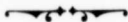




THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE
after a painting by Plockhorst.



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Wherefore the Eucharist.

In the present number of the *SENTINEL* appears the first of a series of adorations on the Reasons of the Eucharist translated from the noted book on the same subject by Rev. Father Tesnière, a member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament.

I. ADORATION.

RECOGNIZE and adore with all the might of your faith our Lord Jesus Christ, God and Man, really present in the Holy Sacrament. After having greeted Him with profound respect, as did the shepherds and the magi in the stable of Bethlehem, prepare to conceive and be deeply convinced of this capital truth, namely: that the Eucharist has been instituted to continue and extend the great benefit of the coming of God on earth. You know and profess the mystery of the Incarnation in which the Word, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, the only Son of God took the nature of man, without ceasing to be God and began to dwell among us, like unto one of us.

By virtue of this fact, God Himself, God in Person dwelt bodily on earth. He ceased to be invisible and unapproachable. He was seen as Jesus, was approached, was spoken to, was touched as Jesus; for Jesus, however really man, was also really God.

Up to that time God was only to be seen in such imperfect images of Himself as inanimate creatures and reasonable beings. But as Jesus, he was seen in his real-

ality, immediately and in person. However continuing to be diffused everywhere through His infinite being and the universal action of His power, He was nevertheless circumscribed as Jesus: He had a soul, a body, blood, a heart and human limbs, those of Jesus; He spoke and asked through the mouth and with the hands of Jesus. He was one of us, like unto us, born in poverty, from a mother, like unto us. He worked, wearied, was hungry and thirsty like unto us. He wrought miracles, put at the disposition of His goodness and compassion for our miseries, His marvellous omnipotence which commands sickness, afflictions and death and makes them retreat. He preached the truth for which human reason is so eager, the eternal truth unalloyed and unstained by error; he spoke of God, of His Majesty, His Goodness, His Mercifulness and our sublime destinies. Jesus was God come on earth, dwelling on it, trampling it under foot, bathing it in His sweat before bathing it in His Blood: He had come to reunite in Himself these two extremes, the man sinner and God justly irritated: and He reconciled the world with Himself, giving by His Presence and His benefits, the pledge of the most complete pardon, the assurance of a future of peace and happiness. This fact of the coming of God on earth had been expected, longed for by the tribulations and sufferings of the creature and of the entire world during more than forty centuries: it was the work of works, the gift of gifts, the masterpiece of the power of God and the greatest benefit of His goodness. Without this coming, the world would have rushed to eternal death through and dark paths of suffering, sin and despair. Therefore the Incarnation of the Word is the end and reason of every thing in the works of God.

Moreover, this great benefit, this matchless masterpiece is still being continued on earth by the Eucharist. By virtue of this Sacrament, God is Present in person, in body and in soul on all points of the globe: God is among us; God has dwellings; God can be seen, approached and addressed in prayer; He sees us with His eyes, hears us with His ears, loves us with His human heart like unto ours: and His Presence is not only at

one point, as in Judea, but in all points of the globe at the same time; it is not to last a few years only, but always, until the end of the ages.

Adore therefore with faith, with grateful love, the Son of God made man, the Man-God, the Word Incarnate, Present and living in the Holy Eucharist: believe in the truth of His power, in the perfection of His life divine and human at the same time.

II. THANKSGIVING.

It is impossible, indeed, to read in the Gospel of the innumerable benefits the Saviour bestowed on all around Him, without being envious of the happiness of those who could approach Him, see Him and receive from Him a word of peace or miraculous healing. His fellow-countrymen said, in their admiration: "No one speaks like that man!" and His life on earth can be summed up in these two words: He went about doing good: *Transiit benefaciendo*.

Now the same Presence must produce the same results. If Jesus continues and perpetuates Himself on earth, He will do it with the same power, the same goodness and for the same merciful and beneficent end. Therefore it can truly be said that as all blessings have been restored to the guilty world by the Incarnation, all these blessings are maintained in all times and everywhere by the Eucharist: since it is the same Christ the almighty Son of God, the all merciful Son of the Virgin Mother.— Truth, virtue, order, peace, harmony in the temporal and spiritual world, a continuation of the intercourse of earth, in spite of its crimes, with God justly irritated; everything is maintained for us, continued and unceasingly given by the fact of the power and admirable efficacy of the Presence of Jesus here below perpetuated by the Eucharist. Should this great benefit disappear for one moment, there would ensue in the spiritual world a chaos worse than that which would be caused by the dissolving of the universe.

Let us therefore thank Jesus for the love that makes Him dwell here below for us and allows us to enjoy all

the advantages of His Presence, as did those who lived with Him during His mortal life. Furthermore, if they saw Him and heard Him, you eat Him in reality, partake of, possess Him in a manner far more intimate. *Totus ad usus nostros expensus.*

III. PROPITIATION.

The great crime of the Jews, at the time of the first coming of God on earth, was to thrust Him away, to refuse to recognize Him and notwithstanding His benefits, to persecute Him unto death on Calvary. Thence the malediction pursuing that nation for nineteen centuries. Alas, the great crime of nations at the present hour, is again to refuse the God of Eucharist, to reject the means of establishing His merciful reign and exercising it for the good of the souls. Ignored, pursued, they would expel Him from His material temples after having forced Him out of the souls of children and christians of all conditions of men by unbelief. Oh! make amend for this great crime by becoming more and more faithful to the Eucharist in bringing souls to Jesus, above all souls of children.

IV. PRAYER.

Ask for the grace of an ardent, confident, hearty faith in the great fact of the Eucharist perpetuating for you on earth the Presence of the Word Incarnate. Ask to believe so easily and so eagerly that the Eucharist is Jesus in Person that that truth should bring you to Him, and that His Presence should impress you as deeply as if you saw the Saviour in the manger, on Thabor, or on the cross.

PRACTICE

Upon entering a church bow your head before Jesus in the Tabernacle, saying: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God."—





AND He led them out as far as Bethania : and lifting up His hands, He blessed them. And when He had said these things, while they looked on, He was raised up : and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

And while they were beholding Him going up to Heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments.

Who also said : Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven ? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come as you have seen Him going into Heaven.

(LUKE, XXIII, 50 : — ACTS. I, 9.)

A Memory that Time Never Dims.

FIRST Communion ! Only two words, but how much they mean ! More than even an angel can tell. What joy reigns in a household, where a child is about to receive the Holy Eucharist for the first time ! To the mother it seems as if the sun never shone more brightly than on the day that the spotless Lamb of God is to enter the heart of her own little lamb whom He has given her and whose innocence He comes to seal so sweetly.

At the church, be it the poorest village chapel with only the wild flowers of the fields to grace the altar, the scene is one which angels must be glad to look upon.

The little white-robed figures, the tiny heads bowed in prayer, crowned with the veils that seem like a halo of purity, the sweet faces in which a light shines that is not of earth, tell us that blessed indeed are the pure of heart.

Imagine your joy, dear children, had you visited the stable at Bethlehem and St. Joseph had placed the Infant Saviour in your arms. What awe would have filled your souls ! How reverently you would have pressed the wee divine Form to your breast ! You would have wished you could adore Him as the angels did as they chanted their hymn of praise at the moment of His birth. The memory of that unspeakable honor would have lingered with you always and made you holy.

On the morning of your First Communion, dear little ones, when you kneel at the altar-rail and the priest gives you the sacred Host, it will be as if you were kneeling at the stable-cave with St. Joseph giving the divine Babe into your embrace. It is the same Jesus, who is coming to you ; only, He hides His glory more utterly than He did in infancy, so that you will not be afraid.

Instead of His foster-father it will be His priest who will give Him to you. Instead of His Virgin Mother's immaculate arms it shall be your souls that will enthrone

Him. Your hearts, instead of the manger, shall be His resting-place. Be very careful, dear children, that He does not find them stained with ugly faults that will hurt His love more than the prickly straw of the rough crib, hurt His sacred flesh. Ask the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph who grieved at the inability to render His visible birth-place a more fit abode for His glory, to prepare the sacred birth-place of your hearts, so lovingly, that He will be able to rest there.

By their tender pleadings they will help you to become so humble, patient and kind, that Jesus will be able, in truth, to rest in your hearts. Your faith and love will help to give Him back the glory of which many who do not know or care for Him, rob Him. He will feel that you are indeed, the little lambs of His fold whom He must shelter beneath the shadow of His love each day. Oh, think, dear children, how He honors you. Shall the tongue upon which Jesus has deigned to rest more humbly than He did upon the straw utter unkind, untruthful words? Can the heart that has been united to the Sacred Heart of Jesus shelter uncharitable, unholy feelings? With what tenderness will the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph look down upon you as you kneel at the altar-rail! All the angels and saints, your friends in Heaven and on earth, will rejoice with you. Your Guardian Angels will join you in adoring welcome as your Saviour enters your little hearts. They will pray that you will never sully by sin the robe of grace with which He will adorn you at that moment. The whiteness of your veils, the lilies about you, are but faint shadows of the purity with which He clothes your souls. The light of the waxen candles, the fragrance of the incense as it floats upwards, tell you of the faith and love that must burn away all imperfection and keep you His very own forever. Ask your divine Guest, to shield you from all deliberate sin. Tell Him you wish to be true to Him always. Ask Him to help you to love Him so much that you will not bear to grieve Him, and Jesus will know your wish and bless it a hundredfold and give you the fulness of His benediction.



DOMINUS MEUS ET DEUS MEUS !

After the painting by SCHÖNNHER.

ST. THOMAS and the Holy Eucharist.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

HE put his finger in the nail-prints place,
He thrust his hand into the open Side ;
Then, looking up into his Master's face,
“ *Dominus meus, Deus meus !* ” cried.

“ Ah ! Thomas, ” gently spake the Risen One,
“ Thou hast believed because thou hast beheld —
Blessed are they, who have not seen the Son,
Yet have believed ” — by faith alone impelled.

Beloved ! in Thy Sacrament Divine,
We see Thee not with these, the body's eyes ;
Beneath the Eucharistic Bread and Wine,
Our senses may not pierce Thy love's disguise.

Yet, with adoring worship in the Host,
We hail Thee Lord and God, by faith perceived ;
Grant us the blessing (that St. Thomas lost),
Of those who have not seen yet have believed !



ROMAN MEMORIES

ST. PHILIP NERI.

1515—1595.

E. MCAULIFFE.

IN this lovely month of our Lady the Church honors many of her faithful children, who during their lives here below, gave up all the seductions of worldly pleasure to tread the hard and thorny paths which lead to everlasting life.

On the 26th of May is celebrated the feast of St. Philip Neri, whose life is so full of wonders that it would be impossible in a small space to do more than call attention to the subject, hoping thereby to lead my readers to seek a detailed account of the life of this glorious saint.

Florence, the most beautiful city in Italy, perhaps in the world, was his birthplace. His parents belonged to illustrious families, we read of them : " they lived in the fear of God, and the practice of his commandments ! " A short eulogy but how much it embraces ! The young Philip was educated at Rome, and on finishing his college course his father wished him to enter the commercial house of his uncle in order to require the knowledge necessary for business : but the youthful aspirant for heavenly honors could not bend his mind to the sordid heaping up of the riches which perish. In vain his uncle promised to make him his heir, nothing could shake his resolution to live for God alone !

He went back to Rome with the consent of his parents and took a course of philosophy and theology ; in his studies he outstripped all his companions, because he was free from all the distractions of pleasure. Already the sanctity of his life was manifest ; he fasted continually, he spent whole nights in prayer ; and in those hours of the day when youths of his age were wont to seek amusement, his delight was to be with the sick in the hospitals, comforting and assisting them. His good father supplied him plentifully with means for his charities.

After the ordination the sphere of his labors was enlarged; he was eagerly sought as a confessor, having the gift of discerning the condition of souls. The gift of miracles was his in an extraordinary degree; the touch of his hand being enough to cure frightful ulcers, etc. St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Ignatius had great love and veneration for him; the former of one occasion begged to be permitted to kiss his hands — those blessed hands, at whose contact pain and disease fled!

Pope Clement VIII honored the great gifts of the saint by paying a like homage to him, publicly kissing the hands that had wrought such wonders for the glory of God!

I will not dwell here on the great foundation of the "Congregation of the Oratory" which to this day is gaining souls from error; all that is fully described in the "Life of St Philip Neri", but I will confine myself to the account of one miracle.

Among the noble and princely families of Rome there is not one to take precedence of the *Massimo*. In the time of St. Philip they held, as they do now, the highest place under the rule of the Pontiffs. St. Philip was an intimate friend of the family, and it happened that while he was absent from Rome, a son of the house fell dangerously ill. He called unceasingly for St. Philip, but died before his arrival.

When the saint entered the room and saw the parents and relatives weeping around the bed, he called the young man by name: "Fabricius Massimo"! who immediately sat up, and with great joy received the sacraments from his hand. The saint then asked him if he wished to live, to which he replied that he would much rather die than risk the loss of his soul amid all the occasions of sin which he foresaw in this life. Then closing his eyes, while the saint blessed him he entered into his eternal rest!

This miracle was performed on the 16th of March in the Massimo Palazzo at Rome, and the anniversary has been, and still continues to be kept as a great feast in the Massimo family. I had the happiness of being present at the celebration a few years ago. Masses commences at 5 A.M. in the private chapel of the palace (called the chapel of St. Philip Neri) and continue without intermission until noon. The palace doors stand wide open, all Rome may

enter and assist at the religious ceremonies. The chapel is on the second floor, and as you walk up the broad marble stairs and through several long passages, hung with rich tapestries, and lined with men servants in the gorgeous livery of the House, you get a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of medieval grandeur.

The servants point out the direction for the visitors to follow, otherwise they are motionless ; a double line of living statues !

The chapel is magnificent, all the altar plate of pure gold, the vestments and altar furniture rich beyond expression. The Massimo palace was built early in the 16th century, the chapel of St. Philip Nery was originally a sleeping room, the identical room in which the miracle was performed.

And now I must say a word about the family so favored by Heaven. The Present princess Massimo, whom we knew personally, devotes her whole life to good works ; she is a mother to the poor, the mainstay of the papal authority. In appearance she is tall and noble looking, the words of Longfellow describing a heroine might be addressed to her : " Every step, every attitude inspired by the soul within. And what a soul is here ! A temple dedicated to Heaven, and like the Pantheon, lighted only from above. And earthly passions are no longer there, but the sweet and thoughtful faces of Christ, and the Virgin Mary, and the saints."

A very interesting book entitled " Society in Rome " came out during our stay ; it was written by a Russian diplomat attached to the corps of the Quirinal ; and, in the chapters on " Le Corps Diplomatique " and " Le Grand Monde " he pays a glowing tribute to the virtuous ladies of the " Black Court ". Of the princess Massimo he writes : " I cannot call to mind a face that combines so much nobility, dignity and sweetness as that of the Princess Massimo. She has brought up her children admirably. Notwithstanding his near relationship to the King the Prince Massimo is *noir sur noir*, and in this the Princess encourages him. Almost all the sovereigns of Europe are near relations of the Prince and Princess Massimo."

St. Philip Neri was canonised by Gregory XIV in 1662.

A New Eucharistic Throne.



WE quote from the Montreal edition of *Le Petit Messager du Très Saint Sacrement* the following: "It is scarcely three months since we announced the foundation in New York of a house of our Institute and the inauguration of the perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the great American metropolis. Now, it is Turin, one of the most ancient cities of old Europe, that welcomes and acclaims the sons of Father Eymard coming to favor it with the same gift.— Turin, which already gloried in being called the *City of the Blessed Sacrament*, will hereafter deserve that name by virtue of a new title. Henceforth the King of the Host will have within its walls a sanctuary and a throne, where at all hours of the day and the night will go up towards Him adoration, prayer, and whence shall flow without interruption the stream of His graces.

The *Italia Reale* tells the happy tidings: "In the midst of the general joy, the parish of Santa Maria di Piazza celebrated on Sunday last, February 10th, the solemn coming of a new pastor, the Rev. Father Lanza-Reorda, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament.

A vast multitude crowded in the church and in the neighborhood when, escorted by a deputation of the principal inhabitants of the parish, the Reverend Father arrived at the door of the temple, welcomed by the cheering of the crowd and the joyous harmony of the sacred chimes.

The Rev. Abbe Paul Cottino read an address of welcome to the new rector, who answered feelingly in a few words. Putting on afterwards the surplice, the stole and the hood and accompanied by Mgr. Michel Lotteri, his predecessor, he advanced near the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and having knelt down in adoration,

began the prayers and rites of the visit of the church whilst a select orchestra discoursed sweet music.

After the visit, the Rev. Father ascended to the pulpit, and, thanking his new children for their festival welcome, explained in a few words the end and object of his mission. To maintain and develop the christian spirit, especially by means of the Eucharist, the source and focus of christian life, such would be his constant effort with the help of his brethren in religion. And in order to render his efforts more efficacious, he would establish our Lord Himself as first pastor of the parish by leading Him to a throne always surrounded with homage and reverence, and giving Him the means of acting directly on souls.

The *Te Deum* was then alternately chanted by the choir and the congregation. This beautiful ceremony ended by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, left on all hearts a pious and profound impression.

During a few weeks, the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament will only take place for three hours a day ; but it will soon last all day ; and later on, when the number of friars will allow, will become perpetual.

Items of Interest.

The People's Eucharistic League will hold three celebrations of the Feast of Corpus Christi this year : the usual reunion of Local Centres at the Cathedral, at 4.30 P. M., on June 6th ; the Men's reunion on Sunday, June 9th at 8 P. M., and the Brooklyn reunion on June 6th at St. Augustine's Church, under the direction of Rev. W. E. McCarty, Diocesan Director.

The Editor of the SENTINEL is forced to beg the kind indulgence of its readers for the numerous errors in the

April number, resulting from an accident in the transmission of the printer's proofs. An editor has his own peculiar trials, as in the present case, where the Editorial in the April SENTINEL was by the omission of the concluding page of the Mss. "rendered null and void."

We regret that the churches have not yet forwarded to the SENTINEL the greatly desired reports in regard to the Nocturnal Adoration, kept up at so many Centres on Holy Thursday. Next year we shall hope by organizing a regular literary staff of correspondents in each Local Centre, to receive in time the items of eucharistic news from which to form general reports of interest.

The celebration of Holy Thursday in the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament in New York was impressive and beautiful. One could scarcely believe that in the few months that the Community has been established here, so much could have been accomplished. The altar was decorated with the most exquisite care and was brilliant with lights and flowers. And the church is overcrowded with reverent worshippers at all the daily services.

WASHINGTON NOTES.— At St. Patrick's Centre in Washington, the devotion of Holy Thursday was most beautifully observed. Throughout the whole day and early evening the Repository was visited by nearly a thousand members of the People's Eucharistic League, most of whom made an hour's adoration; and from midnight until morning the men of associates made the Nocturnal Adoration, about forty men being present every hour.

It was a remarkable and edifying sight, and one long to be remembered by the Catholics of Washington.

A FIRST DIOCESAN CENTRE.—The appointment of a Diocesan Centre in Brooklyn as a point of reunion for the associates of the Local Centres, is in accordance with the primary plan of development suggested some years ago for the People's Eucharistic League. There are now four Local Centres in Brooklyn, St. Augustine's, St. Agnes', Our Lady of Lourdes' and St. Jane de Chantal's Church, and the associates are numerous and devoted. Some hundreds have attended the General Reunion in New York, and the Local officers have been represented at the Councils held by the Central Committee at the Cathedral. The Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonnell has lately appointed the Church of St. Augustine in Stirling Place, as the Diocesan Centre of union and chosen the pastor Rev. W. E. McCarty, as Director of the Brooklyn contingent. The Brooklyn Associates will assemble at St. Augustine's Church on the afternoon of June 6th, the Feast of Corpus Christi, and will take part in the Solemn Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The ceremonies will be similar to those of the New York celebrations. Benedictions being given at the various altars. A Diocesan Board will shortly be appointed to take charge of the details of this celebration and to represent the general interests of the Brooklyn Centres. This Board will convene Semi Annual Councils of the Local Presidents and Vice-Presidents and will forward its reports and submit its final decisions to the Central Committee of the People's Eucharistic League.

The total number of "Priest Adorers" (Prêtres Adorateurs) as registered to date in the world is 65,000. Allowing for the decrease by death or other reasons, the total as given by Rev. A. Tesnière, at the General Reunion of the Prêtres Adorateurs in Paris, on Jan. 6th 1900, is 48,000. The city of Paris has 18,000 active members. There are about 3,200 members in the United States.

More than 24,000 adorers participated during the past year in the Nocturnal Adoration at Montmartre.

The Holy Father has deigned to present to the Cathedral of St. Peter at Bologna, the golden chalice used by His Holiness, when celebrating the Midnight Mass on Dec. 31st. 1901, the first hour of the new century.

The Semi Annual Council of Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the People's Eucharistic League will be held in the Cathedral Sacristy, on Wednesday May 15th at 11 A. M. The tickets for the Corpus Christi Celebration will be distributed at this meeting.

The Cathedral is organizing a Men's Branch of the Eucharistic League and begins with 160 Associates.

The Men's Advisory Board are doing good work and have admitted several new members, Mr Pierson, Mr Louis V. O'Donahue, Mr Michael Pardee, were recently elected to memberships. Mr Charles P. Davis has accepted the position of Corresponding Secretary. The Advisory Board will take charge of the Men's Reunion, on June 9th at the Cathedral.





The Children's Hour.

An infant apostle.

A PROTESTANT lady called at the home of the Sisters, adjoining the little parochial school, and asked if they could take "Baby"—a boy of nine years—in their school for the coming year. The lady proceeded unasked to tell the reason why she desired to have her boy with the Sisters: One day when Baby was playing in the kitchen, the mother started a confidential, affectionate chat, just to entertain the child and make a test of his affection and devotion. "Baby," said the mother, "is there any one you love more than you love me?" "Yes," replied the boy. The mother was a little startled and said: "Well, my dear, who is it?" "Why," continued the child, keeping on with his play, "God, of course." "Oh! to be sure," responded the mother in silent wonder, for she knew she had been indifferent to the child's religious training. Without any manifestation of her surprise, the mother went on to say: "But, Baby, I come next after God, do I not?" "No," replied the youngster, "there is another." "Who is it?" the mother said. "Jesus," said Baby; don't you know, mamma, that Jesus died for me?" The child did not fully know or understand the Divinity or Christ. The mother was still pleased, though very much surprised. So long as the affection of the child was not given to any creature she was satisfied. However,

she persevered in her questions. "Is there any one else you love more than me? I am sure I must come after Jesus?" Frankly and teasingly he threw his bright, young and innocent eyes to his mother's face, and said: "Only one more, mamma." The boy put aside his playthings, went over to his mother, put his arms around her neck, drew her head to him, and whispered in her ear: "I love Mary, the mother of Jesus; and you, mamma, come next to Mary."

The mother was moved to tears, and, after hugging her child with unusual affection, proceeded to question him as to where he got his information about Jesus and Mary. It was from a little Catholic playmate who had been attending the Sisters' school just four months.

Every child that goes forth from the parochial school is an apostle, and, God knows, the country needs apostles.

Grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER is very old, her face is wrinkled, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes are like two stars, and they have a mild, gentle expression in them, when they look at you, that does you good. She wears a dress of rich heavy silk, with large flowers worked on it; and it rustles when she moves. And then she can tell the most wonderful stories! Grandmother knows a great deal, for she was alive before father and mother, that's quite certain. She has a prayer-book, with large silver clasps, in which she often reads; and in the book, between the leaves, lies a rose, quite flat and dry; it is not so pretty as the roses that are standing in the glass, and yet she smiles at it most pleasantly and tears even come into her eyes.

“I wonder why grandmother looks at the withered flower in the old book in that way. Do you know?” Why, when grandmother’s tears fall upon the rose and she is looking at it, the rose revives and fills the room with its fragrance ; the walls vanish as in a mist, and all around her is the glorious green wood, where in summer the sunlight streams through the thick foliage ; and grandmother, why, she is young again ! a charming maiden, fresh as a rose, with round, rosy cheeks, fair bright ringlets, and a figure pretty and graceful ; but the eyes, those mild, saintly eyes, are the same,—they have been left to grandmother. At her side sits a young man, tall and strong ; he gives her a rose and she smiles. Grandmother cannot smile like that now.

Yes, she is smiling at the memory of that day, and many thoughts and recollections of the past ; but the handsome young man is gone, and the rose has withered in the old book and grandmother is sitting there, an old woman, looking down at the withered rose in the book.

Grandmother is dead now. She had been sitting in her arm chair, telling us a beautiful tale, and when it was finished she said she was tired, and leaned her head back to sleep awhile. We could hear her gentle breathing as she slept ; gradually it became quieter and calmer, and on her countenance beamed happiness and peace. It was as if lighted up with a ray of sunshine, she smiled once more. Then people said she was dead. She was beautiful in the white folds of the shrouded linen, though her eyes were closed ; but every wrinkle had vanished, her hair looked white and silvery and around her mouth lingered a sweet smile. The prayer-book, in which the rose still lay, was placed under her head, for so she had wished it.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



The Children's Hymn for May.

E. MCAULIFFE.

Holy Virgin, holy mother of our Saviour and our King !
 Accept thy children's offerings, the fairest flowers of Spring—
 Let us lay them gentle mother 'neath thy pure and sacred feet,
 With our prayers and with our praises, thy all loving looks to
 [meet !

All our young hearts' love we're bringing
 With the first flowers of the year ;
 While thy praises we are singing
 Gentle Mother, lend thine ear.—

Ever glorious mother, from thy throne of bliss on High ;
 O, teach thy little children from all earthly love to fly ;
 Take the hearts we now have given and make them all thine
 [own,
 And present them as our offering before thy Son's bright throne !

Let the flowers brightly springing
 Emblems of thy virtues be,
 And soft breezes while we're singing
 Waft their incense unto thee !

Meek and holy Virgin Mother, like the lily thou wert fair,
 And hidden like the violet thy wondrous virtues were ;
 O, make thy children like thee, that in Heaven we may see,
 And love and praise for endless time our Saviour born of thee !

Glad echoes now come ringing
 From o'er the earth and sea ;
 While all nature joins us bringing
 Their offerings to thee !



MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART.*

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

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(Continued.)

"But I suppose it was a long time ago, when you were only a little old?" suggested Miss Nancy. "You didn't live here then, did you?"

"No, I came to be your father's tutor, when his father died, and he went to stay at Willmeadow, before he went to college."

"Then you must have lived with aunt Norreys, and mother and daddy at Willmeadow. I know about that; sometimes Aunt Norreys tells me stories of it."

"No, I went away too."

"Mother came to be here after that. But she died, I think, a good many years ago," said Miss Nancy, vaguely. "Did you know that she died?"

"Yes, answered the rector, "I — knew —"

And at this very moment Trimmer came up the walk, avenging. There could, perhaps, be few things more mortifying to a lady than to be followed when she has set out to pay a call of some ceremony, to be caught just when the conversation begins to be easy, and to be dragged back home in the full light of day. In vain did the rector try to intercede for poor little Miss Nancy, in pity for her crimson cheeks; it was in vain; Trimmer was respectful, but obdurate, and drove the culprit away before her, as being in disgrace, and to be made to feel it. But Miss Nancy always did think that Trimmer might at least have waited until they had got outside the rectory

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gate before she shook her. Only slightly, it is true, but the ignominy was the same; and in mute anguish of mind Miss Nancy was conducted into the presence of Aunt Norreys, to make a full confession.

"Arminel," said Aunt Norreys, adjusting her gold glasses, "I am astonished, perfectly astonished. Immediately tell me the truth. Where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"I have been to call at the rectory," said Miss Nancy, with bitter tears, but making searching efforts after strict truth. "The rector was in the garden, and he is very like an apostle."

"Arminel, what are you saying?"

"I mean, he has hair long like an apostle's, and I believe it is the Apostle John, but an old hat, a very old hat, older than daddy's," sobbed Miss Nancy. I went to see him because he came to see me, for it *was* to see only me, whatever Trimmer says. We walked about the garden, and saw the things growing, and we talked a little."

"Arminel, what did you say to the rector!" demanded Aunt Norreys, with some natural dread of what might come next.

"I do not think I said anything at all naughty, I do not remember it," sobbed Miss Nancy. "We talked about daddy, and the rector said he knew mother a long time ago. But then Trimmer came. I think he hadn't minded that I went, I do think he hadn't. He said I did him a great honor."

"Arminel, do not be absurd," said Aunt Norreys.

At which point Miss Nancy fell into an unintelligible abyss of shame and grief, and was sent upstairs in disgrace; more as a preventive measure for the future, than as actual punishment for the past, but a consolation rather poor in itself, and not pointed out to Miss Nancy, nor perceived by her.

But the rector walked in the old rectory garden, and looked at the nodding daffodils, and the almond-tree, and the white clouds on the blue fields of heaven, and was aware of an eloquent sermon stealing into heart and mind. He thought he could still see little Miss Nancy

walking beside him through the garden, and it was like some sweet old story of the spring that had been told to him long ago. For it is probable that the rector had had his own spring story in his day, and perhaps the memory of it came strongly back upon him, if he did walk about the garden with a hat even older than the squire's on his white head, and very tremendous spectacles absently riding high on his nose, and his hands under those most unfashionable coat-tails. And there are some blessed spring stories, which leave a heart the better for their coming.

IV.

In the course of some years' experience, Trimmer had more than once had occasion to remark that Miss Nancy's behavior, like that of many children, ran in grooves. When she conducted herself in a manner creditable to herself and her elders, she could be depended on for days, and even weeks ; when she did otherwise, Trimmer was less disturbed in mind by the one deed committed, than by the immediate prospect of others to follow. Miss Nancy's next exploit was the more painful to all properly constituted minds, because it took place on Sunday. Nay, to confess the truth, it was actually in church.

It was a Sunday in what might have been either late spring or early summer. Miss Nancy always remembered that she wore a new Leghorn hat, and what Trimmer called a "lawn" frock with embroidered hem, cool and spotless, and, like every thing chosen for Miss Nancy by Aunt Norreys, plain, with that very dainty plainness which is fine in the extreme.

One went through the churchyard almost waist deep in meadow grass, under ash-trees so ancient and spreading that the little old church seemed half covered with the trees, and half sunk into the earth. The ivy had climbed triumphantly to the battlements, making of the tower one vast nest for hundreds upon hundreds of birds. They flew out, chattering and screaming at the sound of voices below, and fluttered round the tower in a cloud, — jack-

daws, and starlings, and martins, to say nothing of the sparrows, who were everywhere, and chiefly perching in rows on the headstones. The porch was very small and sunken, the rafters low within, and the roof without so covered with ivy and traveller's-joy, that the doorway was like the mouth of a green cave.

It was dark and cold within, after the sunshine outside, the rafters were so low, and the flagged floor so sunken as to give a general impression of going down into the centre of the earth. The ivy had crept under in the eaves into the church, hanging in corners like green banners ; and the birds had followed the ivy, and fluttered here and there all service time. There were pigeons among the rafters (report said that Tummus Trowle, the sexton, was not quite guiltless of scattering corn on the floor for them during the week), and on drowsy Sunday afternoons the mice came out and played on the chancel floor, while the bats flitted overhead, like ghosts of long-dead mice.

But this was considered only proper to Forest Morton, the smallest and oldest church in the shire with its primitive tower of unhewn stone, and rude belfry lights, its low arches, and small windows deeply set in the massive walls. It might also have boasted of that marvellous old chancel wood-work, which had no counterpart in all the country-side. It was a standing admiration to Miss Nancy, a fanciful dream of figures, and leaves, and flowers, and sheaves of corn, and angels with outspread wings and palms in their hands.

Miss Nancy sat with the squire and Aunt Norreys in the square Throgmorton pew, with her feet half a yard off the floor, owing to the width of her hat-brim. And Miss Nancy being rather small, and the sides of the pew rather high, the only thing she could see as she sat was the window opposite, a lattice of old green glass, deep in the wall. It stood open in summer, to Miss Nancy's great joy ; for the sunlight came through it in a very enlivening manner, and she could see the apple-trees in the church-yard, and the white roses that flourished under the sunny window, and nodded friendly greetings, and even came inside when occasion offered.

Beneath the sunny window was an old friend of Miss

Nancy's. She looked at him every Sunday, for he was always there, at rest on his worn stone tomb, being also stone himself, only he was such a dear old friend that she had almost lost sight of the circumstance. He lay in his ruff and gown, with his hands crossed very peacefully on his breast, and his gentle face looking upward. Hewas not a Throgmorton. Miss Nancy herself was of opinion that he was too beautiful to have been a Throgmorton, of whose looks as a race she could not think highly. Dear daddy was daddy, and as such forever to he admired but from the dozen dull portraits at the Hall it could onl have been concluded that the Throgmortons had been no more handsome than they had been famous.

All her life Miss Nancy had cherished a deep affection for this friend, looking at him when she could not understand the sermon (which was usually), and wondering how long he had been lying there so silently, and whether the roses peeped in, and nodded, and showered their petals on him, because they loved him. There were not many to think upon him, and the dust lay thick over his body, and in the few remaining letters of the rubbed inscription. " Here ly -- Bartholom -- ." Tummus 'Trowle, when he swept out the church (a thing that, to do him justice, rarely occurred to him), called him Master Bartlemy, and rather inclined to the belief that he had never had any other name.

Miss Nancy sat and looked at him, very upright, because of the brim of her hat, and very stiff, because her shoes dangled so far from the floor. The sunshine came in through the open window, and made a dancing pathway, which fell across Master Bartlemy's face ; for Miss Nancy had observed that if there were any sunshine at all, it always lingered there. He lay and took his rest very quietly, and the buds of the white roses peeped in through the lattice, and nodded sleepily at him ; and Miss Nancy too nodded sleepily, and would have fallen quite asleep if the envious Leghorn would have permitted it.

But then there came down a pigeon from the darkness of the rafters and settled on the old tomb, pluming himself on Master Bartlemy's breast, with movements so graceful and innocent that Miss Nancy held her breath

for fear of disturbing him. And then he began to coo softly, opening his wings in the sunlight, and resting against the crossed hands of him who lay there as if, Miss Nancy thought, Master Bartlemy might once have loved living creatures very dearly.

But Miss Nancy could not watch him to her satisfaction, not even by stretching herself out to be as thin and tall as possible. Interest outweighed every other consideration ; if she stood on the seat she could see. Climbing was not exactly churchlike behavior, but Miss Nancy distinguished between a loud climb and a soft climb. The squire was leaning back in his corner meditating, with eyes half closed, and Aunt Norreys was leaning back in hers, perhaps meditating too, but with eyes quite closed. Miss Nancy knelt gently on the seat ; Miss Nancy rose and stood upon it. The pew sides were high, but in this commanding situation she was higher, and the Leghorn hat looked triumphantly round. The church was very quiet, the rector preaching, and at least a part of the congregation engaged in sleep. It was at this tranquil moment that the cushion must slide away on the seat ; as Miss Nancy looked over the pew-sides, it slipped farther and farther, and Miss Nancy came to the ground with a crash. Aunt Norreys, who had been (possibly) asleep, with difficulty suppressed a scream ; while the squire, who had been honestly meditating, coughed as loudly as possible to cover the situation.

But nothing could disguise the fact that Miss Nancy lay face downwards on the floor, in her clean lawn frock, with the new Leghorn hat under the seat.

"Arminel !" whispered the scandalized Aunt Norreys. Even the squire himself said, "Hem."

" I have tumbled off the seat", returned Miss Nancy in a muffled voice, and somewhat superfluously, considering that this was obvious to the most casual observer.

" Immediately get up ", desired Aunt Norreys. The squire more practically set Miss Nancy on her feet and returned to search for the Leghorn, while Miss Nancy stood wondering if there could be any spectacle more shocking than that of a little girl in church without a hat. The only thing that could be urged in favor of her con-

duct at this moment was that her despair was at least silent, for church was still church though one had disgraced one's self.

And then the squire, having angled under the seat with Aunt Norrey's parasol, landed the Leghorn, and set it on its repentant owner's head, but, a little unfortunately, back to front, in which condition Miss Nancy was then conducted out by Trimmer, the stern, who had suffered a shock that she could not have been expected to recover for the rest of the day.

"What you could have been doing is beyond my imagination, Miss Nancy," was her first observation, after walking half way home in a kind of stunned indignation.

"I only stood on the seat, Trimmer. I stood quite softly; I didn't know that I was going to fall so hard. I didn't mean to be wicked in church," said Miss Nancy, a prey to the keenest remorse. "I only wanted—"

"Well, what did you want, Miss Nancy?"

"I only wanted to look at one of the pigeons that was sitting on Master Bartlemy."

"On what, Miss Nancy?"

"On the gentleman who lies under the window — the stone one," explained the humbled Miss Nancy apologetically, turning her hat round.

"Miss Nancy," said Trimmer, with unabated severity, "I am ashamed of you."

"It sat so prettily, Trimmer," faltered Miss Nancy. "It sat on his fingers, and cooed to him, and Master Bartlemy seemed to be smiling. I was only looking a little, and then I fell off the seat."

"You cannot expect to do wrong, Miss Nancy, and not be punished for it," said Trimmer. Miss Nancy acquiesced in silence; but there was a further development of this point to be considered.

"Trimmer," she said, meekly, "do you think I shall be more punished?"

"Yes, Miss Nancy, I certainly do, for what else can you expect?" said Trimmer, uncompromisingly, and drove the debased Miss Nancy homewards before her.

V.

Miss Nancy sat in a window of the white panelled drawing-room, engaged in the pursuit of polite behavior. It was a wet day, and she had been sent to spend a sober afternoon under the eye of Aunt Norreys, the squire having evinced a dangerous inclination toward encouraging her to accompany him in a walk across the fields, a thing which Trimmer had reasonable grounds for guarding against.

Miss Nancy had finished her apportioned handkerchief hem for the day, and had been pursuing good manners for a full hour, without more diversion than she could find in herself, as was the antique fashion of her upbringing. Aunt Norreys could tell very agreeable tales when she was so inclined, and Miss Nancy did not dare to press the point. Not that she found it dull to be left to herself : it was a thing she was quite accustomed to ; and looking now out at the rain falling softly in straight lines, and the wet lawn, and the stiff laurel walk, and the heavy peonies under the windows, and now in at the white panelled walls, and amber satin curtains, and spindle-legged chairs, and equally hideous and priceless dragon china in the cabinets, she had happily pursued one train of thought, until she had arrived at a point when an answer must positively be obtained.

" Aunt Norreys," said a gentle little voice from behind the long amber satin curtain.

" Well, my dear ? said Aunt Norreys, placidly.

" When I went out to ride with Giles this morning, Aunt Norreys, we came home by a new way ; I suppose because it began to rain, and Giles wanted to hurry. It was quite new, I never went it before. We came along the St-Edmunds road at first ; but that was not be new part, because I knew it as well as can be. But then we turned into the high pastures, and came behind the church."

" Was that all, my dear ? " said Aunt Norreys, for Miss Nancy had stayed to consider it.

" It was nearly all the ride, because we soon came

home after that. But it was not all I was thinking. I saw a place I have not seen before. I think it does not show from the village because of a good many trees. It was such a beautiful, beautiful place; a house all gray, not red, like ours. The trees of the garden were round it, I think," said Miss Nancy, wistfully. "I think it was prettier than our house. I should be rather glad if we had a roof that went up and down, and if our chimneys curled like those; and I wish, I do wish that we had a big pear-tree with boughs all flowers, and flowers, and flowers, over the end where the sun is. Don't you, Aunt Norreys?"

"Certainly not," said Aunt Norreys; quite out of place, my dear."

"I rather do," said Miss Nancy. "Giles called it a Portingale. I said to him, 'What is this?' but Giles only said, 'This here is an house.'"

"Arminel," said Aunt Norreys, "I am astonished at you."

"He said so," urged Miss Nancy, a little discouraged; "but I believe he meant, 'This is a *house*.' He said that it was only an old place where nobody lived. I said, whose was it, but he didn't know that either. He said it was always like that, and he reckoned—I *mean*, he *thought*—it always had been. And I said that I hadn't seen that place before, and what was its name? He said it was the Thankful Heart. I think it is such a very curious name for a house. I asked him what it meant, but he said he didn't know. Isn't it a curious name, Aunt Norrey's? Don't you think so too?"

Aunt Norreys nodded her head gently, but gave Miss Nancy no open encouragement to pursue her inquiries.

"I wish I knew about it. I never saw a place like it before. I know names like the rectory, and Crabtree farm, and those things, but I don't know a name like the Thankful Heart. I asked Giles, but it was no use. So then we came home, because of the rain."

Aunt Norreys nodded more decidedly.

"But I know the way to it, if sometimes I might go, for I looked as much as I could. You go through the churchyard, past the window where the white roses are,

and there is a gate in the wall, and some steps down from the yard ; and they come into a lane, and you go up it until there is no more lane, but only gates. And after that, there is a way through a field, where there are more but-tercups than anywhere else. And then, said Miss Nancy, leaning forward, with her dark eyes shining in her pale little face, — “ and then you come to the Thankful Heart. ”

Aunt Norreys snored aloud.

So Miss Nancy stole out, and went up-stairs to the brown parlor. Trimmer was not there, and she knelt down at the window-seat, and talked it over with the rooks in the elm-tree tops, havings a sober friendship with them of life-long standing. They had the advantage of living so near the window-seat that they were very convenients as confidants, for Miss Nancy, however reserved, was occasionally compelled, like many other lonely children, to find some one or some thing to confide in.

But these steady old acquaintances, wisely and solemnly as they might caw to her, afforded no practical assistance in the present case, and Miss Nancy watched the rain and the rooks together, until Trimmer came in.

“ Trimmer, ” began Miss Nancy at teatime, “ if you please, what does the Thankful Heart mean ? ”

“ What thankful heart ? ” said Trimmer.

“ I mean the house, near the church, ” said Miss Nancy.

“ Oh, to be sure. Well, Miss Nancy, I suppose it is an old house, but I cannot say I have ever seen it. ”

“ Yes, I know it is a house, ” said Miss Nancy ; but what does it *mean* ? ”

“ Mean ? ” echoed Trimmer. “ It means a house, Miss Nancy. ”

“ But the thing is, why should it have that name ? ”

Trimmer preserved a discreet silence.

“ Trimmer, do you know why ? ” ventured Miss Nancy.

“ No, Miss Nancy, I do not. ”

(*To be continued.*)

To the Virgin Mother.

Maiden Mother meek and mild,
Take, oh, take me for thy child ;
All my life, oh, let it be
My best joy to think of thee !

When my eyes are closed in sleep
Through the night my slumber keep,
Make my Celest thought to be
How to love thy Son and thee.

Teach me when the sunbeam bright
Galls me with its golden light,
How my wailing thoughts may be
Turned to Jesus and to thee.

And, oh, teach me through the day,
Oft to raise my heart and say,
" Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, oh, guard thy little child ! "

Thus, sweet mother, day and night
Thou shalt guide my steps aright,
And my dying words shall be,
" Virgin Mother pray for me ! "

A priest once said to a child nine years of age, " My boy, whenever you are tempted to do what is wrong ask the holy Mother of Jesus to help you." " Only to think of her should be enough, I should think," was the tender reply.





The divine Shepherd's Mother

after a painting by Coomans.

