

J. M. J.

THE STORY THE JASMINE TOLD.

(WRITTEN FOR THE SUNBEAM.)

TO AVOID the noise caused by baby Fred, I strolled into the conservatory one evening a short time ago, and there under the branches of a Night-Blooming-Jasmine I settled myself snugly in a cosy old arm-chair to read the contents of the last number of THE SUNBEAM, which the postman had just handed in.

There is always a scramble when that welcome little messenger arrives to see who shall be the first to view its contents. It frequently happens, I am sorry to say, that I am obliged to separate its pages, and distribute them to satisfy the eager desires of Willie, Mary and Kate, who cling around my neck, or perch on the back of my chair, in order to get a glimpse at the pictures.

Having read "Ted's Hard Lesson" about Hygiene, and marvelled at the little Hoffmann and his wonderful talent for music, I turned to the "Letter Box" to get acquainted with the latest admirers of THE SUNBEAM, who, from North, South, East and West, are continually sending in tributes of praise for our thrice welcome monthly visitor.

After reading their interesting letters, I turned to the Puzzle Column, wondering what "Uncle Ned" had given us for dessert. Just like him, said I to myself, as I glanced hastily down the long list, he has given us a variety of nuts to crack, and among them some hickories.

If Uncle Ned knew how hard some of his nephews and nieces work to solve his conundrums, I think he would make them a little easier. However, finding that scratching my head would not unravel the knotty riddles, I determined to go earnestly to work and soon solved all but the Metaphorical one. How long I worked I cannot tell, but the place seemed to grow suddenly dark, the wind to blow, and above its moaning I heard a gentle voice near my ear that in ascent sweet and low began thus to speak:—"Many a time I have heard you remark how tenderly you loved the Night-Blooming-Jasmine. That the praise comes from a sincere and loving heart I doubt not, because thy actions, more than thy words, betray the feelings of thy noble mind; for never do I remember having been thirsty, that you did not give me to drink; nor the burning rays of summer sun that threaten to destroy, that you did not move me to a shady corner. You have often said that your affection was caused by what you are pleased to call my humility; for when the last rays of the setting sun have disappeared behind the western hills, and other plants fold up their flowers and begin to nod, I throw open my almost invisible little buds and soon the conservatory and dining-room beyond are penetrated and filled with a fragrance so sweet that many, attracted by the delicate odor, have requested to be shown to the room, and these express their surprise when shown my wax-like but almost colorless flowers. Many come and go, and I am never even noticed; the perfume-laden air has no pleasures for them, for

their hearts are engrossed with worldly cares, and all love for the beautiful has long since been extinguished. It is not surprising that many pass me thus, for long ago in the Orient was planted a flower whose fragrance penetrated the whole world, and yet thousands, yea, millions, passed it by unseen. That fragrance surrounds us still, although the plant has long since disappeared. Many are ignorant of its existence even to-day; and strange to relate, that the people in whose midst it was planted, under whose very eyes it grew, in whose temple it thrived and reached maturity, regarded it not; and stranger still, there are many among

how many have spurned her maternal care and caused her to weep over their transgressions. This is a sad picture to contemplate, but sadder still it is, to see Catholic boys and girls, who in a special manner are children of Mary, forgetful of the innumerable favors which they daily receive through the intercession of so powerful and so tender a mother. Strive, therefore, to imitate her virtues, especially her humility and purity of heart.

"Bidgy, tum to thupper. Bidgy, papa ith home and dot a nithe book for oo," shouted baby Fred as he rudely tore the paper from my hand, thus suddenly awaking me from a quiet nap into which I had unconsciously fallen.

It is needless to add that he was arbitrary in his demands, or that I hastened to get the book—"Gems from The Poets"—which papa had promised me, and in which I found the following beautiful couplet, which can be well applied to our Immaculate Queen, and to the barren hearts of those who know her not:

"Many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

RADIUS SOLIS

IN MEMORIAM.

BROTHER MAURICE, DIED,
OCTOBER 21st., 1892.

DEATH has cast its gloomy pall
Over our College scene,
The face of one so loved by all
Shall never more be seen.

A tree of most delicious fruit
Just ripe to serve the Lord,
Such was the soul in God's repute,
Just called to its reward.

His golden heart of Irish mould,
He heard the call divine,
And thence he lived but to unfold
The young, the truths sublime.

His noble mind, so well endowed
With gifts both rich and rare;
His talents all to God he vowed
And lived an humble "Frere."

His life was spent in teaching youth—
The "little" of Christ's fold,
And now he's gone to reap the fruit,
The promised hundred fold.

He's dead, but still he'll live for aye
In kindred hearts enshrined,
Where love will never cease a day,
Till in heaven entwined.

Grant him, O Lord, now with Thy blessed,
While endless ages run;
In Thy abode, eternal rest,
Through Thy Beloved Son.

—R. I. P.

His GRATEFUL PUPIL.

Mount St. Louis College.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

your school mates, although they will know the beautiful qualities of this charming flower, are still neglecting it." But, said I with no little amazement, surely I do not know it! Will you tell me its name? "You know it, and, moreover, you are trying to cultivate in the garden of your soul many of the beautiful qualities of this rare flower, for it is no other than the Lily of Israel, the Immaculate Mother of God. Born in the land of Judea, she was the flower of the Jewish race; but like the Redeemer whom she gave to the world, she is disowned by them. Under the crimson tree of the cross she became the mother of the human race, but

Said a teacher to one of his girl pupils: "If your father gave you a basket containing forty plums to divide between yourself and your little brother, after you had taken your share what would be left? 'My little brother.'"