirit in the infinite atonement made for them. Our Saviour's voice still cries mournfully over a world more than ever sunk in its own selfishness: "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

Atonement is the want of the day; and love for the Sacred Heart cannot rest at His feet, it must enter into sympathy with His sorrows and His desires, and must identify itself with His *work*. When the Saviour asked for communions of atonement, it was not only to make amends for the sins, the indifference and selfishness of men in regard of Himself, but also in an *apostolic* spirit to satisfy for the sinner's sin and to obtain his conversion.

Thus, the Communion of Atonement is the most excellent act of the highest exercise of friendship for our dear Lord, and it is not above anyone of us who stands by his profession of friendship, his consecration to the Sacred

Heart of Jesus, and who prepares and disposes himself by fidelity to the Morning Offering.

“But I have my own sins to atone for, my own wants to pray for, and I cannot afford, going but once a month or five times a year to communion, to offer it for others in a spirit of atonement.”

True, dear associate, if it were necessary to offer communion for only one intention, or if higher intentions excluded lower ones. The very opposite is the truth. Higher intentions, far from excluding lower intentions that are good, raise them to their own level, stamp upon them their own excellence and merit, and thus add immeasurably to their power and recompense. Therefore, on approaching the Holy Table, pray for your actual needs and all good intentions, but fail not to impart to your communions the excellence and efficacy of perfect charity by offering them in a spirit of atonement.

ST. CECILIA.

NOVEMBER 22ND.

THE memory of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, has been always cherished by the children of the Church, more especially by those who are fond of music. On account of her love for divine hymns and canticles, the singing of which she accompanied with instruments, she has been honored as the Patroness of Music.

She lived near the beginning of the third century, and belonged to one of the noblest and most ancient families of Rome. She was the only member who had received the grace to abandon idolatry, and was permitted by her parents to attend the assemblies of the Christians and to follow in every particular the teachings of the true religion.

Some time after her conversion she consecrated herself

to God, vowing to accept no spouse but Jesus Christ. Her Guardian Angel then appeared, and assured her that Our Lord had accepted her vow, and would enable her to keep it with fidelity in spite of seemingly adverse circumstances. In order to win more surely this grace, Cecilia commenced to mortify her body by wearing a garment of rough horse-hair under her rich clothing.

Her parents, notwithstanding her profession of Christianity, had betrothed her to a Pagan nobleman, named Valerian. She was obliged to accept his addresses, and in order to remain constant to her vow she redoubled her penances and prayers, often fasting entire days.

Valerian was rich, handsome and accomplished, and Cecilia felt for him all the affection of a sister. At length the day for the marriage ceremony arrived. Cecilia, beautiful and modest, was led to the altar, and united to the Pagan youth. At sunset, as was the custom, she was conducted to the house of her husband, and the guests were entertained at a banquet. After the departure of the gay throng Cecilia addressed Valerian in these words :—

“Most gentle and dearest of friends, I have a secret to confide to thee ; swear that thou wilt respect it.”

After a solemn promise on the part of Valerian, the virgin continued :—“ I am under the care of an angel whom God has appointed the protector of my vow. If thou shouldst violate it, his fury will be enkindled against thee, and thou shalt fall a victim to his vengeance. But if thou wilt respect it, he will favor thee with his love and obtain for thee many blessings.”

Moved by grace the young man exclaimed :—“ Cecilia, if I am to believe this, let me see this angel. When I have seen him, if I recognize him as one of God’s messengers, I will comply with thy request ; but if thou lovest any

other man, know that I will kill both thee and him with my sword."

Cecilia, filled with holy joy, explained to him the mystery of Baptism, and directed him to Pope Urban, telling him that after the saving waters had descended upon him he should behold her angel protector. He received the renovating Sacrament at the hands of Christ's vicar, and on his return beheld Cecilia in prayer, with an angel of God, clad in dazzling splendor, standing by her side. The angel held two crowns of roses and lilies, one of which he placed on the head of Cecilia and the other upon Valerian's brow still wet with the baptismal waters. He told them that they would merit to preserve these crowns by their purity of heart and life. Then he promised Valerian to grant him any request he would name. Valerian, who had a dear brother Tiburtius, begged that he, too, might receive the graces which had been conferred upon himself. This, the angel assured him, would be granted.

Valerian and Tiburtius, after a short time, were beheaded for professing the faith of Christ, and St. Cecilia was ordered to be suffocated in her vapor bath. The boiling vapor, however, not causing her death, an executioner was sent to dispatch her with his sword. Failing to sever her head from her body by three blows, the executioner fled, leaving the virgin still living. She remained for some days alive, and was visited by many Christians, whom she exhorted to constancy. At length she rendered her pure soul to her Heavenly Spouse.

These were some of her words:—"To die for Christ is not to sacrifice one's life but to renew it." "Men call me Cecilia, but my most beautiful name is that of Christian." "*Pride* is one thing, *firmness* another."



A COMMONPLACE LIFE.

M is but a simple narrative, dear readers of the *Messenger*; there is no plot, no mystery, no sensation about it; only a few little facts connected with the life of a Promoter of the *League*, whose grave is green these past four years in a far Western State, and whose soul is with the saints, I trust.

I.

While I sat by my window this beautiful autumn evening, watching the distant forest-trees catch the last red glow of the dying day, my thoughts suddenly sped back over an interval of thirty years, to the time when I, then a school-girl, but verging on young maidenhood, counted it one of the delights of my life to spend the vacations, or an odd holiday, at the hospitable home of John Donovan (as I shall call him). Lord grant his soul eternal rest!

I can see it now before me, the white farm-house, well back from the quiet country-road, which stretches far away like a yellow ribbon between its green borders. Tall poplars stand like sentinels on each side of the long green lane that leads to the house. The old-fashioned garden is full of roses, larkspurs, violets, marigolds, etc., all in bright confusion as well as profusion, and on every side lie the broad sunny fields.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Donovan, Edward, the eldest of the family, Ellen next in age, Kate, and Patrick the youngest and, of course, the darling of the family.

It was the most delightful place to spend one's holidays in, for the Donovans, besides being a warm-hearted, hospitable family, and decidedly intellectual, lived in the midst of an Irish Catholic settlement whose people all were really the kindest, merriest hearts I have ever known.

Oh! the merry sleigh drives in the pleasant Christmas holidays! The gay gatherings in the winter evenings, first at one neighbor's house, then at another's; the joyous, light-hearted, innocent recreations of those fresh, pure young hearts, for even the old there were young in heart! The unbidden tears start when I think of

"The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken."

Strong and pure was the old faith in the souls of those good people. God bless them, one and all, wherever they may be, for the beautiful lessons they unconsciously taught me, which since have tided me over many a dark hour!

No night ever closed around the home of John Donovan that the family did not assemble to recite the good old-fashioned Rosary of God's dear Mother.

That holy devotion! who can tell what blessings it has brought to many a fireside, what evils averted, what graces won!

Many a time we young people were in the midst of our fun, when Mr. Donovan would quietly say, "Now, children, don't you think it is time to say the Rosary?" And many a time did privileged Patrick protest, "O father, it is early yet." Then Mrs. Donovan would gently

remark, "Ah, Patrick, 'tis not well to leave God till the last, and for all He has given us during the day to give Him a few sleepy, distracted prayers." No more would be said, all would silently kneel, and reverently *the crown of roses* would be laid at Our Lady's feet.

II.

The years sped onwards, bringing many changes to the peaceful settlement. Some sought homes in distant places, the old passed happily away, and

"The young that were
Had a brow of care."

Edward Donovan married, and went to the far West. Kate became a nun in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at——, Patrick was practising law in the neighboring city, and Ellen, gentle Ellen, stayed with her father and mother on the old farm. At last Mr. Donovan, who was growing too old to attend to affairs on the farm, sold it, and went to reside in the city where Patrick was. Here he lived for a few years, and here he died as he had lived, a true servant of God. Five years after, good Mrs. Donovan was laid to rest beside him. Ellen and Patrick were left alone in the pretty cottage on A— street.

It was then I saw fully the true goodness and beauty of Ellen Donovan's life. From her first coming to reside in the city she was a fervent member of the *League*. Now she became a Promoter, none more zealous in the ranks. She spared no trouble, no fatigue in her eager desire to advance the interests of the Sacred Heart in souls. And truly wonderful was her success. Careless and indifferent Catholics were drawn into her bands, and became earnest in all religious duties, some, indeed, who had not received the Sacraments for years. Every "first Friday," every feast of Our Lord and of His Blessed Mother, she approached the Holy Table. No meeting of Promoters

found her absent; yet so unobtrusive, so quiet, that few saw her goodness, and none knew that that cheerful, placid face masked a heart in which a sorrow was planted. But I who had been her intimate friend for long years knew why Ellen Donovan haunted the altar of the Mother of Sorrows, knew why she kept a lamp constantly burning before the shrine of "the Heart which has loved men so much, and in return receives from the greater number only coldness and ingratitude." Alas! alas! that it should be so!

Patrick was now at the top of his profession, a handsome, winsome, clever young man, and a good young man withal.

No Christmas, no Easter found him absent from Holy Communion; but a year or two after his mother's death the sad change began. Slowly, imperceptibly to all but to Ellen's anxious eyes, was the alteration wrought.

Courted, flattered by men eminent at the bar, sought after by the *élite* of society, the world called him a rising man, a lucky man; but Ellen trembled and prayed. First, came a growing negligence in his religious duties, a keener relish for society, fashionable Protestant society, and later—born of the banquets, the club meetings, the social gatherings of which he was the life—a growing appetite for strong drink.

Gradually, quite gradually, the Sacraments were neglected, Mass less frequently attended, times of intoxication more frequent. I fancied I could see the lines deepening in Ellen's face and the gray hairs multiplying in the brown braids. She had gently endeavored to induce him to become a member of the *League*, but was met by gay banter, and a tone which implied that he needed no advice from her.

And Ellen prayed on.

III.

"Thank God, father and mother are dead!" she said to me one day, when, entering her room unceremoniously, I found her on her knees before a picture of the Sacred Heart. "But I do not despair of Patrick," she added. "God forbid that I should ever cease to hope in the patient mercy of the Sacred Heart. I remember dear father used to say that one thoroughly grounded in youth in the knowledge and practice of his religion, though he might turn aside from the path of virtue, would surely return to God at last. The earlier and better teaching could never be eradicated."

On the walls of her bed-room were four pictures: "The Sacred Heart," "Ecce Homo," "Our Lady of Pity," and "Our Lady of Good Counsel."

"These pictures console and sustain me very much," she said to me on another occasion. "Who could look at the 'Ecce Homo' and dare to waver in his trust in God's love for sinners?" Then looking towards "Our Lady of Good Counsel," she added, "I sometimes wonder if Our Lady really knew, when Our Lord's little arms were around her neck in that way, of the terrible sorrows that lay before Him and Her," and Ellen's brown eyes filled with tears. Perhaps her mind went back to the happy days on the old farm, when poor, wayward, sin-stained Patrick was an innocent, light-hearted boy, and her special pet. "Well, God's ways are not our ways," she said after a pause, for I had remained silent, my heart too full for words. "By what varied means does His love bring about our best and highest good, almost despite ourselves."

She seemed to be fully certain that Patrick's "best and highest good," his eternal salvation, was not a matter that admitted of doubt, so perfect was her trust in God's

mercy. I almost thought Our Lord would speak out from His pictured lips and say, "O woman, great is thy faith."

IV.

Finally, poor Patrick fell into ill-health. Pulmonary consumption fastened upon him. Then did his earthly guardian angel redouble her loving solicitude for his soul and body. Masses, and prayers, and alms cried to God for his conversion.

Ellen insisted on his taking her room when he was at last unable to leave his bed. "It is brighter and cheerier than yours," she said, but her real design was, I was sure, that his eyes might rest on her beloved pictures, and that they might say to him what she feared to put into words, for he had irritably stopped her more than once when she had gently suggested sending for Father G——. What could poor Ellen do but cry out with her heart to God that His dear mercy might not fail? And so the weeks sped on, praying, entreating God on the one side, resisting Him on the other.

One night the invalid was unusually irritable. Ellen divined that the uneasiness was not alone the result of the body's illness, but also, and much more, from the unquiet soul.

She felt thankful when he fell into a heavy slumber, and taking her beads she began to implore the "Refuge of Sinners" to come to his aid. Suddenly he awoke and called out, "Are you there, Nell?"

"Yes, dear; do you need anything?" she said.

"I was dreaming," he said, "that we were all home again on the farm, and I was demurring, as I used to, about saying the Rosary so early in the evening, and I thought mother looked at me very reproachfully, and said, just as she used: 'Ah, Patick, 'tis not treating God well to leave Him to the last.'" Then in a low voice, as if to himself, "What if *He left me at the last?*" Ellen

hastened to say, "O no, He will never do that," but he made no reply. Next night I took Ellen's place by his bedside. He spoke little during the night, but was wakeful and restless. Towards day-break he slept, but started out of his sleep crying out, "My God!"

"What is it, Patrick?" I said, and at the same moment Ellen came hurriedly in.

"O, Nell," he said, "I thought Our Lord was standing at the foot of the bed, and that He looked fixedly at me and said: 'You *have* left Me till the last, but I still wait.'"

The poor invalid was trembling, and the perspiration stood in beads on his face. Ellen was on her knees by this time, her face buried in the bed, trying to stifle her sobs.

"Don't cry, Nell," he said, "I ask Our Lord here and now to pardon me and take me back,—if I am worth taking," he added brokenly.

Father G—— came in a few hours after, and poor Patrick was taken back to that Heart of hearts, the depths of whose undying love no human intelligence can ever fathom. He begged Father G—— to ask pardon publicly in his name of the people whom he had scandalized.

"I did not pause to think," he said, "how far I was straying from God."

During the two remaining weeks of his life, he evinced the deepest contrition for his sins, spoke little but prayed much. He would be enrolled in the League, and often devoutly pressed the badge to his lips, whispering, "Thy Kingdom Come." He died on the evening of the Feast of the Seven Dolors; his last words were, "Heart of Jesus, mercy."

V.

One evening some weeks after, I visited the cemetery, and going through the burial place of the Donovans, found Ellen seated near her dead. They had buried

Patrick between the graves of his father and mother. I saw that she had been weeping bitterly.

"I came to say good-bye to them," she said, with a rising sob. "I shall go in a few days to Edward. I should not be sorrowful, seeing how good and merciful Our Lord has been to me and mine."

Then kneeling, she kissed each grave, and clasping her hands in a burst of uncontrollable emotion, cried out:—"Dear Heart of Jesus, let me meet them again with Thee!"

One year after, I received the news of her death from her brother's wife, who said:—"I think our dear Ellen was one of the most truly good souls I have ever known; I count it a blessing that she came to us; our children received from her a bias for good that I believe will influence their whole lives."

As for me, her friend from early girlhood, I thank God for bringing across my way such a model of Christian perfection. I know that her example often turned me aside from the wrong way, as her memory now upholds me when life's burdens press heavily.

Dear, humble, ardent lover of the Sacred Heart! You taught one soul at least to turn to that Source of love and mercy in every joy as well as in every sorrow.

I remember having overheard a fashionable leader in society remark of Ellen Donovan in the days when poor Patrick was in the noon-tide of his popularity: "What a commonplace life Miss Donovan leads, when she might make her mark in society!"

Blind worldling, Ellen Donovan preferred to be of no account among minds such as yours, that she might "make her mark" in the society of Heaven! But you have furnished me with a title for this poor, imperfect sketch of my dear friend:—A Commonplace Life.

PROMOTER.

WHAT A HAIL MARY DID.

IT was a stormy day in mid-winter, the snow falling thick and fast, when a priest of a maritime province was summoned to the bed of a dying man in a part of his parish some forty miles distant.

Setting out at morning, he travelled on and on, but so dense became the blizzard that he could see nothing before him. At last the evening shadows began to gather till they settled in a thick gloom around his path. Many a mile had been passed without sight of a single dwelling, when at length his horse stopped, exhausted with fatigue. The good priest realized that he was lost in the storm! He breathed an earnest prayer to Him whose mercies are over all His works, and taking his horse by the bridle walked on a few steps, for a cold wind had set in, and not to find shelter was to be frozen to death.

His heart was sinking within him when he beheld a glimmer of light. Courage revived, he walked more briskly forward, and soon found himself in front of a tiny cottage, in the rear of which stood a spacious barn. He knocked at the door of the house, and straightway a large coarse-featured woman presented herself. She was going to grant the desired shelter to himself and horse, when looking fixedly at him, she exclaimed, "You're a Catholic priest!" "I am," was the reply; "but surely you will not refuse shelter on such a night as this to any human being." "I would not have a Catholic priest in my house at any time," she replied, "much less to-night," she added in an underbreath.

"Why not *to-night*?" thought the priest, but he merely said: "Well, my good woman, I must have shelter for myself and my horse. In such a severe storm as this I cannot stand on ceremony, so I'll just tell you

that I am going to put my beast in that barn yonder, and then I'll be satisfied with a chair by your kitchen fire for the night."

Turning away as he said the last words, he led his horse, which he easily unharnessed, to the barn, and tying him securely in the stall, gave him some provender that he carried beneath the seat of his sleigh. Then returning to the house, he opened the door, which had no other fastening than a simple latch, and he was soon seated by the blazing fire.

The kitchen was empty, but footsteps were heard overhead, and soon down the staircase—little more than a ladder—from a loft overhead came the woman who had met him at the door. She cast an angry glance at the intruder, and, pouring into a cup some broth that was heating on the stove, went again upstairs. Standing at the foot of the stairway, the priest caught the sound of a feeble voice, that of a man evidently near his last hour. Now and then came a moan of pain. He returned to his seat by the fire as he heard the woman's footsteps coming down again.

"Is anyone sick?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "my husband's sick, and needs all my attention, that's why I don't want any strangers here."

"Is he very sick?" asked the priest.

"Yes, he's dying."

"Can I see him? Perhaps I could do something for him."

"No, you shan't see him."

Turning abruptly away she again mounted the steps, while the priest sat musing by the fire. "Perhaps the poor man's a Catholic," he thought, "and I'm just in time to prepare him for death. I can't risk leaving here without seeing him."

The next time the woman came down he rose and said:—"My good woman; I am going up to see your husband."

"And I tell you, you're not. No Popish priest shall see him."

Pushing her aside, the priest ascended the stairs. He found himself in an unfinished apartment, in a corner of which was a bed, and on it lay a man on whose features was unmistakably stamped the image of death.

After a few moments conversation he found that the dying man was an Irishman and a Catholic, but having married a Protestant who was a bitter hater of Catholicity, he had little by little given up all external practice of his faith. Then turning to his wife, who had followed the priest upstairs, the invalid asked her to leave them alone for a short time. She did as she was bidden, and the poor man made his confession—the first for many a year, and received the Sacraments of the Church which comfort the bed of death.

Now a new day was breaking, and the priest rose to resume his journey. Before leaving the sick room he turned back and said:—"My son, this is a great grace God has given you. Have you kept up any practice of your religion during all these years?"

"Yes," replied the dying man, "my mother on her death-bed made me promise that I'd say the Hail Mary every day for the grace of a happy death, and I never omitted it once."

Giving him a last blessing the priest continued his journey, full of gratitude to her who had through his means answered her unworthy client's prayer.

S. M. C.

NUNZIO Sulpizio ; OR, THE YOUNG APPRENTICE.

III.

AFTER Nunzio's arrival in Naples, he remained a few days with his uncle, and was then removed to an hospital for incurables. It was decided he should remain there till Felix Wochinger, an officer of the Royal Guards, who begged to have him as an adopted son, returned from a voyage he was about to make. The account of the months he spent in Our Lady's hospital forms the most edifying page of his life.

Although in his sixteenth year, he had never approached the Holy Table. A false reverence for the Blessed Sacrament induced people of that part of Italy to deny this privilege to their children till they had reached their fourteenth year. The Superiors of the hospital permitted Nunzio to receive, as soon as he was ready. He was already sufficiently instructed, and began preparing for a general confession. At last, what he considered the happiest day of his life arrived. The Blessed Eucharist was brought to his room, as he was too feeble to go to the church, and with tears of joy and every outward mark of reverence he partook, for the first time, of the God whom he so ardently loved.

His confessor tells us of the wonderful progress he henceforth made in virtue. He had tasted the delights of the celestial food, and wished to partake of it every day. So remarkable were the effects of the Blessed Eucharist in his soul, that it was easy to recognize the days he received. Not satisfied with a selfish enjoyment of those heavenly consolations, he wished to kindle in others that love of God which burned in his own soul.

Nunzio was in the midst of suffering and misery, and

could judge from experience how much the afflicted poor were in need of encouragement and consolation. He had found a balm for his own sufferings in the hopes which faith and religion inspire. The love of God which they excited in his heart not only enabled him to bear his sufferings, but even to love them and wish for more. In the hospital, his constant occupation was to kindle in those around him the fire of divine love which was consuming himself. He knew that for the incurable sufferer there is but one consolation here below—to be convinced that his trials, if patiently borne, will merit a crown of imperishable glory.

He never tired going from bed to bed to cheer the unhappy occupants. Sometimes he spoke of natural means of soothing the pain, but always ended with the necessity of patient submission to the will of God. "Wait a few years," he used to say, "and let us hope to meet in Heaven, where we may speak of our little sufferings here below. How trifling they will seem when enjoying the happiness they are sure to win? How thankful we shall be to know that we were thought worthy to suffer a little for God's sake! In presence of Jesus, with the marks of His sacred Passion, we will be able to understand what a priceless blessing are those afflictions which we now call evils. Often I imagine, if a shadow of sorrow could enter heaven, it would come over the soul when reflecting that it was asked to bear only so little."

Who can tell the consolation such conversations brought to the dreary bed of many a hopeless sufferer? How often did they change the murmurs against what was too often styled the rigors of God's justice into whispers of resignation to His adorable Will! No wonder he was looked on as a comforting angel in human form, nor is it surprising that in spite of the half century that has elapsed, traditions still linger in the hospital of the days

when the joyful countenance of Sulpizio brightened and cheered its dreary wards.

But the time for leaving at length arrived. The colonel returned, and wished to have him in his own house. In February, 1834, he started, amid the tears and blessings of those he had comforted, for what was destined to be his last home on earth. Every comfort and luxury that riches could procure were placed at his disposal, but he lived in their midst as if he were poor. The same dislike for idleness, the same desire to alleviate the miseries of others marked his sojourn here.

With his uncle's permission, he used to distribute among the poor a part of what was given to himself. Daily, a number of destitute children were seen gathered around his window—for he was unable to leave his room—awaiting the alms which his charity had provided. Nunzio took advantage of the influence he gained over them to instruct and encourage them to practise their religion. "There is but one true Friend in this world," he used to tell them, "and that is God. If we are true to Him, He will never abandon us in the hour of need. He may leave us poor, He may allow us to suffer, but if we love and serve Him, He will make of our poverty a source of blessing and change our sufferings into endless joy." When the children returned the next morning, they were questioned on what was told them the previous day, and something special was always ready for the one who answered best.

With such occupations he passed the first few months at the colonel's house. The care he received gave hopes, for a time, that his foot would be completely cured. This caused his early ambition to revive, and again he thought of consecrating himself to God in religion. He communicated this intention to his guardian, who readily consented, and at once procured a tutor to aid him in prepar-

ing the elements of Latin. The progress he made showed that neither the want of practice nor lengthened sufferings impaired in any way his vigorous mind.

But, alas! his hopes were of short duration. God accepted the sacrifice he was so willing to make, and soon called him to his heavenly reward.

After a short respite, the pain in his foot and limb returned with redoubled violence. Dropsy set in, and the doctors then declared that all hopes were gone, and that the end could not be far off.

When Nunzio was informed of this, he cried out in ecstasies of joy: "My God! so soon, so soon to enjoy my heavenly home! and what have I done to merit such a favor?"

From that time, he only thought of preparing himself to die. He prayed almost unceasingly, redoubled the mortification of his senses. His patience seemed to increase with his sufferings, his only affliction being the fear of causing annoyance to his benefactors. He made heroic efforts to stifle any expression of pain, and during the weeks he lay on his bed of suffering, a groan of anguish never escaped his agonizing frame. Till his last breath he was joyful, and always had a cheering or consoling word for those who attended him. The sight of the crucifix, which stood near his bed, inspired him with an unfailing supply of patience. "How sweet," he used to say, as he gazed in tears on the sacred image, "how sweet, my Jesus, to suffer for your sake! How trifling are my sufferings in comparison with those you have endured for me."

(To be concluded)

T. G.



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Europe.

Workingmen's Retreats.

Two unmistakable signs mark the revival of faith and the religious spirit, more particularly among the European Latin races—workingmen's retreats, and pilgrimages to the centre of Catholicity.

The retreats that are being opened in France and Belgium for the benefit of artisans and tradesmen are not mere gatherings in the church morning and evening to hear an instruction or a sermon, but the complete withdrawal for three or four days from the distracting cares of home and occupations to a "House of Retreats." There they are suitably lodged and fed, observe perfect silence, and follow the exercises given to a considerable number together by the Spiritual Director. It is an extension to the workmen of the privilege granted to certain classes of ladies among ourselves in our larger convents during the summer months. The lasting conversions and other solid fruits derived from these retreats are wonderful. In one district in the north of France there has been formed a "League of Retreatants" counting fifteen hundred men, all of whom make every year a retreat of three days in a House of Retreats, according to the method of St. Ignatius.

The Bishop of Tournay, writing to his clergy on the necessity of retreats for men, quotes Bourdalowe, telling business-men that days passed in retreat are properly *their days*, because without them all the rest are lost; and

proving, that if retreats are useful to priests and religious, they are *necessary* for laymen distracted by business cares.

Whilst awaiting the opening of the Carmelite Hospice at Niagara Falls, men of every walk in life have the chance of making a retreat at the Jesuit Novitiate, Sault au Recollet, near Montreal, where rooms are always at the disposal of men who desire to go through the exercises of St. Ignatius under an experienced Director. Some two hundred men avail themselves of the opportunity every year.

Pilgrimages.

One would think that the days of the Crusades were coming back again in this nineteenth century of ours, to read the accounts of the immense organized pilgrimages starting for Rome to lay their homage at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. Instead of the sword and the javelin, the weapon they wield is prayer and especially the Rosary, offered at the shrines of the martyrs and apostles; the armor in which they are clad is faith and piety, and devotion to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Early in the year arrangements were made for the great international pilgrimage of Catholic youth, mostly young students, in honor of St. Aloysius, in which eleven thousand were to take part. They arrived in Rome towards the end of September. Great preparations were made to receive them. Accounts of this pilgrimage have not yet reached us.

After the appearance of the Papal Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, the inspiration seized on the French workingmen, joined by a large number of the Spanish, to go in pilgrimage and lay at the feet of the Holy Father their thanks for the noble and outspoken manner in which he had espoused their cause. Not for many a day has there been an event to compare with it in the annals

of Christendom. Twenty thousand workmen leave their homes and occupations, and set out for Rome in groups of two thousand. They hail the Vicar of Christ as Pontiff and King. They hear the Mass offered in St. Peter's by the Holy Father, receive communion, and kiss the Pontiff's hand, and after visiting the shrines of the saints, return quietly to their homes.

One would have thought that such a multitude would have overstrained the bounds of the most large-hearted generosity. But the centre of Catholicity is also the centre of hospitality. The Holy Father himself presided over the arrangements for the reception, and paid the expenses. The Pilgrims were lodged in Roman palaces. Iron bedsteads with spring mattresses, new sheets, pillows, blankets were provided, with washstands and toilet mirrors innumerable. The Sisters of Charity were charged with all the arrangements. Soup, two dishes of meat, fruit and a pint of Italian wine (no strong drinks) were served for dinner, but one dish of meat for supper. The larger of the dining-halls accommodated fifteen hundred men, each Pilgrim having his number at his place. The Roman nobles with short sleeves and long white aprons on waited at table. "The sight," says an eye-witness, "was most impressive. Everything went off with the regularity of clockwork, and none of them was kept waiting for his food." Five hundred conveyances were hired and placed at the disposal of the Pilgrims for the whole day following their arrival, to enable them to see the sights of the eternal city.

In the course of his address to the Holy Father in behalf of the Pilgrimage, the Count de Mun said: "Twenty thousand of the workmen of France have come to express to you, O father of the poor and lowly, their lively, deep and respectful gratitude, sure that the cry of their hearts, powerful as the voice of the people, will

re-echo beyond these walls and pass from nation to nation, telling the toilers that it is towards the Vicar of Christ that they must turn their eyes, that to him they must listen, because his word is salvation. Thus the echo of your teaching, most Holy Father, rises to your throne, bringing to you the filial praise and grateful homage of the masses, and the workmen's pilgrimages will remain a living witness to the indissoluble union of the Papacy with the people."

At the conclusion of his reply, before granting the Apostolic Benediction, the Holy Father said:—"On returning to your fair country, most dear sons, tell your comrades, your friends, the members of your families, that the heart of the Pope, like the Heart of Jesus Christ, whose Vicar he is, is always with the sufferers and outcasts of the world."

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

Great Seminary, Montreal.

We have just been honored with a communication from the Rev. H. Rouxel, P.S.S., the venerable Director of the Holy League in the Great Seminary. While subscribing to the Canadian *Messenger*, he asks a place of honor for the intentions of over *one hundred and ninety* students of Theology and *one hundred* students of Philosophy, preparing for the priesthood in the Great Seminary of Montreal. Most willingly do we yield them the place of honor, and it is an immense consolation to ourselves, our promoters and associates to have the promise of so many fervent prayers poured forth every day at the foot of the altar from noble minds and manful hearts chosen by the Sacred Heart to be His special friends, to continue His

work of mercy, and spread among men the fire of the love He came on earth to enkindle. May we not cherish the hope, too, that at no very distant day they will go forth from those hallowed precincts to become, like many who have preceded them, zealous Local Directors, who will win whole parishes to the Sacred Heart, enlighten them in the true spirit of the devotion, and popularize the practices of the League.

Gesu, Montreal.

A second edition of the Sacred Heart Union Library Catalogue has just been published. As the Preface states, the Sacred Heart Union Library is a free circulating library founded in the Gesu Church by the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. It was intended as an offset to the sectarian and free-thinking libraries that have been equipped and multiplied of late years in Montreal.

Its scope stretches beyond that of a sodality library, including reading not only distinctively religious, but also of a general character, to suit all tastes desirous of a wholesome nutriment. The various books that are in the Catalogue are arranged in select lists for young men, ladies and children respectively, thus affording a general direction for a course of reading. Special attention is invited to the full lists of devotional and doctrinal works that have been lately added at no inconsiderable expense.

The library was founded and enlarged chiefly by funds gathered from social entertainments given by the Lady Promoters of the League. This second edition of the Catalogue counts seventy pages and sixteen hundred volumes. If any of the Local Councils should feel inspired to venture on a similar enterprise, we shall send them a catalogue for 10 cents in postage stamps.

THE JUVENILE MANUAL.

After many delays and difficulties, the Juvenile League Handbook, with Holy League Prayer Book, has at last been published. We venture to hope for great things from this little book written in plain characters and neatly bound. It is so necessary, especially for youth, to have an exact idea of the League, its end, its practices, and its spirit, and then to cultivate that spirit by appropriate prayers! Devotion to the Sacred Heart, like all devotions, must be fostered especially by prayer, and since it is a general devotion, it is not so much by particular prayers as by the spirit with which we animate our ordinary prayers, devotions and actions that it is strengthened and perfected. This little Manual has been compiled with this two-fold aim, namely, to give a clear and easy explanation of the Holy League, and to enable associates to perform their ordinary prayers and Catholic duties in the spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Though by its form it is more particularly adapted for the youth studying in our colleges, convents and schools, yet it will be equally serviceable to older associates.

Toronto, St. Mary's.

Rev. Father Cruise, the zealous Director of the League in St. Mary's parish, has just inaugurated a branch of the Men's League. This is the second in the Queen City. It will be instrumental in bringing such a large and influential parish as St. Mary's into association with the other branches daily multiplying in our Dominion. All will feel the benefit. Our confidence and strength shall grow with our numbers and influence.

St. Helen's Centre is giving each successive month fresh evidences of its growing strength, and so shall it be with St. Mary's.

St. Raphael's, Glengarry.

The Rev. Local Director narrates the consoling effects of the Men's League since the time of the renewal in July last. "I find the beneficent effects of the Holy League this fall. I have not seen the sign of intemperance on one in the parish since July last. The zeal of the members continues unabated."

All the Directors, however, have not such glowing accounts, and it would not be fair to give only the rosy side. Since the Holy League is a death struggle with lukewarmness and religious indifference, its Directors and Promoters must be ready to meet from time to time with saddening disappointments.

Thus an earnest Director, after duly announcing the August communion for men, affording special facilities for the confessions, and omitting nothing to make it a success, was mortified to find that a picnic occurring on the Saturday left the confessionals deserted. As a consequence, on Sunday morning the communion rails were empty. It was, according to the Gospel parable, a repetition of what happened to the king who killed his heeves and fatlings, and sent his servants to call them who had been invited to the feast. Absorbed with the cares and pleasures of the world, they turned away and would not go. Let us hope that when November comes they will not turn a deaf ear to the cries of the Holy Souls imploring their aid.

From Various Centres.*Erantford.*

The Juvenile League is making wide and rapid conquests under Father Feeney's fostering care.

Campbellford.

Father Casey writes that he has started his Promoters on the rounds for the renewal of their subscriptions for 1892.

Barrie.

The Promoters lately have made valuable additions to their ranks, and are giving proofs of great activity.

IN THANKSGIVING.

HAMILTON.—St. Joseph's convent offers special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the complete success of six undertakings. An Associate acknowledges the success of a dear friend in an undertaking and prosperity far above her expectations ; for success in an examination under very unfavorable circumstances ; for a temporal favor.

GUELPH.—For the conversion of a young man who had been recommended for a year to the prayers of the Associates.

BARRIE.—For three very signal favors obtained from the Divine Heart through the prayers of the League.

MONTREAL.—For the satisfactory settlement of a lawsuit which was to take place in October.

—, ONT.—For the conversion and happy death of a person over eighty years of age, who had not attended to her religious duties since youth. A year ago, she became a member of the League, and was afterward regularly recommended to the prayers.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

November is the busy month for Promoters. On their exertions this month more than on any other condition will depend the success of the League in their respective centres for the whole following year. The annual subscriptions are to be renewed, which will keep circles and associates supplied with Rosary tickets, *Messengers*, leaflets, etc. Those are the external bonds by which the associates are leagued together. They are something more, for they constantly tend to awaken and keep alive *interest* in the work of the League. "The monthly *Messenger* is a welcome visitor," writes a zealous secretary; "without it I am afraid we should fall back."

The small fee is not only a test of earnestness but excites it, as people generally *read* what they pay for. Ten cents from each associate will supply a circle with League material, including three *Messengers*, for a whole year. Each centre can easily supply the poor from "the over and above." Promoters will spare the Rev. Local Directors and Councils much trouble by not delaying to go their rounds. Some, we are informed, have already started. Orders for 1892 from the local centres will have to be received early in December.

The Holy League by its literature ought to be considered a cheap Truth Publication Society for the benefit of the children of the Church. It has the advantage, too, of supplying each month fresh contributions. Not only among Catholics but also among those outside the Church it propagates truth, and often succeeds where controversy has failed. The *Messenger* gives an insight into the inner life of the Church, and presents her in the full play of her activity. "What interests me most," not long since said a Protestant lady, whose Catholic husband is a subscriber to the *Messenger*, "is the page of thanksgivings and the conversions narrated in the stories," which are all founded on facts of real life.