

peared to him, telling him he was to die on the coming Feast of Epiphany. No invalid could be happier on hearing that he was on the way to recovery, than was our saint when he heard that the hour of his death was near. On January 5th St. Andrew was prostrated by a violent fever. During his illness he refused all refreshments and everything that would soothe his pain, in order that he might suffer for the sake of Christ. After receiving all the Sacraments of holy church he peacefully and happily went to his reward on January 6, 1373. After death his face bore on it an expression of much joy, an indication that death is a comforter when it has been preceded by a holy life. The body of St. Andrew exhaled a delightful fragrance, and his resting-place was illuminated with a heavenly light. The saint, arrayed in celestial glory, appeared to many of his friends. The town of Florence has often experienced his protection, and therefore honors him as its patron Saint. The gorgeous and imposing tomb of St. Andrew Corsini in the Carmelite church at Florence is the admiration of all beholders.

P. A. B.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

Did you ever play at shadows, trying to make donkeys or other animals on the wall in the firelight? or have you watched your own shadow in the sunlight and laughed to see it so much taller than you, and sometimes a double one? Well, suppose we talk about shadows this month. What is a shadow? The black spot on the wall you say. Yes; it is the space from which the light has been shut out; and every shadow has two parts, a dark part and a lighter one. Now, I wonder if our little ones would ever guess what all this has to do with them or their corner? Well, if you'll give up, I'll tell you. On Feb. 14th we will have St. Valentine's day—when, perhaps, some of you will send pretty little offerings to those you love. Then the very next day comes Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent. There are two SS's that often mean the same thing—two "crooked letters," as Tommy said in last month's corner, and they are *sin* and *shadow*. Yes, dear children, the Garden of Eden, the beautiful paradise which God gave to Adam and Eve, was full of glad sunshine until sin came—the shadow of the evil one, who has been crawling over all the bright places of earth ever since, shutting out the light and making a black spot on the wall. Now, the season of Lent is another kind of shadow—a holy shadow—such as fell from our dear Lord as He walked the earth, chasing away the evil shadow of His enemy and ours, and we, the secretary and the little ones, are going to walk right in this shadow—not with long faces as though we were in the

"The Sign of the Cross," says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, "is a powerful protection. It is gratuitous, because of the poor; easy because of the weak; a benefit from God, the standard of the faithful, the terror of demons." The Sign of the Cross is the type of our deliverance, the monument of the liberation of mankind, the souvenir of the forbearance of Our Lord. When you make it remember what has been given for your ransom and you will be the slave of no one. If you engrave it on your forehead, no impure spirit will dare stand before you. See the blade with which He has been wounded, the sword with which He has received His death blow.—*St. John Chrysostom.*