

**JESUS**  
INVITING ALL TO HIS SACRED BANQUET  
after a design by G. Cl.-Lavergne

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## The Bread of Life.

R. P. EYMARD.

(Translated by E. Lummis)

*Ego sum panis vitæ.*  
I am the Bread of Life.  
JOHN. VI, 35

IT was Jesus Himself who gave the name. It was He alone who could thus name it. If an Angel had been called upon to give a name to our Lord, he would have chosen one in conformity with His attributes, the Word, the Lord; he never would have dared to personify our Lord under the name of Bread. But Bread of Life, this is the true name of Jesus! In this name is comprised the entire life of Jesus Christ, His death and His resurrection. On the Cross. He is *crushed and ground* by tribulation as the wheat is ground into flour; after His resurrection He supplies to our souls the same condition that bread gives to the body. He becomes really to us the Bread of Life.

### I.

Material bread sustains and supports life. We must sustain life by nourishment, or we will die of weakness, and bread is the fundamental and most substantial nourishment of the body. It contains more nutriment than any other food and can alone support life. The soul has received from God eternal life, it is immortal. But the life of grace received in baptism, renewed and revived by contrition and penance, the life of holiness and sanctity,

a thousand times more worth preservation than the natural life, is not sustained without nutrition, and the substantial source of spiritual nutrition is Jesus in the Eucharist. The life that is given again by penance is completed as it were, in the Eucharist, which purifies us from affection to sin, effaces our daily faults, gives strength to our good resolutions and removes from us the occasions of new falls.

The Lord said : "He that eateth Me hath life." What life? The personal life of Jesus. "As the living Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father, even so, he that eateth Me shall live by Me." The aliment we receive, in giving us strength, communicates to us its own proper substance and Jesus, therefore, in communicating Himself to us is not changed into us, He changes us into other Christs.

The body also, in Communion receives a pledge of the resurrection, and becomes even in this life more temperate, more submissive to the soul. Its sojourn in the tomb is only a sleep, in which, it garners the eucharistic germ, the source of a glory far greater in the day of recompense.

## II.

But we do not eat only to live. We eat to acquire strength for our daily toil. To eat only that we may not die is scarcely prudent, it may preserve our life but does not support and strengthen it. The body should labor, and in this labor should consume not its own necessary substance, which would soon exhaust its life, but the superfluous elements of nourishment. It is a law that we cannot give what we do not possess, and a man condemned to hard labor who only eats an insufficient meal at night, would soon faint of exhaustion and become weak and feeble. The nearer we come to God the more we practice virtue, the greater the struggle we may expect to undergo ; we need therefore to strengthen ourselves for the combat if we would be conquerors. The Eucharist alone can give us the strength we need for all these encounters with the enemy that await us at every turn in

the Christian life. Prayer and piety soon languish if not supplemented by the Eucharist. The life of piety is a continual crucifixion of our human nature, and in itself has nothing to attract us. We will never place ourselves on the cross if we are not sweetly and firmly upheld by grace from above. As a general axiom, piety without Communion is a piety without life.

A good rule is to examine your own dispositions. When you have neglected or given up Holy Communion, how have you performed your other duties? Baptism confers spiritual life, Confirmation strengthens it, Confession restores it, but none of these nor all three are enough; they are only a preparation for Communion which completes and crowns them.

Jesus has said: "Follow Me." But this is a difficult work, and requires effort, it requires the practice of christian virtue. Though the soul that abides in our Lord brings forth much fruit, how may we abide in Him but in eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood? *Qui manducat meam Carnem et bibit meum Sanguinem, in Me manet, et ego in eo.*

When Jesus is with us, there are two to carry the burdens, and the yoke is sweet and easy when thus shared. This is why St. Paul says: "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth Me." He that strengthened St. Paul was He that lived in him as in us, Christ Jesus.

### III.

Moreover, bread, as it will appear, contains in itself certain delights. The proof of this is that we never tire of it.

Though all other food may pall upon us, the stomach never rejects bread. Where then may we find more substantial sweetness than in the honeycomb of the Eucharist? The piety that is not frequently nourished with the Eucharist is never sweet and attractive: the love of Jesus Christ does not shine through it. It is uncouth, rude, austere and hard, is not loved, and never attracts others, because the love Jesus is not sown in its soil, and it goes to God only by sacrifices. It is a good path, but it is

much to be feared that the bow thus forever bent will break from discouragement sooner or later. Those who travel by such a road may derive much merit but there is no tenderness, none of that suavity in the holiness of their lives that is found in Jesus.

Would you travel the road of Life without Communion?

My poor brother, Christian tradition itself condemns you. Leave off then the *Pater Noster*, in which you beg for the daily Bread that you seem to ignore. Without Communion we are always in the dust of the combat, we know virtue only by what it has cost us, and lose sight of its attractions, which are such as these: the joy of working not for self alone, but for God's glory, for His love, as His friends, His beloved children rather than for the hope of reward.

He who communicates frequently easily understands that receiving much, he owes much in return. It is intelligent, reasonable piety, a filial and devoted virtue. Communion makes one happy amid the greatest trials, happy with a sweet and true happiness.

It is the height of perfection to keep ourselves united to God amid the most violent interior temptations, and when we are most tempted God loves us most. But in order not to be overcome by this tempest, you must know how to recruit your strength at this spring of love, and wash yourself again and again in this fountain of pure waters.

Receive Communion frequently, eat often of this Bread of life if you would have spiritual health, and strength for the Christian's conflict, and happiness even amidst adversity.

The Eucharist is the Bread of the weak as well as the strong. It is necessary above all to the weak, and to the strong, because they carry their treasure in frail earthly vessels, and are surrounded on every side by furious enemies. If we would assure ourselves a protection, a safe guard, a strengthening Viaticum for the journey, we shall find it in Jesus, our Bread of Life.





## “ Follow me. ”

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**N**OT through the fragrant meadows, where idle footsteps  
stray,  
Not on the level pathway, where all is glad and gay ;  
Not under leafy covers, but on the mountain's side,  
Trampling at every footstep on all self-love and pride.

There where the road is steepest, thy rugged path behold,  
Yet in no turns intricate, but through the ways of old ;  
Through simple daily duties, and to no height sublime,  
Yet surely to perfection, I call thee now to climb.

Not where thy will would lead thee, but where My finger shows,  
Not as thyself would prompt thee, but as My words disclose ;  
Treading the thorns thou darest under determined feet,  
Counting thy labor nothing, thy sacrifices sweet !

Not fainting when thou fallest, but trusting still to Me,  
The Helper of the helpless, who can thy weakness see ;  
No throwing off the burden I lay on thee in love,  
Secure I will not try thee in aught thy strength above,

Not shrinking from the conflict, tho' wounded oft and oft,  
Not seeking things that please thee, nor life's caresses soft ;  
Not trifling with the tempter, keeping the nature down,  
Certain thy feeble efforts My grace at last will crown.

Not longing too intensely thy pilgrimage to end,  
Contented, nay rejoicing, in everything I send ;  
Keeping thine eyes upon Me, to follow where I go,  
On to My throne of glory, through paths of pain below !

*Selected.*

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## Letters from a Débutante.

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### I

*Washington Square, New York.*

MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

It seems a century since I have seen you. How often, when assailed by homesickness, have I longed for a glimpse of your dear face!

Here I am at my cousin's, having accepted an invitation to visit her for a couple of weeks. Everything is charming, and delightful. Her house is almost a palace, in which she reigns a queen: but although I know that comparisons are odious, I can not help sometimes comparing life here, with our school days.

At the Convent, where we grew to be such friends, we possessed an ideal; and in living up to it, we were obliged to strive towards perfection: while here, enjoyment seems our only *raison d'être*; there is no other motive for existence.

My cousin is a charming person; beautiful, elegant, accomplished. Unfortunately, she is somewhat prejudiced against Catholics; but she makes an exception in my case, and appears quite fond of me. She is graciousness itself, although she does not seem to be troubled with too much heart: I doubt if she ever feels hers at all — but hush! let me not judge rashly. She is keenly alive to all social advantages; and her ambition is very great: in fact it is the greatest thing about her. Her house is now filled with young people, whom she is entertaining in a most lavish manner.

Of course, I am enjoying myself among these happy creatures; and there is a young girl of sixteen, Charlotte LeBreton, whose sweet face, and dark eyes, have drawn me to her irresistibly. Though little more than a child, she is a great favorite here (being an heiress and a beauty); and jealousy is growing, because she prefers my society that of every one else.

While in my room, the other morning, she saw a statue of the "Immaculate Conception", a beautiful statuette, which had belonged to my mother:

"What do Catholics believe of her, Jeanne?" she asked.

"That she is the ideal of womanhood, of exquisite perfection and purity," I answered.

"How lovely! — soliloquized my little friend, gazing dreamily at the figure — How poetic your religion is! It seems almost too beautiful and lofty for weak human nature to appreciate."

"All true religion is lofty", said I; "the further towards spiritual perfection it attains, the further out of reach of the merely natural it becomes: and to attempt to harmonize it completely with human reason is often to destroy its divinity. The way to discover the true religion is therefore not always by ordinary reasoning; but by striving to find the one which will produce the most sublime spirituality, and perfection in the soul."

"And you think that yours is that one religion?"

"I know it to be such." I replied.

"But to believe in the Catholic religion, one must possess an exalted imagination."

"Not necessarily; it demands an abiding faith and confidence in the words and promises of Christ — that is all."

"And is this not also what other christian religions exact?"

"Only apparently — they really seek to interpret the sayings of Christ, according to their own limited reasoning and knowledge; and by thus lowering the standard of religion, they lose its higher spirituality."

"For example, Jeanette?" she asked.

"For example the 'Holy Eucharist.' Christ's words on this subject were decided, as well as clearly expressed; yet they have been interpreted in different ways; because the hearts of many lack purity, and are scandalized by the words of the perfect Christ. But He, Himself, said: 'Blessed are they who shall not be scandalized in Me', and to these happy ones alone has He given the power to reach the highest spirituality."

"And do you really believe, Jeanne, that His sacred Body is hidden under the appearance of the consecrated Bread?" she asked, her large eyes full of wonder.

"Yes, His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity — I can



not doubt His words", I replied, "although I am unable to either understand or explain His Almighty power — I trust in Him : and answer like St. Peter when asked if he also would leave Him," "Where shall I go? for Thou Lord, hast the words of eternal life!" — Where could I ever obtain the least conception of the spirituality which is mine in Holy Communion? How else can I take Christ personally into my poor life? — He has left us no other way in this world."

"Ah! Jeanette! — she cried, impulsively flinging her slender arms about my neck,—how happy you must be!"

By this you can readily judge what a sweet nature is Charlotte. She seems to thirst after knowledge, wisdom and beauty; as the floweret thirsts for the dew and for the beautitudes of nature; and I predict that her soul, when sufficiently nourished, will put forth a beautiful flower of womanhood, even as from the seed, springs forth the lovely blossom.

We converse on religion, art, music, and literature; in fact on everything of which we know a little. Thought begets thought; and she plies me with numerous questions; as if she were anxious to sound the very depths of my nature: while I delight in gratifying her, since I realize that she is seeking the ideal. The Christ whom she loves, seems too far away: she instinctively yearns to bring Him truly into her life, but her religion is actually a barrier to her spiritual progress.

Dear Eugénie, I must have you meet her. In you, she would find a real well of sympathy, knowledge and experience; while I can imagine your pleasure, at hearing some of her fresh and original thoughts; issuing as they do, from a very fount of innocence and virtue.

We have had three dances and one reception, inside of two weeks. So you see I am having a good time, or rather what is considered a good time.

Do write soon, Eugénie: tell me all the news; and let me know when you sail; for a little bird has been whispering me that you are going to Paris this summer; and I am consumed with curiosity to hear all about it.

Affectionately,

JEANNE.



Christ explaining the Eucharist to the Angels.

## Wherefore the Eucharist?

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*To continue the admirable example of the terrestrial life of the Word Incarnate.*

### I.—ADORATION.

**A**DORE our Lord Jesus Christ truly and personally Present upon the altar, and listen to the consoling words coming from the Blessed Sacrament: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." "I am the way, the truth and the life." "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

When our Lord uttered these words He manifested one of the greatest benefits, one of the most important ends of His mission on earth. Mankind had perverted the notion of natural virtues and totally ignored supernatural virtues. Had it not been for the Revelation of the Christ Saviour, of the "Holy of God" who through His speech and example taught the true notion and perfect practice of the same, the world would have continued to live in darkness and in the evil paths of moral corruption.

The notion of virtue taught by words so clear, and upheld by the encouraging example of the Word Incarnate is therefore an immense benefit. It is He who taught the world what was meant by the love of God, the love of our neighbour, chastity, meekness, patience, obedience, and all the moral virtues. By practising them first Himself, the Saviour made them lovely and attractive; by His example He has overcome our dislike of all exertion; and by making Himself the reward of all act of virtue accomplished in His love, He has given to the struggles of virtue such magnificent compensations that man has come to undertake joyfully the greatest sacrifices in order to practice it.

Secondly, the Eucharist perpetuating under the eyes of all generations the terrestrial life of the Word Incarnate : it is sufficient to look at It, to know what is taught by faith in reference to this sacrament, in order to see in it the most sublime, the most heroic virtues, which emanate from the Eucharistic state itself and seem to be its condition.

Who is there, in that inertness, that powerlessness, in that poor tabernacle, under those humble appearances ? The Man-God Almighty, the triumphant King. What poverty, what humility ! Who yields to the word of the consecrating priest, who surrenders to the prayer of the communicant ? The King of kings, the sovereign Master ! How eagerly obedient, how unreservedly submissive He is ! Who silently suffers the irreverence, the insults, the sacrileges which daily assail the Blessed Sacrament ? The God of majesty, the God whom the angels adore in trembling ! What heroic patience ! Who finally gives the Eucharist with all the graces It contains, to all, always and unceasingly ? The God who owes no one anything, the Saviour who has accomplished His task on earth to the last jot and tittle. How sublime is His devotedness in the Blessed Sacrament ! What charity, what forgetfulness of Himself ! And thus appear all the virtues taught and practised by the Saviour in the Eucharist where He perpetuates the teachings and the examples of His human life through His sacramental life.

## II.—THANKSGIVING.

You will not be able to meditate on that consoling truth without feeling that your soul penetrated with gratitude for the delicate goodness, the touching condescension of our Lord. For, if it is absolutely necessary that virtues should be taught to us through example in order that we should understand them, is it not infinitely good on the part of Our Lord to perpetuate in this Sacrament the virtues of His life, so that all may see them with their own eyes, practised before them in all perfection ? No doubt the fact of reading the account of the virtues of Our Lord in the Gospel is a great deal ; but is it not still more efficacious to see the practice of them continued before you ?

The examples of these virtues are so striking that the most simple-minded can easily understand them. The poverty of the tabernacle; the frailty of the holy elements; the silence and patience of the Saviour in the Sacrament where He is forgotten, insulted or harshly treated; His eagerness in giving Himself to us, friends or foes; all this is visible, palpable, accessible to all; it is sufficient to have the faith of the catechism which teaches that the Christ God and Man is Present under the veils of the Sacrament. If He accepts and submits to all the conditions of this state, poverty, patience, humility sacrifices, it is evident He wants them, has chosen and adopted them: these conditions are therefore virtues He practices and of which He gives examples. Then, in order to understand, it is only necessary to come before the Eucharist and remember the precept of Saint Peter: "See and do likewise."

But His goodness which places under our eyes these luminous and perpetual examples, does more yet; it gives us the Blessed Sacrament Itself as a nourishment, which means that through Communion we receive the grace, the strength and the means of practising what is taught to us. Communion gives the soul the means of practising what example has taught her. The master of virtues descends into us, is united to us, practises His virtues with us; He gives us, through His Presence in our souls, the power and facility of virtue, of its sacrifices and struggles. It is more than example, it is divine strength put into the interior of our souls, adapted to our faculties. And as Communion is offered to us every day in our life, in all circumstances in which we are liable to find ourselves, it is therefore in an uninterrupted manner that the Eucharist imparts to us the grace of Christian virtues, as without interruption it shows us these virtues in action.

O abundance of the riches of our God, lavishly bestowed in the Sacrament, who will ever be able to sound thy depths in order to give in return adequate thanksgiving!

### III.—PROPTIATION.

Two thoughts can be brought under this subject as substance for reparation. The first is that the examples

of the virtues of Jesus so mercifully continued under our eyes, and His assistance so abundantly bestowed on our souls make our vices, our sins, our cowardice in doing good, our wilful faults incomparably uglier, more sinful and more worthy of punishment. To be what we are in the presence of what He is and of what He so perseveringly endeavours to make us through His grace and His example ! O shame ! O horror ! How can we sufficiently despise ourselves ? . . .

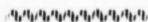
The second source of reparation originates from the fact that very few Christians think of the virtues of Jesus in the Eucharist ; nearly all disregard this treasure that Jesus nevertheless offers us only at the expense of immense sacrifices forced upon His glory, His honor, His royalty. It is sad, painful and lamentable that this great master-piece of wisdom and love should be so much ignored, so much neglected. This is to be regretted for us and for others and we must take the opportunity of sympathizing with the Saviour always " ignored by those amongst whom He abides, not in spirit only, but in truth and reality."

#### IV.—PRAYER.

Let us ask for the grace and take the resolution of living hereafter on more intimate and vividly true terms with the Eucharist ; of studying therein the virtues of Jesus ; of adapting what the Gospel relates in reference to them in order to better understand them ; of taking to heart at last in the contemplation of the Eucharist the examples of the virtues of our calling ; and of receiving with Holy Communion, the graces and the necessary help to reproduce these divine examples in ourselves. Let the Eucharist be to us, in fact, " the Way, the Truth, the Life !"

#### PRACTICE.

Never meditate on a virtue without studying the manner in which Jesus practices it in the Blessed Sacrament, and what means of practising it are given to us by Holy Communion.





JESUS,  
PRISONER OF LOVE,  
IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT OF THE EUCHARIST.

May my soul, o divine Captive, be bound to thy Tabernacle by the precious chains of Faith, Confidence and Charity !

## New York Notes.

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### AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.



THE little church of St Jean-Baptiste was packed to the doors on Sunday afternoon, May 12th, when the Retreat of the ladies of the Congregation, so ably conducted and eloquently preached by Rev. Father Lawrence, of the Oblates of Lowell, came to an end.

The closing sermon was delivered in a most effective way by Father Lawrence and deeply impressed the congregation. Then came the consecration of the ladies to the Blessed Virgin, directed by Rev. Father Letellier, who distributed a booklet containing the prayer of consecration which was simultaneously read by them.

The papal benediction was then given, and was followed by the admission of new members to the Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The act of consecration was read by Miss Leary, President of the St-Jean-Baptiste centre of the Eucharistic League.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded these memorable services.

The opening of the men's Retreat, also under the direction of Reverend Father Lawrence, took place at 8 P. M.

### AT THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE IN NEW YORK.

The crypt of the little church of St-Jean-Baptiste in 76th St. is now being extensively altered. Busy workmen are tearing down the old gloomy plaster coating of the walls and substituting huge blocks of the purest white marble, adding beauty and considerable light to the basement. A new front door is to be made for the convenience of the numerous pilgrims who will visit the



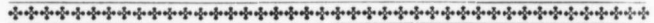
newly decorated crypt where they can venerate the relic of the saint, which will be enclosed in a suitable reliquary.

We are again duty bound to pay homage to the disinterested charity of Miss Leary, whose generous hand has done so much for the transformation of the church in the erection of a suitable throne for the Blessed Sacrament and who now seeks to beautify the shrine of St. Anne.

In the year 1899, a newspaper of this city published the following: "It is not now necessary to go to the shrines of Lourdes or Loretto or Padua or Guadalupe for instances of miracles. We can find proof which defies confutation and staggers scepticism of miracles performed on Manhattan Island, in the heart of this busy, modern, practical American city."

The paper alluded to miracles that had been worked as the result of the presence in the church of St-Jean-Baptiste of the relic of St. Anne.

The annual novena in connection with the feast of St. Anne will be conducted this year with more splendor than ever. No doubt, as in the past, wonderful cures will be recorded.



## Items of Interest.

NEW YORK.—St. Teresa's Centre, which introduced the Eucharistic League in February last, has already 500 active members, including 170 men.

The Ascension Centre, New York, inaugurated the Nocturnal Adoration during the Forty Hours devotion with encouraging success.

St. Gabriel's Centre, New Rochelle, has already 70 new associates in a total membership of 300, and the Centre

will send, as last year, a goodly delegation to the Men's reunion on June 9th.

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At the semi-annual Council at the Cathedral on Wednesday, May 19th, nearly every New York Centre was represented, and reported increase of membership and encouraging features in the work. One pastor was already interesting the children in the Eucharistic League.

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Rev. Father Wilson, O. P., local Director at St. Vincent's Ferrer's Church, will say a special Communion Mass on Corpus Christi morning for the associates of that Centre.

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St. Stephen's Centre, New York, records a steadily increasing number of adorations per card register. There are now 200 adorations recorded weekly. The lists have been thoroughly revised. Regular monthly meetings are held in the church with a half hour's adoration in common, as a part of the order of exercises.

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Great interest is being shown by the Men's Advisory Board, which will take entire charge of the proceedings on the evening of June 9th. Congregational singing by the men is being practised in the various Centres.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan will officiate at the Benedictions at both the Reunions of the People's Eucharistic League in New York, and Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonnell at the Services in Brooklyn.

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#### FOR THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

Our local Directors are urged to invite the members of the Eucharistic League to receive Holy Communion in a

body at the morning of the Feast of Corpus Christi. The men should be encouraged to a general Communion on the Sunday within the Octave, June 9th.

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The Novena of preparation for the Feast of the Sacred Heart and the Octave of Corpus Christi will begin at the Cathedral, June 6th, at the 6.30 A. M. Mass. Morning Service at 6.30 A. M. Evening Service at 8, except Sunday and Thursday. All associates are cordially invited.

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The Blessed Sacrament will be exposed at the Cathedral on the Feast of Corpus Christi until the close of the afternoon services. Associates from local centres will be welcomed to the organized Adoration.


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The reunion and procession in the afternoon will begin at 4.30, and will consist as usual of a sermon and solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Zelatrices will please assemble at 4 P. M. The blue ticket is for the Zelatrices only. General admission white. No Zelatrice will be admitted to her seat in the middle aisle without her scarf, the badge of office. Tickets may be obtained at Local Centres.

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**THE MEN'S REUNION.**—The Men's Reunion will be held at the Cathedral on Sunday, June 9th, at 8 P. M. The delegates will meet at the Local Centres and march to the Cathedral. Red tickets for centre aisle. General admission yellow. No ladies will be admitted to the Cathedral at the Men's Reunion.

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## The Children's Hour.

### Tim's Promise.

JOSEPHINE MARIÉ.

**I**T is a long, rough, road and seems endless to the little brother and sister who trudge wearily but bravely along, determined to accomplish their purpose at any cost.

There is a difference of only two years in their ages, but Tim in his own estimation is much the senior of his five-year old sister.

He looks anxiously at her as she walks beside him, her hand placed confidingly in his. She tries her best to keep up with him, but the footsteps falter and there is a suspicious moisture in the blue eyes.

"I 'dess we must 'most be dere, budder," she says timidly, "ar'nt we?"

"Oh! it won't be long now, dearie," he says in the superior way which sits so quaintly upon him; it is just up there, see!" and he points to the top of the mountain which they are slowly ascending. The rays of the sun fall softly and dazzlingly upon the snow that rests upon the rocky peaks which seem in their rugged strength as they rise on every side, to promise protection to the little waifs who look such tiny specks against their grandeur.

"It's a very long way, Tim," she says with a sigh, "and I'se very tired."

"That's just because you're a baby, Nell; only babies get tired," replies Tim, disdaining to admit his own fa-

tigue. But, in reality, his heart is sinking, for her little face has grown white, and his own legs sturdy though they are, find the steep way every moment more difficult to climb. Well might they be tired. Since early morning the children have been walking, and now it is nearly four in the afternoon.

"There! don't cry, Nell," he exclaims, stopping in their ascent to throw his arms penitently around her. The cruel accusation of being still a "baby" when she was trying so hard to be brave, "jest like a grown-up person," and not get tired, has been too much for the overwrought nerves of the little sister. "I am bringing you to mamma, dearie, just as I promised, you know."

"Did you weally promise, Tim?" she asks doubtfully.

"Why, yes; don't you remember the day, mamma cried, and said she was going to leave us for a while and told me to take care of you, and I said I would bring you to her?"

"Oh, yes, I r'member now, brudder," she answers, a faint smile struggling through the tears; "mamma said we'd have to wait till the Master send for us."

"And I," exclaims the boy, "said nothing would make me wait; I'd bring you to her im-me-di-ately."

Tim never feels so big, so able to guard his sister, as when he uses words which are long and "grown-up-fied," even if he stumbles a little over them.

"P'raps the Master *will* mind, though," Nell ventures to remonstrate.

Tim is silent; it is a possibility he evidently has not dreamed of.

"I don't think so," he says after a slight pause; "the Master mamma spoke of is good and wise, and loves little children; she said so and told us to go and ask Him to let us come to her away from step-father."

"Oh, don't Tim, don't," and the child shudders at the name, but the boy heeds her not.

"And just then He came in," he continues excitedly, "and made us leave her, and locked us up in a room, and the next day when he let us out and we asked for mamma he laughed and told us to go and find her, and we will find her, Nell, we will."

"We will," echoed the little sister, faintly; "but there isn't any house up there; there isn't any house," and she shakes her head sadly.

Tim makes no answer. He is thinking, trying to remember. In silence they wend their way, stopping sometimes to pick a stray wild flower, or to drink the pure water which falls with exquisite grace over the rocky edges.

"I can't walk any further, Tim, carry me."

But the long climb without food, the days of ill-treatment and of childish grief, have been too much for the little brother's strength.

"I can't, dearie; I am tired, too," he says, wearily, forced at last to admit his fatigue. "Oh, mamma, why didn't you tell us how to come? You only said it was up there and that it was bright and beautiful; I thought that must be it," and he looked wistfully at the beauty above them, which in the glory of the setting sun is growing momentarily more radiant, as if heaven, in its tenderness for earth, had sent a little of its own light to rest upon it in token of its love. To the children it seems a messenger of hope, a beacon to guide them upward.

"Let us say our prayers, Nell; perhaps the dear God is making the light brighter to show us the way up there."

Then, removing his ragged cap in the reverent way his mother had taught him, he softly says: "Our Father who art in heaven."

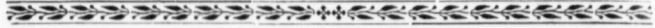
"Our Fadder, who art in heaven," lisps Nell, folding her tiny hands.

"Thy kingdom come, thy—oh, look, look," exclaims Tim, interrupting his prayer.

Following the direction in which he points, Nell sees just to their left, a wooden cross, hewn of the roughest of rough wood, but the outstretched form upon it speaks with mute eloquence to the childish hearts too young young perhaps to understand, but too pure not to feel the deep love depicted there. Instinctively, they draw near, and, kneeling, rest their tired heads against the cross of Him who so lovingly bids little ones to come unto Him.

"I guess we must be almost there, Nell," and Nell faintly echoes: "Most-dere."

When the morning dawns, and the sun rises once more to its faithful watch over the mountain, its light rests, as if in benediction, upon the childish forms still clinging to the cross and the peace in each sweet face tells us that Tim's promise is fulfilled. Baby is with mamma now—and so is little Tim.



## Walking with Jesus.

(From *Life*.)



WONDER what they are doing!" thinks Marjorie, and she pushes the door of the quaint village church wider open and steals softly in. The lighted lamp before the sanctuary, the statues of the Virgin-mother and Saint Joseph, the eager expression upon the bright faces of children grouped before the chancel, interest her, and with her usual inquisitiveness she tries to see what it all means.

"I wonder who the lady is. She must be teaching them. I guess I will go nearer and hear what she says," and she goes up the side aisle to a pew near the altar.

"Now, dear children," she hears her say, "be very careful to do all I tell you. You know we must have everything as lovely as possible for our Lord on Sunday." The responsive smile that lights each earnest face shows that the simple words have touched the right chord in the childish hearts. The children are twelve in number, the sons and little daughters of the visitors at the fashionable sea-side resort. Hearing that the Forty-Hours' devotion will take place in a few days, their mothers have asked the privilege of the Pastor of the parish church of having their children mingle with the little villagers in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. As the honor is a new experience for these children, Miss Geraldine—so they

call her—has volunteered to rehearse with them the ceremonies in which they must take part. Marjorie's entrance disturbs them momentarily. Every head is, of course, turned at once in her direction. "I say, Bob, I guess she is a Protestant, she did not bow before the altar," whispers one of the boys to the one next him.

Marjorie hears and flushes painfully. "Hush, boys," Miss Geraldine says reprovingly. "That is all right, dear; you will not disturb us in the least." The kind words reassure the child and she smiles with all the gratitude of a ten-year old heart. Freckled, with bright, red hair, there is nevertheless something very winning in the little countenance that just now looks unusually shy.

"Now, children, think only of what I tell you. One, two, three," and boys and girls kneel simultaneously—try to—I should say, for not two kneel at the same instant. "That will not do at all. Again—one, two, three." This time it is better, but it needs patience to rehearse such restless, mischievous children, and Marjorie soon begins to feel it a bit monotonous.

"Why are you preparing so earnestly?" asks Miss Geraldine. The unexpected question reawakens her interest and she listens eagerly for the reply.

"Because it is God whom we will walk with," answers a boy unhesitatingly. Geraldine smiles at the quick, quaint response.

"Yes, dear," she says gently, "our God loves us so much that even in His human nature He dwells still in our midst on the altar and just as Saint Joseph carried Him when He was a helpless Babe out into the streets of Bethlehem and Nazareth, so now his priest will carry Him hidden and silent in the sacred Host through the aisles of the church to bless all who are near to Him."

"We will be nearer than anyone," exclaim two of the boys. "Father Kearney said we were to walk each side of him."

"And we," murmur the girls, "will strew the flowers."

"You will all be near Him, dear children. Your faith and love will be the flowers He likes the best. What will you think of as you go up and down the aisles? not



of the people or even of the pretty dresses and ribbons you will wear, I am sure."

"I shall think that I am in the Body-guard of the King of kings, and I shall be very glad," one boy says very simply. "And I," murmured a little girl, "shall think that I am near Jesus just like the children we saw in the picture yesterday when the Apostles wanted to send the children away and Jesus wouldn't let them 'cause they didn't bother Him one bit," the last words as emphatic as a very loud whisper could make them.

"And you, little one," asks Miss Geraldine of the tiniest tot of all—she is just five years old—"what will you think of as you walk before Jesus, our blessed Lord?"

"I will just give Him my love every minute," and at that reply Miss Geraldine can only smile, through tears.

Fair and balmy Sunday morning dawns. Humble villagers in print calicoes and queer hats, ladies of fashion in flounced gowns of muslin and lace fill the picturesque church. Wild roses and lillies adorn the chancel and daisy-chains woven by many little fingers grace the altar rail. The birds trill sweetly in the eaves and rays of sunlight gleam through the stained glass windows as if to do homage to Him who called it forth from nothingness. Marjorie waits with breathless interest for the children. It has been no easy matter to win permission to attend a Catholic service, but a crying-spell, a rare thing with her, won what words could not, and now she sits contentedly in the middle aisle where she can see everything. "I feel very happy," she thinks, "I wonder why." It would hardly be Marjorie were she not wondering. Softly the organ plays and little ones, numbering nearly one hundred, enter with measured steps and go toward the altar "like angels," she thinks, and as priests in embroidered vestments and acolytes in surplices of white fill the chancel, she wonders still more. The Mass does not seem very long, strange as it is to her. The priest places Something, what she cannot see, in a Receptacle which shines "like the sun," as its golden spikes gleam beneath the light of myriad candles. A garment of silk envelops him as holding aloft the sacred Host he leaves the altar. Two by two, boys in black coats and frilled shirts, little girls in

white frocks with wreaths of clematis crowning their wee heads, go with folded hands before him. Tity tots three and four years of age throw flowers as fresh and pure as if they were their "own little hearts dropping from the baskets," to strew the path over which Jesus is to pass.

"There is the little girl who said she would give her love to Him every minute," thinks Marjorie, and the look in the baby-face tells us that Jesus has ways unguessed by men of speaking to the little ones whom He bids us, "to suffer, come unto to him." "Jesus must be here—*really* here," murmurs Marjorie, and when all is over Geraldine finds her kneeling alone on the altar step. "Why do you kneel here, my child," she asks very gently.

"Because I want to be very close to Jesus," she says simply.

Clearly, indeed, has the Lord of love spoken to one little heart.



## Mother's Face.

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Three little boys talked together,  
One sunny summer day,  
And I leaned out of the window  
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
One of the little boys said,  
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,  
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
Said the second little lad,  
"Was a pony at the circus—  
I wanted him awful bad."

“ I think,” said the third little fellow  
 With a grave and gentle grace,  
 “ The prettiest thing in all the world,  
 Is just my mother’s face.”

—*Selected.*

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## The Two Angels.

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Two angels in our home oft bide awhile,  
 To go again.  
 The one named Joy (met ever with a smile),  
 The other, Pain.

One comes arrayed in robes of rosy light,  
 With sunshine barred.  
 The other, swathed in garb of somber night,  
 With tears, thick starred.

Yet, when Joy gathers up her golden threads  
 And goes away,  
 The jewel, gleaming on her forehead, sheds  
 No backward ray.

While Pain—whene'er her ministry of sorrow ends  
 In tender grace  
 Turns at the threshold and a blessing leaves  
 To fill her place.

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# MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

## THE THANKFUL HEART. \*

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

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"But it is such a curious, curious name. It makes me wonder so much. Don't you think it might mean something?"

"No, Miss Nancy, I cannot say that I do."

"But supposing that it did?" persisted Miss Nancy, resting her elbows on the table, and her chin on her hands.

"And supposing that it didn't," said Trimmer, tartly. "Miss Nancy, take your elbows off the table. That is what I am supposing."

"Yes," said Miss Nancy, obediently. "Trimmer, now I have taken my elbows off the table, could you tell me?"

"Tell you *what*, Miss Nancy?" said Trimmer, with some exasperation.

"About the Thankful Heart, Trimmer."

"I cannot tell you more than I have done, Miss Nancy. It is an old house, and no more, and no less."

"I don't mean that," persisted Miss Nancy. "I mean, *what* is it?"

"And haven't I just told you, Miss Nancy?" demanded Trimmer, with a kind of exhausted patience.

"Yes," said Miss Nancy; "but you don't understand, Trimmer."

However, this sounded so exceedingly rude to an elder, that Miss Nancy blushed, and hastened to add, before Trimmer could reprove her, "I mean, I don't understand."

\* By kind permission of E. P. DUTTON & CO.

"No, Miss Nancy," said Trimmer, severely. "No, you do not."

"But I want to understand," said Miss Nancy. "Trimmer, don't you think you could make me?"

"You do not need to understand anything but your duties. To obey your elders, and tell the truth, and do your lessons and mind your behavior, what more can you want, Miss Nancy?"

"I have tried to obey my elders all to-day, Trimmer, and I don't remember telling anything but the truth, and I have done my lessons, and minded my behavior a good deal, but *still* I want to understand and I don't."

"Then do all those same things more until you do," concluded Trimmer. Which was, though perhaps evasive on Trimmer's part, a saying deeper than she knew.

"Yes. Only still I want to know," said Miss Nancy, steadfastly. "But never mind, Trimmer, because of course it does not matter."

So, Miss Nancy was led to bring the subject forward for the consideration of Giles, a person of an age unknown—though, as Miss Nancy believed, rather great—and of large attributes, in right of his self-arrogation.

"Giles," said Miss Nancy accordingly, upon the first opportunity, looking up from the modest level of the Shetland pony at the cross old face on the height of the squire's tremendous red horse,—"Giles, what kind of thoughts do you have about the Thankful Heart?"

"Ah!" said Giles, with an eye of untold wisdom, having never given much thought to the subject, but having a mind above admitting it. "Do you mean my thankful heart, or somebody else's?"

"I mean the one the house means," said Miss Nancy, somewhat obscurely,— "the old house near the church."

"Oh, ay; that same old place. And what about it, Miss Nancy?"

"I want to know what about it, Giles,"

"Ay, well, Miss Nancy, I told you it had never been aught in my time but a gashiy old place."

"Oh, *no*, Giles," said Miss Nancy seriously, dimly perceiving the term, whatever it might mean, to be a lowering one, "not at all gashiy, I think. And you said it

was an old place before. But I want to understand what a thankful heart is, exactly."

"Well, I reckon it is being thankfully minded," said Giles grudgingly, not being himself of that disposition.

"And what ought one to be thankful for?"

"For one's vittles, Miss Nancy."

"All of them?" inquired Miss Nancy, with a lingering hope that there might be a dispensation in favor of rice pudding, when partaken of for the fourth time in one week.

"Ay, I reckon so. And the clothes to one's back."

"Even if they are clothes you do not much like, Giles?" said Miss Nancy, faint-heartedly, with the new Leghorn hat stalking gloomily before her mind's eye, and the bottle-green coat that pinched round the neck.

"Ay, to be sure, for all one's clothes."

"And anything else, Giles?"

"For things mostly, Miss Nancy," said Giles, though it went to his heart to confess it.

"Then a thankful heart means, that you are to be thankful for everything you have, even for the things you do not like?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that," said Giles, inclined to back out at this view of the matter; "because I reckon a man couldn't be thankful for things as he *wasn't* thankful for."

"But it is generally rather rude to pick out things, you know. I think it does not seem nice only to be thankful for the things you *like* to be thankful for," said Miss Nancy, deeply. "Don't you think so?"

But Giles did not think it by any means, and declined to allow that he did.

"It isn't having a thankful heart, after all, if you leave some of the things out," argued Miss Nancy.

On which Giles took refuge in a sudden access of majesty, and the discussion fell to the ground.

"I cannot quite say it," was Miss Nancy's conclusion, "but I think that it is really and truly *in* the thankful heart. If you have that, I believe you do feel thankful, always for everything."

## VI.

"Trimmer," remarked Miss Nancy, with studied affability, "I do know such a nice walk; you cannot think what a good one it is."

"Indeed, Miss Nancy," responded Trimmer, with but moderate warmth.

"You would like it very much, I feel sure that you would," pursued Miss Nancy. "Trimmer, when you want to go a new walk, will you tell me?"

"Yes, Miss Nancy, I will."

This was not encouraging; Miss Nancy was reduced to plain speaking. "I should like to go this walk very much. Might we go to-day?"

If poor Trimmer could have found any reasonable grounds for refusal, she would gladly have availed herself of them, for, like Aunt Norreys, she hated country walks, but Miss Nancy had to be taken somewhere.

"I begin to grow a little tired of the road to St. Edmunds'," said Miss Nancy. "I know it rather well, you see. And the road through the village, too."

"Miss Nancy," said Trimmer, determinedly, "my face is fixed against fields."

"The new walk is a lane!" cried Miss Nancy, triumphantly. "It is not fields, nor ditches, nor horses, nor cows. Trimmer, do you think we could go it!"

"I shall see when I get there," replied Trimmer, guardedly. "Miss Nancy, do not think that frock is clean enough to go out in, for it is not. And that makes three clean print frocks this week."

"I don't want to put another on, Trimmer," said Miss Nancy, in subdued accents; but, to propitiate the seat of government, made no further protest, and stood with exemplary patience to be dressed in that plain but spotless garment considered by Trimmer the only proper one for a young lady taking her walks abroad in the season of summer. Cleanliness came before godliness in Trimmer's requirements. Miss Nancy might accidentally be naughty now and then, but under no circumstances might she be dirty.

"This walk will begin like the village," announced Miss Nancy, when the expedition had set out "You will think it is going to be through the village like the old one, but it is not. Presently you will see it."

Presently came just the outskirts of the village, when Miss Nancy opened the churchyard gate.

"Miss Nancy, where are you going now?" demanded Trimmer.

"It is a proper walk, quite proper," said Miss Nancy, stoutly, leading the way in much haste, lest Trimmer should change her mind, past the sunny window where the white roses peeped and nodded to Master Bartlemy, to a wicket in the churchyard wall, and a flight of worn steps into a little lane, very narrow, and very deep.

"Trimmer, *this* is it," announced Miss Nancy.

Trimmer did not respond with enthusiasm.

"It looks very dirty, Miss Nancy," she said.

"No, it is only a very little dirty, Trimmer, and I do not mind it, I do not, indeed. And you do not know, Trimmer, for you cannot possibly know, how beautiful it is down there."

Trimmer turned down the new lane with the eye of one who has doubts. The churchyard wall was on one side, and on the other an overgrown hedge, so that the churchyard trees and the hawthorn bushes met overhead. This made the lane very attractive to a person of Miss Nancy's age; but a person of Trimmer's could not be blind to a mud in the deep ruts, and Trimmer picked her way with a very dissatisfied face.

"Isn't it beautiful?" breathed Miss Nancy. "But soon it will be *more*!"

"I hope so, Miss Nancy," said Trimmer plainly, "for I was just beginning to think that we would turn back."

"Oh, Trimmer! When it is just here — at least, only such a little further!"

"Well, Miss Nancy, I really do not see what you have come to look at," said Trimmer, but being by no means an unkind woman, though a strict one, she struggled on to Miss Nancy's goal. The lane ended in old iron gates, hung on stones pillars with great stone balls on their tops.

"And, oh, Trimmer, it is here!" said Miss Nancy.



“There is not much to see here, Miss Nancy,” replied Trimmer; “I suppose it is only that old place you talked about.”

Miss Nancy looked at her beseechingly. “And don’t you like it? But, Trimmer, mayn’t I stay a few minutes, and look?”

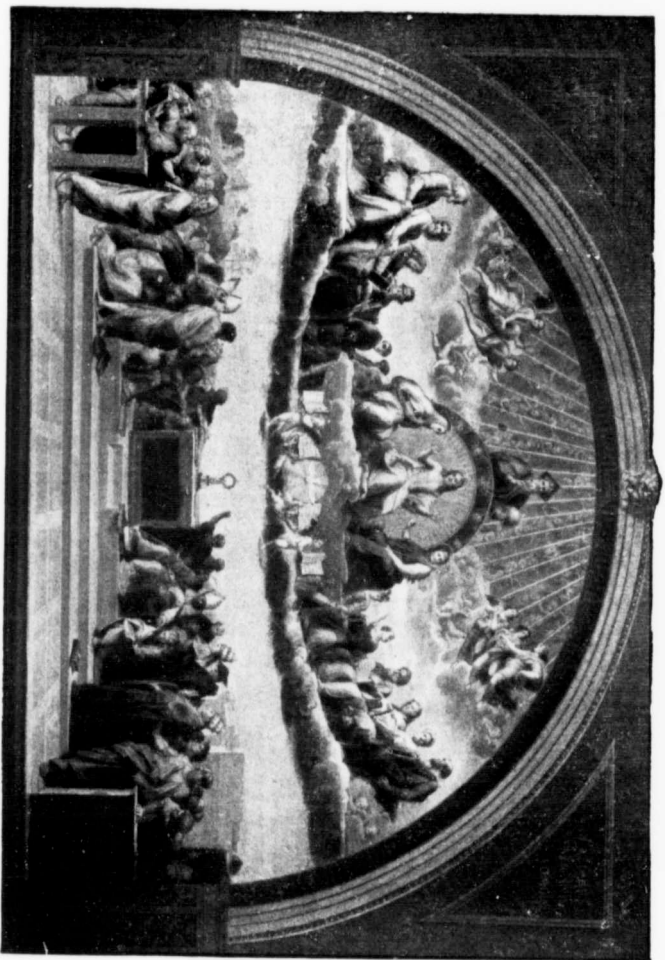
“Well, you may stay while I walk to the corner and back,” said Trimmer.

Miss Nancy thanked her thankfully; and Trimmer turned away, with the somewhat old reflection that there was no accounting for the fancies of children. What Miss Nancy could find to look at, she failed to see; and indeed exactly where the attraction did lie does not appear. Could we precisely define all those odd fascinations of our childhood, to which we still look back pleasantly,—if sometimes a little sadly! for alas, there are no such dreams now-a-days!

Miss Nancy stood oblivious to all else, clasping the bars of the gates, with her face pressed to them, gazing in, with her very heart in her eyes, upon a meadow so yellow with buttercups that it was like a field of gold, upon a path leading through it to a low stone wall and another gateway, of which the gates were open, as if they had not been closed for a long, long time. Miss Nancy could see within. She saw a wide old courtyard paved with stone, filled with yellow sunlight, where the pigeons came down, and fluttered and strutted; she saw mellow walls, latticed windows, twisted chimneys, peaked roofs, overhanging gables, and apple and pear trees all pink and white with bloom. Behind, the rolling uplands where the sheep pastured, and the hanging birchwood falling down to the level meadows, and before the field of the cloth of gold, where the buttercups grew, and in the midst, the house of the Thankful Heart.

*(To be continued.)*





The triumph of the Blessed Sacrament  
From Raphael's celebrated paintings.