

pressing on his flock the incontestable truth that happiness, true happiness, is never found in any home but a practical christian one ; one where parents and children go to church, to Mass and communion ; one whose members love to kneel at Our dear Lord's feet and bring Him their joys that He may console them, their plans that He may lighten them. For the good Master who has said : "Come to me, all ye who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you" is as faithful to His promise to-day, as when it fell from His sacred lips long centuries ago.

A sister of the Guard of Honor's story.



THE following incident was related to me, in a simple and childlike manner, by a young friend in whom I felt a deep interest, for she gave promise of great virtues. I give her little recital as I received it.

It was towards the close of a winter's day and, although not late, it was nevertheless quite dark. I was returning from a long walk and felt quite tired ; but as I had not yet made my daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, I dropped into the Church of St. Francis Xavier to fulfil this duty as a member of the "Guard of Honor."

Although the Church was open there were no other worshippers there. Save for the sanctuary lamp, which threw a crimson light upon the Tabernacle, the Church was in darkness.

"Jesus is all alone," I thought, "and in this great world there is no one to come at this hour to adore Him but me. If I could only do something to please Him, to atone for those who please Him not. But what can I do — I who am so weak and useless? ... I shall soon go home... I shall dine, and then spend the evening in pleasure. That, perhaps, may be lacking, but either way, of