



Jesus Child presenting the Sacred Host
as a token of salvation for the new Century.





The New York Foundation.



UNNY skies welcomed the long anticipated event of the opening of the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament on December 12th last. The devotees of Saint Anne would scarcely have recognized their favorite sanctuary, so completely had the generosity of Miss Leary transformed the little church. Handsome stained glass windows replaced the old, draperies of crimson plush lent warmth and color to the scene, and the altar with its rich garniture, its lights and flowers and its brilliant background of golden rays was indeed a royal throne for Him who came in the name of the Lord. About 50 priests, representing the various Religious Orders and the centres of the Eucharistic League, were present.

The Right Rev. Bishop Brondel of Montana pontificated, assisted by Rev. M. A. Taylor and Rev. Casgrain as Deacons of the Mass. Very Rev. L. Estevenon, Superior of the New York house of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, and Rev. Chas. A. Colton, pastor of St. Stephen's church, assisted the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, who preached the sermon and officiated at the solemn Benediction which followed the Mass. The Most Rev. Archbishop prefaced his remarks by a delicate compliment to the generosity of Miss Leary,

stating that the present church, beautiful as it was, was to be only the temporary home of the work of Exposition and that a larger and more suitable church would soon be erected for it. Though this new church would be largely the gift of the same generous hand, all Catholics were warmly invited to assist in so worthy a cause. The Most Rev. Archbishop in his sermon, paid an eloquent and graceful tribute to the Blessed Sacrament, bringing forward most forcibly the doctrine of the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, which is so inseparably connected with the altar and the priesthood that in ages past they who denied the Eucharistic Presence were forced to abolish also the altar and the very name of priest. He dwelt upon the holiness required from the priesthood, whose office is to consecrate and handle the Body of the Lord and adduced examples of the love of the saints of old for the Blessed Sacrament and the reverence of Père Eymard and the simple Curé of Ars, whose vivid realization of the Presence of Our Lord so magnetically attached to It the love and veneration of his people. "*He sees God, our priest sees God,*" they would cry, and this silent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament was an eloquent sermon that converted them to lives of piety and devotion. The Most Rev. Archbishop commented, in conclusion, on the greatness of the favor possessed by New York in this sanctuary honored by the Perpetual Presence of our Lord, before whom would arise the incense of unceasing prayer and where priests and people would be one in adoring the divine King. Solemn Benediction followed the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the magnificent monstrance given by Miss Leary.

It was a most impressive moment, and one to be long remembered, this beginning of a great work, this Advent of the King, so identified in time with the memories of His mortal life, when in humblest guise He came to reign over the hearts of mankind and when the rich and great of the earth bowed the knee before Him and laid their gifts at His feet. The sanctuary was a scene of life and color as exquisite in harmonious contrast as some religious pageant in Rome itself. The brilliant hangings,

the rich gold of the vestments, the blended crimson and purple of the robes of Archbishop and Bishop, gleaming in and out of the sunshine ; the kneeling priests in their white surplices and picturesque religious habits, the fair faces of the little acolytes, softened by the shadowy clouds of incense, formed a vision to delight an artist's fancy. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given again in the afternoon, and a third Benediction at 9 p. m. closed this eventful day of religious solemnity.

Through the kindness of Miss Leary an elaborate breakfast was served by Delmonico in the Rectory of the church for the priests who were present at the morning ceremonies.

The altar given by Miss Leary is of white wood, richly and tastefully decorated in gold. With its background of golden rays, and the magnificent crown and ermine mantle that complete the effect it is a most creditable piece of ecclesiastical art. The altar and crown were made by Kloster and Son, of New York, and the ermine mantle was imported from Paris and furnished by the house of Biais Ainé. When brilliantly lighted and decorated for festal celebrations this first throne of exposition in New York already vies in beauty with some of the older foundations of the Congregation. Our thanks and heartfelt appreciation of the musical programme are due to Rev. Fr. J. B. Young, S. J., Gaston M. Dethier and the choir of St. Francis Xavier's church.

The Blessed Sacrament will be exposed daily from 5 a. m. to 9 p. m. in the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. Benediction will be given daily at 4.30 and 8.30 p. m.

EDITORIAL.

Wiser heads than ours will comment upon the theme of the opening century, orators will declaim upon it, preachers will draw thence a moral, writers will immortalize it with graceful imagery and burning eloquence. Ours only may it be to mark it by our wishes and prayers for all those who the world over, show forth the unity of

the Church of Christ as they kneel before the Eucharist while the sands of the 19th Century ebb away and the dawn of the 20th shines in the East. May it be a century of promise and fulfilment ! May it be an era of prosperity in every material need of these times ! May Science and Art vie in highest perfection to satisfy the ever unsatisfied yearning of the heart of man for the beautiful and true ! May it solve all our national problems, and shine out forever as the Century of enlightenment in all things moral, religious and intellectual ! But may the new Century give us something more than all this. May it be an era of noble aims, of more exalted spiritual ideals ! May the 20th Century, that shall write the names of its heroes and conquerers among the stars, write higher still, in the very heavens, the names of its victors in the world of grace. All that we see to-day of enlightenment and intellectual developement was sought after in greater or less degree, by the pagans of old. We develop our brains, our muscles, our talents, our artistic tastes, in a word, the physical man. But if the 20th Century does not in like degree develop the faculties of the spiritual man, exalt its progress as we may, it will never crown the ages of the past and will but crumble into deeper ruin.



The Epiphany in Rome.

By E. MCAULIFFE.



WITH the recurrence of the joyful Christmas time come thronging recollections of Christmases in the Eternal City, when the Church was still free, and all pious customs were practiced and encouraged. Then came Pifferari from their mountains, to sing the praises of the Divine Child, and of his Immaculate Mother, at every wayside shrine.

What a beautiful idea it was of those poor peasants ; to make this annual pilgrimage from shrine to shrine, no

matter how long the journey. It was all foot travel and the little alms that they received from the charitable was carefully hoarded for the poor families at home. Their coming was a delight to the Roman populace; every one loved the pifferari, and the poorest gave them an alms.

But the present rulers of Italy have decided that they were beggars like the Last Minstrel of whom Scott sings :

"The bigots of the iron time
Have called his heavenless art a crime."

Their voices and their rustic pipes are heard no more ; it is a crime in that land for a poor creature to accept the charity of the well-disposed, unless he has a licence, and wears a tag just like our dogs, which shows that he pays a share of what he receives, in the form of a tax to the Government.

But the beauty and the holiness of the city of Peter remains, and will remain in spite of "the gates of hell."

A great Catholic writer has said : "Rome, independent of all associations, is doubtless the most splendid city in the world. Her churches, porticos, fountains, palaces, obelisks, and palmy villas, made her like some ideal city in the fancy of a poet."

He might have added her historic river with its bridges : could the world afford another Ponte St. Angelo, flanked on either side with Bernini's angels of the Passion? Her situation, in the midst of a plain, contiguous to the sea, surrounded by a "flower besprinkled mead" ; her climate in winter, with violets springing beneath your feet ; her hills, crowned with temples and gardens : what could be more lovely than the Palatine in April, covered with roses and lilacs in such profusion that all the children of Rome may gather them freely !

Let us glance at those hills, making as it were a spiritual pilgrimage from one to the other : on the *Janiculum* is the church of *St. Pietro in Montorio*, built on the spot where St. Peter was crucified. In this church repose the ashes of the great Irish chieftains, St. Neil and St. Daniel, exiled under the cruel sway of Elizabeth. In *St Onofrio*, on the same hill, Tasso sleeps. On the *Pincian* stand the noble buildings of the Church and convent of the Sacred

Heart : *Sancta Trinita dei Monti*. The celebrated church and Monastery of the Capuchins are also on the Pincian, and the church and Monastery of the Irish Franciscans, *St. Isidore's*. On the *Coelian* are the churches of SS. John and Paul, and St. Gregory the great.

From the latter St. Augustine went forth to convert the Angles into *Angels* ! Alas, poor England, twice converted, twice fallen away, pray God that her third rescue is at hand, and that it may be lasting. On the *Esquiline* is the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, containing the boards which formed the manger in which our dear Lord was laid on the first Christmas night.

In the summit of the *Capitoline* is the well known Franciscan church of *Santa Maria in Ara Celi* ; and here let us pause, and assist in spirit at the devotions for the feast of the Epiphany, which are very beautiful and quite unique. Near the entrance of the church, a rostrum is erected, in front of the chapel which holds the *presepio* (crib) with the *Santo Bambino* . From this, during the time of Vespers, little children *preach* ! Never shall I forget my sensations on hearing this preaching for the first time.

The church is very large, and on entering we found ourselves in a dense crowd, seats were out of the question, we were thankful for standing room. Far away in the distance, we saw the altar lights, and the moving forms of the officiating priests ; the tones of the organ came to us mellowed by distance,—when, suddenly, in the midst of the crowd which hemmed us in arose the clear accents of a child's voice ; it might have been an angel's, so sweet it seemed, and so impressive to the hearers. The little sermon finished, the child was rapturously caught in the arms of its friends, and its place filled by another. Each told in different words " the sweet story of old " mingled with anecdotes and pious lessons. And so it went on, not in the least disturbing the functions at the high altar so far away.

This church is built on the spot where the Tiburtine sybil showed Cæsar a vision of the blessed Virgin holding in her arms the divine infant ; telling him it was " The God who is to come." Cæsar raised here an altar to that

God with the inscription ; " Ara primogeniti Dei." The church is reached by a magnificent flight of 124 steps, wide in proportion to their height. Every part of the edifice is of corresponding splendor: the floor is inlaid with precious marbles, among which are conspicuous the red, green and yellow of porphyry, *verde antica* and *gialla antica*. In a small but beautiful chapel, repose the ashes of St. Helena, mother of Constantine.



Two Special Announcements.

THE FUTURE OF THE PEOPLE'S EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE.



WE find it necessary at the outset of the year to notify the friends and associates of the Eucharistic League and the subscribers to the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* of our future plans with regard to both. Now that the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament are established in New York, much discussion is rife as to the effect their coming will have upon the Eucharistic League, and fears have been conceived that the devotion will lose its popular nature and by becoming localized fail of its effect in uniting priests and people in zealous accord. We hasten to announce that such fears are groundless.

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament are determined to cooperate fully with those having the matter in charge, and realize the importance of sustaining the devotion in the form that has been such an element of its success, desiring to give the people a voice in the conduct of the Association, which to win them, must be wholly adapted to the requirements of their nationality. The existence of a throne of Exposition and the assistance of the Fathers in spreading the devotion cannot but give a great impetus to all eucharistic works. But the affairs

of the People's Eucharistic League will at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, be administered as heretofore by the President and Central Committee of the Eucharistic League and its business will be transacted as usual from the Central Office. The Cathedral will remain the Head Centre of the work and the most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan will continue to be its Superior General. All communications, therefore, in regard to the People's Eucharistic League will be as heretofore addressed to the President, of the People's Eucharistic League, 123 East 50th st., New York.

THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Our subscribers will find in the January number of the *Sentinel* many changes at once, but we trust they will pardon the want of an earlier notice of such changes which has been inevitable.

As the *Sentinel* is not only the organ of the Eucharistic League but will later represent all Eucharistic works, it is but fitting that the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament should publish and circulate it, their success in publishing their French publications of a like nature being a warrant for the future of the *Sentinel*. The periodical will, however, be edited as usual by the President of the People's Eucharistic League and will preserve its present literary staff. The *Sentinel* will be illustrated, enlarged and improved in every way as quickly as the profits from its circulation will allow. It has been found necessary to raise the price of subscription from fifty cents to one dollar a year, but we trust that our subscribers and friends will not regret the advance in price in view of the improvements contemplated. The *Sentinel* is at present with the exception of *Emmanuel*, the only publication in our country that is solely devoted to the interests of the Eucharist and must be made more worthy of the aim which will now become possible, of becoming a compendium of all eucharistic information and furnishing devotional matter that will attract and please the critical taste of our people.

Since it has been impossible to notify our subscribers personally of the advance in the price of the *Sentinel* we will give the benefit of the usual rate of subscription (50 cts. a year) to those who have already paid in advance for the year 1901 and to those who *renew* their subscription before February 1st. All new subscribers must pay the new rate of \$1.00 in advance. The *Sentinel* will be henceforth on sale at the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. All business communications, subscriptions, changes of address, etc., after January 1st, should be addressed "Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament," 185 East 76th st., New York. For Canada, the office will be, as before, at the community of the Blessed Sacrament, 320 Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal.

All personal correspondence with the editor, Miss E. Lummis, and literary matter for the *Sentinel*, will for convenience be addressed as usual to the Central Office of the People's Eucharistic League, 123 East 50th st., New York.

Meditation.

REV. J. F. X. O'CONNOR, S. J.

SINCERITY WITH GOD.

*Brethren, we pray and beseech you, in the Lord Jesus, that as you have received from us how you ought to walk, to please God, you should walk that you may abound the more. The-
salonians, IV. I.*

Let us consider what should be the attitude of Catholics towards the unfairness of modern prejudice in regard to Faith and modern thought.

How often do the men of to-day excuse themselves from being Catholics on the ground of enlightened reason! They do not wish to be trammelled by formulas, cramped by dogmas, pinned down by creeds and beliefs, but would rather as they say follow the broad teachings of reason, as if this were what Christ taught.

Similar to this high sounding platform of reason and round phrases, in a very unfair way and in the narrow platform of religious prejudice and narrow minded bigotry, Catholics are subject to a sort of social and religious torture. They are obliged to apologize, or the attempt is made to make them take an attitude of apology for every calumny or misrepresentation which unbelief, irreligion or religious hatred is pleased to place before them.

The position of a Catholic in face of all this, is a noble one. He has the truth, the truth of the Church of Christ and has no apology to make to anyone, neither to Protestantism nor to the press, nor to learning, nor to impertinence, nor to wealth or power. His attitude should be one of calm dignity in the presence of this unwarranted onset of small mindedness or ignorance of bigotry or of prejudice, even when put forward by non Catholics of social wealth or position, by men of literary notoriety, or by the persistent repetitions of a press, which if not uninformed is malicious enough to repeat again, and again, palpably false accusations against the Catholic Religion.

The whole world knows that the Catholics out-number every form of Christian religion. Yet no newspaper, or non-catholic statistician will ever present the fact without some qualifying remark. They will say that other churches do not count children as church members until of mature age, implying that this makes the difference in the numbers. They certainly do not count as Catholics, and if we take family for family the count will still be vastly in favor of the majority of Catholics. Catholics who cease to practise their religion may become infidels, but never sincere Protestants, a fact that is never insisted upon by non-catholics. Protestants become either Catholics or infidels, another fact that is quietly passed over.

These things, my brethren, I say to you with St. Paul, that as you have learned from the Church of Christ how you ought to walk to please God, so also in the Lord I pray and beseech you that so you may walk, that you may abound the more.

In pondering over the things that might do you the most good, as a warning, and impressing upon you practically the spirit of your Faith, these things have come to me to say to you.

The attitude of Catholics in Social life.

The attitude to the sayings of the public press.

Attitude to the ideas in science, literature and fiction that touch upon religious questions.

There should be in every Catholic heart :

1. The consciousness of right in the possession of truth. Unwavering faith and courage as in a fortress impregnable, protected by the right kind of guns.

2. Do not accept the position of apology. Nineteen hundred years of ancestries, noble glorious coat of arms, heraldic devices, compared with which the heroes of the revolution and England's royalty, are babes of yesterday and parvenus. They are in the position of apology for legitimate origin in religion, and unsoiled escutcheon of loyalty to God.

3. Admit no impertinent inquiry, the hand of history points with no unwavering finger as to who is who in the Aristocracy of Religion.

4. Show no human respect. With the record that you have as the children of the saints, with a Saint Louis and a Charlemagne, with St. Gregory and Augustine, a Chrysostom, a St. Thomas of Canterbury, a Sir Thomas Moore, with Dante and St. Thomas of Aquinas, a galaxy of wealth and power, of sanctity and learning, why turn aside from loyalty with it to please those whose religious pedigree would but bring a sense of dishonor?

5. As loyal Catholics be not over anxious to please the Protestant world, whether among your social acquaintances or not, either inside the church or on the outside. "He that is not with me, is against me," says Christ. How disloyal to the Faith of Christ and the teachings of His Church, would that man or woman be, who would wish the ceremonies of the Church so simple, so significant, so real, to conform in any way to the empty forms of an unreality? Or who would in social life and conversation apologize away, or seek to excuse to Protestantism the teachings, the laws, the customs, the pious and holy observances of our divine religion?

Are they not trailing their banners in the dust, who, to please an uncatholic world, would explain away, and uncatholicize for social reasons the teachings of their faith?

Our Holy Father has said, "we believe the whole teaching of Christ, nothing excepted." And Christ said to His Apostles: "Go, teach them all things whatsoever I have taught unto you."

6. We are to make an open acknowledgement of all we believe, and not to hide from the world, Protestant or infidel, anything that we believe, for we have nothing in which to fear, or of which to be ashamed, before the best or the worst, or the greatest of this world or of this day. And nothing is to be gained by concealment, neither honor nor the gain of souls, who would rather show honor by a fearless spirit.

7. As Catholics we profess openly and plainly, in spite of smile or jest, of jeer or sarcasm, our beliefs in the teachings of Christ Jesus, that there is an Eternal Hell for the punishment of the unjust, and an Eternal Heaven which is the reward only of Faith and of good works. Not for those, who say "Lord! Lord!" or choose what to believe, and do as they may choose, in defiance of Christ's law. We, as Catholics, love and honor and pray to the Blessed Virgin the Mother of God. We honor her next to God above every creature, and cannot honor her too much. And I repeat, we pray to the Blessed Virgin, the Blessed Mother of God, in spite of the ignorant outcry of Protestantism more malicious than ignorant, for they know full well we do not adore her as God, but love her dearly and honor her because God made her His own Mother, and made her so beautiful, so holy, so worthy of love and so powerful to intercede for us, and to obtain graces for us from Her Divine Son. And this in spite of the theory of one mediator, for Christ Himself in His Church, has taught us this love of her.

8. We believe in the real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Not in an empty formula of the Lord's Supper, with the uncomfoting, meaningless, and empty ceremony of taking a symbol for the reality of the Presence of Our Lord.

9. We believe, too, in the obligation and necessity and advantages of Confession, because Christ taught it, and did not teach us to confess our sins to God and be satisfied with that. And we believe in all the other Sacraments as valid as in the Catholic Church. And the one Sacrament that is valid in other churches is because it is the Catholic Sacrament, and cannot be changed, and involving the validity of the Sacrament Matrimony among Christians because of the validity of this Sacrament of Baptism.

Moreover, we believe in the obligation of the law of the Church in regard to assisting at Mass, fasting, with dispensation only by authority of the same law, the spirit of Penance, the Sacramentals, Holy Water, Blessed Candles, Ashes, etc., belief in miracles and all the teachings of the Church.

And what should be the answer of a Catholic, if there are some who say your religion is like ours? It is yes, very like. Or with a profession of faith they are alike in some form, but not in reality. They may be alike, because you have borrowed, or taken without permission, the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, but not her doctrines. They are as like as the wax figure to the living man, the imitation to the genuine, the paste to the glorious diamond of Divine Truth.

Whatever Christ has taught is the belief of every true Catholic. If we look into the living reality of the Church to day, if we look to her origin, if we look to the place she has in history, has in influence upon the spirit of the world, in spite of the malice of Hell, in spite of the plots and plans of infidels and irreligious, in defiance of their schemes to destroy her existence, and to paralyze her influence. The very thought of her trials, persecution, her martyrdom, her pure teaching, in the midst of impious doctrines, the pure lives of so many of her children amid a sensuous and sensual and perverse generation; her thousands and millions of men and women, living lives apart from the world, consecrated to God by the vows of religion; her millions upon millions of saints and blessed ones, who have fought the good fight and have been crowned with the seal of approval of God's hands by their beatification and canonization on the calendars of Saints.

All this, my brethren, fills the heart with enthusiasm, makes the pulse beat higher and faster, fills the mind and the soul with noble aspirations, and fires the will with holy ambition to be worthy of such a noble ancestry, of so royal a companionship, to walk as we should walk, to please God, and with zeal to be recorded by life and by deed among the humblest of the followers of Christ in this legion of Blessed Ones.





A Christmas-tide Communion.

MARY SARFIELD GILMORE.

Joseph, good Joseph, turn hither thy feet,
Worn with the road, and unwelcoming street !
Humble my shelter ; yet service awaits
Thee and thy virginal Spouse at my gates.
Worthy I am not to welcome ye in, —
Mine is a dwelling dishonored by sin.
Enter it, nathless, reform to arouse.
Joseph, good Joseph, lead hither thy Spouse !

Mary, fair Mary, beneath my poor roof,
Put the remorse of thy sinner to proof,
Weigh my repentance in balance of tears
Brimming the cup of my prodigal years.
Thou art a woman, — a Mother to be. —
Lacking a cradle, O make one of me !
Crib in my bosom thy Babe und'filed. —
Mary, fair Mary, bear hither thy Child !

Christ-Child, sweet Christ-Child, Hosanna to Thee !
I am unworthy Thy manger to be
Yet Thou dis'ainest no soul that repents,
Shriving its sins by Thy blest Sacraments.
Nestle, then, Pure One, Within my sad breast,
Lulling my evil, and waking my best !
Chasten my soul with Thine infinite art, —
Dear little Christ-Child, in crib of my heart.

Dear little Jesus, since such is Thy Name,
Giftless to greet Thee, were surely my shame :
Gold, myrrh, frankincense, accept, then, from me, —
Faith, Hope and Charity shrined in the three !
Faith in Thy Godhead, altho' Thou art man, —
Son of the Virgin exempt from Sin's ban :
Hope for Thy grace, my salvation to find ; —
Love Divine, first ; then, of all humankind !

Praise, Adoration and Worship I add,
 Echoing anthems angelic and glad : —
 Fervent Thanksgiving for life, faith, and all
 Favors Thy Providence daily lets fall : —
 Sorrow for sins of the reckless days done ;
 Purpose all future ill-doing to shun ;
 Prayer for Thy blessing on thoughts, words and deeds ; —
 Lastly, Petition for Life's daily needs !

Dear little Christ-Child, my welcome is said.
 Now, in sweet silence, O pillow Thy Head,
 Cradle Thy Body, and shrine Thy white Soul
 Deep in my spirit, that hails Thee its goal !
 Where Thou hast entered, Thou bidest for aye,
 Granting no sin bids Thy Pureness away. —
 Mary and Joseph, ye Three must not part : —
 Dwell with the Christ-Child in home of my heart !



Some Thoughts Which Silence Brought.

HOMO.

When God had created heaven and earth and darkness rested over the mighty deep, out of the infinite silence, came the infinite Voice : " Be light made ! " Omnipotence had spoken ; and instantly following His words, light existed. So the first record which Holy Scripture gives us of the Speech of God, contains the sentence which by the Divine Will illuminated this earth and showed it to be " good."

This God, this Creator, this Father, who loves each one of us, endowed us, too, with the gift of speech, to enlighten us, to help us to console, to strengthen each other, and looks patiently down upon the perversion of his wonderful and precious bestowal, into a means of darkening our own souls, worrying the minds of others, weakening the mainstays of Christian friendship by casting out of it confidence and trust. What saints there might be in our midst but for the recklessness, fulseness and cruelty of tongues !

Light being the result of God's first recorded speech, the consideration of how much light follows our own exercise of the same faculty, ultimately brings forward the fact that must the decision be made between the two opposites of light and darkness, in our case the average would be humiliatingly high on the side of darkness. Has a character been blurred ever so little in its shining virtue, has a heart quivered in pain for a second of time, has truth hid its face under the black veil of falsehood but once, through our wilful words, then has darkness gone forth from our lips, and God and His Angels have been sorry. To the soul who ponders, speech seems frequently difficult and dangerous, and silence, judicious, self-controlling silence, a vast part of the subject in the science of the Saints.

When injured, angry, neglected, possibly when suffering some physical pain which no one can help and which therefore gracefully or grumblingly must be borne, silence is the sure source of plentiful assistance from Our Heavenly Father. At times even a more contemptible temptation may encompass us. Some gay, vacious friend has been to see us, and has poured out laughingly all the little private matters of half-a-dozen families. No one knows how the knowledge was obtained, no one can be certain that the gossip is even half-true; but it all made such a jolly good story, and if be sought-after for being so witty and conversational, why, there are no mortal sins concerned after all, and *of course* no harm intended, and really it is nice to be popular. The recipient of X's news, nine times out of ten rehearses the lively tale to the next person whom he encounters. And holy silence shrinks away perhaps mortally wounded, for human tongues have a fatal proneness to exaggeration, and if in the first instance Mr. and Mrs. S. *had a quarrel*, in the second version, likely as not, it is rumored that *they may separate and the bride go home to her mother!*

People are extremely provoking—*other people*, of course, *never ourselves*—and one must reprimand children, inferiors, possibly even wives and husbands. Nothing is more necessary than correction in the proper manner. Now let us say the following sentence very slowly and

deliberately together. No one should even reprimand anybody, with either words or manner which would necessitate an Act of contrition before Holy Communion " That is only logical, practical and just—to Our Blessed Lord as well as to our weak souls. Whatever would be unfitting and unchristian before Holy Communion, is only rather more so afterward, If anger or indignation, no matter how reasonable, has dominated us to the extent of our losing self-possession, then is the time to postpone speech until the dignity of self control is ours. Holy Silence is the shield which protects both our dependants and ourselves, and Holy Silence is very dear to the Heart of Jesus.

Every one has heard the story of the ignorant woman who announced to someone with whom she had quarreled: "I'm in a state of grace now, but *just wait till I get out of it!*" Yet, the writer of these lines witnessed only last summer an instance of just such a feeling and practice.

It was a glorious morning among the hills, very early and cool, and a party of friends were walking the two miles to the village, for Mass. The world seemed to belong only to the birds, for they were the only other living things to be seen and heard. Suddenly a bicycle shot past, then slackened and came back, the young rider wishing to bid the party, "Good morning." His greeting was heartily returned by all save one, a young girl who was his relation. After he had sped away again, some one asked her, "but what ails you, Minnie?" Her eyes flashing, the girl replied, "I can say anything *now*, because I'm going to Holy Communion. But he has taken my wheel, and *just wait till I get back!*"

When she *did* get back there was a sorry scene. Surely the silence before Mass was worse than useless, was a mockery and an insult to the Blessed Sacrament, when the intention already existed to let loose the eloquence of wrath an hour later. But the Eucharistic Jesus is silent and makes no complaint; yet in His Real Presence upon the Altar are both silence and self-control infinitely represented, for our strengthening and help under just such ordinary, trivial temptations as conquered the young girl and as are conquering many others all over the world at this moment.


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If only we might learn in the silent church, kneeling close to the Tabernacle, how many of our sins, how many of the occasions when we scandalize others, are due only to our lack of self-control and our unguarded speech ! He who rests in the Ciborium, so humbly, so reservedly, is a King, His state sustained by homage and prayer, His regal rights outraged by sin and neglect. When as Man He dwelt in the world, when as Saviour He was about to meet death by execution, His words were not many, and to Pilate's anxious, half-conscientious questioning before Barabbas was released " He answered him *never a word*". In three hours upon the Cross, He spoke only seven times. Ah ! But He was God ! Yes. He was God, and He bade men " be perfect even as your Heavenly Father is perfect ". They are the words, the command, of your King. Peremptory, unqualified ; yet softened and made tender by the loving title given by the God of heaven and earth — Our " Heavenly Father ", He who " pities us," who bears us in his hands ", He who by the first words which he left to us, created light. As He is perfect, so must ye be perfect, scorning words of darkness, and bringing only light and joy unto men by the words which leave your lips. Learning above all the refraining, self-denying, noble silence, which spares, which soothes, which keeps from sin, and which is always touchingly before you in the perpetual, silent, adorable Presence of Jesus within the Tabernacle.



The Martyrdom of St. Agnes.


DOWN o'er the yellow Tiber shone the golden breaking day :
 From o'er its proud hills, one by one, the shadows roll'd away :
 And Rome's imperial banner sway'd upon the morning breeze :
 And high the glittering fountains played among the almond
 trees.

Within the Forum's crowded space, the armed cohorts stand ;
 And many a dark and evil face is gleaming from their band ;
 And rude barbarian speech offends the tranquil morning air ;
 Her sons the torrid Afric sends in swarthy legions there.

There warriors from the Dacian hills, and Scythia's wand'ring son :
 What eager crowd the forum fills ? What deed is to be done ?
 Whom lead they now, with clanging swords, into the open space ?
 Some tyrant fallen and abhorred, some traitor to his race ?

Above whose cloven helm shall flash those blades that gleaming shine
 Some fiery Gracchus, fierce and rash, some vanquished Catiline ?
 As shakes a lovely star amid the black tempestuous night,
 So, in the sullen crowd, half hid, a maiden robed in white !

Yea, half a child, with folded hands, with waves of sunny hair,
 Before the gloomy Tribune stands, in tranquil beauty there. —
 " Resign the Christian faith, abhorred ", the angry ruler said,
 " Or swift it falls, that sharp bright sword, that glitters o'er thy head "

" The earth is fair, and thou art young, and ghastly are the dead ;
 " Wouldst thou within this hall be flung, and mocked by every tread ?
 " 'Twas not as if in answering him, her silvery accents rose,
 In music o'er the circle dim of angry scowling foes.

She said : — " From the faces that round me sway,
 Dark and fierce in the shining day ;
 Yea, from the edge of the gleaming sword
 I fly to thy bosom, O King and Lord !
 Sound out, sound out on the golden morn,
 Trumpet and drum and barbarous horn,
 Hark, 'tis the music that summons me home ;
 O, early beloved, I come, I come !
 Thou hast crowned my brow with a diadem bright,
 Thou hast robed me all fair in my bridal white ;
 Redeemer and King, I would go yet higher,
 I would travel to thee through waves of fire !
 Yea, where through the Flavian arches broke
 The lions, spurning the idle yoke ;
 Trampling the sand for their waiting prey,
 Joyful I'd stand for thy love this day.
 Happier for them a bride of earth,
 Springing to thee from the crimson death ! "

She bent her head, a glittering veil, as flashed the sword in air,
 Swept down the golden clusters pale of softly show'ring hair ;
 It swept along the forum's floor, and o'er her crimson'd vest,
 As gently out the Christians bore the maiden to her rest !

And from the forum pass'd the crowd in clusters, one by one ;
With careless speech and laughter loud their morning's work was
done ;

As on through classic columns white the swart Numidians pass'd,
Their figures in the fair sunlight a boding shadow cast.

The shadow of the days to come, the swift avenging days,
When thy proud towers, imperial Rome, shall crackle in the blaze,
When o'er the Tiber's redden'd flow shall flash the mingled fight,
The savage hordes with bended bow, the Roman's corselet bright !

When tall within the sculptured porch shall scowl the fiery Hun ;
And the red glare of many a torch make pale the setting sun ;
When in the shrines of cruel gods, beneath their frescoed roofs
The Scythian's sable plumage nods, and clang his courser's hoofs !

But o'er the virgin's ashes fair, within her chapel shrine,
In music plays the summer air, the golden evenings shine ;
There, in this distant latter time, a thousand years away,
The wand'ring sons of every clime revering kneel to pray.

The maiden lays with tender hand upon her altar fair,
The flowers that bloom'd within her hand, the jewels from her hair,
And prays St Agnes to entreat for her the gentle Lord,
Low, kneeling at her fair young feet, who perished by the sword !

—Selected.



Items of Interests.

With the approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan the gentlemen forming the Advisory Board of the Men's Branch of the Eucharistic League, have been formed into a council to represent the general interests of the work among our men, and will organize that branch of the work as a permanent society for Nocturnal Adoration. Their aim is to encourage Nocturnal Adoration during the Forty Hours and on Holy Thursday in all centres of the Eucharistic League, to call for volunteers for a general membership and to furnish adorers at need on these occasions to all pastors who find it difficult to obtain volunteers. Rev. Father Lavelle is the spiritual director of the Men's Advisory Board or Central Council, and has selected the following officers to serve for one year:—

President, Mr. J. Stanton Floyd-Jones ; Vice-President, Mr. Martin G. McDonald ; Recording Secretary, Mr. Richard H. Clarke, Jr. ; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. R. R. Costello ; Treasurer, Mr. R. J. Doherty.

The People's Eucharistic League will hold its Fifth Annual Reunion at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Friday, January 25th, 1901. Tickets of admission may be obtained at the Local Centres as usual. The men will sit together in the middle aisle, on the Epistle side of the altar.

The Forty Hours devotion will take place at the church of the Epiphany, in second Avenue, between 21st and 22nd sts., on Sunday, January 20th, and at the church of St. Vincent de Paul, on Sunday, January 27th. Our associates are invited to attend.

Rev. M. J. Lavelle will hold a meeting of the Local Directors of the Eucharistic League at the Cathedral Rectory, 11 a. m., on Friday, January 11th.

The Annual Council of Presidents and Vice Presidents will be held in the Cathedral Sacristy, on Tuesday, Jan. 15th, at 11 a. m.

The Nocturnal Adoration at Local Centres on Dec. 31 was most successful. The Cathedral, St. Ignatius, St. Stephens, St. Gabriel's and the Epiphany churches gave a record of from 150 to 500 men.

Prayers of our Associates are asked for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. N. M. Reinhart, Pastor of the Association Centre.



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The Children's Hour.

*"Suffer the little ones to come unto Me,
and forbid them not, for of Such
is the Kingdom of Heaven!"*

IT has long been our desire to introduce the work of the Eucharistic League among the little lambs of Christ's fold, the children whom He so loves, and who, in their innocence and simplicity, come so near to the likeness of the Lamb of God in the littleness of His Eucharistic presence. To form bands of children in each centre of the Eucharistic League and to adapt the requirements of the devotion to the limitations of their age and ability will be a matter of the very near future and one that will readily commend itself to our local Director. We shall later hope to give the little ones their own particular share in the reunions of the Eucharistic League at the Cathedral. The *Sentinel*, also, will devote a few pages monthly to the children with the aim of interesting them and furnishing simple and attractive devotional matter that will develop their love for the Eucharist. The heart of the child naturally welcomes the beautiful, and the imaginations that are surfeited with the husks of fables and fairy tales will find nourishing food in the beautiful stories of the angels and saints of God and the golden legends of Christ's mortal life. With the glowing imagery of the Christmas gospels fresh in our minds and the tender remembrance of Him who chose to come first to us in the guise of childhood we enter upon our task.

The Rev. Henri Durand, of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament, who is so frequently called by his friends "The Apostle of Childhood," will inaugurate the work with a New Year's letter, the first of a series. We are glad to announce also that Miss Josephine Marié will edit the Children's Department, and will welcome suggestions from our reverend Pastors and others, and any communications from the little ones. (Kindly address "Children's Department," *Sentinel* of the Blessed Sacrament, 123 East 50th St., New York.)

A Letter from Father Durand :

BRUSSELS, DEC. 20th, 1900.

Wishes for the New Year and the New Century.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN,

How well I know the delight of a child at getting a letter, a whole letter, all to himself, and a letter above all that comes from some friend ever so far away ! And so I am going to profit by this trait of childhood to correspond with you for your own good. It has often happened that without leaving my desk, I have preached a sermon one or two hundred miles away, because the good priest who asked me to write a letter to the children of his parish had the happy idea of reading it aloud from the pulpit. I cannot tell you how pleased his little audience were at this new style of preaching, when he said to them : " Be very attentive, children, here is a letter written to you that comes all the way from Brussels ! "

And now, since we have been urged to extend our apostolate among the children, I am going to try and make this simple means of gaining the children's hearts more popular, and instead of writing to the children of *one* family or *one* parish I am going to write to a *thousand* families and a *thousand* parishes at once.

But now I think I can hear some of the little ones, the very little ones, whispering together and asking how I can write to so many children at once.

Well, the babies do not yet know the wonders of the printing press, nor how by the circulation of our pious magazines such as the *Little Messenger* and the *Sentinel*, we can reproduce by tens of thousands a written page, so that one can write a letter to innumerable childish correspondents at once, and wish them all " a Happy New Year " at the same time. My letter is addressed to all catholic children of course, but more especially to those who belong to our Eucharistic Associations, the Guard of Honor, the Eucharistic Crusade, and the Pages of the Eucharist. I must begin by saying once for all, that

my correspondence is eucharistic, which means that my object in writing these letters to you is to teach you how to know and love more and more truly the Blessed Sacrament that contains the body and blood, soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus-Christ, who so dearly loved all men, but who had such a tender and particular love for the little children.

And now, dear little ones, what am I going to say to you? It is not so easy to choose, indeed, when one thinks of so much to interest and attract you, the new year, the new century, and the month of the holy Childhood! And I can say only a few words more, after all.

Well, my dear children, with all my heart I wish you a very happy New Year, and good and a holy one too. That means that I wish you to be very docile, very obedient and very pious, and if you will be all that, the year that is beginning for you will surely be a good and holy one. But the year 1901 is a very special year, a great, an unusual year, *for it is the first year of a new Century*. While I, far away in Brussels, am writing to you, we are still in the nineteenth century, but when you receive and read my letter we will have entered upon the 20th, so you see I am obliged to wish you a happy new Century as well as a New Year?

What am I saying! A century is a hundred years! Do I think you will all live so long as that? Well, not quite. I wish you all a long life certainly, but above all, a holy life; for if you live as good and fervent catholics for the many long years which I hope are before you all, and are good adorers of our Lord and proud of your religion, you will surely have a good century and a better one than the last. If you want to do this, dear children, you must love the divine Child Jesus very much and pray every day to Him who is always present in the Blessed Sacrament, and you must try to remain always children in innocence and simplicity.

Did you know that the month of January is consecrated to the honor of the Divine Infancy of the dear Saviour whose image you love to look at as it lies cradled in the little Christmas Crib?

How you beg Mamma and Papa to take you to see the

little Infant Jesus in the manger, in the churches where all is so beautiful at Christmas, when the Star of Bethlehem shines, and the Kings and the shepherds are kneeling in adoration, a picture of what really happened so many centuries ago !

But when you kneel there to pray, never forget that we have a Bethlehem always, here upon earth, and that not far from the crib is the *real* Jesus, and the Lamp of the Sanctuary points out to you too the place where He dwells.


Where is He then ? Surely you all know. He is on the altar, in the Tabernacle, under the form of a little bread in the Blessed Sacrament. So, when you have seen the crib, do not fail to go from the crib to the altar, from the image of Jesus to Jesus Himself, and there pray to Him with confidence and beg Him to take pity on the wicked world which still persecutes Him. Dear little ones, your innocent prayers are so powerful with the Infant Jesus ! Pray for the conversion or overthrow of the modern Herods who renew again the massacre of the Innocents in preventing you from knowing and loving the divine Child, the Love and Life of your souls. Believe me, your little prayers can work wonders, and if people knew their power they would make use of them in begging you to pray for the settlement of the many moral and social questions that last their disturbing shadows on the dawn of the 20th century, and bring God's sunshine to break through in an atmosphere of peace and concord.

And now, my dear children, I must say " Good bye " for the present, and give a you blessing from the depths of my heart.

Your devoted friend

HENRY DURAND.

P. S. I beg from my dear little friends in the United States some very special prayers, that God may bless the new foundation of a house of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament in New York. And may the children of that city which has just been blessed with a Church of Perpetual Exposition learn to find in it a fountain of grace for their innocent souls.



The Child's Petition.

She stole into the church alone
With shy and timid grace,
A little child with wondrous eyes,
And smiling, dimpled face.

" I come to see you, dearest Lord,
Sweet Jesus, are you here ?
Ah, yes, the light is burning bright,
I know that you are near.

" I'm glad that we are all alone,
Because I want to bring
A letter to your Sacred Heart
To ask for everything.

" Now, if some older people saw
Me write this little letter,
They'd take it, may be, from my hand
And try to make it better.

" But no one saw me write it, Lord,
I think it's written right ;
And you won't mind if it's spelt wrong,
Because it's clean and white.

" I'll drop it in your treasure box
And kiss it so 't will speed
Right up to Heaven to your heart
To ask for all we need.

" And then to make it very sure
I'll say a decade, too,
To forward quick this little note
I wrote, dear Lord, to you.

THE CHILD'S THANKSGIVING.

She comes again, the little child,
To visit Jesus here.
And sparkling bright her speaking eyes
Reflect her soul so clear.

I come again, dear Lord, you see,
I hope that you won't care,
Because I wrote another note
Not like a reg'lar prayer.

I want to thank you, dearest God,
Because you gave to me
An answer to that other note
I wrote one day to thee.

Now, when some one is good and kind
And gives a gift to me,
It's always right to smile and show
That I can grateful be.

Please read the letter, dearest God,
The words ain't grand and long ;
It just says "thank you, Sacred Heart"
I don't think that is wrong.

I want to be polite to you
For all you've done for me,
And in return, dear Sacred Heart,
I offer mine to thee.



"Come, let us adore Him."

JOSEPHINE MARIÉ.

"Come, let us adore Him". The dear voices of tiny children chant the sweet words throughout the world. They see, in spirit, as they sing, the Stable-Cave and the Babe, wee like them, lying upon the straw.

The hymn telling of the Babe divine fills their little hearts with awe as they think how He made the trees, the sky, all the big earth, yet was so poor that though even "foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests", He had not "whereon to lay His head." If they had been at Bethlehem they think, the Blessed Virgin would not have had to seek shelter for her Babe with beasts.

They would, at least, have gone to the Stable Cave and tried to help their Infant King. The Shepherds must have been glad to bring their lambs to Him and the Wise Men their gleaming gifts. Yet, little children of to-day may have the same sweet privilege. Not indeed to the Manger-Crib may they go to adore Him, but at the Altar-Crib they may kneel each day. As the Angels told the

lowly Shepherds of the birth of the Infant Redeemer and bade them seek Him in a manger, so the Guardian-Angels of children whisper to them the "glad tidings" that unto them is born a Saviour at each dawn, upon the altar, and that they must seek Him in the Host. More helpless and silent than in infancy, He wishes His priests to carry Him wherever they will, just as St. Joseph did long ago. Just as He would have held His wee divine trust out to the little children had they come to see Him in the Stable-Cave, His holy human Heart blesses them oh! so sweetly, as they kneel before the white veil of the Host that hides His glory less they might be afraid. Since then He wants them so very much, little children should be glad to come to Him. Their homage is to Him sweetest frankincense, their love purest gold, and the effort it may sometimes be to seek Him in the Altar-Crib, myrrh, that proves to Him that like the Shepherds and the Kings they too, at any cost, will — "come, and adore Him".

MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART.

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

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I

IT was Miss Nancy's birthday. She was ten years old, and she had had a visitor of her own. And at Miss Nancy's age, to have a birthday is greatness; but to have a particular and personal visitor, real and grown up (not to say elderly), this is preferable to calling the king one's uncle. She had had birthday presents, but this may happen to any one, and had occurred before to Miss Nancy herself.

There was the Shetland pony from the squire, though to be sure this had been promised so long that it did not seem to have much real connection with the birthday.

especially as you could not have it with you in the house ; and there was the prayer-book from Aunt Norreys, with a red back and a silver clasp. Miss Nancy gratefully acknowledged that everybody had been very kind to her, from Mrs. Plummett, who had made the birthday cake with her own hands, down to poor Bettie the under housemaid, who had presented an humble offering in the shape of a purple silk pincushion, stuffed with bran to an inconceivable extent of tightness, and bearing in pin-heads the straggling device, " My Lov," which trifling error Miss Nancy, a delicate little person, both by nature and upbringing, would have blushed to observe, and the legend remained as unaltered as poor Betty's lov itself.

Even Trimmer, the stern, had given Miss Nancy a white and gold china poodle ; and although the white and gold poodle may be an uncommon animal in real life, he looked charming in china, sitting tastefully on a ground of blue, which is well known to be the color of true affection. Miss Nancy had, with the friendly aid of a chair, set him up on the tall chimney-piece, from which elevation he stared fixedly and unmeaningly down upon her ; and looking up at him in return, and thinking with remorse of all the pinafores she had torn, and all the shoes she had dirtied, and all the extra washings and brushings she had inconveniently required at irregular hours, Miss Nancy felt Trimmer's high-minded forgiveness to be more moving than language would fittingly express.

Arminel Anne Throgmorton was her name, — her Sunday name, as she was accustomed to think, having but rarely any other use for it than in the catechism of Sunday afternoon. Nancy was the name of dear daddy's giving and the name of every day, and Miss Throgmorton was commonly only " Miss Nancy." She had, perhaps, at times wished that she had been endowed with a more ornamental and fashionable name ; but as one grandmother had been Anne Norreys, and the other had been Arminel Throgmorton, Miss Nancy quite saw that it could not have been avoided.

She had had a holiday in honor of her birthday, and

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Trimmer had even gone to the length of saying that she was going down to the village for an hour, and Miss Nancy might get out all her toys and take up the whole of the table if she liked. Not that Miss Nancy, though an only child, had any unmanageable number of toys; for she did not live in this present degenerate day of profusion in children's amusements, and the playthings grown old in the service of two or three generations were considered an ample provision for any one. The very best doll in all the collection was only a venerable and dandling lady, with a pink kid body, and a painted face, as ugly as might well be. Miss Nancy certainly valued her toys as toys *used* to be valued; but they did not lie very near her heart. A game with them generally took the rather forlorn form of laying them out in a solemn row, sitting by them till tea time, and them silently replacing them in the cupboard. And even the pink kid lady, in her best yellow satin slip and real morocco shoes, had failed to satisfy Miss Nancy's soul to-day.

She knelt on the floor by the window-seat, so that she could rest her arms on the seat, and her chin on her hands, and look out at the prospect, which from this point of view did not embrace more than the upper branches of the great elm-trees, with the rooks swinging in their nodding tops in a high spring wind, for Miss Nancy's birthday fell early in the year. It was not an extensive prospect without, but it was more interesting to her than the one within, — the panelled walls and floor painted brown, the tiled fireplace and brass irons, the spindle-legged table with round leaves, the wooden-seated chairs, the cupboard where Miss Nancy's small possessions were kept, the dignified and indifferent gray cat on the hearth, and the tall, polished clock with the brass face, and brass balls at the corners, and the fingers that moved round in jerks, and works that groaned and wheezed for very age.

But now Miss Nancy had a visitor. To begin with, there was a knock at the door, and a man's footstep.

"You can come in, Bailey. It is only me," said Miss Nancy, well meaningly, however ungrammatically. The door opened, but Bailey seemed to stand still in a very

unnatural manner, and Miss Nancy looked over her shoulder, to see no Bailey, but a living gentleman, rather an old gentleman, and quite a strange one. Miss Nancy scrambled to her feet with what would have been alarm if the old gentleman's appearance had not disarmed suspicion. He was smiling very cheerfully, and holding out his hand to her.

"I am quite well, thank you," said Miss Nancy at random, being for the moment thrown into some confusion.

"I am rejoiced to hear it," said the old gentleman. "You do not know me, do you? But I am the new rector."

"Trimmer is out," said Miss Nancy, doubtfully. "She has gone to the village. And Aunt Norreys has gone to St. Edmund's. And I do not know where daddy is."

"I have been walking with him," said the rector, "and now I have come to see you."

"Me?"

"Yes, I have come to see you," repeated the rector, with a gravity that Miss Nancy could not but not but consider flattering to a degree.

"Because of my birthday?" she said, feeling that at ten one begins to grow up.

"You see," said the rector, waiving the point, "I knew the squire many years ago, and now I should like to know his little daughter too."

Miss Nancy politely assented. She scarcely knew exactly what you ought to do when you have a visitor of your own, but, guided by a general strong sense of manners, she dragged one of the hardest and slimmest of chairs by its forelegs from the wall, and invited the rector to sit down, which he did, bowing his thanks, and drawing one out for her,—by the back, as more convenient to him than the low level of the legs. Miss Nancy infinitely preferred kneeling on the floor, with her arms on the seat; but this was, of course, not to be contemplated on such an occasion as the present, which demanded all the deportment of which a person was capable; and having smoothed down her pinafore, she

sat upright with one toe on the floor, and the other dangling at some distance from it, waiting, in obedience to an ancient maxim which bade her speak when she was spoken to. She liked looking at the rector. He was what she called an old gentleman, for on the shadowy side of sixty one can no longer hope to be called anything but elderly; his hair was quite white, and he scorned to disguise that it had grown thin at the top years ago. He wore it longer than would now be strictly fashionable; it hung on each side of his face in fleecy locks, — like the apostles in the painted windows in church, thought Miss Nancy. The rector's coat was in perfect harmony with his person, being old also, and far too long and ample in the skirt to have any pretensions to the mode. Miss Nancy liked him, nevertheless. He smiled at her, and he had a very pleasant smile.

"And what is your name, my little maid?" he asked.

"Arminel Anne Throgmorton," said Miss Nancy. "But daddy says Nancy."

"I thought it might have been something else," said the rector. "I thought it might have been — Margaret."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Nancy, earnestly. "Daddy would not like that. Once I said I liked Margaret better than Nancy, and he said 'Yes, but there was only one Margaret.'" For that had been the name of Miss Nancy's mother, and she was dead.

"Ah!" said the rector. "Ah, to be sure."

"But I like Nancy better than Arminel. Because when Aunt Norreys says Arminel, generally I have been naughty," admitted Miss Nancy, with regret. "I do not like Throgmorton very much. You cannot think what a hard word it is to write. I used to think it was a very hard word to spell. I suppose you know how to spell it?"

"Yes," replied the rector. "I used to write it long years ago, when I knew your father."

"And did you know him rather well?"

"I knew him very well—only, you see, we have not met for many, many years. And now he has asked me to come and live here."

"And shall you live here always?"

"I trust I shall, my little maid. I trust that you and I may be friends as long as we live. How old are you to-day?"

"I am ten," replied Miss Nancy, with a ladylike endeavor not to show pride on that account.

"And I am more than six times ten. Do you think I shall be too old for you?"

"Oh, no! For if you are not too old for me, and I am not too little for you, we shall meet in the middle," said Miss Nancy, with much politeness, if with some obscurity. "There is not any one of great friends but daddy, and Aunt Norreys, and Trimmer, and a few of smaller ones."

"Then let us shake hands upon it," said the rector. Which Miss Nancy and he proceeded to do with mutual satisfaction, and the visit went on in the greatest harmony. Indeed, Miss Nancy was by this time beginning to entertain distinct hopes of the rector remaining to take tea with her, when she would be enabled to serve him with slices innumerable from Mrs. Plummett's birthday cake, and many, many cups of tea—in Miss Nancy's eyes the patent of honorable years; and this she though would be a birthday feast indeed.

But, unfortunately, just at the moment when in fancy she was liberally assisting the delighted rector to cake, for the fifth time he rose to go.

"Must you really and truly?" said Miss Nancy, seeing the designed banquet melting away into thin air.

"Yes, I must go," said the rector. "My little maid, before I say good-by, let me offer you all I have to give." He was holding out his hand, and Miss Nancy thought it was to take hers; but he laid it on her head.

"God bless you, my little maid!" he said.

"And now," said the rector, at the door, "I have come to see you, and so you must come to see me."

"In fair turns," said Miss Nancy, nodding her head.

"Exactly," said the rector, and bowed his farewell.

(To be continued.)



Father Peter-Julian Eymard

Founder of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament.