



MONTH OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

WHO will let October come and go without thinking of the Holy Angels, particularly of the dear Angel ever by his side? "For he hath given his Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." They are by nature pure spirits, high above flesh and blood and clay: yet, such is heavenly condescension, they are always beside us frail beings of a lower world, to watch over us, protect us and carry our prayers to God. They are the invisible messengers between two worlds going up on the mystic ladder, seen by Jacob in his dream, bearing our prayers to the Throne, and coming down again laden with gifts for their clients.

"See," says Our Lord, "that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their Angels in Heaven always see the face of My Father". On which words, St. Hilarius, a Father of the Fourth Century, writes: "The Angels daily offer to God the prayers of the redeemed. It is not safe to despise one whose desires and petitions are wafted to the eternal and invisible God by the sublime ministry of the Angels."

What obligations are we not under to our Year Guardian

Angels! St. Bernard sums them up in three pithy sentences. First, we owe them *respect for their presence*. "Wherever you are," he adds, "remote from the eyes of men, in an inn or on the public thoroughfare, reverence your Angel's presence. Dare not to do before him what you would not dare do before me." By respecting the presence of your good Angel you worship the presence of God, "for their Angels always see the face of my Father in Heaven."

Secondly, we owe them *gratitude for their favors*. What evils, both of soul and body, do they not protect us against! How many escapes from temptation, accidents, mistakes in life, dark and ruinous paths, do we not owe to them! What blessings have we not reaped from their care and intercession! We should not forget their kindness nor fail to give them marks of our thankfulness, especially on their feast-day.

Thirdly, we owe them *confidence for their protection*. With an Angel of Heaven watching beside us day and night, defending us from our invisible foes, always praying for us before the face of God, why should we fear? They are true, wary and powerful, why should we tremble? "The Angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear Him." Let us place our trust in them, and "we shall dwell in the protection of the God of Jacob."

The Church gives a special feast on October 2nd to the Guardian Angels that we may pay them our loving homage, and the whole month to all the Angels that we may cherish devotion to them.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER, 1891.

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

THE MADAGASCAR MISSION.



OUR young geographers, though just back to school from vacation, could tell us without difficulty what and where Madagascar is. It is an immense island lying off the south eastern coast of Africa, equal to Quebec, much larger than all Ontario, and six times the size of Ireland, with a population of about five millions—more than the Dominion of Canada according to the late census.

In 1875, a holy bishop was leaving the island after a visitation of three months, and, addressing the faithful of the capital, he said: "In sight of this large city given up entirely to heresy and paganism, you may feel discouraged on account of your fewness, but when St. Peter of old entered mighty Rome, the capital of the universe with its millions of inhabitants, he was alone and surrounded with the idols of paganism; yet a few years after ward a Christian apologist was able to say with pride to

Roman Emperors : ' We are only of yesterday, it is true, but already we are filling your market places, your tribunals, your armies, your very palaces. We leave you but your temples.' I pray that God may add to your number also, and he will not fail if, like the first Christians, you are all apostles of prayer. "

In truth, of all the Catholic missions among the heathen, we believe there is not one in this century which has made such strides and yielded such consoling fruits as Madagascar. It was only on the 16th August, 1861, after repeated failures, that a mission was opened on the great African island. God seems to have a special love for islands, perhaps because the spirit of the big world, His sworn enemy, has less influence over them. Be that as it may, Madagascar, at this moment, counts 398 stations or Catholic groups, 112,000 Catholics, 540 schools, and 15,033 pupils. How has this wonderful result been brought about? If the missionaries are to be believed, it was by prayer, especially by prayer that went straight to the Heart of Jesus.

Those of our Associates who have been accustomed to read the older *Messengers* may remember that Madagascar was the first mission which the *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, as far back as 1862, gave out for the General Intention of the month. Since that period, our Holy League has never lost sight of the endeared island. *Messenger* readers can recall particularly how nobly those new Christians behaved when, after the solemn consecration of the mission to the Sacred Heart, the Franco-Malagassée war broke out, and they were for three long years left without priest or guide ; or they may recall the *retreats* of the Hova school teachers and mistresses productive of so much good.

What encouragement for our Associates, old and young, but especially the young, when they thus see that by their

morning offerings, their hours of work, of silence, of recreation well spent, every little act of self-sacrifice, they can obtain the light of truth and holiness for thousands living on islands and continents plunged in error and idolatry?

But to return to Madagascar still offering the richest promise. The harvest of souls is great to-day, like the harvest of wheat strewn over our Northwestern prairies, waiting to be saved. But there are no workmen, no money resources for those poverty-stricken mission fields. And for the few at work, what obstacles and difficulties surround them! God laughs at our learning and money. He does not want our gold and silver, for "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." He has created in its bowels the mines of untold wealth. What He is waiting for is prayers and desires, and acts of self-denial offered to Him in union with those of the Heart of Jesus. When the measure is full, obstacles will disappear and means will abound.

As a Madagascar missionary has lately written, "when so many of the faithful will send up their prayers in union with the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, we shall see clearer than ever, in the perseverance and daily increasing number of Christians, a permanent miracle of grace and an striking effect of the divine mercy."

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 Mission of Madagascar, that the Christians of that vast island, assisted by the prayers of Thy Holy League, may obtain grace and mercy to persevere and grow daily in numbers. Amen.

THE MEN'S LEAGUE.

THIRD DEGREE.

(Continued.)

“OU were perfectly right, Father, in surmising that we men of the world could not easily be brought to admit the want of an Association for frequent Communion. The very points you developed in our last conversation militate against the idea. The importance of Communion, its sublimity and impressive character as the central dogma and crowning act of religion, seem to lift it out of the sphere of human associations, and stamp it as peculiarly the object of Divine ordinance. As I understand it, the Divine founder organized the Church mainly with a view to the administration and reception of the Sacraments, and especially of the Eucharist. The Church is by her essence an Association for the reception of Sacraments. Nay, more, in connection with Communion, I should put down as a positive irreverence and distraction all the fuss and external show of regalia and badges and parade attendant on an Association. Was it not in the desert that the Prophet received the heavenly loaf from angel's hands? Such a solemn act of worship should be performed in the awe and stillness of self-oblivion, to which solitude and the wilderness are more conducive than the noise and distraction of profane association.”

There can be no doubt, dear Associate, that the Church was divinely instituted to confer the benefits of Redemption on mankind through the agency of the Sacraments, and especially of Holy Communion; but also to draw men and dispose them to receive these benefits. This she considers her special work; but a general society does not dispense with particular ones. On the contrary, it is

the nature of every broad and universal society to reach its end by means of particular associations. Thus, in the bosom of the universal society of mankind striving for happiness in its widest sense, God himself has created the particular societies of husband and wife, of parent and children, of the family and the nation, of Church and State, that men might the more easily reach that full happiness which He intended for them. As if these were not sufficient, men enter into all kinds of associations with one another to advance their particular interests. We have associations for science, art, and literature; trade, commercial, and even electrical associations; associations for temperance and benevolence. Likewise, in the supernatural society of the Church, besides the orders of the hierarchy, there are religious orders, congregations, sodalities, without number. It is the old maxim, "In union there is strength;" and wherever there is a desirable good to be obtained, or an obstacle in its way to be overcome, or a difficulty to be vanquished, there is a call for united effort.

"Not when there is already an Association divinely founded and equipped directly for that purpose."

But you understand, dear Associate, though it should be the broad and direct end of the Church to draw men to the reception of the Sacraments, there may be particular obstacles in her way, varying with times, places and circumstances, for the surmounting of which particular Associations may be necessary. You admit that frequent Communion is an immense blessing; but who will say there are not errors to which minds stubbornly cling, deeply-rooted prejudices, customs and traditions handed down from days of persecution, which thwart the Church in her ardent desire to make her children partakers of the blessing? Then there is the spirit of heresy and the opposition of the world, which cannot brook any-

thing in outward conduct opposed to their maxims, pet notions and standards.

Say what you will, as long as the world is the world, piety will not be in the fashion. It will always be the chosen target, if not for the open sneer, at least for the jeer, the criticism, the ill-natured remark, the envious mind translated in look and manner and conduct. How many a man, generous, straightforward and brave in all other matters, quails before the spirit of the world, and stands a convicted coward before his own conscience when there is question of religious profession. It is the old story of Peter's triple denial before the servant-maid whilst the cock was crowing.

There is no use in minimizing the power of the slavery. All, from the nun in her cloister to the Pontiff on his throne, have to struggle against its influence. The holier the action, the greater the influence and the struggle. In truth there is only one power on earth that can overcome it. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, your faith."

Before the advent of the Redeemer, the world, which is the Empire of Satan, had all its own way. The strong-armed man was in tranquil possession of the house. But a stronger came to oust him from it. "Now, shall the Prince of this world be cast forth." By faith in Him and His truth, we rise above the world, its maxims, its ideas, its false standards, and enslaving influences, to breathe the free air of the liberty of God's children.

In this struggle we can and ought to enlist the power of Association that by united effort we may put the enemy to flight. After all, the world, like its ruler, is the veriest of cowards, a servant-maid before the strong man. However impudent, it will cower and tremble at the first sign of resistance. It will surrender to one man who acts fearlessly according to his convictions, and will end by falling prostrate and paying him homage.

But when there is a number, even though small, banded to oppose its pretensions, its opposition ceases, and instead of fearing attack, it is rather its flattery and vain-glorious appeals they shall have to dread.

This is why Associates of the Holy League go to their general Communion in a body, and with badge displayed, strong in the profession of the faith that overcometh the world, and of the love of Him by whom they conquer. After all, it is the world which is the great Pharisee, and every age has its own peculiar type. In an age of indifference and unbelief, the Pharisee stifles religious profession for fear of men, just as in the olden time he sounded his trumpet, fasted and prayed publicly, to gain their favor. The motive in each is the same. The outside world is always changing, like its fashions, employing opposite means to the same end; but its spirit within is changeless and its motive unvarying.

Strong, therefore, in our faith in Him who said: "Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven," in the approval of His unerring Church, which has enriched with her partial Indulgences the wearing of the badge, and with her plenary Indulgences the going to Holy Communion *in a body*, let us overcome the world and gain faith's imperishable victory.

THE TWO PATHS.

A path of thorns or a path of flowers—
Which shall we choose, O heart of mine?
Passing blossoms or eternal bowers?

Crowned with youth's sunlight, O dewy hours!
Which shall we trace as our hands entwine—
A path of thorns or a path of flowers?

Mind and soul, with your god-like powers,
Which is meeter to be your shrine,
Passing blooms or eternal bowers?

Leaning down from your star-built towers,
Angels, which is the more divine,
A path of thorns or a path of flowers?

Jesus sweet, do the ruby showers
That fell with Thy Heart's last throbbings, sign
Passing blossoms or eternal bowers?

Courage, O heart, for this choice of ours,
Writ in the heavens, will stars outshine!—
A path of thorns or a path of flowers—
Passing blooms or eternal bowers? S. M. P.

ONLY A CUP OF WATER.

IT was the maxim of a very holy religious, and enlightened spiritual guide that if you are striving for the conversion of a soul which refuses to accept the light or enter the path of truth, you have one resource—to induce it to give alms and perform acts of mercy and kindness in view of God. He will not be outstripped in generosity, nor fail to reward the services we render others in His name by the only gift of real value in His sight. Here is an example from fact confirming the truth of the maxim.

It was on a hot day of July, the sun blazing in a cloudless sky, from whose rays every living thing sought shelter. In the corner of a cosy sitting-room sat a young girl gazing from her shady nook at the brilliant glare outside. She for one, was well screened from the heat—the half-closed shutters, the thin loose dress, the ice-water on a table near by, and the fan lying idly in her lap, told better than

words that her own comfort was the great, if not the only, aim of her existence.

The novel she held in her hand was partly closed and her eyes had ceased devouring its contents. A puzzled expression was on her face as though some troublesome thought was surging through her brain.

"Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name shall receive a reward!" She relapsed into silence, then took her novel and went on reading. But it had certainly lost interest. The words of the Master still rang in her ears.

Suddenly the closing of a gate and a step on the gravelled walk awaked her from her reverie, and she went towards the door. A disappointed expression clouded her face as she saw a stranger, a woman dressed in rusty black. She looked tired and warm, and gave a sigh of relief as she stood within the shady porch. Her business was soon explained—she was agent for one of those countless inventions with which our land is overrun, and hoped to get an order for her goods from many of the houses in the town.

"How I hate women agents," thought Nellie. "I'll just send her about her business. Oh, no: that won't do, I might just as well be civil.—I'm very sorry," she said aloud, "but I don't want to order any of your samples. You look tired, will you sit down here in the shade and rest yourself?"

"No, thank you," replied the woman, "I haven't time. I must visit all the houses here and leave for the next town this evening."

"Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name shall receive a reward!" The words came back in Nellie's brain with startling distinctness. "I'll try it," she said to herself.—"At least let me give you a glass of cold water, you look so warm, and the heat on that dusty road must be intense."

"Thank you," said the woman, "I am very warm and thirsty, but most people don't notice that."

Nellie returned quickly with a goblet of ice-cold water, which the woman drank with evident satisfaction, and then went out into the heat again.

That evening, as they gathered round the tea-table, Nellie's brother mischievously said :—

"Mother, Nell's getting precious mean ; a poor woman came to the door to-day and she actually offered her a glass of cold water, and let her go away with that and nothing else."

Nellie laughed and said that, finding it too warm to take anything but ice-water herself, she presumed the woman felt the same. But still the joke was kept up, and for a few days, if any one came asking for food, it was suggested that Nell should bring a goblet of ice-water.

"Never mind," she thought to herself, "I did it for a reward, and it will come some day."

At last the joke died out, as all things will, and even the dream of the promised reward faded from Nellie's memory. It was the only religious act in a life of self-indulgence ; but who will say that, when two years later Nellie stood at the baptismal font in a little chapel, and received the regenerating waters of Baptism at the hands of the priest of the one true Church, it was not a reward from Him whose munificence is without bounds.

In relating this incident to me, Nellie said :—"People so often have asked me what I had ever done that obtained for me the grace to become a Catholic, and I always said I did not remember to have performed a good deed for God while I was a Protestant. But one day the remembrance of my hoped-for reward came into my mind, and I felt that Our Lord had indeed rewarded me a thousand-fold."



BARNEY McCORMICK'S CONVERSION.

I.

“REMEMBER, my boy, that your poor mother did all she could do to bring you up a good Catholic, though a hard job it was under the circumstances. But, God be praised, you're now of an age to remember her teachings, and she has the consolation of knowing that you've at least made your First Communion before she dies. Your father was a Catholic, Barney, and your grand-father was a Catholic, and so were all your relations, and if ever you go back on the faith you'll disgrace their memory and your Irish blood.”

Barney was a lad of but nine years, and was standing, his eyes filled with tears, at the bedside of his dying mother, listening to her last words of advice. The house in which Mrs. McCormick was nearing her end was of the poorest. It was furnished with the barest necessaries; for the good woman, having lost her husband some years before, was obliged to provide, as well as she could, for the support of herself and her youngest boy, the pride of her heart. Her husband had been an honest, hardworking man, who, for one reason or another, was obliged to live in the little village of X——, situated in the northern part of England and not far from the sea.

He had several other children, but circumstances had

separated them early in life. The eldest boy had taken the Queen's shilling and gone to India; the second was a sailor, whilst the only daughter had married and was now far away in America, living, as it was supposed, somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. McCormick had found it difficult to bring up her boy with anything like adequate knowledge of his religion. There was no Catholic priest in the town of X——, the nearest being nine miles away.

But to a Catholic mother, the love of God takes precedence over everything else, and, to the best of her ability, she had grounded, her child in the principal mysteries of religion. She was a proud mother the day she set out for the neighboring city where the priest was living, and beheld her beloved boy make his First Communion.

"Mother, I'll do as you say," replied Barney, between his sobs. "I'll say my prayers and I'll go to Confession, but don't die, mother."

But mother did die, and after Barney had beheld her lowered into the grave, and when he had almost wept his little heart out, he was glad to retire to the house of a sympathizing friend, and there struggle with the first great sorrow he had known.

Fortune seemed to have singled out the young orphan for a seafaring life. At an early age he was employed to do odd jobs upon the small craft engaged in the local trade. As his acquaintance with the sea grew, the desire of "going to sea," in the strict sense of the word, increased.

Day by day the love for his calling grew upon him—he longed to be free, to visit foreign lands, to be considered an able seaman. Such aspirations, added to the fact that those with whom he was thrown were not Catholics, blasted the early impressions of his religious teaching. What wonder if he grew negligent about his prayers!

Alas! he was fast forgetting his promise to his dying mother.

At length, one day, having resolved to make a move, without saying a word to his friends, lest they should dissuade him, he made his way to the nearest sea-port. While walking along one of the quays, he beheld a large ship just about to set sail. The moment had come.

"Hello, captain! have you room for another hand?"

"No room," replied the captain; "you're just a little too late."

"Take me with you, Cap," said Barney: "you'll not regret it. I'm a ready hand and a willing worker. Say the word, Cap."

The captain was pleased with the frank, open manner of the young Irish boy. But a moment's reflection and he called out:

"Jump aboard, then, my lad, and give the men a lift and let's weigh anchor."

"For where?" eagerly asked Barney.

"The West Indies," said the captain.

The darling wish of Barney McCormick's heart was realized.

II.

Years rolled by. The enthusiasm of the young sailor had long since subsided and given way to an easy-going, devil-may-care way of taking things. There remained not much of new for Barney McCormick to experience in his calling. He had been to New Zealand several times. He had visited the principal ports of the Chinese Empire. He had seen all the Colonies, had doubled the Cape, been wrecked off the Coast of Brazil, and saved by the merest chance.

The impressions of youth had faded away, and the practices of religion, so difficult for the sailor, had been gradually abandoned.

Once more Barney found himself on board a ship bound for the West Indies. Upon setting sail, he felt a strange emotion when his thoughts flew back to his first voyage. What changes had taken place since then! How many of his old friends had passed away! This recalled to his mind the trying scene at his mother's death-bed. A tear-drop glistened in his eye as he remembered how good she had been to him. His heart was softening. He would gladly have said a prayer for her had he remembered one, but the words stuck on his lips.

He was disturbed in his reveries by the first mate ordering him aloft to arrange certain ropes.

Days, weeks passed by, with their usual monotony. Fine weather there was lots of, and the sailors had little to do and plenty of time for *ennui* and grumbling. From time to time a stormy spell occurred which wakened the men from their state of discontent and sent a manly thrill through their veins as they combated with the elements.

One evening, after a fine but unusually hot day, the men were sitting around on deck. Some were engaged in splicing cables, others patching sails or mending the awnings, others again were making odds and ends with their jack-knives, while they listened to one of their number telling some yarn. Nobody was working very seriously but all were chatting as only sailors chat when they are nearing port. They expected to arrive at Havana the next day.

"Let me tattoo something on your arm, Barney," said Tim Sullivan, one of the jolliest of the crew, who had acquired no little reputation as an artist.

"What'll you put?" asked Barney.

"I'll put a ship," said the other.

"Sure an' I've got a finer ship than ever you could make," replied Barney, as he bared his broad breast and displayed a magnificent "three-master" in full sail.

"I'll put a Sacred Heart," said Tim.

"A sacred what?"

"A Sacred Heart. Why, don't you know what a Sacred Heart is?"

"Never heerd o' sich a thing," said Barney.

"Well, let me make it, all the same; it 'll be a good friend to ye."

"What 'll it do?" asked Barney, laughing. "Will it save my life?"

"Better than that, my man," replied Tim.

"What?"

"It 'll save your soul."

"Fire ahead!" said Barney.

The tattooing was a success. The Heart was pricked in, in blue, and several drops of blood oozing from the wound were represented by rubbing in the juice of a certain plant that Tim had with him. All admired the work of art.

That night Barney McCormick complained of a headache, of pains in the joints, and a feeling of approaching illness.

The next day word went among the men that their comrade was down with the fever.

III.

Upon the arrival of the ship in port, Barney was sent to the Hospital, to which he was confined for several weeks. At one time his life was despaired of, but gradually he rallied, and, although still weak, was able to look around for another ship, his own having set sail during his sickness.

At length he sailed on board a vessel bound for the port of Montreal. Once at sea, the convalescent man felt himself much better, although there remained indications that the trouble had not entirely left his system.

The voyage was a long one; but at length the ship rubbed up against the quay below Bonsecours, and pre-

parations were at once begun for discharging the cargo. Barney did his part of the duty with his usual alertness; but soon he felt unmistakable symptoms of a return of the fever.

The next day found him at Hotel Dieu, where the good Sisters showed him every attention. He was at once sent to bed, the proper remedies were administered, and before a week had ended the patient was feeling much better. He was lying quietly letting his thoughts take pretty much their own course, when a Sister silently approaching his bedside and noticing he was not asleep, said, pointing to his brawny arm that lay carelessly on the coverlet :

“What is that picture tatoed on your arm, my poor man?”

“It’s a Sacred Heart, Sister.”

“Then you’re a Catholic, are you not?” asked the Sister.

“I am that,” replied Barney.

“When did you go to Confession last?”

“Nigh eighteen years ago, Sister.”

“And why did you not go to your duty all these years?”

“Oh! I don’t know,” replied Barney. “Nobody ever told me to go very much, and then you know I went to sea when I was quite young and I got out o’ the way o’ going.”

“Well, then, you’ll go to Confession before you leave the Hospital, and that is settled—won’t you?” said the Sister.

“I will,” replied the other; “but I’m afraid I don’t know how.”

“Why,” said the Sister, “you can say the ‘I confess to Almighty God?’”

“No, I guess I’ve forgotten it.”

"But you know how to make an act of contrition?"

"I've forgotten that too, I think."

"But can you repeat the 'Our Father' and the 'Hail Mary?'"

"I think I know the Hail Mary," said Barney, "but not very well."

"Commence now, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace,'" said the Sister.

Barney made an attempt to continue; but, alas! it was a sorry "Hail Mary."

"Well," said the good Sister, "I will give you a book and you will learn your prayers and recite them to me. Then we'll see the priest."

"There's no use giving me a book," said the poor man. "I can't read."

Then began the laborious task of teaching Barney his prayers. A dozen times a day the Sister sought the bedside of the sick man and repeated and made him repeat the necessary prayers. It was a hard task. The man was willing, but the memory had lost its freshness. Never having been exercised, it received with difficulty any impression whatever. At first his instructress was on the verge of despairing, but Barney showed a desire to learn and an increasing interest in the instructions, and besides, whether she succeeded or not, was this not a soul for which the Sacred Heart had bled, and had that Sacred Heart not set her the task? It became a labor of love.

The willingness which Barney had shown to go to Confession was fast growing into an urgent desire. He had made some progress with the prayers and was now daily receiving instruction in Catechism, especially in what regards Confession and Holy Communion. Again and again he had asked his instructress when he might be allowed to go to Confession; but she had put him off

each time, in order that he might be better prepared. His fast improving health—by this time he could walk about a little each day—was awakening in him a longing to be free once more and to return to his former calling, to feel again the roll of the ship and to fill his lungs with the bracing salt sea air. It was a temptation; one he could not long resist. He was growing impatient. The Confession had been postponed so often, he several times felt tempted to pack up his little bundle and leave unceremoniously.

One day, Barney came up to the Sister, saying, "Sister, can't I see the priest to-day? The fact is I'm feeling pretty strong now, and I wan't to go to sea just as soon as possible. I can't wait much longer."

It chanced that at that moment the Chaplain entered the Ward.

"Well—yes; there is the priest now, so hurry off with you."

A few minutes later, Barney McCormick, his face all aglow with joy, entering the Ward, hurried up to the Sister that had taken so much interest in him, and, no longer able to restrain his emotion, cried out:—

"I've been to Confession, Sister. It's all right now. I feel I'm twice the man I was before. Tim Sullivan was right. The Sacred Heart has saved me."

E. G.

TERESA OF CARMEL.



truly Christian heroine was she whom the Calendar of Saints commemorates on the 15th of October. St. Teresa of Jesus was born in Spain in 1515, and at an early age entered the Order of Carmel, of which she afterward became the light and reformer. Her ascetical writings rank her with the Doctors of the Church.

"She is no model for me," I fancy I hear some of her youthful namesakes exclaim, but indeed, though called to a high mission; you will find her a perfect type of all womanly virtues. While yet a young damsel in the world, she was much drawn to its vanities. In an account of her life written by herself she tells us she took her determination to enter a convent, that, by enduring a sort of purgatory 'in this life, she might go straight to heaven after death. On entering religion, however, Our Lord gave her such a flood of delightful feelings that she never afterward lost the taste of them. A few incidents will illustrate some of her remarkable traits of character.

Her greatest singularity was that there was nothing singular about her. A postulant who received the veil from her, and had heard of her extraordinary sanctity, said to one of the nuns: "Is Mother Teresa really such a saint as they say? She seems to me just like other people."

She was remarkable especially for her joyous spirit and character. Travelling to visit one of her distant monasteries, she was accompanied by St. Peter of Alcantara, a man of rather gloomy exterior. Stopping at an inn for refreshment they were served with dinner, and conspicuous on the table was a plate of choice *bons-bons*.

"Mother Teresa," said St. Peter sternly, "how could one eat such dainties considering the pains of hell?"

"Oh! Father Peter," answered the holy nun, taking one of the objectionable dainties, "how could one refrain from enjoying them considering the joys of heaven?"

But the most beautiful anecdote which has come down to us and the one which shows clearest her perfect conformity with the will of her Divine Spouse, is the following:

One evening passing through a hall of her monastery, she beheld a child of surpassing beauty. She stopped, charmed with the lovely visitor: "What is your name, dear child?" she inquired. "Nay, tell me yours first," replied the boy. "I am Teresa of Jesus," answered the saint. "And I," said the child, "am Jesus of Teresa," and forthwith vanished, leaving in the soul of his saintly spouse an indescribable sweetness.

Here are some of her words: "Let me suffer or let me die!"

"Reflect seriously on the glory of heaven and you will endure with patience all the blows and wounds which you must bear before you get there."

"The soul that fears God would rather die a thousand times than offend Him mortally."

"Be gentle and kind with all, but severe with yourself."

But most noted of all her sayings are those on her famous Bookmark thus rendered by Longfellow.

Let nothing disturb thee,
 Let nothing affright thee.
 All things are passing;
 God only is changeless.
 Patience gains all things.
 Who hath God wanteth nothing—
 Alone God sufficeth.

Here are the same done in rhyme by Lady Herbert :

Let nothing disturb thee ;
Let nothing affright thee ;
All passeth away,
God only shall stay.
Patience wins all.
Who hath God needeth nothing,
For God is his all.

Here is a paraphrase by a Carmelite Nun :

When crosses me afflict thee, oh ! let thy watchword be
Thy holy Mother's lesson : " Let nothing trouble thee."

If darkness round thee gathers, and fills thy heart with
fear,

" Let nothing e'er affright thee," she whispers in thy ear.

In every joy or sorrow which meets thee day by day,
She bids thee to remember that " all things pass away."

If lonely or forsaken, by friends thou art forgot,
Thy Spouse (she doth remind thee) is one that changeth
not.

When hope within thee wavers, and distant seems the
goal,

How " patience winneth all things" she tells thy weary
soul ;

That nothing in this wide world is needful unto one
Whose happy soul possesses God's eternal Son.

To drink the living waters at any cost or price,
To quench thy thirst, she whispers, " God only doth
suffice."

O sweet seraphic Mother ! may these dear words of thine
Help to unite me closer unto my Spouse divine.

NUNZIO SULPIZIO; OR, THE YOUNG APPRENTICE.

(Continued.)

AFTER the death of his grandmother, Nunzio was left in the care of a paternal uncle, the only relative in his native town. He still continued his studies, always remaining ahead in his class. His obedience and docility soon endeared him to his aunt, to whom he often spoke of his future hopes, and of the desire he felt of giving himself to God.

Alas! these hopes were never destined to be realized. The uncle having met some severe reverses, soon found the little property he had acquired almost reduced to nothing. His naturally violent temper, which he was able to restrain whilst fortune smiled, knew no bounds when adversity came upon him. He uttered horrible blasphemies against God—accusing his Providence of cruelty and merciless injustice towards His creatures.

Nunzio, too, soon felt the effect of the change in his uncle's circumstances. He was envied what Dominic, his uncle, called a life of idleness and ease. His very virtues seemed to mark him out a useful instrument in his uncle's hands. He was docile and obedient, and would work as long as his master pleased without asking anything in return.

Dominic resolved to take his nephew—who was going on ten—from school, and put him to work in the forge. In vain the boy reminded him of the promise he had made to his dying sister of sending him to school till his First Communion. "What need have you of learning," he used to answer, "to hammer iron on the anvil?"

The unexpected change sorely tried the child at first; but he soon became reconciled, and never after was he

heard to utter a word of complaint. His aunt, who knew of his holy ambition, seeing him bear with such calm resignation the wreck of his early hopes, ever after looked on him as a saintly child.

Towards the end of 1826 he entered as apprentice in his uncle's shop. The account of the cruel treatment to which he was there subjected would seem incredible if not supported by the sworn testimony of reliable witnesses. In spite of all he could do, his uncle was never satisfied. From the day he entered till he left, his childish efforts were not awarded, even with an encouraging smile. Work was imposed which, at so tender an age, it was next to impossible to do. Loads of iron were frequently placed on him which he was obliged to carry more than a mile under the burning heat of an Italian sun. Again and again, he was seen going bare-footed, bent almost double under his heavy load. If he took more than the limited time allowed by his uncle, he met, on his return, with a torrent of abuse. Nor was his uncle's temper satisfied with injurious words. More than once, the blows he inflicted on his uncomplaining victim brought tears of compassion to the bystanders' eyes. But, in spite of all his injuries, never did he show a sign of resentment, nor was he ever seen with a sad countenance.

When asked how he could endure such harsh treatment and remain so joyful, he answered:—"He had read in the life of Aloysius the cruelties which that saint inflicted on his body, and he was happy. Others had forced him to do what perhaps, by himself, he would never have the courage to undergo. Besides," he added, "whenever I am tempted with discouragement or sadness, I sacrifice my feelings to the Sacred Heart, and grandma often told me how pleasing to His grateful Heart are such offerings when made through love. 'What appears trifling,' she said, 'is treasured up with infinite care, and many a soul,

when standing at the judgment seat, will be astonished to find that offerings which perhaps it had long forgotten were remembered still, and had merited from His loving Heart rewards far above his most ardent hopes.' When alone, I often repeat the prayers which my mother taught me to say. Although forbidden to enter the Chapel when returning from work, I often stop at the door and offer to Jesus, in His Sacrament of Love, the sufferings which I have just endured. When I do this, I feel encouraged, and am often filled with compassion for my uncle while I have none at all for myself."

Nunzio had scarcely finished his fourth year of apprenticeship when he began to feel his strength give way. Continual work, bad treatment, and the want of nourishing food, gradually undermined his health. After returning, one cold winter's day, from carrying a heavy load of iron to the summit of a neighboring mountain, he felt severe pains in his limbs. The next day he was at his post with all the symptoms of a violent fever. He continued to work as usual, but the following morning was unable to leave his bed. His limbs began to swell, and soon it was evident he was about to be troubled with a dangerous tumor. His aunt did all she could to have a doctor called and the proper remedies administered, but Dominic constantly refused. What mere compassion would have procured for the greatest stranger, he denied his sister's son.

Seeing his victim daily growing worse, he began to regret having taken him, and to devise means to get rid of him. In the village of Aquila, not far from Pescosansonesco, was an hospital for the helpless. Thither Dominic decided to have his nephew conveyed.

In January, 1830, Nunzio found himself environed with comforts such as he had not known since his grandmother's death. Kindnesses of every description were

lashed on him. All that medical skill could accomplish was tried, but in vain. The disease was going to take him to his grave. Thereupon it was decided he should return to his uncle as the hospital was not intended for incurables.

Who can imagine the rage of Dominic when he heard his nephew was to be thrown as a useless burden on his hands! What wonder that the heart of the child sank within him when he was driven a helpless invalid to his uncle's inhospitable door.

But God does not abandon, even in this world, those who patiently endure the trials He sends. He gave to his aunt a mother's heart. Whenever her husband was absent, she treated the child with the greatest kindness. She looked on him as a saint, and considered him a source of blessing to her home. Dominic, on the contrary, remained as heartless as ever. The groans which pain wrung from the boy were enough to put him in a rage. "Not enough to be a useless burden, you must try to become a source of annoyance! I'll give you reason to groan," he used to say, snatching whatever came to hand and beating the child without mercy.

Nunzio felt keenly his forlorn state. It caused him many an aching heart, but instead of giving way to sadness or discouragement, he strove heroically to make the best of it. "At least," he said, "I can cease to disturb the house," and ever after, in spite of the most torturing pain, a moan or a word of complaint never escaped his lips. To please his uncle, he even tried to make himself useful, but to no purpose. The awkwardness which his lameness caused only exposed him to Dominic's heartless derision.

But God had reserved another favor for the holy child. An old man, named Galante, often came to see him, and was daily witness of the cruelties and neglect to which he

was subjected. When offering sympathy, the child used to answer, "What do I care for suffering so long as I can save my soul. If God will one day admit me in His Heavenly home, I don't care how I am treated here."

In spite of the resignation of the boy, Galante's heart was touched with pity. He resolved to have him taken, if possible, from his persecutor and placed in kinder hands. He knew of a paternal uncle of Nunzio's, named Francis Sulpizio, who was then living at Naples, a colonel in the Italian army. Galante wrote him of his young nephew's infirmities, of the barbarous treatment he received from his guardian, and asked him to suggest a means of taking him out of Dominic's hands. Francis was deeply moved on hearing of his nephew's sufferings. He gave word that he should be sent to Naples if his uncle would consent to let him go. But Dominic was only too glad to get rid of what he considered a useless burden.

In June, 1832, he was prepared to leave his native town. He took leave of his aunt with every token of sorrow and gratitude, and, to the astonishment of all, before leaving the house, he threw himself at his uncle's feet, asked his blessing and begged pardon for all the faults he had committed. Dominic, whose heart had been hardened by avarice and greed, who had remained insensible at his friendless nephew's sufferings, was overcome at the sight of such heroic charity. His heart was softened, and he was moved to tears on seeing the child depart. T.G.

(To be continued.)



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Rome.

The Tercentenary of St. Aloysius was celebrated in the Eternal City with extraordinary fervor and enthusiasm. "It is truly a solemn and most wonderful triumph," writes an eye-witness to the English *Messenger*. This marvellous celebration has now been going on for more than a week, and the favor and enthusiasm are growing more and more intense.

"On the feast itself, the crowds were so great and so continuous, and the earnestness in prayer so universal, that it was truly astonishing. On that day, more than 13,000 communions were given in that one church, and in nearly all the other churches, I am told, the communions were very numerous. What is even more important is the great number of sinners converted, and the evident purpose shown by so many to lead better lives."

Germany.

THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES.

Whilst all Europe has stood by in amazement at the mobilization of mighty armies and the marshalling of campaigns in sham-battle array, each nation trying to impress the other with a sense of its power and preparedness, in the heart of Germany there has been going on since August 20th a real demonstration of faith and religion unsurpassed by any of the pompous displays of our

age. It was the setting up in exposition of the *seamless garment*, the very one worn by the Saviour in His passion, and cast for in lots by the soldiers at the foot of the Cross. Sent by St. Helen to the Bishop of Treves at the end of the fourth century, rediscovered in the Cathedral at the end of the twelfth, and afterwards preserved under the High Altar, whence it was removed, and finally, after a century of absence, brought back again to the Cathedral of Treves in 1810, it has since been reverently kept in the Chamber of Relics. Three times in the present century the relic has been publicly exposed : in 1810, when 200,000 pilgrims flocked to see it ; in 1844, when the number overpassed a million ; and on August 20th last, still continuing, since which the number of pilgrims to Treves has been estimated at forty thousand a day.

It is exposed on a kind of marble altar above the High Altar, in a gilt case with glass front, from which it is plainly visible to the crowds. The silken texture that covered the Holy Robe is almost worn away, permitting the brown yellowish color of the seamless garment to be distinctly seen.

The town is full to overflowing, and processions with sacred banners are to be met with at every turn. There is a special procession for strangers every day at three o'clock. The sick are allowed actually to touch the Holy Coat, and two priests are always sitting at either side to touch to it objects of piety.

A great Catholic Congress, presided by the leaders of the German Central party, has quite recently been held, the great question for discussion being the restoration of the Pope's Temporal Power. A most important resolution was that to hold next summer in Switzerland an International Congress, to which delegates will be invited from the whole Catholic universe. The Catholic lay world is at last waking up to the indignities of the present

position of the common father of the faithful. Nothing could augur better for the future than the spread to Catholic laymen of all nations of the high and determined spirit of the Windthorsts and Centrists, who have worked for the last twenty years such wonders in Germany.

Belgium.

Belgium, too, has had its Catholic Congress, the topic of discussion being the application of the principles laid down in the Papal Encyclical to the actual condition of Belgium. The little country watered by the Meuse has learned well the lesson taught it in '79, when the secular school law imposed by the Liberals it had elected to power, cost the Catholic population, that is the Belgian people, over a million dollars in one year. The pocket argument struck home with telling effect, and two years afterward the Catholic party was triumphantly returned at the polls. Ever since the Catholic government has grappled most successfully with the difficulties and social problems left as a heritage by its Liberal predecessors. One of its latest enactments has been the prohibition of eleven French newspapers of immoral tendencies to be imported over the lines.

The Holy League has long since taken deep root in Belgium, where it has a special Messenger widely circulated.

Holland.

It is only recently that Holland has emerged from the period of penal laws and religious disabilities. But the Catholic minority as soon as pressure was removed, with a vitality gathered from persecution, was not long organizing and sending to parliament a united phalanx that has proved to throne and country a dyke against liberal-

ism and revolution. Under an able leader they have at the late election increased the number of their representation to twenty-five,—enough to hold the balance of power in the Dutch Parliament, composed of a hundred members, and, with the Conservatives, to keep the liberal majority in check.

In Holland there is scarcely a parish in which the Holy League is not flourishing.

China.

God in His mysterious designs on that mysterious land has once more permitted the flourishing and rapidly growing Christian settlements to be scattered and their inhabitants to be hunted to death. The late massacres have been plotted and carried out by the secret societies, animated in China as elsewhere with a demoniacal hate against the religion of Christ. The unwieldy government, whatever its good will, could not apply a prompt remedy. The European powers, especially France, have threatened retaliation unless an end is put to the cruelties, so that the Chinese Emperor at present finds himself in the dilemma of a bombardment from sea or a revolution from the interior.

The Holy League in China has kept pace with the progress of Christianity. It has a *Messenger* written in Chinese, which finds its way into every Christian settlement.

Central America.

The Freemason Liberals, having been defeated at the elections held last fall in Nicaragua, have resorted to conspiracy, and stirred up a rebellion against the new Catholic President. Energetic measures, however, were taken and the revolution promptly put down; the leaders, among whom were three ex-presidents, being punished with perpetual banishment.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.**Niagara Falls.****THE HOSPICE OF MOUNT CARMEL.**

Where is the Associate of the Holy League who is not enrolled in the confraternity of the Scapular of Mount Carmel? The following extract from an article under the above title in the *Philadelphia Messenger*, for August, must interest our readers:—

“The Carmelites are about to build a “Hospice,” and have wisely chosen Niagara Falls as the most suitable spot on which to erect it. The word “Hospice” explains itself. Monasteries have been renowned for their hospitality, and Mount Carmel was, and is, no exception. From the day on which St. John the Baptist sought its shelter while fleeing from his persecutors till now, it has never lost its reputation as an asylum wherein were found not only rest and food for the weary body, but peace and solace for the troubled soul. How many would wish to withdraw from their distracting surroundings and seek refuge in such a haven of rest! But distance, expense, and want of time, prevent it. The want of such an institution in this country has been deplored. We have retreat-houses, but a Hospice is something more. It, too, is a retreat-house, but possesses many other advantages peculiar to itself. The building to be erected by the Carmelites will, in many respects, rival their mother-house in Palestine.

“Who will defray the expenses of such an undertaking? The best answer to this question is to ask, Who will not help such a noble work? Surely, no one devoted to Our Lady of the Scapular.

“Those who in any way help the work at Niagara Falls should not forget that in becoming benefactors they spiritually benefit themselves. Not only in this life do

they share in the Masses which will be specially offered for them and in the great works of that illustrious Order ; but, what is of more importance, after death they will be assisted by its suffrages.

“When, perhaps, their friends shall have forgotten them, they will still be remembered at the Hospice of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, where as unceasingly as the roll of the mighty waters, the praises of her brethren shall ascend, like the spray-cloud, to the Throne of Mary for their benefactors.”

Quebec.

The great enthusiasm with which both men and women of St. Patrick's first enrolled themselves under the banner of the Sacred Heart League, shows no sign of abating ; both branches are steadily swelling in numbers, and there is every indication that ere long every member of St. Patrick's, even to the young child, will belong to it. The untiring zeal of the good Rev. Rector seems to communicate itself to even the coldest of the members, but especially to the promoters who are unceasing in their efforts to enroll every one under the Sacred Banner of the League. The child-like confidence shown to the Sacred Heart is very consoling. What is still more consoling is to hear of the many favors granted by the Sacred Heart.

So many are the favors already obtained that it has become quite common to hear people say, “if you want such and such a favor, ask it of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.”

During the past month, however, the League has met with a great loss in the death of Rev. Father Louis Miller, C.S.S.R. This saintly young priest has ever been remarkable for his devotion to the Divine Heart, and, since the establishment of the League in the Parish, he has labored zealously for its advancement. The enthusiasm and

delight with which he worked for the League seemed to enkindle a like enthusiasm in others, and to set their hearts aglow with love for the Sacred Heart. The Rev. Father was a most zealous promoter. We, therefore, ask all promoters and associates to pray for the eternal repose of his "pure soul," that he may rest for ever with the blessed—R.I.P.

A PROMOTER.

Hespeler.

Please send us more *Messengers* and Rosary Sets, as the number of Promoters is constantly increasing. Our League is progressing admirably. We have at present our eighty-five members, and are working hard to reach the hundred.

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

TO MESSENGER OF SACRED HEART :—

A member of the League has received a signal favor through the Sacred Heart. The intention was sent in every month for a year, with promise of acknowledgment through the *Messenger*. With thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,

A MEMBER OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.

Hamilton.

In fulfilment of my promise, I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of a loving brother, whose cure was very doubtful.

Toronto.

Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained.

Renfrew.

In fulfilment of my promise, I wish to return thanks for special favor obtained through the Holy League.

PROMOTER.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

Now that all are back from country and seaside we expect renewed earnestness. There is one practice commended by Our Lord himself, which all ought to take to heart and promote: the keeping of the first Friday of the month as a day of particular devotion. The Saviour chose Friday for His passion and death, on which to give us the greatest mark of love, so He has appointed and blessed it as the day of special devotion to His Divine Heart. Every year it is the Friday following the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament which, at His own request, is celebrated as the Feast of the Sacred Heart. *I demand of thee that the first Friday after the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament may be dedicated to a particular Feast in order to honour My Heart.*

In another revelation no less explicit, He asked for a Communion on the first Friday of each month. We know that a particular exercise of devotion asked by Our Lord in an authentic revelation of this kind is always rewarded by an extraordinary outflow of grace. "*And I promise thee that My Heart shall expand itself to shed with abundance the influence of its grace on all those who render it this honor,*" said He of the Feast, and we may apply the same to the first Friday of the month. Where is the church or chapel keeping it by particular devotions that cannot count numbers of graces received on that day, striking conversions, lasting resolutions, special lights and aids, to say nothing of temporal favors? Who that attends these devotions cannot recall such graces?

Let Promoters induce all to keep the first Friday especially by their good example, going to Communion with the badge on and attending the evening devotions. The general Communion on the first Sunday will be all the more fervent. They who cannot go on the first Friday may gain the Indulgences on the following Sunday, but they cannot count on the *special* favors.