



Jesus healing the sick child
After a picture by Gabriel Max.



Christmas Message to our Readers.

Behold Your King is Come! The Tabernacle of
God is with Men!

ADORATOR.

SAINTE John had for many years been a faithful apostle of the Master, but the hair hung snow-white upon his shoulders, when he sat down to commit to writing his deepest thoughts upon the great Mystery of the Incarnation. Like a strain of heavenly music, his wonderful words of truth and light, fell upon a listening world and hearts were thrilled by them then, as hearts are thrilled by them now. We look into the face of the new born Babe in the crib of Bethlehem and instinctively our thoughts are led to the opening of the Gospel which describes the marvelous thing that came to pass that first Christmas night: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." We need go no further in the narrative. This is sufficient to cause us to kneel and adore.

How our hearts pity those who have no faith in the Divinity of the Babe of Blessed Mary! Those for whom Christmas has no other significance than a mere holiday for the presenting of gifts, the exchanging of friendly greetings, and social entertainment! What is it we would not be willing to sacrifice rather than lose our faith in

the Incarnation! It is the great comfort of our earthly life. How barren would be the world without it!

Sad indeed is it to think that there are those outside the Church calling themselves christians, who have lost all faith in the Divinity, and who are trying by written and spoken word to rob the Savior's birth of its miraculousness. But we who believe in the great truth of the Incarnation as the Rock and Foundation of our Faith, know how vast was the importance, and how great the event of that gracious night in the long ago. If ever miracle might be let lose out of the rigid hand of law, when should it be but now, when the king of all the laws is coming in His personality?

If there are angels, now certainly is the time for them to appear. If the stars can even have a message and lead men, now is the time when their ministry can plead its strongest warrant. To any one who believes in the possibility of miracle at all, and who knows what the meaning of the Incarnation is, the wonder would be if it had no miraculous accompaniment.

Our Emmanuel came girt round with wonders, and He came so gently, so unnoticed save by the few who clustered nearest to His life, that the great surface of the world's existence was hardly rippled by the wonderful touch that had fallen upon it. The choirs of heavenly attendants made the hill-tops ring with their glad anthems of peace and good-will. A set of poor men, engaged in a life of hardship, exposed at that very time to the cold and darkness of the night, watching their flocks, are startled by the radiant presence of an Angel, bidding them, "Fear not." "And then the Angel goes on to tell them what is happening over there in that little town of Bethlehem—the King of the Ages has come before a world of pride in the most abject poverty. "You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." And so we kneel before the manger and we behold no trappings of royalty, no tokens of divine descent. But we know that the angels are His invisible adorers, and we know that the first moments of this mysterious life are but a prelude of what is to come.

More fortunate than the chosen people, we are permitted to read the lesson which this scene in Bethlehem is

earthly
outside
ve lost
written
miracul-
of the
Faith,
eat the
If ever
of law,
all the
or them
nd lead
lead its
he pos-
mean-
f it had
and He
o clust-
of the
nderful
evenly
nthems
ed in a
old and
startled
them,
ll them
Bethle-
world of
nd the
a man-
behold
nt. But
and we
are but
permit
hem is

divinely designed to teach. If earthly empire were a thing above all others good, Christ would come as an earthly emperor. If there were not something ennobling in the divorcement from all earthly things, Christ would not have made poverty His portion. If there were not something salutary in the helplessness and innocence of childhood, He that was heralded by a hundred prophets would not require His special servants to become as little children.

We may not be able to read aright the full lesson of the stable and the crib, but we can venture near and kneel with profit. In the presence of such abasement we can realize that there is something in life more precious than outward glamour and material success. Happy the childlike, the lowly, the despised, the forgotten, the rejected, the persecuted, the meek, the guileless, the single-eyed, the clean of heart — thrice happy all that draw near the crib and there in the presence of the helpless God, beg and obtain grace to see and understand that it matters not how loftily we make the journey which leads to eternity, but how closely we follow in the footsteps of Him Who annihilated Himself that we might live, and share with Him the Kingdom which was His in the glory of the Father before the constitution of the world.

And so, dear friend of the Eucharist, we wish you all a happy Christmas, and we ask you to take the thoughts we have written for you into your homes and hearts on the glad festive day of our Savior's birth. Rejoice in the good tidings the Angel brought to our poor world! Receive your Lord—your Emmanuel—in the sweet Sacrament of His love with all possible fervor, and then you will realize, in a measure at least, what a mystery there is from first to last in the Son of God becoming man. And remember that the object of it all was to make you a Seraphim of adoring love — to make it possible for you, dear friends, to ascend as high as He descended low.



Christmas and the Eucharist

FROM

Père Eymard's Noel et L'Eucharistie

*Hodie parvulus natus est nobis.
For a Child is born to us.*

(Isaias IX. 6.)



LOVELY Feast, Feast of the Birth of the Saviour ! — We always hail it with joy. It lives again by our love, It is continued by the Eucharist. The relations between Bethlehem and the Cenacle are inseparable, one is the complement of the other. Let us study them to-day.

The Eucharist was sown at Bethlehem. What is the Eucharist, if not the Wheat of the Elect, the Living Bread ? Now, wheat is sown. It must be buried in the earth, it must germinate, ripen until the harvest, when it is ready to be made into nourishing bread.

Born to-day on the straw of the stable, the Word prepared His Eucharist, which He looked upon as the complement of all His mysteries. He came to unite Himself to man During His life, He established with him the union of grace, the union of example and of merits. But in the Eucharist alone, He was to consummate the most perfect union of which man is capable in this life. We must not lose sight of this divine idea, this end which Our Lord proposed to Himself, if we would comprehend the divine plan : union of grace through the mysteries of His life and death ; union of person in the Eucharist, both the one and the other preparing the consummation of unity in glory.

As the traveller who has one end in view, never loses sight of it, as all his steps tend toward it, so in all His life, Our Lord was secretly and in advance preparing the Eucharist.

This celestial Wheat was, as it were, sown in Bethle-

hem, the House of Bread. Behold Him upon the straw. That straw is trodden under foot, and bruised — it is poor humanity. By itself it bears no fruit. Jesus will restore it, He will give it life, He will render it fruitful: *Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terram*, "unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground, die." — Behold the Divine Grain sown in the ground! His tears are the ground! His tears are the moisture that will make it germinate. It will become beautiful. Bethlehem stands upon a hill overlooking Jerusalem. When the Ear of Wheat shall have ripened, It will incline toward Calvary, where It will be ground, where It will be baked in the fire of suffering in order to become Living Bread.

Kings will come to eat of It, and It will make their delights: *Panis Aser, deliciae regum*. They come to the royal nuptials of the Lamb: *Current Magi ad regales nuptias*. The Magi here represent royal souls, masters over self, who to-day feed on the Blessed Sacrament.

The relations of the Saviour's Birth at Bethlehem with the Eucharist viewed as a Sacrament, are reproduced in the Eucharist taben as a Sacrifice.

It is truly a little Lambkin that is born at Bethlehem. Like a lamb, Jesus is born in a stable, and like the lamb, He knows only His Mother. He already offers Himself in sacrifice. His first cry is: *Hostias et oblationes noluisti, corpus autem aptasti mihi*, "Sacrifice and oblation thou wouldst not, but a body thou hast fitted to me, O Father. Behold I come!" — This body is the condition for immolation. Jesus offers it to His Father. He grows, the little Lambkin, by the side of His Mother, and in forty days she will possess the secret of His immolation. She will feed Him with her pure and virginal milk, she will protect Him for the day of sacrifice. His character of victim will be so marked that, happening to see Him one day of His public life, St. John will designate Him by no other name than that of the Divine Lamb: *Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi*.

The Sacrifice commenced at Bethlehem, is consummated on the altar at Holy Mass. O how touching is Midnight Mass in the Christian world! We hail it long in advance, we always see it return with joy. What is it that gives to our Feast of Christmas its charms, to our

canticles their joyousness, to our heart its transports, if not that upon the altar, Jesus is really born again, although in a different manner? Are not our hymns, our homage directed straight to His Real Presence? The Object of our Feast, as well as of our love is present. We go in reality to Bethlehem, and there we find Him, not a mere remembrance, not a mere image, but the Divine Babe Himself!

See, again, how the Eucharist is begun at Bethlehem. He is always the Emmanuel who comes to dwell among His people, and the Eucharist will perpetuate His presence. There the World was made Flesh. In the Sacrament, He becomes bread, in order to give us His Flesh without exciting our repugnance. There, again, at Bethlehem, He commences the virtues of the Sacramental state.

He had already hid His Divinity, in order to make Himself man's familiar, to familiarize man with God. He had already veiled His divine glory at Bethlehem, in order by degrees to veil even His Humanity in the Holy Eucharist. He bound His mighty power by the weakness of an infant's members, and later He chained it under the Sacramental Species. He is poor, He is despoiled of every possession, He the Creator, the Sovereign Master of all things. The stable does not belong to Him, for it was given Him as an alms. He sees the offerings of the shepherds and the gifts of the Magi in His Mother's hands. Later, in the Eucharist, He asks of man a shelter, the matter of the Sacrament, a vestment for His priest and His altar.

We find in Bethlehem, also, the inauguration of the Eucharistic worship in its principal exercise, adoration.

Mary was the first adoratrix of the Incarnate Word, Joseph His first adorer. Their faith is their virtue: *Beata es, Maria, quæ credidisti*. It is the adoration of virtue.

The shepherds and the Magi adore in union with Mary and Joseph. Mary gives herself up entirely to the service of her Son. She is all attention to His needs, preventing His desires in her eagerness to satisfy them. The shepherds offer their simple and rustic gifts, the Magi their magnificent tributes of homage. It is the adoration of fealty.

The Eucharist, also, will be the rallying-point for all ranks of society, the centre of the Catholic world. To It they will render this double worship of adoration : the interior adoration of faith and love ; and exterior adoration by the magnificence of the gifts, the churches, the thrones on which will be exposed the God of the Eucharist.

II.

The Birth of Our Lord suggests another thought. The angels announced the Saviour to the shepherds by these words : *Hodie natus est vobis Salvator*, 'To-day is born to you a Saviour.' What does that mean ? A new world begins, Adam's work is about to be overthrown and replaced by a work of divine restoration. There are two Adams, each the father of a great people. The first Adam, the terrestrial Adam, was the father of a degenerate world, *de terra terrenus*, and the second Adam is the Father of the world regenerated, *de cælo cælestis*. The second came to reestablish all that the first had destroyed, and, let us remark, that restoration is accomplished here below only by the Eucharist.

The capital point of Adam's fault, like that of the diabolical temptation, was comprised in these words : *Ye shall be as gods*, and in the sentiment of pride that it roused in his heart.

Ye shall become like unto God ! — Alas ! they became like unto beasts ! Our Lord came to take the Promises of Satan, and to repeat them to us, but in order to accomplish them. Satan will be taken in his own shares. Yes, we shall become like unto God by the eating of His Flesh and the drinking of His Blood.

Ye shall not die ! — Immortality ! We receive a certain pledge of it in Holy Communion : "He who eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood, shall have eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Our Lord promises us eternal life. Temporal life we shall lose, but that life is not worthy of the name. It is but a stepping-stone to the true life.

Ye shall be like unto God ! — One's state is changed in mounting to more perfect union. A peasant girl becomes a queen when a king unites her to himself. Now, Our

Lord associates us to His Divinity by communicating Himself to us. We become His Flesh and Blood, we participate in the divine and celestial royalty of the Creator. Human nature has been divinized in the hypostatic union. Communion, also, raises us to divine union. It makes us participants of God's nature. Less perfect, ordinary nourishment, 'is changed into our own substance, but in Communion we are changed into Our Lord, who absorbs us. We become members of God. We shall be so much the more glorious in heaven as we shall have been more changed into Jesus Christ by our frequent participation in His Adorable Body.

Lastly, *Ye shall know all things!* — Evil? Yes! — Good? Certainly not! — Where shall we acquire that divine knowledge of good, excepting in Holy Communion? Hear what Our Lord says to His Apostles after having communicated them: "I will not now call you servants, but My friends; because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father, I have made known to you." Knowledge is taught in the Eucharist by God Himself, who constitutes Himself our special and immediate Master. *Et erunt omnes docibiles.* He no longer speaks to us by the Prophets. He is Himself our Teacher. *Ye shall know all things,* for He is the Divine Wisdom, increated and infinite.

Behold how the Eucharist completes the restoration begun at the Crib. O let us rejoice in this beautiful day, on which arose the divine sun of the Eucharist! May our gratitude never separate the Crib from the Altar, the Word made Flesh from the Man-God become the Bread of Life in the Most Holy Sacrament!



A CHRISTMAS STUDY

Herod the King

AND THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

S. S. S.



THE Christmas festival, naturally, brings before our minds the rulers of the world, at the time, when the birth of Christ came to pass. King Herod is the one mentioned by the Evangelists. St. Matthew says: "When Jesus therefore was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod....." History is always a profitable as well as entertaining study, therefore it will not be time lost if we turn to it at this season and read what it has to tell us of this ruler. He held sway over a petty realm yet he was called, "The Great." He was the founder of the Herodian family. He had risen from an humble Idumean origin by successive steps of promotion to be governor, tetrarch, provincial king. But what's in a name? The spectre with scythe and hour-glass breathes, and, lo, all titles vanish like the fabric of a dream.

As we study his character it is plain to see that he was a clever politician, knowing how to adjust himself to the ups and downs of circumstances. He was true successively to Pompey, Cæsar, and Cassius. In his religion also he was a time-server and sycophant. He courted popularity and made himself universally unpopular. He rebuilt the Jewish temple, and placed the golden eagle of Rome above its entrance; and the Jews hated him. He built a temple on Mount Gerizim for the Samaritans; and the Samaritans despised him. He built a temple at Cæsarea for the pagan gods, and was repaid by plots and conspiracies. His life was in constant danger; He found it

necessary to surround himself with a circle of foreign mercenaries and his capital with a chain of fortified towns.

His personal character was an open scandal. His tyranny in public administration was only equalled by his private vices. He had ten wives ; he murdered one of them and three sons. The Emperor Augustus is credited with this epigram, " It were better to be one of Herod's swine, than one of his children. "

He reigned thirty-seven years. Despite his vices he had many of the qualities that go to make a successful ruler. He was a famous architect, delighting in magnificent temples and palaces ; but of these not one stone is left upon another. The implacable logic of events has left this man no monument.

He died as the fool dieth ; his soul shaken with remorse, his frame consumed with fever, his joints racked and rent asunder by gangrene. He was buried with ostentatious display somewhere under the palms of Jericho, and no man knoweth his grave. His greatness was superficial and transient. His only place in history and his only title to immortality are due to the casual contact with the Infant Jesus.

But if the days of Herod were days of gross immorality and all manner of licentiousness, days enveloped in the darkness of ignorance, and the darkness of despair, they were also days of expectancy. " The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light : to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, light is risen. " Malachias, the last of the old prophetic line rose up like a light burning in the darkness of the Egyptian night, and cried, that all Israel might hear. " But unto you that fear my name, the Sun of justice shall arise, and health in his wings. " It was as true then as it is now, " Man's extremity is God's opportunity, " and the darkest hour is just before the dawn. The Messianic hope was abroad. Devout Jews like Simeon and Anna were waiting for the manifestation of the hope of Israel. The devout Magi were watching the stars. The Greeks were speaking of the coming of the Just One. Virgil was writing his Ninth Eclogue. There were voices asking everywhere, " Watchman what of the night ? " and through the darkness

there came a great answering voice, "The morning cometh!"

God struck the great hour. O, the memory of that night when those two figures came face to face! King Herod and the Babe of Bethlehem! And a conflict then began which shall not cease until the end of time. Herod has on his side all power, all patronage, armies and fleets, the authority of imperial Rome. And the Divine Child? He seems as helpless as any babe that ever lay in a mother's arms.

The flash of the swords of Herod's soldiery opens the long record of strife and persecution. Herod and the Child have crossed each other's paths, and the Child must die. Above all the frightened cries and frenzied shrieks, the voice of Rachel is heard weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted.

Let us pass from that dismal scene in Bethlehem down the centuries, to our own day. Call the roll: "Herod the King!" There is no voice nor answer, nor any that regardeth; in all the world there is none so poor to do him reverence. Now call, "Jesus, Babe of Bethlehem, Our Emmanuel!" and, lo! millions all over the globe rise up to call Him blessed.

Now look at His Church! His bride, all beautiful! Remove the Incarnation from it and what remains? It is her life. It is that she perpetuates in the Sacrament of the Altar. Behold how the Herodian influence is arrayed against her! Recall the recent persecution of the religious orders in France. Do you ask, "Why do men hate the Catholic Church?" Tell me, why did Herod hate the Child of Bethlehem? What has the Catholic Church done for humanity through all the ages? Good, and only good. Yet foes on every side have combined to destroy her. But all in vain. The mighty ones of the earth cannot destroy her. She will endure forever. Other institutions, other religions come and go but the Church of God abides. Empires and Governments, Kingdoms and Principalities, mighty and powerful, play their part in history and vanish; but the Catholic Church becomes more and more the central figure of the advancing centuries and the living promise of the Babe of Bethlehem. Through the

bitterest conflicts she moves on, calmly, assured of the outcome.

We may read the final triumph of the Church in the sure word of prophecy, we may see it in passing events, we may hear it loud and clear in the chiming of the Christmas bells. Hearken how they say as they swing ; " For a *Child is born* to us, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder : and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace ! "

The story of Herod shows the doom of the enemies of the Church of God. All opposition to the Babe of Bethlehem came to naught, so will all opposition to the Church. Let us then be of good heart, no matter how dark the outlook. We must expect the tempest, but let us not fear like the disciples of little faith. Rather let us kneel in lowly reverence, and with hearts aflame with faith, before the manger and hail the Incarnate Word. O wonderful child, foretold in prophecy and heralded with angels' songs ; in vain shall the mighty seek thy life, since the Mightiest careth for thee ! Thou shalt live to meet thy destiny, walking among men as the Wonderful, with heavenly wisdom on thy lips and healing in thy fingers. O wonderful King, climbing step by step to thy throne on Calvary, where, lifted up in agony, thou wilt draw all men unto thee ! O wonderful Son of God living still in our tabernacles, the food and life of our souls, thou art worthy to receive honor, and glory and power and dominion for ever and ever !



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

FOR THE USE

Of the Associates of the Congregation of the
Blessed Sacrament.~~~~~
Ardent Yearnings for the Birth of the Saviour.

Rorate cæli desuper et nubes pluant Justum !
Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above,
and let the clouds rain the Just,

Isaias XLV. 8.



Y Jesus, what more touching than these appeals, these cries, these burning sighs, which the Church puts upon our lips and into our hearts on the approach of the blessed anniversary of Thy Birth here below ! For ages, succeeding generations have repeated them as an echo of the longing desires that preceded Thy coming. As for us, who do not call Thee the Messiah promised, but the Messiah given, the Messiah become our Emmanuel, what joy, what thanksgivings are mingled with our sighs ! It is, without doubt, the expression also of our desire, for, O Jesus, although Thou art already come, although Thou art with us, there is for each of us a plenitude in this possession of Thyself, a sovereignty in the reign that Thou dost will to have over us, and it is this plenitude, this sovereignty, for which our desires call. But still more is it the expression of our adoration, of our thanksgiving, of our love. O lowly Host, frail Appearance, sacred Veil, which love has chosen, how sweet it is in contemplating Thee to proclaim that He whom ye hide, He whose annihilation ye protect, is He whom the nations, the gentiles have expected and sighed for : *Rorate cæli desuper et nubes pluant Justum !* — that it is He whom they saluted with titles significant of power and domination !

I. — Adoration.

O Wisdom, who didst proceed out of the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end, with might and with sweetness disposing all things !

Eternal Wisdom, from whose treasures came forth this adorable invention, the highest, the most profound of Thy Incarnation !

Eternal Wisdom, who nowhere sheds such light as in the Adorable Sacrament of our altars, which is the Incarnation continued and communicated at all times to all men, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host !

O Adonai, Leader of the house of Israel, who didst appear to Moses in the fire of the flaming bush, and didst give him the Law on Sinai !

Adonai, who dost continue under the mysterious cloud of the Sacrament, to conduct the children of the Church through the desert of this life toward the Promised Land of eternity ! who dost give to them Thy law of grace and love, or rather, who art Thyself their living Law, — I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host !

O Root of Jesse, who art a signal to the people, in whose presence kings shall be silent, and to whom the Gentiles shall pray !...

Spotless Flower, who dost embalm the garden of the Church, stainless Standard, under whose shadow the Faithful will combat and take shelter, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host !

O Key of David, and sceptre of the house of Israel, who openest and no man shuttest and no man openeth ! Mysterious and unique Key, who dost give us access to the Divinity Itself, and to the store-house of all Thy treasures, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host !

O Orient, Splendor of Eternal Light and Sun of Justice, who dwellest in God, a light inaccessible, and who art in the Blessed Sacrament the Light enlightening every man here below, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host !

O King of the Gentiles, and their Desired One, the Corner-stone that joinest the two walls, become in the Eucharist the bond of mysterious union which unites all souls, all nations, — the divine Centre which begins

here below that great family which the Apostle St. John describes to us in his Apocalypse, and which he could not number, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host !

O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the expectation of the Gentiles and their Saviour, who nowhere art *God with us* as in this Sacrament, which gives Thee entire to each soul, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host !

II. — Thanksgiving.

But, O Jesus, if these glorious names excite our adoration, if they are titles so powerful, what thanksgiving do they not call for !

O Eternal Wisdom ! thanks be to Thee for this, that, in Thy adorable council from all eternity, wishing to save men, Thou didst consent to abandon the throne of Thy majesty, and to lower Thyself even to us ! Thanks be to Thee for this, that, Son of God in eternity, Thou didst become the Son of Man in time ! — Be Thou blessed, O Jesus, increator Wisdom, Eternal Wisdom, who for love of us, didst will to be treated as a fool, in the annihilations of Thy birth, the labors of Thy life, the humiliations of Thy Passion ! — Be Thou blessed, above all, for this Sacrament, which gives Thee to us entire, which makes Thee our Brother, our Friend, the Companion of our pilgrimage, our Bread ! O be Thou blessed for the Eucharist !

Be Thou blessed, *O Adonai*, for willing in the Sacred Host to remain our Guide and the mysterious Leader of souls, no longer in the pomp of majesty and glory, which surrounded Thee on Sinai, and which made Moses tremble on approaching the burning bush, but revealing Thyself by love, drawing us to Thee, as the Prophet said, by the bonds of love !

Be Thou blessed, *O Root of Jesse*, Immaculate Host, for remaining exposed in the Church of God as our rallying Centre, the Pledge of our hope in the combat of life, ! We raise our eyes to Thee, and from Thee comes our help.

Be Thou blessed, *O Key of David*, Jesus, who in the Eucharist openest to us the gates of heaven, and closest

forever those of hell, into which we have deserved to be plunged for all eternity !

Thanks be to Thee, *O Orient*, O Jesus, O Eternal Light, for becoming in the Host the Sun of the Church and of our souls ! Thou didst say, and Thou alone couldst say it, : " I am the light of the world." — As before the creation of light, the universe was in frightful chaos, so without Thy Eucharist, the world of souls would be but darkness, but obscurity.

Be Thou blessed, *O King of the Gentiles*, Jesus veiled and hidden in the Host, for remaining the Key of the Church, for coming down with her through the centuries, uniting to Thyself all the elect bringing them forth to the life that never ends !

Be Thou blessed *O Emmanuel*, God with us ! for, having finished Thy course here below, thou hast not forgotten us, Thy children of earth. Be Thou blessed for having instituted the Eucharist in order to continue, to perpetuate the benediction of the Eucharist, of Thy Redemption, and to assure to us Thy Presence till the consummation of ages !

III. — Reparation.

When we reflect, O Jesus, upon what we owe Thee by so many titles, what motives for reparation do we find, alas ! in our conduct !

O Wisdom ! since Thou dost follow us in our ways and fix our destiny, we owe humble docility to all Thy designs, and filial adoration for Thy least will in our regard.

O Adonai ! since Thou dost deign in the Eucharist to continue to be our Guide, we ought to abandon ourselves into Thy hands, confiding in Thy guidance, for Thou hast said by Thy Prophet : " Behold he shall neither slumber nor sleep that keepeth Israel." — *Neque dormiet qui custodit Israel.*

O Root of Jesse ! since in the Eucharist Thou art, as it were, the spotless Standard raised in the bosom of the Church, and since Thou, O Jesus, Son of the Virgin Mary, art pleased among the lilies, to be worthy to follow after Thee, we ought to adorn our soul with purity and innocence.

O Key of David ! Jesus in the Eucharist, by that mysterious key which is called Thy love, Thou dost will to enter into our heart. Thou couldst, indeed, force an entrance, for all power has been given Thee. But O Key, which dost open all the avenues to that secret chamber, Thou dost deign to knock, and Thou dost wish that we ourselves should open unto Thee !

O Orient ! sweet Sun of the Eucharist, we owe to Thee not to withdraw from Thy divine influence, not to close our eyes to Thy dazzling splendors.

O King of the Gentiles ! we owe Thee the homage of all our faculties, of our entire being.

O Emmanuel : because Thou art God for us, God with us, in our turn we ought to live for Thee, live with Thee, live for Thee, live by Thee !

Of all these duties, O Jesus, how few there are that we perform faithfully ! O God, incomprehensible and unknown by those even whom Thou hast most loved, pardon our ingratitude and infidelity !

IV. — Prayer

O Jesus, we entreat Thee with the Church, comme and delay not : *Veni et noli tardare !*

Come, *O Wisdom*, show us the way of prudence, that we may triumph in dangers and perils. Give us, above all, O Jesus, that wisdom which consists in becoming a foal for Thy sake ! The first to walk that way, Thou Thyself, didst give the example, for Thy wisdom is pleased to second Thy love. It became the folly of the Cross and the annihilation of the Eucharist !

Come, *O Adonai*, redeem us in the strength of Thy arm ! Our life is a long combat. Travellers to the Promised Land, before conquering it by our struggles and victories, we are surrounded by enemies. But if Thou art with us, O powerful Protector of Israel, who can hurt us ?

Come *O Root of Jesse !* come, deliver us, and delay not. O Thou who dost place the Eucharist in our souls, come bear flowers and fruit therein. Make of it a garden inclosed in which Thou canst take Thy delights, and whose fruits, the old and the new, will be all for Thee.

O Key of David ! come and take out of prison the captive seated in the darkness and the shadow of death. O Jesus, break the chains of so many unfortunate souls who are the victims of Satan, of their own passions and sins. Break, also, the thousand bonds that hold fast our own poor souls, and hinder them from flying to Thee.

Come, *O Orient*, come to enlighten us. Night hangs over the world, and darkness grows more profound. Show Thyself, O Sun of the Eucharist ! Under Thy divine influence, may life and fruitfulness spring up everywhere !

Come, *O King of the Gentiles !* Reign by Thy Sacrament of Love.

Hasten, Lord, for it is growing late. The nations, trembling and in distress, have no hope but in Thee !

Come, *O Emmanuel !* it is Thou whom our souls need. Thou hast made them too great and too noble for anything here below to satisfy. O Jesus, the divine torments them, eternity attracts them, the thirst after love and happiness devours them ! Come, fill up all those abysses by filling us with Thyself, and with Thyself alone !

Practice. — During the holy time of Advent, multiply your spiritual Communions.

Aspiration. — Come, Jesus, delay not !

THE HOLY SACRIFICE

IT is always a pleasant thing to have been at Mass : it sweetens and savors the whole day. It is indeed a wonderful thing, as we walk about, to think that “ we have seen the Lord,”—seen Him with our eyes, have actually been in His company, have stood within a few feet of Him ! What a privilege to enjoy over ordinary men and women whom we pass by in the streets ! No one, therefore, who can do it, should miss this seeing of our Lord every day. Continued day after day during life, it forms a strong habit of piety and a sure protection. It brings confidence and protection, and may be a stepping stone to better things. We think of accidents and sudden death with less apprehension ; for we know we are the humble friends of Almighty God,—“ we have seen the Lord.”

Gloria in Excelsis Deo

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

MARK ! the heavenly angel singeth,
 Midst the brightness of the skies ;
 " Peace on earth to man," he bringeth ;
 " Shepherds, fear not, but arise !"
 Tidings of great joy are sounding
 From the golden harps on high,
 Myriads of the heavenly army
 Round the watchers soon draw nigh ;
 Telling them of signs and wonders,
 Of the Mother and the Son,—
 That the babe laid in the manger
 And the King of Heaven, are one !


" Gloria in excelsis Deo :
 Proclaimed on earth this holy morn
 Hearken to the joyful canto—
 " To man, is now a Savior born !"

Faith sublime made clear the tidings,
 Erst so full of mystery,
 Faith ! which out of darkness light brings,—
 Faith, which lives eternally !
 Mary heard the humble shepherds
 Speaking of the angels bright,
 And she pondered on the message—
 And the radiance of the light ;—
 In her heart she hid the wonder,
 Bowed her head and kissed the Child,—
 The Incarnate God,—the Savior,
 Looked upon her face and smiled !

" Gloria in excelsis Deo !
 Peace on earth, and joy in heaven ;
 Unto man is born a Savior,
 To fallen man a King is given !"

JOHN RAYMOND'S AWAKENING

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.

HE weather-prophets had promised New York a real, old fashioned Christmas, and for once it looked as though the prediction would be verified. On the morning of December 24th, 1900, the City was covered with a white carpet, and all day long the snow-fairies added to its beauty by shaking from their gossamer wings star-shaped crystals and feathery flakes of purest hue.

With the approach of night the Spirit of Christmas seemed to pervade the whole town. It shone in the bright faces of the passing throng, and even the poor blind mendicant was radiant as he squatted on the curbstone outside the Savoy Hotel, while the handorgan on which he ground out a carol sounded less asthmatic than usual.

The Savoy was festooned with garlands, and mistle toe and holly-berries gleamed like pearls and rubies from the emerald setting. Emblems of the joyous season were visible everywhere, except in the suite of rooms, occupied by John Raymond. He would not allow his apartments to be decorated. Christmas meant nothing more to him than a tiresome holiday which interfered with his stock-broking business, and he disapproved of what he was pleased to call the sentimental fuss that was made over it.

Just now he was standing by the window, gazing out on Fifth Avenue. Snow was still falling, and the leafless branches of the trees that dotted the Park Plaza were weighted with a glistening burden. It was an ideal Christmas night, and "Peace on earth, to men of goodwill" was the reigning sentiment in the hearts of the crowds who hurried along the brilliantly-lit square.

Suddenly from the pavement below rose a newsboy's shrill voice, crying, "EXTRA! EXTRA! Big crash in Wall Street! Read the extra!"

As he listened, John Raymond smiled grimly and ringing the bell ordered that a paper be brought to him. When it came he read the flaring headline, — "BROKER FACES RUIN!" and the paragraph: — "If the rumors which have been floating around the Stock-Exchange for the past few days are well grounded the magnate who for thirty years has been called 'the modern Midas' will be reduced to absolute beggary. Mr. Raymond has refused information about his latest and biggest deal, but when the anticipated slump occurs, we shall be first in the field with full particulars."

As he crumpled up the paper and flung it aside, a hotel attendant entered and presented him with a card. He looked at it and said testily, "Take it away! I'll see no reporters to-night. Tell him and any others that come, I've nothing to say at present. And don't dare let one of them get in here!"

The command came too late. The owner of the card was already inside the door.

"Excuse me, Mr. Raymond," he said blandly, "I'll only ask for a half minute interview. Won't you please affirm or deny this report?"

"I'll neither, and your sensational sheet may print what you please!"

"Oh, come now, sir, don't be angry. Surely you want to set the matter right before the public? I've seen some of your colleagues, and they're quite jubilant over your prospective downfall. They said they expected you'd be selling shoe-laces in the Street pretty soon. I wouldn't mention it only I think you may want to give them the lie. Can you and will you do this, Mr. Raymond?"

"I'll say nothing on the subject one way or the other, and I'll not listen to another word from you. Leave the room at once?" The cold, measured tone and look of haught displeasure had instant effect, and the reporter disappeared.

Mr. Raymond was furious. As he was familiar with the methods of "yellow" journalism he surmised that an exaggerated account of the interview would appear in the morning paper, supplemented by a sketch of his life, full of pertinent and impertinent details.

In the hope of shaking off his annoyance he started for the Metropolitan Club, pausing in the hall to snub a group of newspaper men who were clamoring to see him.

When he entered the Club he noticed that there was a figurative drop in the temperature. Members who were wont to fawn upon him nodded coolly, and the few whom he addressed were visibly constrained.

It was a new and painful experience. He had always been a leader of men, — a king in his little world, and now he was made to feel like a pariah ! But he gave no outward sign of surprise or discomfiture. His head, on which the frost of fifty-five winters had left its mark, was held as proudly as ever, and he scanned the evening papers with his accustomed placidity, not flinching even when the scare headline loomed up before him. He did not remain long, however, for the covert glances and frigid silence got upon his nerves.

As he descended the steps he heard a familiar voice saying, " I guess it's all up with Raymond. Well, nobody will fret over his losses. He was always a selfish brute, and it's about time he went under ! "

" Yes indeed, — the old skinflint deserves all that's coming to him ! " chimed in another voice, " I hope he won't try to do a borrow from us. For my part I wouldn't give a dollar to save him from starvation. "

Mr. Raymond recognized the two as men who by aid of his advice and guidance had reached a pinnacle in financial circles only a degree lower than his own. He had shown them how to achieve success merely because to do so added to his sense of importance, but it stung him now to discover that having used him as a stepping-stone to power and wealth they were ready to cut his acquaintance at the first whisper of trouble. He knew that his other associates would adopt the same attitude, and for the first time he realized that he was practically friendless. Hitherto, in his arrogance and self-absorption, he had not felt the need of sympathy and companionship, but at the present moment he was very lonely and depressed.

He walked briskly from the corner of 60th Street to 59th Street, and was about to go into his hotel when the

sound of a wheezy organ and the plaintive cry "Please help the blind!" reached him. Ordinarily he would have passed on unheeding, but an unwonted impulse prompted him to stop.

He looked at the poorly-clad creature shivering in the snow, at the sightless eyes, and numbed hands, then said tentatively, "Well, my man, the world must seem cold and dreary to you to-night?"

The bent old figure straightened up, and the answer rang out bravely, "Not a bit of it, sir! It's a grand, good old world, and I've a terrible lot to be thankful for this blessed Christmas Eve!"

"You! Nonsense!"

It's the truth I'm telling you, sir. Sure, I've got a home and in it there's them that loves me and that I loves!"

They let you beg in the streets by way of showing their affection, — eh?"

"It's the only thing I can do, sir. I've got a sister that's dying on her feet and her three children to look out for."

"A sister?" Mr. Raymond's brows contracted as though a painful thought had come to him. "How did you lose your sight?" he asked abruptly.

"By an accident, sir. 'Twas dark days with me after it happened. Only that I had me religion to comfort me and to fall back on, I'd have gone out of me mind entirely! But I'm doing nicely now, thanks be to God and His Holy Mother. People are awful good to me, specially these Christmas times. The thought of the Little Child in the manger seems to open their hearts and their pockets. I'm stayin' here past me usual hour to-night, sir. I want to make as much as I can. Some-wan has been stuffin' the youngsters with stories about Santy Claus, so I'm anxious to take 'em home a bit of a present."

"Well, here's a ten dollar bill to help out. Good-night."

He hurried off, followed by the fervid exclamation, "Wisha, may you be six months in heaven 'fore the divil knows you're dead! And may every hair in your head turn into a mou' candle to light your sowl to glory, — good luck to you!"

John Raymond was surprised and a little amused at himself. On principle he never gave alms to street-beggars ; his charities consisted solely in large donations to hospitals and asylums who blazoned his name on their yearly reports.

"I'm glad I did it," he muttered as he sank into his luxurious armchair, "Now I wonder what a man of my stamp could fall back on if deprived of sight and money. Not love certainly. There is none in my life. And 'religion' I voluntarily gave up !"

This last was a sad fact. During the early days of his business career he had decided it was impossible to serve God and Mammon, and had chosen Mammon. He had cast aside his precious birthright, the Catholic Faith, lest its precepts interfere with his ambitions, and had persuaded himself that after all, religious observances were unnecessary when one's social code of ethics was unimpeachable.

It was true he was honest and upright in his dealings with humanity, but he was considered a cold, hard, implacable man, and no one had a good word to say of him, — no one, that is except his sister, Beatrice, who persisted in loving him through long years of estrangement.

His thoughts reverted to her now. The devotion of the blind man to the sister for whom he begged had caused him a pang of reproach and remorse.

Three decades had passed since last he saw Beatrice. In defiance of his wishes she had married his clerk, Robert Langdon, and he had there and then washed his hands of both of them. Through various sources he knew that she had had a hard struggle for existence, but he would not help her, and his inflexible will prevented him from accepting the olive-branch she held out to him each Christmas Eve. It came in the shape of a little note, which he always handed to his secretary for formal acknowledgment.

Suddenly he sprang up and going up to the table examined the pile of letters that lay on it. "No, there's nothing here from her," he exclaimed, "It's the first Christmas she has failed me since we parted !" Then, with a bitter laugh, "Probably she has read the evening

paper, and like the rest of them, she won't waste attentions on a ruined man !”

But even as he spoke a woman crossed his threshold. As he stared at her his heart almost stopped beating. Surely this was a ghost ! Surely that sweet, worn face, framed in white hair, belonged to the mother whose death had shadowed his boyhood ! But no, — the figure moved, and a well-remembered voice said, “ Jack !”

“ Jack !” His old pet name ! How long it was since he had heard it, and how good it sounded ! Involuntarily he held out his arms and the next instant she was clinging to him.

“ Jack ! My dearest and best ! I've just heard of your trouble and I've come to bring you home. Money isn't everything, my brother, and we'll all be happy together. We haven't much, but we'll share our last penny with you so gladly, so lovingly ! My husband is here too. Dear, you'll let him come in ?”

John Raymond's throat hurt him. He could not speak, but he nodded.

Beatrice Langdon called out, “ Robert,” and a tall, broad-shouldered man entered.

“ Glad to see you, Mr. Raymond ! Merry Christmas, — very many of them ! Has Beatrice told you how anxious we are to have you with us ? If you'll so far honor us I'll take it very kind, — very kind indeed !”

He rattled on nervously, but no matter what he said or how he said it, the exquisite courtesy which confers a favor as though it were accepting one, permeated every word.

Raymond was overcome, and turning away he covered his face.

That newspaper was a canard which he had considered it beneath his dignity to notice or deny ; his immense fortune was quite safe, but the two whom he had so cruelly neglected, and who now offered to share their little all with him, did not know this.

After a moment Robert Langdon said, “ Beatrice, I'd better leave you alone with him for awhile. He's quite upset. I'll wait for you both outside,” and he tiptoed from the room.

She had much to say to this shaken man, but she carefully avoided speaking of the privations and struggles she had gone through, and he appreciated her delicacy. He was deeply interested in hearing her description of the characteristics and angelic holiness of his namesake, her only son, who had recently been ordained. He was so accustomed to sordid ambitions; the pursuit of greed and gain, and the society of worldings that he had forgotten there existed single-minded men of the lofty, noble type to which Father John Langdon belonged. He had of course heard of the ordination, and when an eye-witness told him of the many who had pressed forward to kiss the anointed hands of the young priest he had made sneering, contemptuous remarks about the lack of dignity and proper pride which he thought they displayed. But now when Beatrice told him that her son was to say the midnight Mass at a nearby church, he asked with the humility of a child if he might accompany her.

She joyfully assented, and called in Robert to share her delight. At the appointed time the three went out together, arriving within a few minutes at the church to which Father Langdon was attached.

It was ablaze with lights and beautifully decorated; even the pillars were hidden beneath a mass of greenery; and to the right of the high altar stood the Crib with its life-like representation of the Holy Family.

John Raymond trembled as he followed his sister and her husband down the aisle. The surroundings which had long been unfamiliar moved him strangely. He looked at the Sanctuary and thought of the days when it had been his pride and privilege to serve the Mass. He remembered his dead mother's teachings about the "Hidden Prisoner of the Tabernacle," and of how she used to portray Him as looking out wistfully from His earthly home at the sinners whom mere custom or enforced duty had brought there. He saw the crib, and old memories came thronging in upon him of his childhood when holding tightly to that dear mother's hand, he had come to pray before the Divine Child, and had fancied that the Babe had smiled upon and blessed him.

He was profoundly touched, and the cold gray eyes which for years had never known the smart of tears, suddenly grew misty. He joined his hands and tried to pray, but no words would come. He had even forgotten the aspirations taught him in his happy childhood.

Then he saw his nephew mount the altar-steps and begin the Mass, and as he watched, the contrast between their lives presented itself before him forcefully. The priest was devoting his youth and talents to the service of the Most High, and was laying up treasure in the 'House not made with hands,' while *he* had wasted his best years in the feverish pursuit of riches and temporal pleasures which now had turned to dead sea-fruit!

After the Gospel, Father Langdon preached for a brief while, and every word of his discourse, which was so tender, earnest, and strong, sank deep into the hearts of the listeners. He spoke of that first Christmas nineteen hundred years ago, when the Christ-Child had given up all the wealth of heaven to take upon Himself the poverty and sorrows of this world, so that he might become the Friend and Saviour of suffering humanity. And as he talked, John Raymond awoke to a sense of his own folly in having forsaken this One True Friend, whose love was as lasting and unchanging as eternity itself, and his gray head drooped lower and lower until it rested on his folded hands, nor did he move again until the Mass was over.

Presently Beatrice touched his arm and motioned him to accompany her to the Crib. He did so and falling on his knees beside her gazed intently at the image of the Divine Infant in His bed of straw.

His sister's loving eyes wandered to him anxiously yet hopefully and with all the fervor of her nature she prayed, "Help him, Sweet Babe, — in the name of the love that brought Thee down to earth, help and save him!"

The prayer was swiftly answered, as all heartfelt petitions are wont to be. The scales fell from John Raymond's eyes; the lesson he had learned of the frailty of human friendship in that painful moment when supposed reverses of fortune had caused him to be shunned, now helped him to realize that under all circumstances the great saving love of this Child-King was his for the seeking; the holy words he had learned at his mother's knee

rushed back to his minn, ann from thence to his lips, and the sincerity of the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition which he now made, must have assuredly been the signal for 'joy in heaven.'

Reverently, humbly he prayed before that holly-decked crib, prayed for grace to change for good and aye his mode of life ; to confess on the morrow so that his soul might be made as white as the Christmas snow ; and many were the resolutions he formed to help with his wealth thè poverty of all those who were beloved by the Pitying Babe of Bethlehem.

He lingered until the loyal sister who had been instrumental in bringing about his awakening, led him homeward, and as she saw his softened face with its expression of new-found peace, she smiled happily at her husband and murmured, "THANK GOD !"

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.




THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

PRAYER can obtain everything ; it can open the windows of heaven, and shut the gates of hell ; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel until he leave a blessing ; it can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks till they melt into tears and a flowing river ; prayer can unclasp the girdles of the north, saying to a mountain of ice, "Be thou removed hence and cast into the bottom of the sea ;" it can arrest the sun in the midst of its course, and send the swift-winged winds upon our errand ; and all those strange things and secret decrees and unrevealed transactions, which are above the clouds, and far beyond the region of the stars, shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man.



O Little Town of Bethlehem

(Selected.)


 LITTLE town of Bethlehem !
 How still we see thee lie ;
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
 The silent stars go by ;
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting Light ;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth !
 And praises sing to God the King
 And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given ;
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem !
 Descend to us we pray ;
 Cast out our sin, and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell ;
 Oh, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel !

A TRUE HERO

“ RECOLLECTIONS OF SPAIN BY LADY HERBERT. ”

*For sake all and thou shalt
find all, leave thy desires and
thou shalt find rest.*

BUT of all the charitable institutions of Seville, the finest is the *Caridad*, a magnificent hospital, or rather asilo' for poor and incurable patients, nursed and tended by the Spanish sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. It was founded in the seventeenth century, by Don Miugel de Manara, a man eminent for his high birth and large fortune, and one of the knights of Calatrava, an order only given to people whose quarterings showed nobility for several generations.

He was in his youth the Don Juan of Seville, abandoning himself to every kind of luxury and excess, although many strange warnings were sent him from time to time, to arrest him in his headlong downward course. On one occasion especially, he had followed a young and apparently beautiful figure through the streets and into the cathedral, where, regardless of the sanctity of the place, he insisted on her listening to his addresses. What was his horror, on her turning round, in answer to his repeated solicitations, when the face behind the mask proved to be that of a skeleton !

Another time when returning from one of his nocturnal orgies, he lost his way, and passing by the church of Santiago, saw, to his surprise, that the doors were open, the church lit up, and a number of priests were kneeling with lighted tapers around a bier in perfect silence. He went in and asked whose was the funeral ? The answer of one after the other was : “ Don Miguel de Manara. ” Thinking this a bad joke, he approached the coffin, and hastily lifted up the black pall which covered the features of the dead. To his horror, he recognized himself. This event produced a complete change in his life. He resolved

to abandon his vicious courses and marry, choosing the only daughter of a noble house, as much noted for her piety as for her beauty.

But God had higher designs in store for him, and after a few years spent in the enjoyment of the purest happiness, his young wife died suddenly. In the first violence of his grief Don Miguel thought but of escaping from the world altogether and burying himself in a monastery. But God willed it therwise.

There was at that time on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, a little hermitage dedicated to St. George, which was the resort of a confraternity of young men who had formed themselves into "brothers of charity," and devoted themselves to the care of the sick and dying poor. Don Miguel desired to be enrolled in their confraternity, but his reputation was so bad that they hesitated to admit him ; and when at last they yielded, determined to put his sincerity to the test by ordering him to go at once from door to door throughout Seville (where he was so well known) with the bodies of certain paupers, and to crave alms for their interment. Grace triumphed over all natural repugnance to such a task ; and with his penitence had come a thirst for penance which made all things appear easy and light to bear, so that very soon he became the leader in all noble and charitable works.

Finding that an asylum was sadly needed in winter for the reception of the houseless poor, he purchased a large warehouse, which he converted into rooms for this purpose ; and by dint of begging got together a few beds and necessaries, so that by the Christmas following more than two hundred sick or destitute persons were here boarded and lodged.

From this humble beginning arose one of the most magnificent charitable institutions of Spain. The example of Don Miguel, his burning charity, his simple faith, won all hearts. Money poured in on every side ; every day fresh candidates from the highest classes pleaded for admission into the confraternity. It was necessary to draw up certain rules for their guidance ; and this work was entrusted to Don Miguel, who had been unanimously elected as their superior. Nowhere did his wisdom, prudence and zeal appear more strongly than in these regu-

lations, which still form the constitutions of this noble foundation. Defining first the nature of their work — the seeking out and succoring the miserable, nursing the sick, burying the dead, and attending criminals to their execution — he goes on to insist on the value of personal service, both private and public ; on the humility and abnegation required of each brother ; that each, on entering the hospital should forget his rank, and style himself simply servant of the poor, kissing the hand of the oldest among the sufferers, and serving them as seeing Jesus Christ in the person of each.

His hospital built, and his poor comfortably cared for, Don Miguel turned his attention to the church which was in ruins. A letter of his, still extant, will show the difficulties which he had to overcome in this undertaking : “ I was inclined to despond about it ; he writes, when the next morning at eight o'clock, a poor beggar named Louis asked to speak to us “ My wife is just dead,” he said, she sold chestnuts on the Haga, and realized a little sum of eighty ducats. To bury her I have spent thirty : fifty remain ; they are all I have ; but I bring them to you that you may lay the first stone of the new church. I want nothing for myself but a bit of bread, which I can always beg from door to door. ” Don Miguel refused ; the beggar insisted, and so the church was begun : and the story spread, and half a million of ducats were poured into the laps of the brothers ; but, as Manara added, the first stone was laid by God Himself in the “ little all ” of the poor beggar.

On the wall of the *Vatio* or court, where the poor patients sit out half the day, enjoying the sunshine and flowers, is the following inscription from the pen of Manara : “ This house will last as long as God shall be feared in it, and Jesus Christ be served in the persons of his poor. Whoever enters here must leave at the door both avarice and pride. ”



noble
- the
the
their
sonal
and
n en-
him-
f the
eeing

for,
which
the
ing ;
when
amed
" he
little
rty :
m to
rch.
ich I
used :
and
ured
, the
all "

r pa-
and
Ma-
ll be
ns of
door



THE VIRGIN MOTHER

After a picture by Bouguereau.