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GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

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

Reparation for Public Scandals

WHATEVER may be said of that sin of scandal which, through the fault of the transgressor, brings death to one soul ransomed by the Blood of Christ, may be predicated with a force and applicability immeasurably greater of the revolting tale or shameful deed flaunted before the Christian community, and borne into every home from one shore of a great continent to the other, and even across the seas to lands thousands of miles from the spot where the evil first originated. Nor is the harm illimitable only as to space; for when the offender sways public opinion from the prominent position he occupies before the world, and the subject-matter of the offence is of a nature to sap either the morality of peoples, or their belief in the saving power of Holy Church, then the scandal leaps down the very stream

of ages, and is perpetuated with expanding force long after the bones of its perpetrator have crumbled into dust.

Such is public scandal in the fullest acceptation of the term : such the scandal of a Luther, of a Calvin, of a Henry VIII ; for centuries have elapsed, yet the effects of their nefarious deed still endure. Voltaire and Rousseau have long since gone to their account, but their works lived after them, and through them souls were lost. The nameless authors of the corrupt literature of our day, and those others whose names are but too well known to this sensation-loving age, are polluting the well-springs of life, and preparing a generation that may outdo them in barefaced immorality and the realistic portrayal of vice.

The evil has taken such a hold on the world around us, that even some writers who pose as Catholics, and are admitted as such into the home circle, have not dared to run counter to the tastes of the reading public, and without being bold enough to contravene openly the laws of decency, seem to court popularity by mildly pandering to that which is the least noble of human instincts. In this they are doing a nefarious work, which those, the very mention of whose names suffices to debar them from the Christian home, could never hope to accomplish.

They are, by a slow and sure process, familiarizing the saner portion of society with subjects, and scenes, and principles dangerous in the extreme when considered in the light of Gospel morality, and bridging the gap that mercifully yawned between the innocuous and the illicit. Vice when half veiled is half shorn of its repulsiveness, and may more easily be decked out so as to become attractive ; and it is no palliation to allege that the final moral pointed by the tale is austerely correct and decorous.

A faltering observance of the most sacred of contracts, which Christ raised to the dignity of a Sacrament, or affection bestowed on other than their legitimate object, are not fit subjects to be enlarged upon in a Catholic novel, even

when they force their way into its pages under the guise of a temptation nobly overcome. The mind becomes accustomed to consider them as things possible in a Christian household, and not too hideous to be condoned by the easy-going world.

However, before entering further into the subject of public scandals, and showing more particularly how in our own day an obscure but loathsome incident may assume the proportions of a world-wide scandal, a word must be said on scandal in general which will prepare us to more readily admit the urgency of this month's intention.

Whoever is guilty of scandal, in any of its endless forms, according to all sound religious principle, is a slayer of souls. It is a monstrous, diabolical sin ; one which, when committed in malice especially, is directed against the Holy Ghost, the Author of all sanctity ; one essentially opposed to Christ's work of Redemption ; and for which we shall have to render an altogether exceptional and rigorous account to God. In its less malevolent forms, it is a sin all the more dangerous for its being often committed unwittingly, in ignorance of the fearful results it entails, and in connection with matters that frequently excite but little remorse.

We say a monstrous sin : for what more inhuman and appalling than to bring death to a soul ! Were it the last of God's intelligent creatures, it is still a soul precious in the sight of Heaven, which by the sin of scandal you deprive of a supernatural and divine life.

We say a diabolical sin : for, according to Holy Writ, the special characteristic of the devil is that, from the beginning of the world, he has ever been the slayer of souls.

We say a sin against the Holy Ghost : since scandal is destructive of charity and divine love, and the Holy Ghost in person is Charity itself. If it be an offence against charity to wrest from a fellow creature his worldly goods, to blast his reputation, to tarnish his good name : how shall we stigmatize the act that snatches from him his chances of

eternal salvation? We read that God had yielded to Satan power over all Job possessed, his houses, his children, his wealth; but before He would have him stricken with his loathsome disease, the Lord said to Satan: "Behold he is in thy hand; but yet save his life." (Job II, 6.) But the one who gives scandal is not satisfied with depriving his victim of all the merits and heavenly treasures acquired, but deprives him of his supernatural, his eternal life.

We say it is a sin essentially opposed to the work of Redemption by Jesus Christ: for it frustrates the effects of Redemption, and causes the loss of what Christ came to save. "If a man," says St. Paul, "see him that hath knowledge, sit at meat in the idol's temple; shall not his conscience, being weak, be emboldened to eat those things which are sacrificed to idols? And through thy knowledge shall thy weak brother perish, for whom Christ hath died." (I. Cor., VIII, 10-11.)

We say that it is a sin for which God will exact, at His judgment-seat, a more rigorous account; and this, even when the scandal arises from sins of omission, as in not warning the wicked when our duty may require that we should: "If when I say to the wicked, Thou shalt surely die: thou declare it not to him, nor speak, that he may be converted from his wicked way, and live: the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but I will require his blood at thy hand." (Ezech. III, 18.) This is God's own threat by the mouth of His prophet. If the obduracy of the sinner is to be imputed to us for a sin of omission, what more just, if we have actively contributed to the ruin of his soul, than that God should say: The one who, through the scandal you have given, has become an impious libertine shall die in his iniquity, for he shall be held guilty; but you, who have been the cause of his perdition, you shall be held more guilty in My sight, and you shall answer to Me for the loss of his soul. And what should inspire us with greater dread is, that to incur this guilt and be deserving of

God's just resentment, it is not necessary that we should with malice prepense — for this would be still more heinous — purpose formally to scandalize our brother ; the harm is done and the guilt incurred when we knowingly commit the evil by which he is scandalized.

There is a strange blindness and perversity peculiar to the scandal-giver which would seem incredible were it not too well grounded in fact. One would think that it would be enough to have to answer for our own sins. It is so easy to fall from grace, so easy to add sin to sin ; the count runs up so fast, and in the end the judgment is so terrible. But, besides our own, to take upon ourselves the sinful burden of others, to become responsible for their misdeeds, without so much as a question as to their number and enormity, is a height of folly and blindness of which, one would think, no reasonable being could be guilty. Yet, this is the responsibility the scandal-giver practically assumes. By scandal he has made a sinner of a fellow being, who once having forsaken the path of righteousness adds sin to sin, and in turn becomes a new centre of contagion for those with whom he associates. Or, in other words, the first sin has become the root and trunk of a great tree, putting forth limb, and branch, and twig ; and the sins which have resulted from the scandal given, are as the leaves that cover every bough.

It is vain to plead in excuse that sins are personal. True as this is of other offences, for the sin of scandal it is otherwise ; or to be more correct, they are assumed as personal. The scandal giver, by his personal sin, offends God, and sins concomitantly while others sin in consequence of his personal sin.

But all this was not intended ! — That it was not maliciously planned and purposed, it may be. To incur guilt in the sinning of others, the simple foresight of what may very well result from our bad example, our evil counsel, our pernicious teaching, our impious talk, our pestiferous writings, is quite enough to make us participators, according to

the degree of distinctness with which we foresaw the consequences, in all the excesses and iniquity that naturally flow therefrom as effects do from a cause. Specifically, these sins which we have caused are not known to us, but they are all the same our sins. And was it not in this sense that the Royal Psalmist sent up his cry to Heaven : " Who can understand sins ? from my secret ones cleanse me, O Lord, and from those of others spare Thy servant." (Ps. XVIII, 13).

The very nature of the sin of scandal should be a lesson warning us how easily it is committed. According to St. Thomas, any word or deed, really evil in itself or which appears to be evil, and which occasions the lapse of our neighbour from virtue, is by the same a sin of scandal. It was so understood by St. Paul, who was ready to forego for ever even a legitimate satisfaction which might lead others into sin. After blaming, in the passage already quoted from the first Epistle to the Corinthians, those who scandalize a weaker brother, he adds : " Now, when you sin against the brethren, and wound their weak consciences, you sin against Christ. Wherefore, if meat scandalize my brother, I will never eat flesh lest I should scandalize my brother." (VIII, 12-13).

He, at least, understood the full import of the malediction Christ laid upon scandal : " Wo, to the world because of scandals. For it must needs be that scandals come : but nevertheless wo to that man by whom the scandal cometh." (Matth. XVIII, 7).

He knew that to scandalize one of the little ones of Christ was to incur Christ's indignation, for he certainly was not ignorant of what Our Lord had said : " He that shall scandalize one of the little one that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matth. XVIII, 6).

He knew that Christ was to punish the sin of scandal by,

as it were, a special damnation ; for, had Christ not said : " The Son of man shall send His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all scandals, and them that work iniquity. And shall cast them into the furnace of fire : There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth " (Matth. XIII, 41-42) ?

Scandal was ever a curse among nations, nor was any age free from it. But no age, perhaps, was ever so prolific of public scandals as the present. This is to be attributed not so much to the enormity of the transgression, which is the root of the scandal, as to the world-wide publicity given to the sin, to the instantaneousness with which it is flashed across ocean and continent, and the insistence exercised in forcing it before the public gaze. What renders this state of things possible, we may add without any fear of contradiction, is the presence in the midst of our modern community of two living plagues. The first is the systematic, malicious corrupter of belief and morals ; the second, the social vampire who thrives, if we might so speak, on the life-blood of souls.

The former does his work more insidiously. His trail may be detected in the pages of certain scientific reviews, or in the scientific columns of certain publications, weekly for the most part. With a lofty, patronizing air he allows that Christianity is a pretty fiction, in fact, the best sample of evolved religion yet put on exhibition by mankind—but nothing more. The sole moral law is the abstract love of duty, with no sanction save the inner satisfaction, or consciousness of duty performed. This must suffice for the millions who worry on through life, in abject poverty and continual suffering. Their duty is to " mankind," and if " mankind " progresses thanks to the concurrent efforts of their slavery and drudgery, they are living in the best of worlds and should be satisfied. If they are not, then " mankind," of which they seem to form no part, must have recourse to repression, and they are mowed down as the tares

of the field. Having no hope of a happy hereafter, and no dread of the unquenchable, eternal flame, the victims of this sort of scandal, like the dumb brute, their prototype — for they have been taught this — seek some compensation for their ills, and find barely an excuse for living in the gratification of their grosser instincts. If they plunge headlong into every vice, who is to bear the blame ?

The second scourge is the professional scandal-monger, who makes a living by exploiting the sins of a corrupt age. Journalism, for the most part, is the medium ; not reputable journalism, but that peculiar tint of journalism now so well known. He delights in the morbid. Crime in any of its protean shapes he lays bare before the public with all its sickening details. It is at his school that the thief, the drunkard, the forger, the debauchee, the murderer, are formed. Portraits of these heroes, together with their accomplices, profusely adorn his pages. Illustrations of the scenes and all the gruesome instruments of the crime are added. Biographies of the principal characters are given, and much stress is laid on their clever escapes, their ingenious devices, their success in the betrayal of the innocent.

This scourge is not an isolated specimen, for his name is legion, and he and his congeners are ever on the scent, and eager in the scramble for the first unsavoury reports of evil-doing. Their next preoccupation is to be foremost in heralding abroad their treasure-trove in the form most taking for the vulgar eye. Insinuations are thrown out, details are invented and exaggeration is resorted to, that the sensation may be greater, and that the anticipations of the reader for further particulars on the morrow may be raised to fever heat. This class of scandal-monger journal is appropriately named, as it flies the same colours as the floating pest-hulk.

We speak not here of those other publications which are circulated under hand, and which blight the youth of many of our large cities ; albeit, they find their way into factories

and schools, and leave in their wake one wide swath of moral ruin. Who is responsible for their circulation? Others certainly besides the fiends who turn out by the ton the foul literature. It comes from abroad, but our quarantine against this pest is anything but effective.

There is a more refined way of dealing death to the soul of both young and old than by those grosser methods just mentioned. The poison comes into the Christian home under the label of polite literature, fine art reviews, statuary, etc. A Catholic author called this method, with reference to the abuse of God's gifts, "the exceeding ingratitude of scandal," and added: "I find it (i. e. scandal given deliberately) in the abuse made of the fine arts, which have now less right to be styled the productions of genius than the panders to licentiousness. Indeed, they seem to have reached the much vaunted perfection of the day merely to conspire the more effectually in bringing about that excess of depravity in society which no longer betrays itself by a blush."

We are fully aware that there is a certain school which professes to believe in "sturdy virtue," and treats as prudery any attempt to bridle what it terms the free inspiration of art, but what ordinary mortals call license. Sturdy virtue, in the sense in which the words are used, is better known in the angelic world than among creatures of flesh and blood. The sturdy virtue of a St. Paul was made possible and maintained by more drastic means than by the study of such master-pieces as the fashionable world professes to admire. It is praiseworthy to court the attacks of certain other passions, such for instance as anger, the better to become meek and patient; but there is one vice from which there is safety but in flight; and when the conscience ceases to upbraid in its presence, even when it figures as a work of art, it is generally because our virtue has become callous not sturdy. Difference of temperament and susceptibility may heighten or lessen the danger, but danger there is, and there is no promise of invulnerability for those who expose themselves recklessly.

If this be so, what must be thought of parents who admit without qualms of conscience such works of art into their houses, and use them even were it sparingly in the decoration of their homes? Do they forget that youth is the age of vivid impressions, and that innocence is a delicate vase which is easily shattered? And if they are heartless enough to have no care of what befalls those near and dear to them, who can determine to what extent they become abettors, and cooperate in the public scandal given by those who deal in such works of art?

It would be difficult to place the responsibility for the public scandal given by our modern sensational theatre, not because there is any question as to the reality of the harm done, but because, in some cases at least, it is not easy to determine whether it is the result of a set purpose to corrupt, or whether it has been effected through greed of gain. We shall charitably suppose the latter to be the case, as betokening a lesser degree of malice and perverseness. But whatever be the motive, the effects produced are equally disastrous.

Moralists have pointed out the havoc wrought in souls by the reading of immoral books, the taking part in evil conversations, the consideration of openly indecent or even suggestive statues and pictures. The immoral theatre is a blending of all this, or rather its condensation, accompanied by what appeals most to the senses and is best calculated to lull the higher faculties while disarming the will. No one has a word to say against the legitimate drama, if by this we understand the drama which, instead of rendering vice attractive, makes the practice of virtue easier for the Christian. It has, at periods, attained this noble aim in the past, and could be made to do so in the future. Meanwhile, the public scandal should be abated by those whose position warrants their intervention, and their first step should be to banish from our thoroughfares the execrable poster which has become a disgrace to Christian civilization.

Much remains, and must remain unsaid on this topic of public scandals, but we have touched upon what is most glaring. It now remains for every Catholic, and more especially for every member of the Apostleship, to do all that is possible to counteract the existing and increasing evil by an active crusade against the public scandal-giver. It is not credible that the united efforts of the great body of Catholics should prove entirely ineffectual in such a good cause. Let them be the angels sent by the Son of Man to pluck out scandals from the midst of His Kingdom in this world. And wherever their personal and direct influence is too feeble to make itself felt otherwise, let them by their abstention from what is scandalous, by the example of their irreproachable lives, and by importuning Heaven with their prayers contribute indirectly to stay the evil. This latter is the second and all-powerful means, as every external effort made will avail little if we do not at the same time prove to God that our endeavours are supernatural in their motive and earnest in their prosecution.

We all know that the work of Reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is special to the League; and, though our prayers and active cooperation in any measure designed to combat God's worst enemies were to be crowned with immediate success, there yet remains the past which calls for atonement. That past, freighted with so many public outrages against the sanctity of God, cries to Heaven for vengeance. God's messengers of retribution have been sent to other peoples: famine, and war, and pestilence have visited their shores. God grant that our turn may not come. Let us disarm in time His wrath by those most effectual means placed within our power; by our Communion of Atonement, our Mass of Reparation, our Holy Hour, our self imposed penances, our every act, prayer and aspiration; let all tend to this end. Has not the Sacred Heart of Jesus lovingly complained to Blessed Margaret Mary of the outrages to His love in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar? and did He

not bespeak through her such acts of public reparation on the part of His faithful ones?

PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, as an atonement for all the numberless public scandals which daily give grievous offence to Thy Divine Majesty. Amen.

LEAGUE AT HOME

Smith's Fall, Ont., 28th August, 1898.

The Holy League established here some years ago by a Rev. Jesuit Father is progressing very favorably under our beloved and self-sacrificing priest, Rev. Father Stanton. Some have pledged themselves to the first degree, some to the second, while not a few have united themselves to the three degrees. Our Rev. Director, ever zealous in promoting the interests of the Sacred Heart, secures, if possible, the assistance of a neighboring priest, so that all who will may make the communion of atonement on the first Friday, and the number who flock to the altar rails attest more strongly than words the good that is being done. How very gratifying to both priest and people to see so many receive the Bread of Life; the youth finds there a sure remedy against the temptations which beset his path, manhood finds strength to face life's battle, while the aged, heavily laden and sorrow-stricken find consolation and repose. Great and many are the favours which have been asked for and received, and this local centre acknowledges its deep indebtedness to the Sacred Heart. We have also the Altar Society established in our midst. Both societies work hand in hand to promote the honour and glory of God, the fruits of which show themselves quite plainly in the fairly good attendance each morning at the tremendous mysteries, as well as in the increased number of communicants. May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon our league. May Mary Immaculate ever keep us in her maternal Heart, and may the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere praised, blessed and adored.

D. RS. E. KELLEY, Sec.

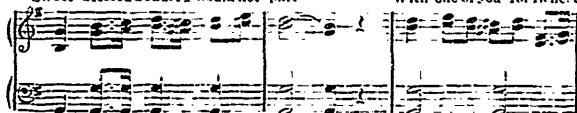
MY BEADS.



♩ CHORUS.

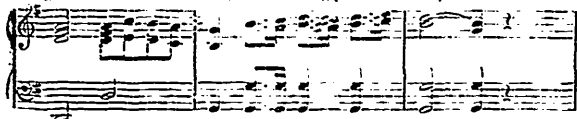
Sweet blessed beads! I would not part

With one of you for richest

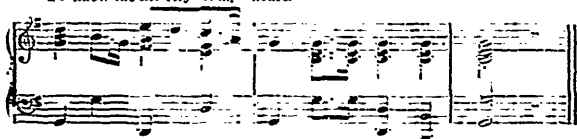


gem

That gleams in kingly di - a - dem;

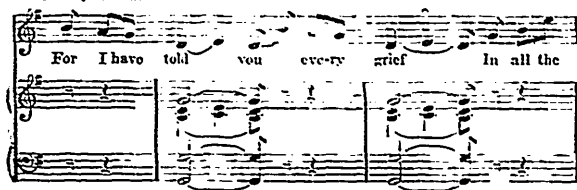


Ye know the his-tory of my heart.



SOLO. più moderato.

For I have told you every grief In all the

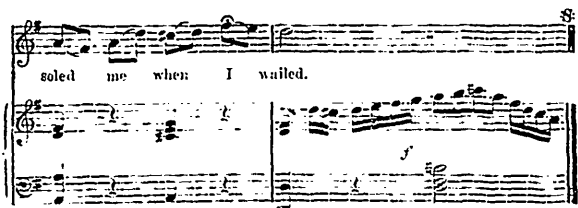


days of twen - ty years. And I have moistened you with

tears. And in your de-cades found re - lief. Ah! time has

shed, and friends have failed. And joys have died; but in my

needs Ye were my friends. my bles - sed heads! And ye con-



How many and many a time in grief,
 My weary fingers wandered round
 Thy circled chain, and always found
 In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

.....
 Ye are the only chain I wear—
 A sign that I am but a slave,
 In life, in death, beyond the grave,
 Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

ABRAM. J. RYAN.

TREASURY, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

RECEIVED FROM THE CANADIAN CENTRES

Acts of charity.....	99,490	Pious reading.....	42,307
Acts of mortification.....	53,180	Masses celebrated.....	181
Feeds	144,276	Masses heard.....	39,940
Stations of the Cross.....	19,604	Works of zeal.....	167,566
Holy Communion.....	21,684	Various good works.....	25,114
Spiritual Communion..	88,862	Prayers	85,661
Exams of conscience	30,492	Sufferings or afflictions..	36,640
Hours of silence	41,960	Self conquests.....	34,144
Charitable conversations	151,146	Visits to Bl. Sacrament..	103,170
Hours of labour.....	90,956		
Holy Hours	4,641	Total.....	1,282,024





THE STRUGGLE



RS. OSBORNE sat at her draw'ng-room window. The guests whom she had entertained during the course of the afternoon were all gone now; even talkative Mrs. Classen, who had tarried a few moments longer than the others to tell some bit of news to her fair hostess, had entered her carriage and driven off. Mrs. Osborne saw Mrs. Classen bow smilingly to Mr. Osborne as he turned the corner, but her thoughts seemed bent on neither her sprightly guest nor her dignified husband; even the ringing of the bell and Mr. Osborne's entrance did not rouse her. She was evidently pensive, but not even a careful observer could have told whether it was sadness or displeasure that gave her features their set look.

Mrs. Osborne was beautiful; her regular features and her clear complexion, whose colour the afternoon's exertion had somewhat heightened, were appropriate accompaniments of her large blue eyes and high forehead; her hair, which was of a rich brown, was brushed back in a pompadour and caught on the sides with delicately worked gold combs. A pink rose, whose tint harmonized perfectly with the pearl gray of her dress, was the only ornament she wore. She could not have been much over thirty; most persons would have considered her still younger.

Contrary to her custom, Mrs. Osborne did not go that evening to meet her husband in the hall; evidently he missed her, for she heard him ask the maid if her mistress was out. It was not till Mr. Osborne pushed aside the portieres of the drawing-room that she rose and went to greet him.

"You look tired, Julia," were his first words as he kissed her affectionately. Indeed, there was a tired look on Mrs. Osborne's face. She had now become flushed and her cheeks were slightly drawn.

"Yes, dearest, I feel very tired indeed. You know this was my afternoon 'at home,' and I was obliged to receive a great many people, although I was nowise in the humor. I am glad it is all over."

Mr. Osborne appeared satisfied with this answer and passed to other subjects, but the look wherewith he followed her as she left the room a quarter of an hour later to prepare for dinner, seemed to express a doubt as to whether there might not be something else weighing upon his wife than the fatigue of an afternoon reception.

Here, kind reader, we must for a few moments revert to the past. Julia Harmon, before she married Mr. Osborne, had been for some time practically her own mistress. Her mother, the last member of an old and distinguished Catholic family, had died the year Julia completed her studies, and as her father, a retired merchant of very amiable character but without religious convictions, had passed away several years before, she had taken up her residence with her father's brother, who had been made her guardian. This uncle and his family were Protestants, and it had been the source of many sad thoughts for Mrs. Harmon that after she was dead Julia would have no relatives of her own faith to encourage her in the practice of her duties as a Catholic. Julia was by no means careless in matters of religion, but Mrs. Harmon had detected a certain amount of worldly pride in her daughter's character, and she did not know how far lack of encouragement and perhaps ridicule might influence the after-life of her child.

It was only a few weeks subsequent to Julia's return from the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, that her mother's final illness set in. A brief period of ten days and all was nearing an end. At the last moment Mrs. Harmon called her daughter to her bedside and bade her be ever faithful to her mother's memory by remaining faithful to God; and Julia promised her dying mother that her last words should never be forgotten, and the promise was sincerely made. But even promises to a dying parent may be broken. Well it was for Julia's mother that she thought this impossible.

Julia became a member of her uncle's household. No longer surrounded by Catholic influences, and often exposed to fashionable ridicule on account of her religion, she began little by little to neglect her duties. She scarcely recognized this fact at first; at all events, she would not admit it to herself. Pride, however, was making daily conquests, and it was not long before her monthly communion and many other devotions were forgotten. She still went to Mass on Sundays, but she would slip out early and be back before her cousins were yet awake; she was afraid to meet their smile of ridicule and sought thus to avoid it; she would blush when they or some one else would ask her where she went so early on Sundays. Reader, she was growing afraid to own her faith.

We shall not attempt to follow the thoughts of Julia Harmon during

this period. Suffice it to say, that within a year from her mother's death she had well-nigh forgotten the promise she had made; she no longer called herself a Catholic.

Julia entered into all the enjoyments of the hour: she did not give herself time to think, well knowing whither her thoughts would inevitably lead her. She did not like to recall her mother, for the remembrance coupled itself always with that of a promise solemnly made and quickly broken. No, she no longer wished to think, because her own thoughts condemned her.

Julia was twenty-one when she met Mr. Osbourne. She soon learned that he loved her. His accomplishments, as well as his wealth, led her to look kindly upon his suit. At first she encouraged his addresses simply because they seemed likely to lead to a very suitable match, that is, what the fashionable world calls a suitable match: one in which wealth and position play a more conspicuous part than mutual affection, but afterwards she learned to love Mr. Osbourne as much as he did her.

They were married and the wedding was an event in society. She did not refuse to be married from a Protestant church; she seemed to have stifled the voice of conscience. For a time the struggle was over, but Heaven kindly determined that it should one day be renewed.

We left Mr. Osbourne in the drawing-room. He had taken the seat his wife had occupied when he entered the room, and with a book in his hand, in which he was soon absorbed, he awaited her return. He did not notice the little girl who entered the room on tip-toe, until she had crept up to his side and scattered over the page he was reading a bunch of roses she carried in her hand. With a hearty peal of laughter she jumped upon his neck and covered his cheeks with kisses.

"Well, Mary" (Mr. Osbourne had so named his daughter in memory of his mother), "where have you been with Sadie to get such beautiful flowers?"

"Oh, Mrs. Blanche gave them to me, papa; and, papa, she brought me home in her carriage, and she made the coachman let me hold the reins, didn't she, Sadie?" Thus appealed to, Sadie, who was standing in the doorway, making with her maid's cap and black dress a very pretty picture, was obliged to answer "Yes," and in addition ventured to suggest that it was time for her young mistress's supper. Her young mistress did not relish going so soon, but Mr. Osbourne promised to let her come to him again when he was through dinner, to say good-night; whereupon Mary picked up her roses and ran away, just as Mrs. Osbourne, who stopped to kiss her little daughter, entered the room. Mary hardly noticed that her mother pressed her more closely than usual to her bosom, or that her cheeks were almost burning.

More observant than his little daughter, Mr. Osborne perceived that his wife was somewhat nervous; but, having asked her if she felt unwell, and being answered in the negative, he said nothing further. He never once suspected the real cause of her flushed cheeks, and ere long had almost ceased to remark the slight constraint of her manner. But, reader, we can easily explain her abstraction and the somewhat painful embarrassment which accompanied it. When, in order to better please the world and to escape its senseless mockery, Julia Harmon had given up the practice of her religion, she had not, fortunately for herself, lost her faith. She knew then, and still knew, that the religion she had abandoned was the only true one. Although she no longer seemed to be a Catholic, she had not become a Protestant. She simply remained without a practical religion. As we have said, she was married from a Protestant church, but that was the first, as well as it was the last time she had entered one. For years after her marriage she seemed to give no thought to religion. When she chose a maid for her little daughter, her only child, her choice fell upon a Catholic, but religion did not seem to have influenced the selection. It was left to the maid to teach the little one her prayers; and thus the prayers that Mary learned from her nurse were those that Julia had learned at her mother's knee. Sometimes Mrs. Osborne would happen into the nursery as the child was praying under her nurse's guidance. Generally she turned and left the room, but it happened that a few nights previous to the evening of which we have been speaking, Mrs. Osborne came into the nursery just as her daughter went on her knees. Instead of leaving the room, she took a chair where she could not be seen by the little one and staid till its childish lips had uttered the last words of the prayers they had learned from the attendant, who in this matter of religious guidance had taken the sacred place of a mother. As the child rose she perceived her mother. For a moment she stood as if astonished at the unwonted presence and then ran and climbed upon her mother's knees. But the serious look she encountered awed her, and she did not venture to speak. She leaned her head on her mother's shoulder and gazed searchingly in her face. The child, as well as the nurse, were surprised at the questions which Mrs. Osborne, after a moment of silence, addressed to her daughter:

"Is God very good, my child?"

"Yes, mamma, but don't you know He is?"

Without noticing the child's question, the mother continued:

"And if anybody were to do anything very bad would God forgive him?"

"He would if the person said he was sorry and promised to be good again."

"But if he were very bad?"

"Nobody's too bad to be sorry; is he, mamma?"

Mamma's answer was a kiss and a burning tear that the child could not understand.

The struggle was beginning anew. Who shall be victor now?

The thought of her past life was constantly revolving in Mrs. Osborne's mind. She felt a longing to return to the religion she had so cowardly deserted; she wished her child to possess the jewel which, in a moment of weakness, she had herself rejected. She desired to send her daughter to a convent, but she did not, as yet, have the courage to express aloud the craving of her mother's heart. What would her husband think? Would he let her send their daughter to a Catholic school? Why, he would ask, did she wish to place the child in the midst of Catholic surroundings? she was not herself a Catholic. And, oh, she dared not say that she was; had she the strength to do this, the struggle would be over, and come what might, she would be at peace in the knowledge of duty accomplished! Alas, whilst her conscience ceased not to upbraid her, it was not as yet sufficiently aroused to impel her to take the step upon which her happiness depended. At last she made up her mind, at least in so far as concerned her child, she would ask her husband to send their daughter to the convent of M—; she would learn a better French there than anywhere else. Would this reason appear sufficient in the eyes of her husband for placing their child at a papist school? Mrs. Osborne was afraid it might not. If he refused would she have the courage to insist? She feared she would not, and to this apprehension her nervousness was due. On the afternoon of which we spoke, at the opening of our story, Julia Osborne had made up her mind to ask her husband that very evening if he would not send little Mary to the school she had been thinking of; but as the moment approached she felt her courage deserting her. If the subject were only broached she could proceed, she thought; but oh, how hard the first word would be!

Reader, have you ever looked back after overcoming some difficulty and wondered that it had appeared so formidable? That night Mrs. Osborne did not understand why she had hesitated to ask such a simple favour of her husband as that he would send their child to the school which she preferred her to attend. She wondered why her heart beat so fast when she asked him if M— would not be a good place for Mary to spend her school days. Mr. Osborne had acquiesced in his wife's wish; he left her, he had said, perfectly free to do what she thought for the best. Julia Osborne had taken a step towards her return to religion. After all, it had not been very difficult; perhaps she would soon have courage to go farther.

The following autumn Mary went to the convent; she was then nine years old.

Had there been any one in a position to study Mrs. Osborne, he would have noticed that after her daughter's departure she returned to her state of religious lethargy. She did not forget that she had only begun the work which lay before her, and that much more was necessary to secure the peace of mind she so much craved; but she had thought the matter over and over, and she concluded that the rest was too difficult for the present—she would do it some other time. One chance was gone; the grace of repentance had been offered and refused.

Mary spent nine years at the convent to which her mother sent her. When she returned home she had been baptized, had made her first communion and been confirmed—she was a Catholic. One day, when she was fifteen, she had confided to her father her desire to enter the Church. Something told her that her mother would raise no objection, so she went directly to her father, as he, she thought, was the only one who might place any difficulty in her way. Mr. Osborne, though a sincere Protestant, was not bigoted, and his daughter's announcement had surprised more than it had displeased him. After having thought the matter over a few days, and having conferred with his wife, he had given his consent, much to the relief of his daughter, who did not wish, even in doing her duty, to offend her father. Every day after that, as she knelt devoutly at Mass, Mary had prayed for her father's and mother's conversion, and she felt that some day her prayers would be granted.

Mary, no longer a child, was now home for good. She left with regret the quiet convent where she had spent so many happy years, and where she had so often knelt at the altar to thank God for the gift He had bestowed upon her. She believed that she had a mission to fulfil towards her parents. God, she would often say to herself, had given her the gift of faith that she might in turn secure for her parents the possession of the same great blessing. This one object was always paramount in her thoughts; she assiduously observed every duty, even the smallest; every day she could be seen at Mass in a little church not far from her home, and often in the afternoon or evening she would drop in to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and there at the altar railing she would kneel in the Divine Presence and pray for her beloved parents. There was something saintly in her look as she rose, and her beautiful features, lit up by the soft light of the sanctuary lamp suspended above her head, expressed a depth of devotion that few who live in the world can attain.

There was no ostentation in Mary's piety; she did not separate her-

self from the rest of the world and appear melancholy ; she partook of all the amusements that other girls of her age and station take pleasure in, and enjoyed them most thoroughly. At the balls she would dance as long and as gaily as anyone. How beautiful she looked at her first ball ! It was the autumn after she had graduated and her birthday ; she was just eighteen. She had inherited all her mother's beauty, and added to it an affability that made her an object of general admiration. She excited esteem and not envy, for her companions saw that pride was not an element in her character ; she was ever gay and bright, but took care not to offend.

It was a few days after her birthday. Mary was free that evening, and after dinner she slipped up to her room and prepared to go to church. As she passed through the hall Mr. Osborne stepped from the drawing-room.

" I would like to accompany you this evening, my child ; may I go to church with you ? "

Never before had he asked to go with his daughter ; every Sunday he went to his own church, but that was all. Mary's heart leaped with joy at the question. God was beginning to answer her prayers.

It was the first Friday in December ; the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. As Mary entered the church with her father, she saw his look of astonishment at the sight of the altar lighted with many candles and profusely decorated with flowers, of the gold and jewels of the monstrance. Accustomed, as he was, to the bare walls and rigid plainness of his own church, he could not but be surprised at the glorious brilliancy of the Catholic altar.

The subject of the sermon was the love of the Sacred Heart, as manifested in the establishment of the Church. Little that the preacher said was intelligible to Mr. Osborne ; his Calvinistic doctrines did not permit him to understand so much love ; but it did not appear ridiculous to him ; he was more favorably disposed than most Protestants are to receive the gift of faith.

On the way home (the walk lasted about ten minutes) Mr. Osborne asked his daughter many questions. What a pleasure it was for her to answer them ! It was the pleasure of the apostle instructing the neophyte, the pleasure of an angel guiding human steps.

" How beautiful," he at last said, " how beautiful your religion is, Mary ! I shall go with you again. "

That night Mary knelt longer than usual at the foot of the altar in her bed-room, and when she rose tears of gratitude glistened in her beautiful eyes. Reader, have you ever felt a longing for the conversion of a near and dear relative ; have you ever felt the joy of seeing your wish accomplished ? Mary Osborne had for years felt this longing ; she began now to enjoy its accomplishment.

We have long neglected Mrs. Osborne. Her daughter's beautiful example seemed to have no influence upon her. Not once had she offered to accompany Mary to church; not once had she spoken of religion since the night many years ago, when she had asked her little daughter those three questions which Mary still remembered. She had often thought of them and tried to draw some conclusion from them. "But if they were very bad;" these words would float in Mary's mind, but she could not understand them. Why had her mother asked the question? She certainly could not have committed any fault of a serious nature. True, she did not attend church, but then she had been brought up in a religion that did not teach that exterior worship was necessary.

So Mary had reasoned when she was younger; and even now the same thought often troubled her. If she ever spoke to her mother of the goodness of God, and she sometimes did when occasion offered, or of some other similar subject, Mrs. Osborne would answer her in general terms and would soon turn the conversation. Mary did not know that her mother had once practiced the religion which she herself now professed with so much devotion. Had she known the truth her task would have been easier. With her father she knew how to act, but her mother's conduct she could not entirely comprehend.

Why did Mrs. Osborne not return of herself? The obstacles that formerly existed were no longer as many or as formidable as they had been. She saw that her husband had not objected to his daughter's conversion; he would then certainly not object to hers; and she knew that he was now well-disposed towards Catholicity, for he not unfrequently went with his daughter to church. Why, then, did she not embrace anew the religion she had so long neglected? Reader, Heaven had once given her the necessary grace, but as we have seen, she did not correspond to it; and Heaven had not as yet designed to give it again.

The winter was long past and already a glorious spring was strewing summer's pathway with flowers, when an event happened which proved to Mary a sore trial as well as a great blessing.

Mr. Osborne was in the habit of taking a ride on horseback in the park in the early mornings, or, on days when he was free, through the open country. Mary, too, had learned to mount, and often would accompany her father in his rides through the beautiful country that surrounded the city of their residence: one road especially Mary and her father liked. It was bordered here by woods and there by fields devoted to the cultivation of tulips and other beautiful flowers, and wound in and out, at each turn presenting to the rider some new scene, each of which possessed a charm of its own.

One afternoon in May Mr. Osborne started for such a ride, Mary could not join him that day, for she was entertaining some friends, so, as was his custom, he came and bade her good-by before leaving. Mary accompanied her father to the door, and sweetly waved him adieu as he cartered off on his handsome horse. With a light heart Mary returned to her companions, and chatted with and entertained them till late in the afternoon. When they had all left, Mary went to her mother's room to spend with her the hour or so still remaining before Mr. Osborne's return, and dinner. Mrs. Osborne was seated in an easy chair, reading. Mary took a place on a low stool beside her mother, and busied herself with a piece of embroidery that she was working for the birthday of one of her companions. Thus engaged, neither noticed the flight of time, till the falling light reminded them that it was already past the usual hour for dinner. Mr. Osborne had not yet returned.

"Your father is very late this evening," Mrs. Osborne remarked as she rose and went to the window. For some moments she had been sitting with her book closed in her hand, apparently wrapped in deep thought. Mary had heard her sigh as she had placed the book on the table beside her before rising. She had been reading *Eliane*; perhaps she had been comparing herself with the heroine of Mrs. Craven's beautiful novel.

When after the lapse of another half hour, Mrs. Osborne saw no sign of her husband, she began to feel worried. Had he been thrown from his horse and injured? This was the first thought that presented itself. If he had been delayed somewhere, he would have sent a message. Oh, if he would only come! Mary, too, had long ceased her work and taken a place beside her mother; she also was much frightened, but she said nothing for fear of increasing her mother's anxiety, which was evidently great. The lamp was lighted, and Mary and her mother waited. The lips of the former moved in silent prayer or addressed words of comfort to Mrs. Osborne, who each moment was growing more nervous. Once they thought they heard the sounds of a horse advancing at a quick pace, but the noise died away in an adjoining street, and their hopes sank again.

The great clock in the hall had struck eight o'clock, and Mary, who was sitting on the arm of her mother's chair, had just kissed her mother on the forehead in an effort to distract her from her sad forebodings, when the bell rang, sounding louder than usual, owing to the dead silence that prevailed through the whole house.

"Is it he?" Mary and her mother had uttered the words at the same instant.

Mary rushed to the hallway and gazed over the banisters. She

hardly knew what she expected. There was the noise of several voices mingled in undertones ; both sides of the door were thrown open and Mr. Osborne - Mary recognized in an instant her father's handsome figure—was carried in, apparently lifeless. Mrs Osborne was at her daughter's side. Her nerves, which had been wrought to the highest state of excitement by the long moments of doubt and anxiety, could not stand the ordeal. She thought he was dead ; she fell to the floor unconscious. Mary likewise felt the ground leave her, and everything whirled about her ; but the thought that there was work for her to perform restored her to herself.

Mrs. Osborne was gently carried to her room, and Mary went below. Her father had already been removed to one of the rooms adjoining the hall.

"What has happened ? Is he dead ?"

"No, but very seriously injured ; he is entirely unconscious, you cannot do anything for him now ; you had better remain here for the present."

This conversation was carried on in the parlor, opposite the room into which Mr. Osborne had been carried. Mary recognized her informer as Mr. Brewster, a friend of her father's, at whose house he sometimes stopped when out riding.

"Is Dr Maitland here ?" Mary asked.

"No, but he has been sent for ; he will arrive in a few moments." Mary moved toward the door.

"You had better not enter the room, Miss Osborne ; at all events, wait till Dr Maitland arrives."

There was something extremely apprehensive in Mr. Brewster's voice and the thought flashed across Mary's mind that perhaps his statement that her father was not dead had been made to relieve momentarily her dread, and so soften the blow that the truth would bring. She did not answer ; she seemed not to have heard Mr. Brewster's words. Her heart beat violently as she noiselessly pushed aside the hangings and entered the room where her father was lying. Two strangers, who seemed to be doctors, stood by Mr. Osborne. Their position concealed from Mary her father's face, but, as she advanced, one of them stepped aside, and she immediately realized why she had been requested not to go near her father at that moment. Though most of the face was covered, enough was visible to show Mary that it had been terribly disfigured. A dull man issued from the torn lips that a few hours before had kissed her so fondly ; their color, almost their shape, was gone ! Seeing that, for the moment at least, she was powerless, Mary soon left the room. She asked Mr. Brewster to call her if she were needed, and he promised to do so. She went

upstairs, to go to her mother; the door of her own room, which she had to pass, was open. The little lamp burning on the altar was the only light in the room; its soft glow fell upon the statue of the Sacred Heart, and seemed to surround it with a divine halo; the outstretched hands invited her to enter. Mary did so, and threw herself on her knees. For a few moments the tears rolled down her cheeks; her pent-up pain found expression in those burning drops, that falling at the foot of the altar, seemed to express the desire of the one who shed them to offer all her sorrows as a prayer to her heavenly Father. She had prayed that the accident which had happened her dear father might hasten his conversion, for which she longed so ardently. Nor did Mary forget her mother; she, too, needed God's grace, and her daughter begged it for her with all the warmth of a young and pure heart. Mary did not kneel long, but when she rose to go to her mother's room she had derived new strength to bear whatever trials the future might have in store for her.

Mr. Osborne's injuries had indeed proved serious. For two days he had lain entirely unconscious, barely breathing; then little by little he had gathered enough strength, to speak a few words now and then to his daughter, who shared her time between his bedside and her mother's, whom the shock experienced at the sight of her husband being carried in seemingly lifeless had left prostrated. Very often Mrs. Osborne asked after her husband, but the attendants answered evasively, for it seemed certain that Mr. Osborne could not live long. Though he had been strong and in the best of health, the injuries he had sustained were likely to prove fatal.

Mr. Brewster called every day in person to ask how Mr. Osborne was doing, and from him Mary learned how her father had been thrown from his horse while passing Mr. Brewster's property, and thus so terribly injured. This gentleman was a very dear friend of Mr. Osborne, and Mary long remembered the kindness he showed her during those trying days, and the still more trying ones that followed.

It was the first of June, and a most beautiful day. Mary that morning was able to absent herself long enough to slip out to Mass, and when she returned she took her place at her father's bedside. He seemed brighter than usual; he asked to have his bed moved closer to the window, that he might enjoy more thoroughly the cool breeze and clear sky.

"For the last few days, Mary," said Mr. Osborne, after Mary had been at his side for some time, "I have been thinking of your religion; it is so full of love that I would like to die in that faith, and I know that I cannot live very long."

"You must not say that, dear papa; but, if you wish, I will ask Father Hogan to come and see you; he will, I know, be happy to do so, and you can ask him anything you wish, papa."

"All right, my child," Mr. Osborne answered, feebly. Even this short conversation had proved an exertion for him, and he was obliged to rest. Mary saw her father slowly sink into a peaceful slumber, and then quietly slipped away.

The next day, at Mary's request, Father Hogan came to see Mr. Osborne. The good priest was glad that he had at last been called; he was Mary's confessor, and knew her hopes and trials. He was happy to be the instrument of the blessing which Mary's prayers had gained from Heaven.

Mr. Osborne was in the best disposition, and as it was certain he was very near death, Father Hogan did not hesitate to baptize him after very little instruction, such as circumstances permitted. Mr. Osborne was received into the Church on the morning of the first Friday in June, and that same afternoon he died. Shortly before he had asked for his wife, and when told that she was sick he had sighed. He had been told before that she was ill, but he seemed to have forgotten. His last words were addressed to his daughter, and none but she heard them, for they were uttered as the spirit was departing, and they seemed almost as noiseless as the separation of soul and body.

"God bless you, my child! I am very happy."

Yes, all was over, at least for Mr. Osborne; and the recording angel inscribed another name in the book of the chosen. But Mary's task was not yet completed; she had another gem to win for her crown.

When Mrs. Osborne learned that her husband was dead, she relapsed into the semi-consciousness from which she had during the previous week been recovering. Mary passed many days in anxious watching; life and death seemed to be struggling in about equal contest for the possession of her mother's now weak body, and the strain began to tell on Mary herself.

The last days of June brought a change for the better, and by degrees Mrs. Osborne regained strength. She was able now to sit up, and even to walk about a little. During the warm days of July Mrs. Osborne would sit with her daughter in the large bay-window of the room which she had occupied during her illness, and which faced on a charming garden, adjoining the house.

The flowers were then in full bloom, and the cool breezes that entered through the open window brought with them the fragrance of the rose, mingled with the sweet odour of heliotrope and honeysuckle, and the colour began to return to Mrs. Osborne's emaciated

checks. The birds would come to gather the crumbs she scattered for them on the sill, and their cheerful chirping caused a smile of pleasure to play around her lips as she watched them for hours at a time. Very often Mary would read to her mother, generally from books of her own choosing, and she read well. Her voice was soft and clear, and knew well how to accommodate itself to every change of feeling.

Mrs Osborne seemed never to weary of her daughter's reading; she preferred it in her weak state to reading herself, although she was now able to do so, for it fatigued her less, and, indeed, gave her more pleasure. Even after she was completely restored she would often, when she saw Mary reading, call her and ask her to read aloud.

Mr. Osborne had been dead four months, and Mrs. Osborne was once more herself. The few gray hairs that began to show themselves did not detract from her beauty, they simply rendered it more serious, perhaps nobler; the wonted light had returned to her beautiful eyes, but Mary (perhaps another would not have noticed it) believed that in their look there was the expression of a continual struggle. What its nature was she could not fathom; she could only wait and pray.

One evening early in October — already the days were shortening and lamps were needed at an early hour — Mrs. Osborne and her daughter were in the sitting-room. The former was busy at the writing table, and Mary, seated beneath a great lamp that illuminated her beautiful features as well as the page before her, was reading. Mrs. Osborne was not long occupied at her letters, and when she was through she took a chair at Mary's side and asked her to read aloud.

For an hour or more Mary read; her eyes were filling with tears, for the subject was a sad one, and she could scarcely see the lines before her. She had been too much absorbed to notice that her mother had been growing pale; in any event, she could not have known the cause. Mary's words were now broken by her half-suppressed sobs. She was trying to proceed more calmly, when her mother suddenly exclaimed:

"Enough, my child, enough; I cannot stand it any longer!"

Mary looked in astonishment toward her mother; she was weeping bitterly. Mary was going to speak to her, but she rose and left the room.

What could have caused a thing so unusual with her mother? Mary had laid her book upon the table at her side, and as she rose her eyes fell on the title. A dart of pain ran through her heart as the thought flashed across her mind; the book she had been reading was the "Story of an Apostate."

Mrs. Osborne had gone to her room, and Mary did not disturb her ; if her thought contained the truth, and now that she recalled everything she felt sadly sure that it did, it would be better for her mother to suffer her remorse alone, with no one to witness her tears but the God whom she had offended.

Almost involuntarily Mary stopped at her mother's door as she passed to her own room. She heard her mother sob ; it did not renew her pain, but rather gave her joy ; she knew that pride was giving way to sorrow.

The next day Mary entered the little church where she attended Mass with a heart sad but hopeful ; it was the same church to which she had frequently gone with her father. She went to Communion that morning, and poured forth her whole soul in earnest supplication to Heaven for grace for her mother, who now, she felt, needed it so much.

Mary had finished her prayers, and with a much lighter heart was leaving the church. In a little chapel near the door, where the crucifixion was represented, Mary saw her mother. She was kneeling, her face buried in her hands. Tears of gratitude to Heaven filled Mary's eyes, and in a silent whisper she exclaimed : " I thank Thee, my dearest Lord, I thank Thee ! " She did not know if she should go and kneel beside her mother or not. No, she would leave the church unnoticed, and allow her mother to pray. She knew that there, at the foot of the cross, grace would not be wanting to a soul desiring to return to its God.

That afternoon Mary was in her room sewing, thinking of the events of the previous evening, and of that morning. She had not been alone with her mother all day, and she longed to speak with her ; she needed, perhaps, encouragement ; who could better give it than her daughter ? Mary was thus engaged when her door was softly opened, and her mother entered the room.

Mary rose instantly and advanced toward her mother. The look of trouble Mary had so often noticed in her mother's face had left it ; the expression of her eyes no longer spoke of a war waged within her soul ; their look was perfectly calm, and a peaceful smile brightened her countenance.

" Busy as usual, I see, my child," said Mrs. Osborne, placing her arm around Mary's waist and leading her to the sofa.

" It gives me pleasure to work, dear mamma ; especially when I do so for others."

They sat down together and Mary took one of her mother's hands and held it affectionately in both her own. She felt that her mother wished to confide something to her, so she was not surprised when she heard her say :

"My child, I have a confession to make; one that I should have made a long time ago, but I could not find the courage, though it does not seem hard now. Mary, I am a Catholic. I see that you are not surprised. Did you, then, know it, my child?"

"Since last night only, dearest mother."

"'Twas better so; her pain would have been greater had she sooner known the truth," said Mrs. Osborne, speaking rather to herself than to her daughter. As she spoke these words, her countenance lost its serenity, and there was something extremely sad in her voice. At this reference to the past, the spirit of evil, to whose strength she herself had added by living so long in neglect of duty, seemed to renew in one brief moment the temptations of all those years, in an attempt to break her resolve; but grace proved stronger than evil. Temptation was vanquished. The cloud that had for an instant dimmed Mrs. Osborne's countenance was passed, and when she next spoke her voice had resumed its wonted tone.

"But now, my child, the struggle is over; your prayers have been answered, for I know that you were always praying for me; and our dear Lord has shown that His mercy is indeed great. Once more I am happy."

Mary said nothing; her heart was too full of gratitude, and joys, and love for feeble words to express. Still holding her mother's hand, she dropped her head on the shoulder on which she had often rested it when a child, and the burning tears rolled down her cheeks; but they were tears of joy, and not of grief.

The light was falling ere Mary lifted her head. All this time neither had spoken, but at such moments words are not necessary, for souls so closely in sympathy as were theirs, seem not to need the medium of the body to comprehend each other's thoughts.

When her mother left her, Mary went to the window and watched the sun, which was just setting. She saw in the glory of the evening sun an expression of Nature's adoration of its Maker. The airy clouds, bathed in red and gold, were as incense rising from earth to Heaven, and from her own soul went up a prayer that called upon all Nature to praise its Creator a prayer full of hope and gratitude, a prayer burning with love, a prayer of which the glorious sunset was a fitting image.

The lights were burning dimly in the little church as Mary and her mother entered it the following Sunday; the lamp before the altar shed its soft glow upon them as they knelt in prayer, and its rays seemed an image of grace descending from Heaven. Together they went to Holy Communion. In Mrs. Osborne's hand was a rosary, the one she had held when first she approached the altar to receive

into her heart the Body and Blood of her Saviour. How pleased must have been the Queen of Heaven at this mark of devotion ! It was the expression of a longing to return to her service, to become again a child of Mary. A feeling of perfect calm reigned within Mrs. Osborne's heart ; the struggle was over at last and peace was restored to her soul. Mary, too, felt that the task she had taken upon herself was accomplished ; her prayers had been heard and answered ; she was happy.

Together they left the church, as it were to begin life anew ; the period of trial and weakness was over, and one of peace and happiness in the knowledge of duty performed had already begun.

OSMUND J. PHILLIPS in the *Rosary Magazine*.

Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER

MY ROSARY.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I tell them over, day by day,
For every "Pater" that I say,
My Father stoops to hear ;
And every "Ave" I repeat,
She listens to, our Lady Sweet,
Our Mother kind and dear.

The Five Joyful Mysteries.

I

"Hail ! full of Grace !" The Angel said,
With lowly mien, with bended head,
The Blessed Maiden heard :
Then answered, softly, reverently,
— Not doubting — " Be it done to me
" According to thy word."

II

"Hail ! full of Grace !" With eager haste
The rugged mountain path was traced,
To visit her, with whom
God had dealt wondrously : Thy voice
Made e'en the unborn babe rejoice
Within Thy cousin's womb.

III

"Hail! full of Grace!" The winter night
 Grew, with celestial radiance, bright
 At Christ's Nativity;
 Angels and men proclaim His Birth,
 Who came to free the sons of earth
 From their captivity.

IV

"Hail! full of Grace!" Who offerest
 To God, Thy First-Born, dearest, best,
 All that Thou hast to give:
 In that fair Home at Nazareth,
 — Thine own in life, Thine own in death —
 How sweet it were to live!

V

"Hail! full of Grace!" Thine anxious grief
 How ended it in glad relief,
 When, in the Temple's bound,
 Amid the Doctors of the law
 — Who listened to His words with awe —
 Thy Holy Son was found.

 The Five Sorrowful Mysteries.

I

"Hail! full of Grace!" If we should shrink,
 Should fear The Master's cup to drink,
 Sweet Mother! intercede!
 Queen of the angels! deign to send
 Thy swift-winged seraphs, to befriend
 Us, in our hour of need.

II

"Hail! full of Grace!" The scourges sore
 Which Jesu's tender Body tore,
 Hurt they not Thee as well?
 Didst Thou not feel each cruel blow,
 That caused the weltering Blood to flow,
 With anguish none can tell?

III

"Hail full of Grace!" The Crown of Thorn
 Which Jesu's sinless Brow, hath worn,
 At which Thine eyes grew dim, —
 Sweet Mother! press it on my brow,
 And let me feel the grief that Thou
 Didst then endure with Him.

IV

"Hail! full of Grace!" The Cross of shame,
 The ignominy none may name,
 My Sins more bitter made;
 Teach me to share Thy tears, Thy Loss,
 Lay Thou on me the heavy Cross,
 That once on Him was laid.

V

"Hail! full of Grace!" The last, faint sigh
 Is hushed, and Thou hast seen Him die
 For all our sinful race;
 Oh by His love, Thy broken Heart,
 Grant us in all His pains our part,
 And at Thy side our place.

 The Five Glorious Mysteries.

I

"Hail! full of Grace!" He rose again
 Triumphant over death, to reign
 In that glad Paradise
 He only could unlock; to win
 For us, that dead in Him, to sin,
 We to His Life might rise.

II

"Hail! full of Grace" look up! and see;
 He goeth Home to wait for Thee,
 To bid Thee welcome there;
 Gain for us too, that, conflict past,
 We, may attain the Home, at last,
 He promised to prepare.

III

"Hail full of Grace!" In whom are stored,
 The gifts which He Thy Spouse, Thy Lord,
 Hath Thee, for us, supplied;
 Pray for Thy children, that imbued,
 With daily grace, with strength renewed,
 We may in Him abide.

IV

"Hail! full of Grace!" Assumed to heaven
 To whom Thy Son, Thy Lord hath given
 A throne, a royal state;
 Forget not Thou, our griefs, our fears,
 Our exile in this vale of tears,
 Forlorn and desolate.

V

"Hail! full of Grace!" He crowns Thee Queen
 Who, still, in grief or joy, hast been,
 The Mother of His love;
 Mother, whene'er Thy Beads we say,
 Thou, too, for us, wilt surely pray,
 At God's Right Hand, above.

 R. I. P.

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

Amprion: Mrs. Jeanlouis, d. Aug. 3. *Berlin*: Joseph Adam, d. July 24. *Buckingham*: John Blais. *Chatham, Ont.*: Mrs. Adolph Myers, d. July 18. *Corwall*: William Ryan, d. Aug. 21; Michael Purcell, d. Aug. 13; Rev. Sr. Bridget Ryan, R. H., d. Apr. 25; Mary McKain, d. Aug. 24. *Eganville*: Sarah Pilou, d. Aug. 8. *Erinsville, Ont.*: Mr. James Killoran, d. March 13. *Glen Robertson*: Annie D. McDonald, d. June 30. *Guelph*: Martin Lynch, d. Aug. 6. *Hamilton*: Miss Nellie Bateman, d. Aug. 22. *London*: Miss Sadie Murphy, d. Aug. 1; Mrs. Jessie Crummey, d. Aug. 17. *Maidstone*: Patrick McAuliffe, d. July 4. *Montreal*: Mrs. John Ahern, d. June 5; Patrick Gallagher, d. June 28; Mrs. Ann Green,

d. Aug. 6 ; Mr. John Ransom, d. Aug. 31 ; Mrs. Mary Brady, d. Aug. 24. *Newcastle* : Brian Dunn, d. Aug. 11. *Orillia* : Lizzie O'Brien, d. July. *Ottawa* : Maria Devine, d. Aug. 24 ; Patrick Franney, d. June 25. *Paris* : Michael Skelly, d. July 27. *Quebec* : Mr. Norbert Gamble, d. Oct. 11, 1897 ; Mrs. Charlotte Laurin, d. July. *Red Bank* : Theresa A. Gillis, d. Aug. 22. *St. Andrew's West* : Mary McPhail, d. March 12 ; Mrs. Ranald McDonnell, d. July 1 ; John Rousseau d. July 25. *St. John, N. B.* : Mrs. Ann Watson, d. June 8 ; Chas. Sullivan, d. June 27 ; Mrs. Ellen Travis, d. July 21 ; Miss Catherine Brown, d. July 22. *St. Raphael's, Ont.* : Alexander McDonnell, d. June 17. *Sarnia* : Patrick Darcy, d. Aug. 23. *Smith's Falls* : Mr. Jules Rouleau, d. June ; Mrs. Peter O'Brien, d. July 25 ; Mrs. Ellen Ready, d. Aug. 24. *Swansea, S. Wales* : Mrs. Mary Ann Morgan, d. July 16. *Toronto* : Mrs. Cassidy, d. Aug. ; Mary Fitzhenry, d. Aug. 24. *Wooler, Ont.* : Miss Margaret McCormick, d. July 2.

THANKSGIVINGS

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

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

ADAMSTON. For the conversion of a brother many years neglectful of the sacraments, after having masses said and after requesting the prayers of three religious communities. — **ALBERTON, P. E. I.** For a great favour, after praying to B. V. M. — **ALTON, N. S.** For the cure of weak mind, after praying to B. V. M. and St. Joseph. — **AMHERSTBURG.** For a favour. For a favour, after praying to B. V. M. and St. Anthony.

BARRIE. For three favours, through St. Anthony. — **BATHURST.** For two special favours. For a temporal favour. — **BERLIN.** For the recovery of a lost article, after praying to St. Anthony. — **BRANTFORD.** For employment obtained. — **BRECHIN.** For a favour, after prayers to the Sacred Heart. For a temporal favour. — **BROCKVILLE.** Two, for success in examinations. For three favours, after praying to B. V. M. and the Souls in Purgatory. For seeing a friend. For a favour. For the cure of sore eyes, through the intercession of B. V. M. and St. Ann.

COBOURG. For a person being successful in two examinations. For a good situation, through the prayers of B. V. M., and having a mass said for Souls in Purgatory. — **COLGAN.** For two persons relieved of severe pain, after applying the Badge. For two favours, after making two novenas in honour of the Sacred Heart. For six favours, through the intercession of St. Anthony. — **CORNWALL.** For passing an entrance examination successfully. For a special favour, through the most Precious Blood. Four temporal favours. For two special favours, through St. Anthony.

DUNDAS. Two, for success at an examination, after praying to B. V. M. For a similar favour, after praying to the Souls in Purgatory. For a spiritual favour. For two temporal favours, after prayers in honour of the Precious Blood and the Souls in Purgatory.

EGANVILLE. For success in two examinations. For the cure of a weak back, after praying to St. Ann and visiting her shrine.

FAIRVILLE, N.B. For recovery from serious illness, through having a mass offered. For the happy death of a mother. For absence of pain in a serious case of gangrene, through prayers to B. V. M. For two spiritual favours, after praying to the Souls in Purgatory. For the finding of a lost article, after prayers to St. Anthony. — **FORREST, ONT.** For passing an examination. For two spiritual favours. For a temporal favour. — **FREELTON.** For relief from headache, after applying the Badge. For a safe journey. — **FREDERICTON, N. B.** For two favours, after praying to St. Elizabeth. For success in studies. For employment. For fourteen spiritual and temporal favours.

GLEN ROBERTSON.—For a temporal favour, after praying to St. Expedi and promising a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. For two narrow escapes from accident, after praying to St. Anthony and promising bread for the poor. For peace restored in a family. For two favours, after praying to St. Expedi. For a special favour, after promising a mass in honour of St. Anthony. For a conversion. For the happy death of a dear mother, after making a novena to our Lady of Sorrows. For a safe journey, after praying to B. V. M. For relief of pain, after applying the Badge. For the cure of sore throat, after promising a taper in honour of St. Blaise. — **GURLEH.** For the cure of bleeding at the nose, by the application of the Badge. For the recovery from sickness, after prayers to B. V. M. and St. Joseph.

HALIFAX, N.S. For the conversion of a father, after a novena to St. Anthony and promising bread for the poor. For a spiritual favour. For two temporal favours. — **HAMILTON.** For receiving a payment, after making a novena in honour of St. Anthony and St. Expedi, and promising to have a mass said. For the averting of trouble, after

praying to St. Anthony. For a favour. For two special favours, through the intercession of the B. V. M. For a temporal favour. — HARBOR AU BOUCHE. For recovery of health, after making a novena to the Sacred Heart and having a mass said in honour of St. Margaret. — HASTINGS. For the cure of sore mouth and tongue. For the cure of headache, by the application of the medal of St. Benedict. For means to pay debts. For a daughter's being restored to health.

KING'S WHARF, EMILY, ONT. For the complete cure, in August last, of a bedridden patient of a painful infirmity, which rendered motion and, much more, work impossible, through the application of the relics of the Canadian Martyrs. — KINKORA, P. E. I. For a favour, after praying to the Sacred Heart and the B. V. M.

LONDON. For the conversion of a brother, through prayers to the B. V. M. For a favour, after praying to St. Anthony and St. Ann. For four favours. For two special favours. For health restored, after a novena to the Infant Jesus of Prague.

MCGARRY, ONT. For passing a successful examination, after praying to B. V. M., St. Joseph and St. Henry. — MERRITON. For three temporal favours. For employment. For a spiritual favour. For improvement in health, after praying to B. V. M. For four special favours, two of which were through the intercession of the B. V. M. — MONCTON. For a temporal favour, after invoking the Sacred Heart. For the finding of a lost article of value, through prayers to St. Anthony. — MONTREAL. For a spiritual favour, after praying to the Sacred Heart and the Souls in Purgatory. For a good situation for a father, through the intercession of the B. V. M. and St. Anthony. For the finding of a promoter's cross, after praying to St. Anthony. For work obtained for a young man, after making the novena of nine Sundays. For three temporal favours. For a good place secured for a young man. For the recovery of a young mother. For the conversion of a bad Catholic. For two vocations for young girls, after saying the Stations of the Cross. For a temporal favour, through Good St. Ann. For the finding of a precious souvenir. For the cure of a child, by applying the Badge. For means to make a trip, through the intercession of the B. V. M. For perfect satisfaction given by a teacher last year. For five spiritual and eight temporal favours.

NEWCASTLE, N. B. For two favours. — NIAGARA ON THE LAKE, ONT. For two favours obtained, during the year. For a safe journey.

ORILLIA. For six spiritual and temporal favours, after praying to St. Anthony. For the cure of a sore leg which had given trouble for

a very long time, after applying the Badge and making three novenas to our Blessed Lady. For having passed an examination — OWEN SOUND. For a cure, through the intercession of B. Gerard. For a cure, after making a novenas to St. Anthony of Padua.

PARIS. For two very great spiritual favours, and two temporal favours, after having mass said. — PENETANGUISHENE. For passing an examination, after a novena to St. Anthony. For a sister's success in an examination. — PERTH. For a cure, after promising a mass in honour of St. Ann and prayers to the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. — PICTON, ONT. For a child passing an entrance examination. For the recovery of a person from the effects of a fall. For the recovery of an article dropped into a well, after praying to St. Anthony. For five spiritual favours. For eleven spiritual favours. For two temporal favours. For a boy passing an entrance examination. For the cure of a sore throat, after invoking the aid of St. Blaise. For a temporal favour, after praying to the Infant of Prague. For a safe journey. For the restoration of a sister's health, through the intercession of St. Ann. For a great temporal favour, after praying to B. V. M., St. Joseph and St. Ann.

QUEBEC. For two special favours obtained. For success in business. For a safe journey. For great success in a difficult undertaking. For the cure of a sick person. For a successful operation and restoration to health of a beloved child. For a great favour, long and earnestly prayed for. For the return of a dear relative, after long years of absence. For ten very special favours. Twenty-five temporal favours. Fifty spiritual favours.

SARNIA. For a temporal favour, after praying to the Sacred Heart and the B. V. M. For ten favours. For recovery from sickness, after having a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. — SEAFORTH. Four, for successful examinations. For having obtained means to pay debts, after praying to the Holy Family and St. Anthony. — SMITH'S FALLS. For the recovery of a mother from a serious illness, after promising the daily recitation of the beads for life for the Souls in Purgatory. For a great temporal favour, after promising to have a mass said for the Souls in Purgatory. — SUDBURY, ONT. For success in an undertaking. — SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I. For a temporal favour received in July, through prayers to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. — SWANTON. For the reconciliation of a husband and wife, after a separation of fourteen years. For the cure of a mother of a family, after fervent prayers to the Sacred Heart. — ST. ANDREW'S WEST. For the cure of neuralgia, after becoming a member of the League. — STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE. For relief from toothache, by applying the Badge. — ST. JOHN, N. B. Nine, for employment and means.

One for overcoming a fault. For a successful examination. For the conversion of a person. For health obtained, through the intercession of Blessed Gerard. For money obtained through St. Anthony. Two hundred, for various spiritual and temporal favours. — **ST. MARY, ONT.** For success in an examination, after prayers to B. V. M. For a temporal favour, through prayers to St. Anthony. For relief from severe pain, through the intercession of St. Ann. For employment for a brother. For five spiritual and temporal favours. For restoration to health, after prayers to St. Ann and St. Joseph for means. — **ST. MARY'S, YORK, N. B.** For the conversion of a young man, through prayers to B. V. M.

TORONTO. For a cure through Bl. Gerard. For a speedy recovery from an illness which seemed likely to prove protracted. For the conversion of a boy. For a situation for a brother, out of work for the last seven years. For a special favour, through the Infant of Prague and the intercession of the Blessed V. M. and St. Joseph.

WEST HUNTLEY, ONT. For finding a lost article, after praying to B. V. M. and St. Anthony. For a temporal favour, after prayers to the B. V. M. and the promise of a mass for the Souls in Purgatory. — **WILLIAMSTOWN.** For the recovery of a mother, after prayer: B. V. M. For improvement in a friend's health, after making a novena and saying the beads. For two temporal favours. For a temporal favour, after prayers in honour of the Precious Blood. — **WOODSTOCK, ONT.** For a spiritual favour. For two great favours, after making a novena to St. Francis Xavier, and having masses said for the Souls in Purgatory. — **WARKWORTH.** For improvement in health and for abiding strength of faith for the Catholic wife of a Protestant. For a spiritual and temporal favour.

ZURICH, ONT. For a favour obtained, with a grateful offering to the Sacred Heart.

URGENT REQUESTS, for favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Adamston, Amherstburg, Antigonish, Calgary, Colgan, Halifax, Hamilton, Hastings, Kingston, Lindsay, London, Midland, Montreal, Niagara Falls, Ottawa, Perth, Ont., Toronto, Warkworth, Winnipeg, Woodville, Zurich.



INTENTIONS FOR OCTOBER

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

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| <p>1.—S.—St. Remy, Bp. Hold fast the faith. 4,202 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2.—S.—MOST HOLY ROSARY. a. f. gr. r. f. Say the beads. 3,179 In affliction.</p> <p>3.—M.—HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS. Honour the Angels. 5,410 Departed.</p> <p>4.—Tu.—St. Francis of Assisi, C. F. Spirit of charity. 4,600 Special.</p> <p>5.—W.—SS. Placidus and Comp., MM. Reparation. 1,340 Communities.</p> <p>6.—Th.—St. Bruno, C. F. h. f. Detachment. 2,630 First Communions.</p> <p>7.—F.—St. Mark, Evang. Fortitude. League Associates.</p> <p>8.—S.—St. Bridget, W. b. f. Honour the Passion. 3,624 Means.</p> <p>9.—S.—MATERNITY B. V. M. Fillal love for Mary. 2,412 Clergy.</p> <p>10.—M.—St. Francis Borgia, C. r. f. Confidence in God. 7,478 Children.</p> <p>11.—Tu.—St. Germanus, Bp. Perseverance. 4,664 Families.</p> <p>12.—W.—St. Camillus and Comp., MM. Avoid slight faults. 4,738 Perseverance.</p> <p>13.—Th.—St. Edward, C. h. f. Love purity. 1,534 Reconciliation.</p> <p>14.—F.—St. Callistus, P. M. Respect authority. 4,727 Spiritual Favours.</p> <p>15.—S.—St. Teresa, V. p. f. Loyalty to Christ. 4,554 Temporal Favours.</p> | <p>16.—S.—P. C. 111: B. V. M. Pray for Missions. 3,348 Conversion to Faith.</p> <p>17.—M.—St. Hedwidge, W. Prudence. 3,914 Youths.</p> <p>18.—Tu.—St. Luke, Evang. Read the Gospel. 1,668 Schools.</p> <p>19.—W.—St. Peter of Alcant., C. Spirit of penance. 3,602 Sick.</p> <p>20.—Th.—St. John Cantius, C. h. f. Recollectedness. 1,436 Missions.</p> <p>21.—F.—SS. Ursula and Comp., MM. Christian courage. 1,210 Works.</p> <p>22.—S.—St. Mary Salome. Respect the innocent. 2,624 Parishes.</p> <p>23.—S.—MOST HOLY ROSARY. m. f. n. f. Pray for sinners. 5,886 Sinners.</p> <p>24.—M.—St. Raphael, Archangel. Trust in the angels. 2,960 Parents.</p> <p>25.—Tu.—Bl. MARGARET MARY, V. Honour the Sacred Heart. 4,650 Religious.</p> <p>26.—W.—St. Evaristus, P. M. Respect holy relics. 1,280 Novices.</p> <p>27.—Th.—St. Elisabeth, C. h. f. Despise the world. 1,532 Superiors.</p> <p>28.—F.—SS. SIMON and JUDÉ, Ap. b. f. m. f. Firm hope. 5,470 Vocations.</p> <p>29.—S.—St. Narcissus, Bp. Fidelity in trifles. League Promoters.</p> <p>30.—S.—PATRONAGE B. V. M. Have recourse to MARY. 5,534 Various.</p> <p>31.—M.—St. Siricius, Bp. Honour Bishops. League Directors.</p> |
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When the Solemnity is transferred, the Indulgences are also transferred, except that of the Holy Hour.

t=Plenary Indulgence; a=1st Degree; i=2nd Degree; g=Guard of Honour and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mora; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

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