



Angels, praise the Lord

From a painting by Mintrop.



Editorial.

THE New Year! There is joy and promise in the music of its chiming bells! And the thought of turning a new page of life to replace the blotted endeavors of the old, brings ever to the heart of man an element of cheerfulness and courage.

But let us be mindful that the new year be not filled with resolutions only, of good and zealous wishes that, like glittering castles in Spain, delude us with vain dreams and unsubstantial realities, castles in the air, that a breath may jar and an unkindly word dissolve. Let us build for ourselves, "more stately mansions as the long seasons roll," and rise year by year upon the ruins of our failures and lost opportunities to nobler and higher aims. Let us build up our fortunes, our intellects, our business, but side by side with these material results let us build high and wide the mansions of the soul. St. Theresa, whose intellect won her the recognition and applause of Popes and theologians, thanked God on her dying bed for the privilege of being "a child of the Church"! And we too, above all, are Catholics, and 20th century Catholics at that!

Is the fact evident in our lives? Do people with other faiths, or rather without them, look up to our lives for guidance and example in the mazy paths of modern morality that bewilds the traveller in the social world? Are our own lamps burning so brightly that we may not fear

to shine to the bewildered eyes that look in vain for the saving truths of faith, made manifest by good works? What place do we give to the study of our faith in the higher education that we vaunt so highly and seek in often such denious places? How much time do we give to God, and how little to Mammon? In what measure do the teachings of faith influence our relations with the world and with society? Or, sad to say, are we wholly guided by the spirit of the world, and the voice of public opinion, and must faith keep silence because there are none to listen! To what higher plane does the current of our daily lives lift us through the spiritual graces and helps that were purchased at such precious cost, given into the hands of such as we, favored children of the divine Heart? Oh, let us stop to think ere the new year be shrouded in the abyss of the past, and let us be practical and just and studious of our duty to God as well as to Cæsar.

The poison that infects the social world of modern times is insidious and baneful, and its germs of evil fatally involving the very springs of christian life. Let us inoculate ourselves with the divine essence of christian truth and grace and antagonize its effects by the pure and strengthening circulation in the veins of our soul, of the life of Christ, through the practical realization of our spiritual rights and privileges, that when the last New Year shall chime for us and the ebbing sands shall cease to flow, we may proudly own to the Great Judge of human hearts our title of nobility, that we were truly, *Children of the Church!*

It has been necessary to begin the year without notice of intended changes in the literary management of THE SENTINEL. Changes are, however, contemplated, and will shortly be announced. It is intended, however, by this means to improve the present standing of the magazine, to enlarge its scope and to make of it a more distinctively Eucharistic Magazine. Our readers will have cause to congratulate themselves in the fact that their interests will be more thoroughly studied and a more diversified and interesting results will be attained, in the course of the coming year. It will also, by this means, be possible to

insert in THE SENTINEL, the specific details in regard to the Eucharistic League, which our local directors and zelators are continually seeking for the developement of the work in local centres.



Wherefore the Eucharist.

To become security for mankind against God's implorable justice and to avert His anger from the world.

I. ADORATION.

PROSTRATE yourself with ardent faith and a reverence animated with holy fear, before the altar upon which our Lord Jesus Christ personally and uninterruptedly accomplishes His sublime and merciful office as Priest and Victim in behalf of the guilty world.

Behold Him, raised between heaven and earth, as on the cross, interposing between rebellious creatures and their irritated Maker. St. John says that even in Heaven there is an altar upon which stands Jesus under the emblematic of an immolated lamb, recalling incessantly to the divine majesty, by this state of Victim, the infinite atonement He has offered to God, by dying to reestablish His glory, and the salvation of all men which He has won by offering His death for them.

If the spectacle of the sacrifice of the Lamb of God continues even in heaven where there is neither sin against God nor fear of losing His friend-ship, it is the earth above all that calls for Him, that requires Him, that could not do without Him. My God! when Thy name is constantly blasphemed, when Thy rights are ignored by all society, when evil under all forms is allowed and even encouraged by the license of the civic powers, to spread, to invade souls, what would the world be, what would become of it if Thou didst not find here below com-

pensation, reparation, sacrifice, holiness, and prayer through Thine own son, incessantly immolating Himself for thy glory and offering His blood for the guilty.

Adore Jesus, beholding Him, behind the veils of the Sacrament as in His most august sanctuary, accomplishing the function of His reparative priesthood. He possesses all the qualifications that should be found in a priest: purity, holiness, contempt of the world, hatred of sin, love for sinners, all these qualities he brings to the highest perfection, to an infinite perfection, because He is the Son of the infinitely perfect God. He offers also a perfect Victim Himself, and it is His soul, His blood, His life, His liberty, His power, His repose that He sacrifices, and immolates to God, in the Eucharistic annihilation, where His liberty and His life disappear.

Adore Him, in this sublime state, in that incomparable action of His Eucharistic priesthood, with an humble fear tempered with love and wonder.

II. THANKSGIVING.

Continue the contemplation of the sacrifice accomplished in the Sacrament by our Lord, considering, in order to bring forth thanksgiving from your hearts, the wonders of our God's love therein, the marvelous ways in which He manifests Himself. Freely from the yearning of His merciful heart He wished to add to His sacrifice on Calvary and to the humiliations of His human life, the sacrifice of the altar and the abasement of His Eucharistic life. It is a new gift, renewed at each instant with the same love that made it spring from His heart for the first time.

And besides, this sacrifice is a compensation of glory rendered to God, of satisfaction offered to His justice, of gratitude for His love, far exceeding all that rebellion, ingratitude and the impurities of sin try to take away from it.

The object of this intervention of Christ between heaven and earth is to maintain between God and man reconciliation and peace, renewal of life and grace; to guarantee to every man coming into the world the birthright of salvation obtained on the cross, for the virtuous, the

means of perseverance ; for the sinner the strength to rise again, for the dying the means of dying in peace with God, for the whole world the divine mercy.

It is as perpetual, alas ! as the needs of the creature, and the requirements of sin ! It is as universal as the world, that it may pursue sin everywhere and extend its reparative action wherever sin has left its destructive germs.

O gentle and merciful, O powerful and indefatigable mediation of the Eucharistic Christ ! O too precious ransom ! O Sacrament of the priesthood and sacrifice of Jesus, throne of perpetual mediation, altar of peace, be thou blessed, praised and loved forevermore.

III. PROPITIATION.

Try to understand how serious an evil is sin, since it is so often committed in face of the altar where the divine Victim immolates Himself to diminish its ravages, and in spite of His wonders of love and His numberless sacrifices, His astounding annihilations, sin is not yet conquered ! It is certain that sin becomes even more grievous, more deserving of the hatred and punishment of God, from the fact that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ is despised, rejected, belittled by man, led furiously into error, against the love of his God.

The presence of the Eucharist everywhere makes the whole earth a sanctuary. It is this sanctuary that the sinner so thoughtlessly profanes. How terrible will be his punishment, if he persists in offending God in spite of the protestations, the offers, the sacrifices, the reparation that the Eucharist multiplies in order to preserve him from sin, or to make him renounce it.

Examine your own conscience, and remembering the most serious errors of your life, weigh them, measure them by the measure of all the love that nineteen centuries of the Eucharistic existence of Jesus could contain, hate them as he does, and for His sake. Offer Him for yourself ; it is still possible to you. It is the consummation of His mercy: profit by it, for if you continue to despise it your judgment will be terrible.

IV. PRAYER.

Always pray through the Eucharist, that is to say through Jesus, Priest, Mediator, Victim, Ransom and Surety for the world, in the Blessed Sacrament. Consider that He is therein always in the act of His sacrifice, which He renews night and day, at every instant and everywhere.

Love to interpose between God and your own miseries, your unfaithfulness, your sins, the Mediator of peace, Jesus.

Shelter beneath the sacrifice, the prayers and the protection of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, all those who are bound to you by ties of blood, duty or affection.

Birds hiding beneath the spread-wings of the mother fear not the vulture; thus under the protection and shadow of the Sacrament, we too, shall be shielded from the murderous strokes of the enemy, and from the divine anger that revenges itself on us for the victories that we yield so easily to Satan.

PRACTICE.

Appeal with confidence to the Holy Sacrament in temptation, danger and affliction.

Sacerdos Alter Christus.

REV. A. O'NEIL, C.S.C.

A thought to treasure in thy inmost heart,—
 Another Christ, anointed priest, thou art,
 In rank above all men, so near divine
 Archangels claim a lower rank than thine.
 In power greater than the king who sways,
 Earth's mightiest realm, for thee e'en God obeys.
 A Christ in rank and power, ah, 'tis meet,
 That thou the fair resemblance should'st complete.
 Be thine His patient pity and zeal.
 Thine to the wounds of aching hearts to heal.
 Be thine to follow whither lost sheep roam,
 And bring them kindly on thy shoulders home.
 Be thine Thy Master's cross with love to bear,
 And thine in endless life His crown to bear.

St. Agnes.

E. MCAULIFFE.

THE Feast of the sweet Saint Agnes, the model of christian girlhood, is celebrated on the altars, wherever the christian name is known, on the twenty first day of January.

How beautiful and pleasing in the sight of God, was her short life ! She was like a lovely flower, gathered as soon as it attained the fullness of bloom :

“ In the fresh and dewy morning,
Not in the glare of noon ; ”

Not left to fade and wither on the stem, but transplanted to the garden of the Lord where decay is never known.

Every little girl should make herself familiar with the story of Saint Agnes, in order to know, love and imitate her.

St. Agnes lived in the early days of the Church, when the Roman emperors were at the height of their power, and fearing the new and mysterious doctrines of christianity, determined to stamp them out. However, all the weight of the greatest empire the world had ever seen, could not destroy the seed of holy doctrine, which Christ declared should flourish and spread its branches into all nations ; promising his Apostles : “ Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world,” St. Matthew XXVIII-20. And again, in reference to his Church, “ The gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.” Matt. XVI-18.

The parents of St. Agnes were rich and noble, besides being sincere christians, she therefore was born a christian, and brought up carefully in the light of the true Faith. At the age of twelve her hand was asked in marriage by a young nobleman, the son of the prefect of Rome. But the youthful saint, even at that tender age, had consecrated herself to God, and she refused her Roman lover, telling him that she had already bestowed her heart on one who had loaded her with priceless gifts.

Procopius, her suiter, thought that it must be some

foreign potentate who had gained the love of Agnes ; and as the love of a lover is always shown by the richness of his gifts, he promised her everything that a young maiden could take delight in, if she would listen to his suit, but finding that he could make no impression on her, he fell sick of jealousy and disappointment.

Now we must remember that in those days christians had to conceal their Faith and worship God in secret, their churches and places of meeting being under ground. It was a crime against the law to be a christian, and death in frightful forms of cruelty was the punishment, if discovered.

The father of Procopius was filled with rage on hearing that his son had been refused by Agnes. He sent for her, and having asked her reasons, was not long in finding out that she was a christian. He taxed her with it, and commanded her to marry his son ; or, if resolved to remain a virgin, to sacrifice to the idols of Rome as did the Vestal Virgins.

The holy child made answer that she could not obey him, as she was already espoused to the Lord of Heaven, who sent his angels to guard her ; and as to offering sacrifice to Vesta, she could not adore images of stone, incapable of seeing, hearing or feeling.

At this the judge's rage rose to frenzy ; he screamed : " Ah, I know a way of subduing you ; you are condemned to be dragged from here to a place of infamy, to be the sport of the vilest of the populace " ! She answered, with perfect serenity : " My angel will go before me ; he is one of the countless multitude who minister to Christ, my Spouse ; whom you know not—but who will be there like a strong wall encompassing me about, so that no shame can come near me."

The Prefect ordered the lictors to tear off her clothing ; when, instantly, her hair fell around her, miraculously increased, insomuch that it formed a mantle which covered her whole body, veiling it from the public gaze.

One of the marvellous gifts conferred by our Lord on this saint, was the privilege of always seeing her angel guardian ; and it happened on this occasion just as she foretold : when they dragged her to the dreadful den of

and vice, her angel stood beside her. Procopius followed and attempted to enter the room in which they had placed her, but the angel laid him dead at the door!

The news of the sudden death of the Prefect's son quickly spread throughout the city; the brutalized populace proclaiming that Agnes was a sorceress, and had killed him by her arts, the angel being invisible to them.

The Prefect hastened to the prison, and poured forth a torrent of the most violent and insulting epithets on the innocent captive, who did not seem even to hear him, her soul being rapt in a celestial vision. When he saw that his abusive language had no effect, he fell on his knees, and besought the saint to restore his son to life.

The gentle saint pitied the father's sorrow, and bade him leave her while she prayed for his son to her divine spouse; and behold, while she prayed, the young man arose, and going forth into the streets declared openly that the God of Agnes was the only true God.

On seeing the miraculous restoration of his son the Prefect thought to save the life of Agnes, but the fanatic mob clamored for her death, and the wicked man, like Pontius Pilate in the case of Our Lord, desiring to keep the good will of the people, permitted them to work their will on her. They built an enormous fire in the Forum, and bound the young delicate virgin to a stake in the midst. She remained there like the young Hebrews in the fiery furnace, untouched by the flames, which burned with such violence that many standing around were consumed.

When the unjust judge saw that fire could not burn the virginal flesh of the saint, he commanded the lictor to strike with the sword, and at one blow the lovely head was severed from the body. Some Christians who were waiting to see the end, threw a rich mantle over the sacred remains and carried them away. Later they were buried in the catacombs with all the ceremonies of the church.

There is a beautiful book, entitled *Fabiola*, which I would advise every boy and girl to read; it is a story of the times in which St. Agnes lived, and the characters of many saints and heroes are depicted therein.

If any of you should visit Rome, you will find two beautiful churches under the patronage of Saint Agnes ; one is Piazza Navona, on the site of the dreadful house where the innocent young saint was sent the first night, where her angel defended her against the brutal inmates, striking dead her pagan lover.

The other church of Saint Agnes is outside the walls of Rome, and is called *St. Agnese fuori le Mura*. It is built on the site of a country house which belonged to her father where she passed most of the happy days of her childhood.

A beautiful ceremony is performed in this church every year on the feast of St. Agnes. During High Mass two spotless lambs are brought to the altar ; the cardinal celebrant blesses them ; then they are brought to St. Peter's, to the Pope, who blesses them again, after which they are consigned to the care of the sisters in a designated convent, where they are fed and cared for until the time of shearing. The wool of these lambs is used to make the *palliums* which the Sovereign Pontiff sends to the Patriarchs and Metropolitans throughout the whole world.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are sorry that we are obliged to keep reminding our readers that many of the subscriptions are due, and have been so for some time. This, of course, is a cause of anxiety to us, and hinders us in the progress of our work. We will be very grateful to those of our subscribers who are in arrears, if they will promptly remit the small subscription fee, otherwise we will be obliged to take their names from our list after this January number.

If any subscriber, who has paid his subscription, fails to receive THE SENTINEL, he will please notify us, and send in his receipt of payment, which we will promptly return, as soon as the mistake is rectified.

At The Font.

By CHARLES S. HURT.

Before the font and chancel's front
I saw the mystic rite,
And heard the triune blessing fall
Upon a babe in white.

Sweet was its smile, and free from guile
And sin's seductive charm ;
It lay amid the circling folds
Upon a surpliced arm.

A gentle grace o'erspread its face,
Soft as the tints of skies
The sunset paints like jewels set
Shone out its sparkling eyes.

Like sun kissed sand along the strand
Lay tangled threads of hair ;
Some twined in tiny curls, and some
Fell on a brow so fair.

'Twas there among that godly throng
I heard the sponsor's vow,
And there, too, saw God's servant sign
Christ's cross upon its brow.

Oh, babe of earth, another birth,
The new, this day in thine,
Since on thy little brow was set
The sign and seal divine

Let shame ne'er scar, nor misdeed mar,
Nor pride nor lust embrown,
But keep it pure, if thou some day
Would change it for a crown.

The Sacrament of God's Goodness.

PÈRE EYMARD

In funiculis Adam traham eos, in vinculis caritatis.
I will draw them with the cords of Adam, with the
bonds of love. OSEE, IX, 4.

THE Eucharist brings to him who receives it worthily, an increase of happiness and of consolation that is gained nowhere but in this divine Sacrament.

Why does God seek so much to communicate to us His sweetness? Because one thing only can attach us to Him, His goodness. There is no sympathy between those who are not on a footing of equality; the powerful are surrounded with those who envy them, and kings would have no friends, did they not lower themselves to seek them. We tremble before the power of God, nor would His holiness lead us to seek Him. But we love Him because he is *good*. We know that He desires to save us, that He has descended to the depths of our nothingness, and the mysteries of His life that most excite us to love him are those which present to us His tender and inexhaustible goodness. His goodness alone can have power to attach us to Him in a persevering manner. When do we see Him adored upon earth with the greatest testimony of love?

The Magi adored Him in the manger, because he was so loveable. The man born blind sought to follow Jesus because He had shown him so much kindness. Magdalen saw her sins forgiven and a fire of love was kindled in her heart that was inextinguishable. Our Lord had been so good to her! Thus the church, understanding so well the Divine secrets, cries out in her prayers, *Deus cujus natura bonitas*. O God, whose nature is goodness! What! are not the attributes of God equal to His essence? He is all entire within us, and all his attributes are equal, no doubt; but here below, and for mankind, the nature of God is to be good to us: *Deus cujus natura bonitas*.

II.

This proved, we should love most our Lord in that action which most portrays His goodness. And surely it is above all in the Blessed Sacrament, and in communion, that this goodness shines forth in its most glorious effulgence! The Council of Trent says that in this Sacrament God has lavished the treasures of His love. *Divitias amoris sui velut effudit.*

It is the uttermost gift of His love. What more could God do than give Himself to us? In communion we receive Jesus Christ, God and man, with all the merits of His mortal life and all His states, the Redemption and its fruits and the pledge of future glory. Thus we receive the total sum of happiness that God could give to mortality here below.

We feel this happiness. It is necessary that we taste of it, for without the sweetness of union with God, the state of grace, ordinarily speaking, is very difficult to preserve.

The Sacrament of Penance renew in us the state of grace, it heal us, but it is a violent remedy, a dearly bought victory, and we feel after it still the lassitude that follows the struggle, and this Sacrament that gives us life is do not supposed in itself to keep up that life very long. If we are satisfied to seek nothing more we are only spiritual convalescents. What then do we need to give us the plenitude of life, to make us grow to Christian manhood, to make men of us? Communion, which is a balm, a sweet and strengthening cordial. After the Sacrament of Penance the Eucharist, restores us to perfect peace. We need to hear from our Lord's own mouth the saving words: "Go in peace and sin no more," the word, which coming from His heart falls upon our wounded and suffering hearts as a celestial dew, a heavenly unction. Communion gives to us enduring constancy. There is nothing so discouraging as the thought of the long road before us to travel, and this thought is ordinarily the temptation of beginners in the spiritual life.

"I can never persevere to the end!" If then you would persevere, receive our Lord!

The soul that communicates is able to keep itself in a state of grace to enter heaven, but heaven seems so far, far away! How much faith it takes to keep one's eyes forever fixed on a horizon so distant! The life of faith is one continual sacrifice, a battle without respite, without truce; continual effort exhausts our nerves. We are like travellers far from home, the length of the journey wearies us and paralyses our forces. In receiving Communion but seldom it is difficult to preserve the state of grace; and even though we keep it still, it is neither pure nor beautiful as it should be, the dust of the roadside has tarnished its beauty. Experience has taught us this fact.

If, however, we receive communion frequently, oh how much more easily do we guard its pristine purity! It is no longer a distant horizon upon which our eyes are fixed, but an ever present one. To-morrow? no, to-day, no longer. We know what it is to wear the wedding garment, to be dressed in our best, to honor the giver of the banquet, and we avoid sin lest we be through it deprived of Holy Communion. Thus Holy Communion builds in our hearts an assured rampart against sin, and we may easily avoid it until death comes to end the struggle. I speak of wilful sin.

How can a soul that receives Communion every day and is faithful to it, consent to temptation? She knows that sin will deprive her of what she most desires, and the Communion that is to be made the following morning gives her strength and encouragement and prevents the falls that menace her to-day. I cannot understand a state of grace without frequent communion.

It is also the spirit of the church, she encourages us to even daily Communion by the voice of the Council of Trent. Some contend that this theory should be carefully and prudently guarded and considered, that the church is right in theory, but that in practice one should follow the counsel with discretion. "It is enough," they say, "for the faithful in general to receive Communion only upon the great feasts." "But," we reply, the Eucharist, received at long intervals only, ceases to be the *daily bread* that we are led to expect, and that we need for our daily falls. How shall I keep alive in my heart the love of God

that is the life of all Christian virtues? "Alas!" it is asked, "why have some European countries lost the Faith?" It is because Holy Communion is but seldom or never received. The deadly poison of Jansenism drew the faithful from the Holy Table. They lost their taste for Jesus Christ, the taste for faith and love. They became weak and fell from inanition. Give them once more the supersubstantial bread of Holy Church, bring them once more to the Eucharistic fire, let this vivifying sun bring them to life once more. To bring back the faith of a nation how many books are written and how much reasoning wasted? Faith does not reason so much. Seek its source rather at the Holy Table, because there Jesus Christ becomes its direct and ever present aim. It renders the practice of virtue easy and agreeable, because the virtues increase our love for God, their object. We cannot advocate sufficiently the practice of frequent Communion. This is not an abuse of the Blessed Sacrament. Does the child that loves to be at its father's side and is ever embracing him, abuse that father's love? It is the same with the faithful and our Lord.

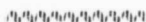
Facts and Examples.

How the Most Blessed Sacrament was Saved During an Inundation in Patagonia.

During a flood in Patagonia in the part of that country where there are Catholic missions served by the Salesian Fathers, a great number of lives were lost, and many thrilling incidents occurred. A letter from one of the missionaries describes how, during the inundations in one place, the Blessed Sacrament was saved.

"Whilst Father Aceto was busily occupied in directing the work of rescue, he did not notice that the church, which had been the last place to be flooded, threatened to give way and bury in its ruins the Blessed Sacrament. But Brother Antony Patriarca saw the danger, and as it was impossible at the time to acquaint the superior—the only priest in Guardia Pringles—of the fact, he bravely made his way through the breast-high

water in the church to the altar, unmindful of the risk he ran, and reverently extracting the pyx containing the consecrated hosts from the tabernacle, he carried it to the hillside. There a small hut was improvised, which became the dwelling place of our divine Lord. This humble and primitive chapel was the centre of attraction for the refugees on the hillside, and therein Father Aceto offered the holy Sacrifice of the Mass and administered the sacraments every day for some weeks."



An Edifying Example.

The London Tablet gives the following beautiful example of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. At a theatre in Spain the play "El Mississipi" was being represented when the sound of a little bell accompanying the Blessed Sacrament was heard, as our Divine Lord was being borne past to some sick person. The actors knelt upon the stage, while the orchestra played a royal march; the audience moved by the example knelt too for awhile, and then arose and applauded loudly. What a lesson, says the Western Watchman, for American Catholics, many of whom make no recognition of the Real Presence of Our Lord when they pass a church; many of whom have no salutation for Him when He enters their homes bringing graces and blessings to a suffering one—perhaps to themselves. The writer has known instances where the family sat calmly enjoying their breakfast while Holy Communion was being given to a sick person in the next room. Deep abiding reverence, entirely free from human respect, for the Blessed Sacrament, is one of the things we have yet to acquire.

The Sixth Annual Reunion of the People's Eucharistic League.

The *People's Eucharistic League* will hold its sixth Annual Reunion at the Cathedral, on Sunday, January 26th, at 8 P. M. The Rev. Wm. O'B. Pardon, S. J., will preach the sermon.

The order of exercises will be the same as usual.

Tickets can be obtained at the Local Centres.

A Knight of the Blessed Sacrament.

PROMINENT among the two score English tourists who chanced to be in the Italian city of Livorno (or, to use its harsher English name, Leghorn), in the summer of 18—, was Lord Seybold, a wealthy landowner, whose taste for travel drew him to the Continent oftener than it allowed him to remain in his native country.

A day or two after his arrival in Leghorn, that beautiful Tuscan city was put in holiday attire in honor of the festival of Corpus Christi. The spectacle that met the young Englishman's sight, as he left his hotel about eleven o'clock, was an impressive and splendid one. A sun, radiant as only a sun of Italy can be, flooded the atmosphere with gold in rays; the air was palpitating with the melody of joyous church bells; palaces, stores and lesser buildings were decked with banners and streamers of every rich and varied color; magnificent repositories blazed out in exceptional splendor along the route; and in flower-strewn streets the silent throng of men, women and children knelt in reverent adoration as Eucharistic God was borne through their midst by the venerable Archbishop walking under a *baldaquin*, and escorted by the clergy and the nobility of the city.

An ironical smile played around the lips of Lord Seybold as the cortege approached the point where he had stationed himself, and amused the pitying spectator of "these poor, superstitious Romanists." He had removed his hat as an act of mere gentlemanly courtesy, but was standing erect among the kneeling worshippers—when, suddenly, the supercilious expression vanished from his countenance, he grew pale as death, and falling upon his knees burst into tears. What had happened? We shall let Lord Seybold himself explain.

"While I was watching, with an incredulous eye, the center of the ostensorium carried by the Archbishop, it seemed to me that the Saviour cast upon me a glance in which ineffable sweetness, sorrow and reproach were mingled. Something indescribable took place within me; I fell on my knees, believed and adored."

It was another Saul struck down on the road to Damascus. Lord Seybold abjured protestantism and shortly afterward entered the Society of Jesus, of which he became a brilliant ornament.

Throughout his religious life, his love for the August Sacrament of the Altar was admirable. He consecrated to It his eloquent tongue and able pen, spent long hours in adoration at the foot of the Tabernacle, and daily made the offering of his life as a sacrifice of expiation for the outrages of which Our Lord is the subject of the Holy Eucharist. One springtime he was sent, at the approach of Easter, to help an old pastor in a mountain parish of the Sabines, a district still infested, at the epoch which we write, by roving bands of brigands, and less hardy robbers as well. Very late one evening the pastor happened to be summoned on a sick call and Father Seybold, wishing to await his return, sat at the window, contemplating the magnificent, star-gemmed, Italian sky in the impressive silence of a night whose serenity was undisturbed by even a passing zephyr. He glanced, too, toward the modest little church, situated a few rods from the presbytery; and his priestly heart, in loving adoration of the Divine Prisoner, throbbed with holy envy of the constant sanctuary-lamp whose rays shown through the chapel windows.

Suddenly he fancied he saw a shadow moving in the sanctuary; and impelled by an instinctive presentiment, he hastened at once to the church, the door of which he found ajar. One glance at the altar thrilled him with horror: two robbers were standing before the open tabernacle which they had already rifled of the Chalice and the Ciborium containing the consecrated Hosts. What was he to do? He knew that near by, under the tower, there were the sexton's pickaxes; and for a moment his impulse was to arm himself with one, and crush the sacriligious wretches where they stood.

"But no," he said to himself, "The hand that consecrates the Bread of Life will not be raised against these unfortunate men."

He stole noiselessly up behind the robbers, and, aided by his unusual height, had seized the Ciborium before the desecrators were aware of his presence. Terrified at this interruption, the brigands were about to flee when, seeing that they had only one man to deal with, they decided not to abandon their booty, and threw themselves upon the priest to wrest the holy vessel from his grasp. Bracing himself against the altar, however, and holding the Ciborium closed to his breast, Father Seybold resisted all their efforts; and, although blows rained upon him, he could not be made to move or relax his

hold of the sacred vessel. Furious at the superhuman strength he evinced, one of the wretches discharged a pistol at his head. The generous priest fell down on the Altar, wounded unto death but, by a supreme effort, still held close to his Divine Treasure.

"Help, Lord,—help!" he cried, "my strength is gone."

At that moment, the pastor, his sacristian, and two men had accompanied them to the sick call entered the church.

The brigands fled at once; but what a sight met the eyes of he old priest and his companions! At the foot of the Altar stretched almost lifeless, he whom an hour before they had left full of vigor and health.

From a great wound in his head the blood was streaming, and his enfeebled hand pressed to his heart the holy Ciborium all covered with gore. A heavenly smile wreathed his lips as he gave up the sacred vessel to the pastor, whose emotion completely overpowered him.

"Weep not, my good friend," said the dying priest, his countenance all aglow with joy and triumph; "weep not. The dearest wish of my life is accomplished, I die for the captive God of our Tabernacle."

Help was hastily summoned, but it was unavailing; the bullet had done its appointed work. At the very foot of the altar Father Seybold received, in viaticum, the God who made Himself a victim for all; and before the first blush of dawn tinged the eastern hilltops the glorious martyr adored the unveiled majesty of Him Whom on earth he had loved even unto death.





The Children's Hour.

A CHILD'S SOUL.

ONE day, a priest in Paris sat in his room composing a discourse, destined, perhaps, to set the seal on his reputation as an orator. His attention was concentrated on his task.

At that moment, a little chimney sweeper half singing, half shouting his refrain, passed by. His services were needed and he was called in. He climbed up with professional alacrity, sang some couplets while working and re-appeared, sweating and grimy, beside the writer's desk.

"Mister, it's ten cents," said he. "Ten cents? well here they are, now we are even!" Taking a coin from his purse. The priest picked up his pen once more, but it seemed as if an iron hand had gripped his heart. Pangs of remorse seized him.

"Even! I said we were even!" he murmured to himself! "How would that be? Was that child a machine? Had he not an immortal soul, a soul for which Jesus shed his blood?" At this reproach, the priest bounded, called after the boy, questioned him about God and his Mother, catechism and First Communion. But he knew nothing about catechism and First Communion.

Yet the two seemed to feel a mutual attraction. The child fixed a long look of hopeful expectancy on the

priest's face. What was he going to do? What was going to happen?

This is what happened. The little sweep was instructed, and two months afterward, in a retired chapel, the priest, clad in feast day vestments, laid on the child's pure lips the Bread of the strong and happy.

On that day they were even. The salary, the debt of affection was paid in full. Later on, the child thus saved from danger, might be seen mounting the altar in his turn and blessing the angel of his life. The two priests, one aged, the other young, realized that the gift of oneself is worth far more than the most brilliant oration, and that, in forming a child's career, in training him to a manly life, nothing equals the gift of God, contained in the bestowal of wise affection.

This story is in no way a fictitious one. It was narrated during the Eucharistic Congress of Rheims, by Monsignor Dulong de Rosnay, one of the two heroes.

—*The Orphan's Friend.*

Anecdotes.

He is only nine years old but his invalid auntie always wishes him to arrange the altar in her room.

As usual, this evening, Louis puts the flowers he has picked upon it. Then he takes the crucifix and presses it to his lips.

"HE will be here in the morning," he murmurs.

"I am sure you do not feel very comfortable after you have been even a little bit naughty," auntie once said to a little brother. "Oh my, no!" was the quick response.

"I feel as if I were being SCOLDED INSIDE" !

A New Year Reunion.

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.

I.

BLEECKER Street is narrow, noisy and squalid, but an element of the picturesque is infused into it by the variegated garb of the Italian residents. On this New Year's Eve they were out in full force. The fact that snow had been falling steadily for hours and that the air was sharp, could not deter them from hunting for bargains to complete their purchase for the festa.

Policeman O'Connor sauntered through the crowd, stopping occasionally to admonish the peddlers, whose booths lined the sidewalk. Kerosene lamps lit up their wares, and the flaring light lent additional brightness to the mass of pinchbeck and tinsel. The policeman, however, was not burdened with artistic tendencies, and the shifting, kaleidoscopic scene was too familiar to interest him.

But suddenly his bored expression changed into one of alertness, and he quickened his gait as he saw in a doorway what looked like a bundle of fur. He stooped over it and after a moment's inspection growled, "Get out of there an' go home! Quick now or I'll run you in!"

A child rose from the step and looked at him fearlessly. She presented a strange and striking appearance. Her features were delicate, her skin exquisitely fair, and her eyes and brows very dark. The mop of auburn hair that curled about her temples was crowned by a man's fedora. Her frock was torn and soiled, her shoes broken, and her stockings clumsily patched, but the fur cape in which she was wrapped was of genuine sable. It was true it had seen much service, yet it still retained something of its pristine family.

O'Connor eyed the little figure with growing amazement.

"Whit's your name, youngster?" he demanded.

"Veronica Ferrante, Signor."

"Oh you're an *Eyetalian*! I suppose you live in the tenement above?"

"Not now, Signor. The Padrone moved away to day. He would let me stay with him no longer. He said I eat too much."

"Goodness knows you look more like a starved sparrow than a glutton! Is the Padrone, - bad 'cess to him, - your father?"

"Oh no, Signor. We lodged with him. My father fell ill of a fever and they took him I know not where." The pathos in her eyes and voice was infinitely touching.

"How old are you, child?"

"I am not yet eight, Signor."

"And have you no mother at all, at all?"

"Ah yes, Signor. But we lost her in Verona"

"Lost her. That's queer. What did she do for a livin'— what was she?"

"She was a goddess, Signor. It was thus my father called her."

O'Connor scratched his head perplexedly. The situation was getting beyond him. His ideas on the subject of mythology were extremely vague, but he had gone through an art gallery once and had left it with an impression that the whole race of goddesses were deficient in the matter of morals and clothes. Still, his heart was warm and his sympathies went out to this waif and stray who looked and talked so different from the children of the quarter.

"Well, don't fret about it," he said kindly. "'Tisn't your fault if she was a goddess. Sure, children can't help their parents goin's on. Me own sometimes takes a drop too much an' soforth. How did ye lose her?"

"We were poor, Signor. My father could not sell his pictures, and there was no bread. One day the men who paid us to sit still while they painted, kept us long. When we came back at night the madre and the sweet new bimbo were gone."

"That was tough luck! Couldn't anyone tell where they went?"

"We heard only that the grand Signori took them away. And my father fell upon his face and cried."

"Huh, - that was the Dogo of it! And what did ye do then, poor mite?"

"We did look for her everywhere, and then we came to this cold land of hers. But we found her not. And now my father

too, is lost and I have no one, —no one!" The soft voice quavered and the luminous eyes grew misty.

"You have *me!*" said O'Connor with sudden energy, "I'll be a friend to you else my name is not Denis. Listen now, I'll soon be off duty an' I'll take you home with me. The wife has a heart though her tongue at times does be sharp. She'll mother you to night, an' to-morrow bright an' early I'll search every hospital in New York for your father."

"Ah, Signor, you are good! I kiss your hands."

"Faith you'll not. I'm only a big rough fellow an' you're a cross between a pearl an' a snowdroy. But whisper now, where did you get that nice fur?"

"It was my mother's, Signor. She loved it, so my father bade me keep it safe. The Padrone tried to take it from me, but"

A deafening clamor interrupted her, and a fire engine dashed through the street at break-neck speed, with bells clanging and sparks flying.

"I must be off," said O'Connor hurriedly, "I'll have me hands full if that's not a false alarm. Do you slip into the little Eytalian chapel opposite an' wait till I come back." He plunged into the midst of a shouting, gesticulating crowd, pausing only to wave an acknowledgment of her low-toned "*Addio, Signor.*"

She crossed the street and entered the pretty church of the Madonna di Pompei.

At this hour the confessionals were deserted, the pews were empty: and there was not even one worshipper to bow down before the Great Human Heart that lives and waits within the tabernacle, yearning to comfort sorrowing humanity.

Veronica knew little or nothing of the Pitying One. She was nominally a Roman Catholic, —that is, she had been baptised in her father's faith, but the young mother who had disappeared so strangely, had no knowledge of the tenets of that faith, and the father in pursuing the struggle for existence had disregarded the injunction, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." The child, therefore, had been insufficiently fed from a spiritual as well as physical standpoint. But although her body showed the pinch of poverty, the soul that looked forth from her clear eyes was spotless and beautiful.

As she gazed around the church she saw at the farthest end a cluster of lights in the shape of a star. The gleaming points

seamed to beckon to her, and she went down the aisle, moving towards them as swiftly and surely as steel to the magnet.

The star hung over a representation of the stable of Bethlehem, and she saw the straw littered manger in which lay a Little Child. She sank on her knees before it with a cry of delight. She had no eyes for the beautiful Madonna or the meek-eyed Joseph. Her whole attention was concentrated on the Child, and her thoughts travelled back to the story told her by the painter, who had talked as he rapidly sketched her, of this *Santissimo Bambino Gesu*, who had left his golden throne in heaven and entered the world in the guise of a helpless Babe, braving the pangs of cold, hunger, and direst poverty for love of His creatures.

The story had taken a strong hold upon her. It had been repeated in the simplest language, yet the words had sounded grander and more stirring than the epic and idyl poetry which her father was wont to recite in sorrowful tones. It had thrilled her heart and awaked within her an ardent love for the Christ-Child. And now she had found Him! She could touch the little outstretched hands,—could talk to Him in her own Italian tongue, for did not the artist say He knew and understood all things! Perhaps He would find her father and mother if she asked. But no, she would not do that, for He looked so small and weak and helpless, while she was a great strong girl who should try to do something for Him instead of begging favors!

Oh, if she only had a gift to bestow, — a token, however small, to show how much she cared for Him! A sob shook her as she realized how poor she was, and climbing over the barriers that separated her from the crib, she bent over the Babe, whispering pitifully, "Sweet One, — I have naught to give, but I love Thee!" She kissed the tiny hands, then started back in dismay for they chilled her lips. But even now, she did not realize that this was merely a statue. To her it seemed the living, breathing Babe of Bethlehem. A child does not doubt or reason when it loves. Then, too, she had always been imaginative. The artistic temperament inherited from her father had been fostered and intensified by her life in sunny Italy, and pictures and images often seemed more real to her than flesh and blood.

"Ah, Poverino, Thou art cold," she murmured caressingly, "But see, Thou shalt have this," and she covered the little figure with her most cherished possession, — the fur cape.

When the labor of love was over she grew dizzy ; the lights swam before her, and staggering away a few paces, she fell to the ground, half hidden under a mass of evergreens. She had eaten nothing since early morning, and hunger had made her faint.

After awhile she revived, but her effort to rise produced such a sickening sensation that she was glad to lie there with closed eyes, and presently she dropped into the profound sleep of exhaustion.

A little later a carriage stopped before the church-door, and an old gentleman entered.

He went directly to the crib, and dropped a gold coin in the box that hung beside it.

"There now, I hope Iris will be satisfied," he muttered, "To please her I've spent valuable time and a lot of money to-day in visiting Italian churches. It's a queer amusement for a staunch protestant. Bless my soul,—what have we here!"

He bent down and fingered the sable cape that covered the infant, then lifted it gingerly and examined it, inside and out. At sight of a name that was stitched on the lining, his ruddy face grew white and he gazed around with bewildered eyes. Suddenly his glance fell upon the sleeping girl, and he made a movement towards her, but stopped and turned sharply at the sound of the tramp tramp of heavy boots down the aisle. The next moment the stalwart figure of Policeman O'Connor loomed up before him.

"Oh, the darlin' is asleep," whispered O'Connor, and stooping he lifted her gently, "Is that her fur you have, sir? Will you put it over her, please?"

"Who is she, officer?" The man's voice shook as he scanned the delicate face.

"I found her in the snow awhile ago, sir. Her name is Veronica Ferrante, an'—for the love of heaven what ails you, sir?"

"Come with me, my good man! This way. Don't wake her. Softly now. Mind the steps—they're slippery. Into my carriage with you! Quick, in God's name! Drive home, John. Don't spare the horses!"

Before O'Connor could collect his senses he found himself being whirled through the snowy streets, the child cradled on his breast, and beside him an excited old man whom he recognized as John Masterson, the Wall Street magnate.

Within a short time the carriage drew up before the Bristol hotel, and the policeman was ushered into a brilliantly lighted room. In a chair before the fire was seated a beautiful, sad-faced woman, with dark eyes and waving masses of auburn hair.

"Iris, — Iris, come here, my dear. I've brought a New Year present," said M. Masterson.

As she turned towards him he stepped before the policeman so that she might not see the child.

"What is it, father?" she asked wonderingly.

"My darling," he answered. "One holiday time, many years ago, I brought you a sable cape. Well, tonight I bring you that same cape. It is very much the worse for wear, but you won't mind, for under it sleeps a little girl!"

"A little girl"! she echoed, "Why, I — I do not understand. What. OH!" The exclamation was wrung from her as he moved aside and she saw the oval face so like her own.

Veronica stirred in O'Connor's arms, "Madre!" she said drowsily, "Madre mia!"

There was a cry, — the low, heart — hungry cry of a mother to whom her young has been restored, and O'Connor relinquished his burden to the eager arms stretched out for it.

As he tiptoed into the corridor he communed with himself in this wise: — "So that's a goddess, is it! Oh me, Oh my, them statues in the gallery are very misleadin!"

II.

It was New Year's morning, and New York was covered with a white pall. Giraldo Ferrante, from his bed in a room in Bellevue Hospital, watched the snowflakes as they floated downward like tiny, whitewinged insects.

For weeks he had hovered between life and death in the feverward set apart for the City's poor, but he was convalescent now, and on New Year's Eve he had been transferred from the dismal ward with its harrowing sights and sounds, to this private room.

The why and wherefore of the sudden change puzzled

him, but a graver problem claimed his attention. He could not understand why he had not seen his beloved child since the night he was separated from her. It was true he had been conscious only part of the time, but the nurses assured him no one had called to make inquiries, and knowing what a loving, devoted daughter Veronica was, he feared some calamity had befallen her since she had not visited him. He knew, also, that the Padrone in whose he had left her was a heartless, avaricious old creature, and his anxiety as to the fate of his loved one grew nerve-racking.

He could hear the Hospital attendants exchanging merry greetings, outside but there was no joy in his heart, and his thoughts were mournful beyond expression.

It seemed to him that ill-luck had followed him persistently. From his parents he had inherited only a noble name, artistic talent, and an empty purse. Nine years ago, when he first came to New York his hopes were high, but his efforts to paint his way to fame and fortune came to naught, and the stress of circumstances forced him into the position of drawing—master. It was then he met Iris Masterson, the motherless daughter of a rich man. He promptly fell in love with her and soon won her heart. A clandestine marriage followed, and when John Masterson discovered it the young couple were banished from his roof. They went to Verona and lived there for six years. They were happy and content, although the gray wolf, hunger, sometimes howled at their threshold. When their second child was born, he crushed down the pride that had kept him silent for so long and wrote to his father-in-law, begging assistance. But the days went by, bringing no answer, and he saw that Iris was perishing of inanition. He redoubled his efforts as bread-winner, and in his spare moments posed with the little Veronica for his brother-artists. Then came that terrible night when he had found his home. After a fruitless, anguished search for his wife and son he had managed to again visit New York where he hoped at least to secure shelter for Veronica, but he found M. Masterson's old home dismantled and no one

could tell him where its former tenant had gone. As he remembered all he had suffered, — all the bitter hopeless hours through which he had passed, tears rolled down his cheeks. But other and more solemn thoughts now crowded in upon him. He realized for the first time that life and all it includes is given to us for the sole object of fitting us for a better life, and that we should try now to see things as we shall see them hereafter, and to act accordingly. He realized, also, that existence without religion is a failure, while with it everything becomes a source of blessings, — trials most of all, — and he resolved in future to lead a different life.

At this moment the door opened, and a policeman entered carrying a pretty two-year old boy. He placed the child on the bed, and nodding cheerily to its occupant, said, "Happy New Year, Sim-yore! I'm a privileged character in Bellevue, so as I was passin' I dropped in for a chat with the patients. I hear you were real sick an' you mustn't talk. I'll do all the speech-makin'!" His broad smile was infectious.

"I'm awful fond of children," he continued, "An' they take to me like a duck to water. This little shaver isn't a bit strange although he never laid eyes on me till this mornin'. He's an Eyetalian, — at least his father is. is. An', say, he doesn't look badly unlike yourself. Wouldn't you like to hear all about him?"

Without waiting for an answer he rattled on, "He has a rich grandfather who dotes on him, an' a mother with the finest head of auburn hair you could see in a day's walk. To look at her you'd never think she ran away with a Dago — beg pardon — an Eyetalian. Her father cut up rough about it. He wouldn't have minded so much only he thought a Catholic soninlaw was worse than the smallpox! Isn't it queer how ignorant educated people can be! All the same he loved her just as much as ever, an' would have taken her back after awhile if she asked him. But I guess her husband was too proud to let her. At long-last he *did* write, and the old man set out hot-foot for Italy. Lie still, sir, — you mustn't get rattled! You'll frighten the child."

The little fellow, who had been starting solemnly at

Ferrante, suddenly stretched out his arms and lisped "Bappo!"

The Italian's eyes sought the policeman's. Incredulity, hope, yearning, and eagerness burned in their depths.

"See that now, — he has taken to you" said O'Connor quietly, "His mother will be glad. Poor soul, she's had terrible trials. Why when this little Giraldo was only a week old her husband an' daughter went out one morn'g an' within a few hours she heard they were dead, — killed in a shockin' accident. Come, come, sir, — you mustn't try to get up! What did you say? Yes, yes, — to be sure I'll tell you quickly. When the news came to her she went plumb crazy, an' that would have been the end of her only her father showed up in the nick o' time. He didn't stop to make inquiries. He just left money to bury the dead an' yanked her an' the grandson out of Italy before you could say Jack Robinson. The doctor who was along with him said it was the on'y way to save her life. She was shut up in an asylum for a good bit, melanco'y mad, but she recovered an' went back to Verona. There she found it was all a mistake. It was a relation an' name sake of her husband's, an' a strange child, that was killed. Ever since, her father has been spendin' money like water to find the. . . Oh here now, don't jump out of your skin!

Well, well, if you'll promise to take it aisy I'll br'ng in a big an' a little goddess that's waitin' in the hall!"

He went to the door and said somewhat unsteadily, "Come in, Mrs Ferrante, man. I've broke it to him as best I could."

There was a rustle, a gasping breath, a rapturous cry, murmured words of love and gladness, and while the policeman and Mr Masterson stood on guard outside the door, Giraldo's weak arms encircled the three to whom, through God's mercy, he had been reunited!



The Midnight Watch by the Sea.

ONE very stormy night on the west coast of Ireland, a message came to the priest of a small hamlet, entreating him to go at once, to administer the last Sacraments to a poor woman who was dying, and whose home was on an islet off the coast. He immediately took the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils, and engaged a boatman to row him across to the island. But no one was willing to go; the storm was so violent, they all said it would be impossible to reach the island. However, he represented the urgency of the case so strongly, that at last he persuaded them to make the attempt, and after great danger and difficulty they succeeded in landing. He was in time to anoint the dying woman, and give her the last consolations of religion, but she was too ill to receive Holy Communion; he therefore returned to the boat, still bearing the Blessed Sacrament with him. On reaching the shore, he found the storm had increased in violence, and the waves were running so high, that the fishermen utterly refused to row him back that night, and he was compelled to wait till morning.

The only place of shelter near, was a deserted fisherman's hut on the beach; so he procured a light from the boatman and prepared to pass the night there, watching before the Blessed Sacrament. He had finished his Office, and had time to realize the strangeness of his position, alone with His Master in the midst of that wild storm, and he thought of that other night, when that very same Master had spoken to the raging winds and waves of as wild a tempest and there was instantly a great calm.

Suddenly, in the midst of his prayers, he thought he heard a sound at the door, but the wind was howling so violently that he took no notice of it, till he distinctly heard a low moan. He rose hastily and opened the door, when a man, dripping wet, and evidently in the last extremity of exhaustion, staggered into the hut, and falling on the ground at his feet, exclaimed: "For Heaven's

sake send for a priest before I die." The Father answered, "I am a priest," and raising him from the ground did all he could to revive him. But the man, unable to believe it could be true, kept repeating, "Send for a priest—do not mock me, I am dying." "I am a priest, indeed," said the Father, and opening the breast of his cassock he showed him the pyx which he had upon him, his stole and the Holy Oils. Convinced at last, the man burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Thanks be to Our Lady who has obtained my salvation. It is all owing to this," and as he spoke, he drew out a Rosary which he wore around his neck. "It was given me by my mother more than twenty years ago, before I left home. From that time I have done nothing good and everything bad, but I always wore the Rosary. I was on a home-bound ship which has been wrecked in the storm, and when she went to pieces and I was sinking in the water, I clung to a spar, crying out in my terror, 'Mother of God, get me the grace to see a priest before I die.' Soon afterwards I found myself washed on shore, here, at the very feet of a priest. Hear my confession, now, for I am dying."

The priest had time to do everything for him, and the poor fellow, who had been bruised and battered on the rocks, died in great peace soon after he had received that Lord, Who had waited for him on the seashore, and Whose voice the waves had obeyed, as of old, on the Sea of Galilee.





On the Way to Egypt

From a painting by Bouguereau.