

flowers, and these were eagerly gathered, and brought home to adorn their little household shrine. All knelt around Our Blessed Lady's statue, and made a holy resolution, that in remembrance and gratitude, they would, every Christmas, show kindness to a poor child *for Jesus' sake*. They called the flowers *Chrysanthemum* in honor of the dear little Christ, and

still, at His Nativity, we often find them in the snow. Such is the old legend, wafting over my soul like the sweet bells of Jesus' Nativity. Let it teach us kindness and love to all at this glad time, but always for love of Him who will say at last: "You did it to Me." ENFANT DE MARIE,

St. Clare's.

Midnight Mass.

"Exitus matutini et vespere delectabis."

"Thou shalt make the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to be joyful." Ps. LXIV. 9.

WE commenced the year in His Eucharistic Presence. In the stillness of midnight, light shone in the holy place, and the "Glorias" resounded as of old in Bethlehem. Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament was enthroned on the altar, and yet offered Himself to the Eternal Father as a Victim, and united Himself to thousands of souls as their nourishment and life. What blessings and consolations, what light, and strength during this "Holy Year," have flowed from that Midnight Mass! Truly He made the morning of it joyful, and now evening is deepening into night, the century, with its wonderful records of good and evil has nearly closed, and again the New Year's chime calls adorers around His altar throne, that in and by the Holy Sacrifice, all our acts of reparation, thanksgiving, impetration and homage may be offered to God.

O what need we have for atonement! Let us exclaim, in the words of St. Gertrude: "O Hear. most

worthy of love! In Thy most hidden recesses I plunge my spirit, and in the great ocean of Thy mercy, I bury all my iniquities and negligences." What need of petitions for "the untrodden future!" Let us glorify Him by gratitude, which is so pleasing to His generous Heart. "Is there no one to return and glorify It for all the favors of this "Holy Year," this eventful century? Above all, let us offer ourselves entirely to this King of Hearts, whose empire is one of peace and joy in this life, and in the next we will possess that Kingdom which "eye hath not seen," that "far-off land," to which every year is bringing us nearer. O Sacred Heart! "Thy kingdom come!" ENFANT DE MARIE,

St. Clare's.

To be born again of the Spirit in this life perfectly, is to be a soul most like unto God in purity, without any stain of imperfection.

Then keep thy conscience sensitive,
No inward token miss,
And go where grace entices thee:—
Perfection lies in this.
Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee,
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shall be.