



SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

After a painting by Ploekhorst.



Wherefore the Eucharist ?

By R. P. TESNIÈRE.

*To preserve to the world the memory of the Passion and
Death of the Saviour.*

I.—ADORATION.

IT is a truth of faith that the Eucharist was instituted by Our Lord Jesus Christ to perpetuate the memory of His Passion and death, and in consequence the memory of the love which induced Him to accept both for our salvation.—“ *Do this in commemoration of Me,*” said the Saviour, whilst annihilating His Body and His Blood under the appearances of bread and wine, and burying Himself in His entirety under the shroud of the holy species. St. Paul also said, according to the revelation that had been made to him personally by the Lord : “ As often as you shall eat this bread and drink this chalice, you shall shew forth the death of the Lord.”

It is therefore of the greatest importance that the memory of the death of Jesus should always live amongst men. It is only by the invocation of the suffering Christ and the application of the merits of His death that we can be saved.—And, besides, death accepted for those we love being the greatest proof of love, Jesus who knows that our hearts can entirely be won only by His love, requires that the proof and manifestation He has given of it in His Passion be always present to our eyes.

The Eucharist must then repeat to all men in every age the sweet story of old that Jesus has suffered and died for them. How does it accomplish that mission? By renewing daily the death of Jesus, at holy Mass, when the priest, by virtue of the powerful words of the consecration, calls from the heights of heaven, the living and triumphant Christ, and encloses Him motionless and mute in the bonds of the Eucharistic species. Is He not then in a state of death, the divine Saviour? He is there beneath the Eucharistic veils, in the perfect possession of His life as Man-God; faith teaches indeed that since His resurrection, Christ cannot die. But what is it then to possess life and not to be able to manifest it by any exterior act nor show it by any perceptible proof! It is to be in a state of death, in the condition of a corpse. Such is Jesus in the Sacrament; and such He appears and shows Himself. It is only necessary to believe and see in order to understand it: to believe that beneath the veils of the Sacrament resides the Son of God made man; and to see that nothing is evident of what we call life. Neither liberty of motion to go from one place to another or to avoid His enemies; nor speech to converse with his friends nor to cry for help when profane hands would desecrate His sanctuary; nor power to perform any exterior action; not even to assume that form, that human appearance through which the human person can be distinguished: nothing. Just as during His Passion, He was delivered up to those who constrained Him, so now, chained in powerlessness, nailed, as it were to the altar, unrecognizable, to such extent that His friends themselves must say like the prophet? "I have seen Him, I have seen the consecrated Host, and nothing, nothing could show me how to distinguish it from another, and to recognize Jesus in His obscurity." Could the Saviour perpetuate the memory of His Passion and His death on Calvary any better than through that state of death?

Adore therefore in the Blessed Sacrament, the divine Sufferer, the gentle Victim of Crucifixion; never let the Holy Host appear to you without remembering Jesus crowned with thorns, nailed to the cross and dying for our love.

II.—THANKSGIVING.

In recalling to mind the Passion of the Saviour, the Eucharist thereby recalls the infinite love that induced Him to accept it, the gentle patience with which He suffered and the merciful forgiveness he bestowed on His executioners and on all sinners in general.

The love that led Him to accept the frightful torments of His Passion, the ignominious death of the cross, when He had in His power thousands of other means of satisfying the justice of His Father or of saving the world — this love, do you not see it shine with new splendor in the Eucharist, where Jesus, without being forced, but spontaneously and solely for our good, gives Himself up entirely to us for ever, without reserve or condition? — Do you not feel His loving tenderness breaking through the frail elements like the rays of the sun through the clouds, making the Blessed Sacrament condescend to the wanderings of your mind, the coldness of your heart, the apathy of your will, the irreverence of your dissipated senses, the lukewarmness of your life? Is He not good, tolerant and patient as in His Passion?—And does He not there forgive those who betray Him, treat him harshly and profane Him, as He did in the garden with Judas, in the court of the high priest with Peter, in the governor's hall, and at Calvary with his tormentors? The gentle and humble silence of the Host is a prayer that extends from age to age the sublime words of pardon that went up from Calvary: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Taste and see that the Lord is good and relish His goodness in the Blessed Sacrament in order to understand and enjoy the goodness of Jesus in His Passion.

PROPITIATION

To be convinced that the Eucharist perpetuates the Passion and death of Our Lord let us see if He is not here too, a Victim of like treason, of similar outrages and humiliations. Is it not to betray Our Lord like Judas, to receive the Eucharist in a soul soiled by the presence of mortal sin? Is it not to deny Him like Peter, when in our daily lives, we ignore the Eucharistic Presence, and

have not the moral courage to assert our belief before a jeering look or at the cost of some sacrifice of human respect? Outrage and violence! Alas! see these tabernacles profaned, these Hosts trodden under foot, given up to sacrilegious malefactors! Humiliations, how multiplied! The sneer of unbelief; the blasphemies of impiety; the ignorance of so many christians; the ingratitude of others, the scandalous falls of those whom Jesus loves; the ignominies of dire poverty; the culpable negligence, the habitual irreverence, the want of ceremony that greets the Eucharistic Jesus and recalls but too vividly the treatment of Caiphas, Pilate and Herod, the insulting genuflections of the governor's hall, the crown of thorns, the purple garment and the sceptre of reed: — Is not this the Passion as of old? Let then pious women approach and weep over the patient Victim of the Blessed Sacrament; let Veronica wipe His Face and relieve Him from this ignominy; let Simon take up His Cross, and let John stand with Him on Calvary; let Mary, above all, be there to sympathize and to suffer in her heart what He suffers on the Cross. The same Saviour, suffering the same torments, needs the same compassion.

IV.—PRAYER.

The memory of the Passion and death of the Saviour is equivalent to conversion, holiness, consolation and strength, in a word, to Salvation, but to that end this memory must be deeply impressed on the soul, deeply present in the mind, powerful enough to bind us to Jesus, and cause us to hate sin and shun its occasions.

In order that the memory of His Passion may have all the efficacy that the Saviour stores up for us in the Eucharist, let us ask of Him to produce in our soul these effects, for which it was instituted, let us ask them in the Communion we receive, in the Masses we hear, the hours of Adoration we make. We would do well to renew often these prayers, understanding their importance.

PRACTICE.

During the ordinary meditation, apply the circumstances of the Passion to the Eucharistic state of Our Saviour, in order to derive more benefit from it.



Letters from a Débutante.

III.

Washington Square.

MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

So you have finally reached Paris! Your last letter was most interesting; what a beautiful description you gave me of the "Palais de Versailles," "Le Grand Trianon!" From which of the guide books did you get it? It seemed strangely familiar to me. Now, don't be angry at my impertinence!

From your letter you must, indeed, be enjoying yourself. I am almost envious; but by reading between the lines, I can see that you are nearly surfeited with pleasure already; you have secret longings for a book and a shady nook, for cool solitude and refreshing quiet.

I have never been able to quite understand the apparent content of social butterflies. The monotony of solitude always ennobles, even though it oppresses, but the monotony of pleasure seeking palls fearfully while it hardens the heart and renders the mind superficial.

You see what a philosopher I have become.

Charlotte has obtained permission from her grandfather to extend her stay here a few weeks longer. She is deeply interested in our religion, and electrified me the other day by begging for my little statue of the "Immaculate Conception." I hated to part with it, it is associated in my mind with such sweet memories of my mother and of my first prayers, but Charlotte's eyes grew so large and wistful that I could not resist her appeal. She has a Catholic singleness of heart and great willingness, nay almost anxiety to believe.

"The Catholic Faith seems to have been devised by a truly wonderful intelligence, Jeanne," she said, "every need of the human heart appears to have been considered and supplied; from birth its members are surrounded and guarded by its sacraments; there is no depth from which it will not rescue the unhappy sinner; and no spiritual height to which it does not aspire; but why is it that the performance of some of its religious duties seem so hard and disagreeable, as for instance "Confession," of which Protestants speak so harshly?"

"They speak unjustly of it, Charlotte," I answered, but that can be done of anything in heaven or on earth." In spite of all slander, however, our religion outlives centuries and generations, and if its institutions were false and impure as unbelievers assert, this would be impossible. Confession was founded by Christ. His words to his apostles were, you remember, "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Protestants explain that this privilege was given only to His particular apostles, but considering that His mission on earth was to save all, such partiality would have been a little inconsistent and wholly unlike the loving Saviour.

"Why then do Protestants seek to turn His meanings?" she asked.

"Because they do not harmonize with the innate pride of the human heart, Charlotte," I replied. "To confess one's sins is a great act of humility; only he who repents sincerely can thus humble himself. It is sublime in that the creature estimates the enormity of his sins as above every other consideration and is prepared to abase himself to the dust, and repair his life to the best of his ability. A great change takes place in him. False pride is replaced by humility and purity of heart as the direct result of self-knowledge."

"But does he not often commit again the same sins he has confessed, and could he not repent, sin no more, and amend his life without confession, Jeanne?"

"He does not commit the great sins again, Charlotte. I should not think it likely after such a sacrifice of his pride in confessing them; but even if he does so, Our

Lord has bidden us to forgive seventy times seven times, and He Himself sets us the example. The sinner could, indeed, repent and sin no more without confession, but there is nothing to bind him to his good resolutions, and he is very apt to excuse his own sins to himself. We are not always the best judges of our own conduct, Charlotte. There is also to help him the grace of the Sacrament and the virtuous resolutions inspired by the knowledge that God has cancelled the past through the absolution given by His ministers."

"But would it not do to confess one's sins to God alone?"

"God already knows our sins; it is the act of humility in confessing to a creature He desires, for in this is our sincerity proved. However in His infinite mercy He has appointed our confessors to be only those who are fitted for it by their lives and vocations; by their oath of secrecy and their knowledge of the frailty of all human nature. As much as possible they are disciplined and schooled for this, and their hard lives are sustained by noble aspirations and high ideals. It is therefore, truly a wonder, and an exception when they fail to be the very highest type of man, for the attraction to their great calling as well as the desire for such a life must be in remarkable unselfishness."

"Jeanne, you have a reason for everything, but you do not speak like most Catholics."

"It is easy for all Catholics to argue the truths of their religion from a purely reasonable point of view; but unlike Protestants we are not always willing to lose sight of the supernatural, for our religion was founded by the great wisdom of Christ, and we recognize that any belief which can not rise above poor human reasoning is of the earth, earthy and as instable as the opinions of different individuals. Like Nature, our Faith possesses mysteries which we are obliged to believe without comprehending; but far from encouraging ignorance and superstition it causes us only to recognize that there are limits to our understanding and that there is a Supreme Intelligence above us."

She was much impressed by this conversation, and an-

nounced in a slow way as if she were somewhat astonished at herself.

"I am not sure Jeanne, but I think that I will be a Catholic."

"Indeed Charlotte, I am delighted," I exclaimed.

But she is yet undecided and will continue to ply me with questions which I am nothing loth to answer.

It was quite lovely of you, Eugénie, to send me that beautiful parasol. Did you receive my note of thanks, and how did you guess just what I wanted?

Write soon and tell me all about yourself.

Affectionately,

JEANNE.

A Passing Thought.

As the far-famed Lotos Lily,
 Ere its wondrous crown unfold,
 Grows and bears the snowy blossom
 Through the slime of darkest mould,
 Stainless through the mire passes,
 And at length, the goal attained
 Wakes to purest bloom and fragrance
 When the lake's calm breast is gained.

So the Christian life, uprising
 Must, through mire of sin and sense—
 Through dark waters of temptation
 Bear a stainless blossom thence.
 Earth unworthy, holds the promise
 That the buds of life conceal,
 Heaven will show the perfect flower
 And its loveliness reveal.

E LUMMIS.

An Accepted Sacrifice.

It was a lovely day in the month of June, 1556. The sun shone brightly, gilding with its rays the leaves of the orange and citron trees in the garden of a quaint old house belonging to the Count de Buendia. Flower beds of varied shapes, gorgeous with plants of brilliant hue, of every shade and color, dotted the place; winding paths intersecting each other were lost in the intricacies of dark foliage, and long and shady alleys formed a refreshing shade from the heat and glare of the sun. In the center was a large fountain sending up its jet of water high in the air and falling back again in a shower of sparkling drops, which gleamed in the light like diamonds. Birds flying from tree to tree warbled their sweetest melody, and bright and gaudy butterflies flitted from flower to flower. Magdalen Peroz de Arguello was walking in one of the alleys, leading little Anna, her only daughter, by the hand. She was the wife of John of Pedruja, Steward of the Count de Buendia, one of the richest and most powerful noblemen of Spain. She was a tall and stately lady robed in stiff brocade silk, with ruff round the neck and fan in hand. The little girl was arrayed somewhat like her mother, according to the custom of the times. Anna was a grave and earnest child, with large dark eyes, and features denoting strength of character. Suddenly she broke the silence and said: "Mother, I should like to pick one of those lovely roses yonder and give it to little Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. You would take me to the chapel, and lift me up, while I place it on the altar close to the Tabernacle door."

"But, my child," her mother answered. "what has made thee think of this?"

"Well, mother dear, you told me yesterday, when I began to cry because I had no little brother to play with, that the Child Jesus is my brother, and that He loves me and watches all I do the day long, and that if I was very good I should one day see Him in heaven. So last night I lay awake a long time, and thought and thought whether I might not perhaps see Him here. Oh, if I only knew how to make him come!"

"Truly thou art a strange child, Anna," her mother answered gently; "and what hast thou decided on?"

"Oh! dear mother, do not laugh; you know I love flowers, and roses most of all, so I thought I would just put one at His door, and say, "See, dear Jesus, this is what I love the most. Please come to see me."

Her mother smiled and fondly smoothing the curly hair of her little daughter said, "Since thou desirest it, thou mayest pick the finest rose, but remember, my little Anna, that He loves most what costs us most, and this we call a sacrifice."

"A sacrifice! well I have the ducat uncle Pedro gave me yesterday and I will buy Him 'a sacrifice'."

Her mother laughed and said, "It is not to be had for money, my little one. A sacrifice is to give up little pleasures to Jesus, by giving up our desires and wishes. For instance, if old Alphonso were to meet thee, and ask for the rose thou art going to gather, and for the love of the child Jesus thou gavest it to him, that would be a sacrifice."

The little child laughed merrily, and said, "Well, I am glad he is not working in the garden to-day, for I want my rose." and she tripped lightly down the path, singing as she ran along, "Old Alphonso shall not have my rose to-day." Her mother watched her for a few moments, then turning down one of the many paths re-entered the house. But the little Anna was not easily pleased; she went from one rose bush to another, and carefully scanned them with inquiring eyes. One was too small, another too pale, a third not fragrant enough; at last she espied one with all the desired qualities, and stretching out her tiny hand, she had hardly picked it, when a child's sweet voice sounded in her ear, saying, "Anna, give me a flower." Anna started back, and there before her stood a lovely child, clothed in a garment of dazzling whiteness. Half frightened, she answered timidly with down cast eye, "I pray thee pick one for thyself, and haste away, lest old Alphonso find thee here, for he likes not children, and will show thee scant courtesy."

"Nay," replied the child, "I will have none, save from thine own hand."

Anna hesitated. Was she really to sacrifice her rose? After a moment's pause, she answered, "This flower was for my Jesus, but, for His sake, thou shalt have it," and raising her eyes, she placed the rose in his hand. The child received it with a divine smile, and Anna perceiving his face grow more and more beautiful, and himself surrounded with light,

cried out in a transport of joy, "Art Thou then my Jesus? my God?" He smiled assent while brighter and brighter grew the rays of glory, and sweet music filled the air, "like to the voice of harpers, harping on their harps," and suddenly He vanished from her sight.

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Seventy years had flown by; it was a bright frosty morning in the month of December, 1624. Crowds were seen hurrying along the streets of Villanova de la Xara, towards the Church of the Carmelite Convent. Rich and poor, noble and plebeians were hastening to gaze for the last time on the mortal remains of a poor Carmelite nun, whom they had learned to love and call "the saint." The bells of all the churches tolled mournfully, sorrow and grief were depicted on every face, the entire city wept the loss of the venerable mother Anna of St. Augustin, revered and esteemed by all for her sanctity. Behind the iron grille of the choir lay the body exposed to the view of the faithful, clothed in the coarse brown habit and white mantle of the daughters of St. Teresa, feet bare, and the hands holding a small crucifix clasped on the breast. A heavenly splendor shone on her features, and the ecstatic smile on her lips showed she had passed from exile to the clear vision of Him whom in her childhood she had longed to see. The apparition of the Child Jesus in the garden of her old home was but the first of a long series of miraculous favors, which lasted throughout her life; at an early age she understood that the most beautiful flowers she could offer her Divine Spouse were those of virtue. The Venerable Mother Anna of St. Augustin was distinguished in Carmel by her love of prayer, zeal for souls, and charity to her neighbor. The fame of her sanctity soon spread far and wide, and the inhabitants of the city considered her presence amongst them as their greatest safeguard, and they still watched over her mortal remains with jealous care as their most precious treasure.



How to hear Mass

BY MEDITATING ON THE SEVEN WORDS
OF OUR LORD.

R. P. EYMARD.

THE INTROIT. — Jesus prays for his executioners :
Pater ignosce illis ; non enim sciunt quid faciunt. —
“ *Father, forgive them, for they know not what
they do.*”

Beg pardon and forgiveness for your sins, you who are more guilty than they, for having *known* Jesus you have still crucified Him.

THE COLLECTS. — The Good Thief said to Jesus :
Memento mei cum veneris in regnum tuum. And Jesus answered :
Hodie mecum eris in paradiso. — “ *To-day thou shalt be with Me in paradise.*”

The thief is grateful ! He unites his sufferings with those of Our Lord. Make for yourself the same prayer, begging mercy for to-day and for the hour of your death.

THE OFFERTORY. — Jesus gives John to Mary as her Son :
Mulier, ecce filius tuus. — *Woman, behold thy son !*

John inherits from the dying Jesus His title and office of Son to Mary, and with him all men receive her as their Mother. Thank Jesus for this sweet gift, and beg Mary to love you as her child and to teach you how to serve Jesus in all things.

THE PREFACE. — *Fili, ecce Mater tua.* — *Son, behold thy Mother !*

You are given to Mary as her child in the person of St. John. Thank Our Lord also for the sweet title of Child of Mary, which gives you a claim on her affection and a right to the graces she desires to procure for you.

THE ELEVATION. — *Sitio ! — I thirst !*

Adore Jesus crucified anew upon the altar, yet offering Himself anew His Father to suffer for love of us, and saying : “ *I thirst ! I thirst for souls ! I thirst for Thy glory !*”

Quench this ardent thirst of Jesus, who longs to suffer still for the salvation of the world and the outraged Majesty of God ; by suffering and making reparation with Him.

THE PATER. — *Deus, Deus Meus, ut quid dereliquisti Me ?—My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?*

Adore Jesus in that hour of terrible abandonment, that was willing undergo in order to make reparation for your culpable abandonment of God's Holy Law and sacred precepts, and protest that you will never depart in future from His divine service.

THE COMMUNION. — Jesus dies, saying : *Pater, in manus Taus commendo Spiritum meum. Consummatum est ! —Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit. It is consummated !*

Adore Jesus commending in Holy Communion, His Body, His Blood, His Soul and Divinity, all that He has, into the hands of men. Unite yourself with the priest and adore Jesus taken down from the cross and laid in the arms of His Blessed Mother. Receive Him with her and press Him to your heart.—O that He might never leave it!



Items of Interest.

Our Associates will all sympathise with the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Duffy, of St. Agnes Centre, Brooklyn, whose church was destroyed by fire during a thunder storm, a few days ago. It is truly disheartening to this good priest, whose life has been spent in building up a parish and beautifying and perfecting through years of earnest work, the church that is the monument of his zeal for God's glory. We therefore beg the prayers of our Associates for his success in rebuilding the church and for all present needs.

The Holy Rosary Centre has forwarded the names of its associates for registration. There are about 250 Associates at this Centre, and it is edifying to notice how many whole families make the adoration.

We have many requests for diplomas of aggregation. These diplomas, however are not yet ready. The matter will be taken up the fall. It is our intention to have diplomas that will be an artistic as well as a religious souvenir. The designs presented were not quite satisfactory, and other more pressing business has delayed the matter until the present time.

The novena to St. Anne will have added solemnity this year, in St. John the Baptist's Church, as it begins with the blessing of the crypt, so renovated and improved that it is almost like a new sanctuary. Miss Annie Leavy who has not ceased her generous gifts to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament has claimed the privilege of adorning the Shrine of her patroness, the lower chapel where the relic of St. Anne is kept. The walls of the crypt have been entirely covered with plates of pure white marble, which gives it a chaste and elegant appearance; the entrance has been enlarged, the windows replaced, the sanctuary improved, and the many pilgrims who flock to this favored shrine may now pray with greater comfort and devotion. The crypt was opened to the public on Wednesday, July 18th. The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan blessed the chapel, at the morning services. Miss Leavy was present and the church was crowded with devout men and women, many of them sick or infirm. Many also, gratefully giving thanks for past cures granted through the intercession of the Saint.

The services of the Novena to St. Anne have been very edifying and have attracted immense crowds to the St. John Baptist's Church. The number of people present during the novena has been estimated by the reporters of the secular papers who have been in constant attendance

to be about 130,000. About three thousand communions were given on the feast of St. Anne alone, and the Fathers have been occupied day and night with hearing confessions. The stack of crutches, iron braces and plaster casts that fill several tables in the Sanctuary and which have accumulated since the beginning of the Novena, are silent testimonials of graces given through the intercession of St. Anne, and several conversions to the faith are among the spiritual favors that must have been given still more generously. The people crowd the upper church as unceasingly as the crypt and the silence and devotion of this constantly moving throng strikes even the casual visitor. A more detailed account of the novena will follow in the September *Sentinel*.

No Light before the sacred Heart

Dear Jesus thou canst read my heart,
Its inmost sorrows see ;
O Thou who love and mercy art,
Deign to give ear to me.

No light, no light is burning,
Dear Jesus, at thy feet ;
While my poor heart is yearning
To pay the homage meet.

Would that my heart could be a vase
To shed its crimson glow,
For perfumed oil, my tears in place,
Within that vase shall flow.

My frail heart-strings shall tapers be,
And faith the ruby light,
To burn, sweet Sacred Heart, for thee,
From early morn, till night.





The Children's Hour.

The Divine Guest.

(From Life.)

ATENEMENT, five flights up ; a room, clean and tidy, in spite of extreme poverty, where a child ten years of age sits, propped with pillows, in a low wooden seat, breathing heavily. Oh, the coughs racks the childish form, how pitiful it is ! Unable to rest lying down, the mother lifts her from the invalid chair where she can half recline to the small wooden seat beside it, to change the position for a few moments.

" I am going to die, Mama ; I know I am, and I hav'n't made my First Communion. Why doesn't Father Quinlan come ?" slowly, brokenly, the words are said.

" He will, darling ; you were much better the last time he saw you. If he does not call to-morrow, I will send Agnes for him after her school hours are over."

" To-morrow will be too late," murmurs the child. " Oh, if only our Lord will come, I shall not mind dying. I shall ask Him to take me before I hurt him by being naughty. Am I very bad, Mama ?"

Poor humble little soul, how she must honor the divine Heart that tells us " of such," only, is the kingdom of heaven.

Almost as she speaks a knock is heard at the door.

" Come in," and a young girl dressed in a grey gown with bright ribbons at the throat which attract the eye of the sick child at once, enters the room. Like all children, particularly invalid children, she likes gay colors.

"This is Janet?" the stranger says gently, "my sister whom you know so well is ill to-day, so I came in her stead to see how you are. Are you better, dear?" The harsh racking cough is the answer.

"She is very weak to-day," the mother says sadly, "she has the sinking spells, I dread so much and frets because she has not made her First Communion. It is her one thought. "Send for the priest, Mama, send for the priest", she keeps saying."

Miss Rosamond hesitates a moment, but a glance at the little sufferer decides her.

"I will go at once to the priest and tell him how weak she is, if you wish me to do so. Do not worry, Janet. Our Lord will come, and soon."

A look of grateful surprise lights the child's face and with the smile lingering in her memory, Miss Rosamond hastens to the Rectory a few blocks away. In less than a half hour she returns and climbing once more the rickety stairs brings the glad tidings that this very afternoon the priest will come.

It is only three o'clock, so there is time to make the simple preparations before the shades of evening darken the humble abode. It does not take long to make ready the altar which, poor as it is, must be as lovely as reverent hands can make it. The divine Guest shall rest as gladly upon it as He did in the lowly manger of Bethlehem. It matters not that instead of jewelled marble, it is roughest wood. The only jewel which He seeks is the heart of the little one who needs Him.

"You do not know how happy I am, Mama," she murmurs, "but I hope I won't hurt Him after He comes. I do not want to hurt Him."

The mere thought that she might pain our Lord by sin after He has deigned to come to her is grief to the tender heart. She pleads to be dressed in white "just like the little girls in the church," and unable to resist the guileless wish her mother robes her in the First Communion frock her eldest child has worn a short while before. Less white than the tiny face seems the veil; the wreath less fragile than the brow it crowns.

"I want to kneel," but as she whispers her head leans

faintly back upon the pillows of the reclining chair where her mother gently lifts her. She is growing weaker, and Miss Rosamond slipping quietly away hastens back with sacred articles. With joy that is indescribable, Janet, watches her as she covers the rough table with spotless linen, places a small crucifix amid gleaming candles upon it and lillies that breathe forth their fragrance like a prayer. "It looks just like church," she murmurs with a smile. Only the hymn of a tiny robin as it flies to the window sill, breaks the stillness.

With awe, Rosamond goes down the rickety stairs, the lighted taper in her hand, figurative of the faith which tells unerringly that in the blessed Host close to the priest's heart, is the Lord of glory, whom Saint Joseph bore in his arms in the guise of infancy long ago.

"May peace abide with all who dwell herein," and the words which the priest utters as he enters seem to breathe the peace for which he pleads. As he crosses the threshold of the room even the trilling of the bird ceases as if an angel hushed it. Each one kneels in mute adoration as he gives the sacred Host to the little sufferer.

A smile that is not of earth lights for an instant the sweet face.

"Mama"—"Jesus."

And Janet has her wish—the gentle spirit has fled where it shall never "hurt Him," for no shadow of evil may reach it there.

J. M.

A Memorial of First Communion.

(From the German.)

MY DEAR CHILD : — I am anxious on this day to inscribe these two words of the Holy Ghost deeply upon your heart :

1. "*Hold fast that which thou hast.*" — Apoc. iii. 10.
2. "*Labor, that by good works you may make sure your vocation and election.*" — II. St. Pet. 1, 10.

I

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, your Saviour, has this day entered your heart. This exceedingly Great Guest, it is true, is no longer bodily present with you, as He was immediatly after Holy Communion, but He has left with you the precious treasure of *sanctifying grace*. O, my dear child, would to God you could understand fully and perfectly the nature and value of this divine gift !

Our Lord speaks in the Gospel of a man who presented himself at the marriage-feast of the son of a king, without having first put a wedding-garment. The king noticing him, became very angry, and at once ordered him to be bound hand and foot, and to be cast into exterior darkness, there to expiate his imprudence.

Not an earthly king, my dear child, but the Lord of heaven and earth has invited you to be present at a more kingly banquet. But *never* will you be allowed to partake of it, except you are found to be clothed with a perfectly pure wedding-garment. And this wedding-garment of your soul is *sanctifying grace*.

Keep, my child, hold fast, what you have ! Yes, I entreat you, guard with the greatest care this wedding-garment of your soul ! For never will you be admitted to partake of the heavenly banquet, unless, when on departing from this world, your soul is clothed with the white and shining garment of sanctifying grace.

It is the custom for young girls to appear on the day of their first communion dressed in white.

How extremely careful they are required to be in order to avoid whatever might cause the least stain !

It is the same manner we must act with regard to our soul's garment. We all know what can stain and soil and even totally disfigure it. Every *venial* sin leaves a spot on it ; *one single mortal sin* totally disfigures it.

Above all, then, my dear child, we must guard against committing *mortal sin* ! Besides keeping a strict watch over ourselves, we must be willing to renounce and sacrifice everything rather than transgress God's commandment in a matter of great importance.

But beware, also, my dear child, of wilful venial sins. I say *wilful* venial sins, for I know too well that it is impossible for us to keep ourselves free from *every* venial sin and imperfection. However, we must at least *endeavor* to avoid all transgressions of God's commandments, no matter how slight they may be. Every drop that falls on a white garment causes a stain, and if there be already many stains on it, little more is required to disfigure it *entirely*. If you do not carefully avoid *venial* sins, then God will in the end withhold from you His graces and let you fall into mortal sin, and thus you will incur the loss of the greatest treasure you possess, that of *sanctifying grace*.

Let us now see how you can avoid whatever may stain the white garment of your soul.

We all, great and small, are before God but weak and helpless children. Not a single step can we take without being assisted by God's grace. As soon as we try to walk unassisted, we fall to the ground and soil the garment of our soul. There remains, then, nothing else for us to do but to stretch out our hands without ceasing towards God, and to keep ourselves firmly attached to Him. This we do when we pray. Yes, pray we must, *always* and *everywhere*, in the morning and in the evening, during the day, and especially when we suffer temptations, adversities and contradictions.

A child that is anxious to keep her white dress unstained will carefully avoid going to filthy places and coming in contact with soiled clothes and being engaged in dusty work. The *filthy places* on our road to eternity are those where people are found and gather who love and commit sin, who delight in speaking uncharitably about their neighbor, who scoff at religion and make light of transgressions against the sixth commandment. Against all such places and people be on your guard!

Yet worse than bad companions are bad *books*. They are in fact bad companions, but more dangerous and injurious, as we can be with them whenever we like and without being noticed by others.

Do not, therefore, my dear child, read every book that may come into your hands. And if, in reading a book

or paper, you come to a portion that might cause bad or dangerous thoughts in you, I entreat you, cease reading it at once. Never read a book or paper unless you are sure that its reading will not place you in danger. When in doubt as to reading a book, show it to the priest or some one else who, you have good reason to think, is able to judge in the matter.

But since we are all such weak children, and nevertheless so conceited, so self-confident, that we imagine ourselves able to move along unassisted, it often happens, by a just judgment of God, that we are left to ourselves, fall, soil and even totally disfigure the white garment of our soul.

Our divine Saviour has foreseen this, and therefore, in exceedingly great love and mercy for us, has left in His Church the purifying institutions of the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. Whenever, therefore, you have stumbled on your way to eternity, either in consequence of your weakness or of your self-confidence, humble yourself and make a conscientious, earnest use of these purifying means.

As a white garment, when washed and bleached in the sun, becomes whiter than it was before, so also the garment of your soul will increase the more in whiteness and splendor the oftener you make a careful use of these two purifying means. There is *one thing* especially I entreat you to do, and that is, should you ever have the misfortune of committing a mortal sin, then do not wait a single day before confessing it; for death, as we all know, comes like a thief in the night, and how awful it would be if you would suddenly be called out of life and have to appear before your Eternal Judge in the defiled garment of mortal sin!

II

"Labor, that by good works you may make sure of your vocation and election."

My dearest child! This is a second word that I am anxious to write deep into your soul.

You have already resolved, cost what it may, to pre-

serve the wedding-garment of your soul clean and stainless, but with this you must not be satisfied. Endeavor besides to adorn it, and thus to secure to yourself a *place of honor* at the heavenly banquet, and this you can do by performing good works in the state of sanctifying grace. Call to your mind the good works you find enumerated in your catechism as the seven corporal and seven spiritual works of mercy ; for instance, to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the sorrowful, and the like. Practice them according to your strength, talents and condition in life, and by doing so you will, as it were, adorn your wedding-garment with precious stones and pearls. But I would like, before taking leave of you, to call your particular attention to one good work, of which people think so little, and without which, after all, no other work will be really good and meritorious before God. I mean *the making of a good intention*. People usually are anxious to perform numerous works, good in themselves, but alas ! many, if not the greatest number, work in vain, without meriting any reward in heaven, because they omit to make a good intention. The one fatigues himself day and night in order to obtain an office of honor ; the other, to insure a greater possession of riches ; a third one works because he finds pleasure in doing so. But alas ! how much time is lost by all of them ; for if they have no higher intention than those mentioned above, they work and fatigue themselves without gaining any merit for heaven. I entreat you, therefore, my dear child, to be always very careful to perform your actions with a good intention, with the intention to do God's holy will, thus to honor and glorify Him, and to prove your love for Him. By keeping a strict watch over yourself, you will at once notice when a mere human and less perfect intention tries to creep in whilst you perform your actions, and a simple act of your will, will render your intention again good and perfect. You may have no opportunity, nor may you be able, to perform great actions, but if you do whatever you do with a good intention, for God's sake, to please Him, to prove your love for him, then the most

insignificant of your actions will be more valuable than all the treasures this world contains. Even sleeping and playing, eating and drinking will, if accompanied with a good intention, adorn your wedding-garment and render it in God's sight more beautiful and pleasing than ever a wedding-garment here on earth was to the eyes of men, and this for an *Eternity*!

To repeat, then, in a few words what I have said, I entreat you :

1. *To pray fervently, faithfully ;*
2. *To avoid bad companions ;*
3. *To receive often and well prepared the Holy Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.*
4. *To practise good works, and to perform all your actions with a good intention.*

Imagine, if you can, the joy your guardian Angel will experience, who has conducted you on this day to the holy table, when he will see you, my dear child, vested with the spotless garment of sanctifying grace and adorned with the precious stones of good works, and thus be allowed to introduce you to the heavenly banquet, where *Jesus Christ Himself will be your host and your food*, and that of all of us throughout *all Eternity*.

May God grant this !

“ THIS DO AND THOU SHALT LIVE ”—St. Luke, x. 22.



MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART. *

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

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 (Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

"About the Thankful Heart, Trimmer."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, *no*, Giles," said Miss Nancy seriously, dimly perceiving the term, whatever it might mean, to be a lowering one, "not at all gashly, *I* think. And you said it was an old place before. But I want to understand what a thankful heart is, exactly."

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

"And what ought one to be thankful for?"

"For one's vittles, Miss Nancy."

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

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

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

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

"And anything else, Giles?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I cannot quite say it," was Miss Nancy's conclusion, "but I think that it is really and truly *in* the thank-

ful heart. If you have that, I believe you do feel thankful, always for everything."

VI.

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

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

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

"Yes, Miss Nancy, I will."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

now and then, but under no circumstances might she be dirty.

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

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

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

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

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

Trimmer did not respond with enthusiasm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And don't you ever need to go inside the gates, Trimmer?" asked Miss Nancy, when she was finally torn from the spot.

"No, Miss Nancy, certainly not. How should I?"

Miss Nancy did not know, and pondered the matter with unspeakable longing all the way home. To visit

the Thankful Heart had now become the chief aim of her existence ; but she must needs bide her time in patience, for impatience had never in her life gained her anything.

But Patience is a sure horse, however slow, and, jogging steadily forward, carried Miss Nancy at last almost within reach of her desire. There came an evening when over dessert the squire said, " I shall be late for lunch to-morrow. Todd is coming from St. Edmunds' to go over the upland pastures with me. He is to meet me at eleven o'clock at the 'Thankful Heart.' "

He said it ; and Miss Nancy heard it, and though pale with sudden rapture, still survived.

But good steed as Patience may be, she cannot avert the inevitable, and as poor Miss Nancy perceived from her window, the next morning was a wet one, and not a little wet, but sullenly pouring. She watched the weather with a failing heart all breakfast time, and well aware that in face of it any request preferred to Aunt Norreys could only meet with a most reasonable refusal, ended by trusting to her old expedient of escaping from Trimmer to join the squire at the last moment. But Miss Nancy was unskilful in strategy, and the enemy had overwhelming advantages, and presently surprised her in the act of flight, arrayed in a singular collection of such garments as lay at her command ; an old hat of the squire's which could come to no further harm, her own red cloak, her strongest boots, and by way of great precautions, a cast-off pair of Trimmer's goloshes.

" Miss Nancy ! " exclaimed the astounded Trimmer.

" I am just going out with daddy, Trimmer, faltered the guilty young lady.

" Oh, are you, Miss Nancy ? " rejoined Trimmer grimly. " now you will do nothing of the sort. "

" Trimmer, " said Miss Nancy desperately, " I must go. "

" Miss Nancy, take those things off immediately. "

" Trimmer, I *will* go ! "

" Miss *Arminel* ! " said Trimmer in a fearful voice, for Miss Nancy's rebellious moments were so few and fleeting as to be an astonishment when they did come.

" I mean, Trimmer, mayn't I go? Oh, Trimmer, if I sit under the apron of the gig ? "

"Miss Nancy, you know very well that you may not. Your Aunt Norreys would not listen to it for a moment, and as for your papa, well, I hear him driving away now."

Which indeed he did; and Miss Nancy was left at the head of the stairs in such an agony of disappointment as we have all felt at her age, but happily not often afterwards; for although one's disappointments may be as keen, they lose at least the utter helplessness of those days.

"Miss Nancy, will you do as you are bidden?"

Trimmer's voice recalled her to herself, and to the fact that she really was left at home, and the day must be faced.

"I feel as if I should soon be naughty, I feel as if I — couldn't help — it!" Miss Nancy's voice died away wailfully.

"Miss Nancy, you know you never could have gone in this rain, so do not make a piece of work about it. Go and take these things off."

"I did so want to go, I *did* so want to go," stammered Miss Nancy incoherently, obeying more by instinct than anything else, and shuffling miserably after Trimmer, with goloshes treading on each other's toes, and the squire's hat halfway down her face. "I wanted more than anything in the world. I thought I could go with daddy if I was very good. Oh, Trimmer, and he was going to the Thankful Heart! And you have made him go without me. Oh, Trimmer, Trimmer, Trimmer!"

(To be continued.)



Winifred.

(By Margaret E. Jordan.)

SHE was a child of twelve bright years ;
 A thoughtful child was she,
 Who in her own sweet, artless way
 Dwelt on the mystery
 The Sacred Scripture pages tell—
 How Christ in Blessed Bread doth well.

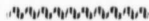
Oh ! how her lonely child-heart yearned
 To find that dear, dear Friend
 Who, having loved His own till death,
 Still loved them to the end.
 And while her heart arose in prayer,
 She sought to find Him everywhere.

She questioned, and in eager way
 Listened to grown folks' word ;
 And oft her tender, guileless heart
 With agony was stirred,
 As, day by day, she learned that none
 Gave earthly place to the Holy One.

“ Why have they left the dear Lord out—
 Out of the Blessed Bread ? ”
 She often pondered. “ Surely He
 Meant just the words He said :
 That changed should be the bread and wine
 Into His Flesh and Blood divine. ”

Thus listening, questioning, soon she learned
 That *one* faith, one alone,
 Of all the many creeds on earth
 Gave Christ place 'midst His own ;
 And truth was there, her child-heart knew,
 Where man held God's dear words “ *all true*. ”

'Twas thus one little wandering lamb
 To the good old Church was led ;
 Where with His own true Flesh and Blood
 Christ's little ones are fed.
 All others “ leave Him out, ” and make
 It *but a sign*—the Bread we break.





THE BLESSED VIRGIN

after a picture by Luini.
