

another beautiful tradition tells us that He descended first on her "as a shaft of light, which immediately spread itself on the heads of the whole assembly in the form of tongues of fire." * Let us ask for His Gifts, Fruits and Beautitudes from her who is the Spouse of this Divine Spirit, and remember that as faith and hope especially shine over the Resurrection and Ascension. Charity—queen of virtues—is the Pentecostal flame enlightening the intellect, enkindling the will.

How beautiful the remembrance of Mary's death, resurrection, assumption, "leaning on her beloved," her coronation as queen of Angels and men! Surely all these mysteries are more precious than gold, and more beautiful than human words can even faintly praise. Finally, we will sigh from a "vale of tears" for the vision of her glory, and plead for her maternal aid as "Advocate," Esther-like, near "the great white throne." Thus the mystical melody of our Blessed Mother's "Aves" will die away in a plaintive ardence. "Salve Regina!"

Enfant de Marie—
St. Claris.

*—F. Monsaete, S. P.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

By Emma Howard Wright.

A rose and a lily bloomed side by side in a hothouse. The lily was snowy white, with a great golden heart from which rose a sweet delicate perfume; the rose had soft, velvety leaves of dark crimson, and exhaled a rich fragrance. The lily was humble, the rose was proud.

One day two young girls came into the hothouse. One was beautiful, with a dark, proud, conscious beauty; the other was fair and gentle. The dark beauty gathered the red rose; the fair-faced maiden plucked the lily.

The rose went out into the world on the breast of the dark beauty; the lily was carried into a church and laid upon the altar of Mary, the Mother of God. The rose grew prouder when every one praised its rich loveliness. But when it began to droop and fade, the proud beauty snatched it from her breast and cast it upon the ground where it was

trampled under foot until it was only a poor crushed thing without beauty or fragrance.

The lily breathed out its sweet brief life upon the altar of heaven's immaculate Queen, and many knelt there in homage.

Thus bloomed and died the rose that was proud, and the lily that was humble.

WHEN DISTRACTED IN PRAYER.

Catholic Record.

We are more or less troubled with distractions in our prayers and devotions. Some have quite a long string of prayers with which they become so familiar that they frequently seem very much like the boy who, on being reproved for whistling in school, said he did not whistle, "it whistled itself." So they do not pray, it prays itself, while their minds are busily employed in something entirely foreign to the serious matter in which they are engaged. May we modestly suggest to such persons to try the effect of saying their prayers backwards or rather, in reverse order,—that is, commence at the last prayer and go back to the beginning in regular succession. This will require close attention at least for recalling each prayer, and this will be a great help to the end in view.—Catholic Columbian.

OFFICE AND MAN.

Once upon a time a postmaster who lived in a Kansas town was seated in his office, reading postal cards, when a native cyclone suddenly came his way. The wind carried him through an east window, and in the direction of a chestnut grove, three miles distant.

In a few seconds he was safely seated in the top of a high tree, busy picking chestnut burrs out of his hair and clothing, when he saw the building that he had so suddenly left, coming directly toward him.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "there comes the old shanty looking for me."

Moral—Sometimes the office seeks the man.—Catholic University.