



The Virgin of Consolation  
After a picture by Bouguereau



## OUR ARCHBISHOP-ELECT

MOST REV. JOHN M. FARLEY D. D.

ADORATOR.

**T**HE appointment of Rt. Rev. John M. Farley to the exalted position of Archbishop of New York is a fact that will be welcomed by all who know him. The general respect in which he is held in the community, and the thirty yaars in which he has been closely identified with the affairs of the church in the city of New York, warrant the prediction that if he is spared to preside over the destinies of the great diocese for a long period of time his career, as Archbishop, will be as brilliant as that of any of his illustrious predecessors.

Time and circumstances were never more favorable to the church in the United States than they are to-day. People of all creeds have been brought to a better understanding of the church, and the result is that the bigotry and prejudice, with which the bishops and clergy of the past had to contend are fast dying out. Pastors are able to devote themselves, unhampered by the old difficulties, to the deepening of the spiritual life of the souls committed to their charge, and the advancement of Catholic education.

This better condition of affairs, which nothing but time could effect will tend to prepare the way for Archbishop Farley to put into execution the plans which his long experience and practical thinking convince him will mean the progress of the church in New York and the general uplifting of the people to the high plane of moral and spiritual life to which the Catholic faith aspires.

For years the great Archdiocese has been a successful experiment station in missionary, educational and

charitable effort, and is today the very home of the non-Catholic missions, summer school, university extension, reading circle, lending library and college settlement work. All these different aims of church progress have a deep interest for Archbishop Farley. The advice and counsel, he has given them from time to time have spurred their directors on to higher endeavor, and the achievement of noble results.

It is interesting to note the many phases of character in which Archbishop Farley resembles his immediate predecessor—Archbishop Corrigan. He has the same deep views of the Pastoral Office, the same devotional spirit and love of study, the same firmness for discipline, and much the same ideas in matters of ecclesiastical polity, while his kindly nature reveals itself in the same courteous gentle demeanor. With these qualities of heart and mind we may safely believe, that it is only a matter of time, when the great following, so intensely loyal, which Archbishop Farley has already attracted to himself will be multiplied in proportion as the duties of his office extend his influence and men grow to know him and receive the blessing of his ministration, and the guidance of his leadership.

It is with a deep sense of joy that the Sentinel records the happy event. Archbishop Farley's interest in all works pertaining to the glorification of the great Mystery of the altar is well known. The devotion of the perpetual adoration in the Church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament has always received from him encouragement and favor. His marked approval is an evidence of how sensibly he appreciates the blessings that must flow from the Eucharistic Fountain of Grace upon every city where this edifying devotion is practised.

We fervently pray that our Eucharistic Lord will bestow the plenitude of wisdom and spiritual power upon our worthy prelate, and when his life's task is done may it be on earth one long golden chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in New York, and in heaven may it win for him the "never fading crown of glory" promised to the good shepherds who, in the words of the Prince of the Apostles, "have fed the flock of God."

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## HOLY COMMUNION

This is one of the subjects upon which the Faithful have great need of instruction. It is, above all, most important that they should understand the efficacy of this august Sacrament.

### The Excellence of the Holy Communion.



HE Holy Eucharist increases in us the sanctifying grace of which we have spoken in the article on Confession, and that in larger proportion than all the other Sacraments. The other Sacraments are the channels which flow from the Fountain of all grace, Jesus Christ Himself; but in this Sacrament we receive the Fountain Itself, Our Divine Saviour. As there is no proportion between God and

His creatures, also is there none between the Holy Eucharist and the other Sacraments. There is, then, nothing astonishing in this, that It confers in greater abundance sanctifying grace, that grace which renders holy the just of earth and the elect of heaven.

### How Grace is Produced in us by the Host. Holy Eucharist.

We must note well that this Sacrament, like all the others, confers grace by the intrinsic efficacy that it owes to Jesus Christ, so that the infusion of grace does not take place by virtue of the good dispositions of the communicant, but by virtue of the efficacy that Sacrament derives from Jesus Christ, its Author. Good dispositions are necessary only to remove the obstacles of the conferring of the grace, but it is not these dispositions that confer it.

Let us illustrate by an example. Fire burns wood by virtue of the force that is proper to it. Now, if the wood, in order to ignite, must possess certain conditions, or, if we may so express it, must be in certain dispositions, yet it is not these dispositions that cause the wood to kindle. To do so, the wood must be dry; and yet it is not by virtue of that dryness that it ignites, but by virtue of the



heat that the fire communicates to it. The proof of this is, that the wood, however dry it may be, does not kindle when held at a distance from the fire.

All the Sacraments, it is true, operate or increase grace in this maner ; but, we repeat, the Eucharist produces this effect in greater proportion.

**The Disposition necessary and sufficient for  
Holy Communion.**

Observe well that the dispositions requisite for Holy Communion to produce grace, or to increase, are reduced to one, namely, the state of grace, that is to say, freedom from every mortal sin, and, in certain cases, the simple absence of every attachment to mortal sin.

That is the necessary disposition, and that suffices in itself for communicating well and with fruit, that is to say, with an increase of sanctifying grace. As fire, of necessity, kindles dry wood, so Holy Communion confers, or necessarily increases, grace in every soul free from mortal sin. Whether we communicate once a year, or once a month, or even daily, if the soul is free from mortal sin, our Communion infallibly produces in us an increase of sanctifying grace.

**In which souls Holy Communion produces a more  
considerable Increase of Grace.**

You will, perhaps, say : " There are some who approach the Holy Table without any mortal sin upon their conscience, but with their soul soiled with venial sins, and they are not very fervent, they are even tepid in the love of God ; and there are others who approach entirely free from every deliberate venial fault, and all inflamed with the love of God. The Holy Communion increases, then, sanctifying grace in the former in the same proportion as in the latter !" Remark that we did not say that Holy Communion increased grace in the same proportion in all souls. In the better disposed, It undoubtedly pours grace in greater abundance than in souls less well disposed. Fire kindles wood provided it is dry, but it kindles very dry wood more quickly than that which is less so. In like manner, Holy Communion increases grace in all souls free from mortal sin, but It increases it more plentifully in souls that have greater purity of conscience and a more

lively love for God. The tepid soul, for example, will acquire ten degrees of increase, where the fervent soul will obtain fifty, one hundred, &c. The Faithful are recommended, also, to approach the Holy Table with all the purity and fervor possible, not because without that purity they would be deprived of an increase of grace, but in order to receive that increase in greater abundance. Moreover, unless we would deny the efficacy of the Sacrament, we must acknowledge that the soul which communicates with a million of venial sins, receives, notwithstanding, a certain increase of sanctifying grace.

**Venial Sins are not an Obstacle to the  
Increase of Grace.**

This truth, admitted by all theologians in general, is openly taught by St. Thomas of Aquin. That illustrious Doctor distinguishes in relation to Holy Communion, two sorts of venial sins, some committed before, and the others during Holy Communion itself. Of the first, he says that venial sins can in no wise prevent the effect of this Sacrament. Speaking afterward of the second, that is, of venial sins committed at the very moment of Communion, a voluntary distraction for instance, he says that such sins hinder a part of the effect that the Sacrament is intended to produce, namely, the sweetness of the spiritual refecton, but not the other part which consists in the increase of habitual grace or charity (1).

St. Thomas is, undoubtedly, the first of Catholic theologians and the one possessed of greatest authority? His teachings guided the Fathers of the Council of Trent in the definitions of Faith against the heretics; and when a doctrine is taught by him, it is for that very reason worthy of respect and veneration.

Now, let us note it well, St. Thomas clearly teaches that venial sins, even those committed in the act of communicating, cannot hinder the increase of sanctifying grace, or, what amounts to the same thing, the increase of charity. This doctrine is sustained by Suarez, also, who is, after St. Thomas, one of the most illustrious theologians that adorn the Catholic Church (1).

(1) Summa Theol. 3 pt., quest. 78, art. 8.

(1) Quest. 79, art. 8, disp. 63, sect. 3.

**In what Value we ought to hold the Increase of  
Grace in the Soul by Holy Communion.**

Such is the esteem of St. Thomas for this increase of grace that he does not wish to see frequent Communion abandoned under pretext that It diminishes respect for the Blessed Sacrament.

“ If,” says he, “ we compare the two things, Holy Communion is still preferable to abstention, as well in relation to the effect of the Sacrament (that is, to the increase of grace) as in regard to the merit of preparation, however small we may suppose this last to be ; as also in view of the act of virtue that is made in communicating. Communion is, in effect, an act of divine charity, and charity is the principle of all merit (2).

But let us return to our point of departure, and conclude that the Holy Communion received by a Christian free from every mortal sin, always confers an increase of sanctifying grace, even where the conscience of this Christian laden with venial sins, and, what is more, had he even at the moment of Communion committed a venial sin.

If, then, we meet masters of the spiritual life who hold a language different from St. Thomas, it is to the latter that we ought to attach ourselves. One has authority in this matter only from the fact of his being a theologian, and the better the theologian, the greater his authority. Now, as St. Thomas is the prince of theologians he must be regarded, also, as the prince of all the masters of the spiritual life.

**Demonstration of the Truth, that the State of Grace  
suffices in every Case in order to Communicate well**

We must explain more at length what we have said above, namely, *that, in general, the only disposition required to communicate worthily and with fruit, is freedom from every mortal sin and, in certain cases, the simple absence from every attachment to mortal sin.* Remark well, although supremely desirable that Christians should, on approaching the Holy Table, have all possible purity of conscience and devotion, it is not less true that the Christian

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(2) In 4 sentent. dist. 12, q. 3, art. 2.

free from mortal sin can always communicate with fruit. Suarez, cited above, teaches that, in order to communicate worthily and with fruit, the only disposition necessary is that required by Jesus Christ, laid down by the Apostle St. Paul, and defined by the Council of Trent, namely, the state of grace. No Council, no Pope, no Father of the Church exacts more (1). Fénelon, in his letter on frequent Communion, republished by Mgr. Dupanloup, to the number of one hundred thousand copies, cites all the texts in which the Holy Fathers exhort the Faithful to communicate daily. Among these texts there will not be found a single one in which it is said to the Faithful: *Communicate every day. But remember for that, besides the state of grace, such or such a more perfect disposition is necessary.* Will not those authors who require for frequent or daily Communion high perfection and great sanctity find here matter for reflection? Surely, they would not question the right of the Fathers of the Church to be ranked first among the masters of the spiritual life.

We add that, in order to communicate worthily and with fruit, it suffices that the soul has no longer any *attachment to mortal sin*. Suppose, then, that a Christian has, unknown to himself, a mortal sin upon his conscience; that for this mortal sin he has had imperfect sorrow called *attrition* without, however, having been absolved from it; that, consequently, he is in good faith; and that, in this condition, he approaches the Holy Table. — We say that in such a case, Communion effaces his mortal sin and confers upon him sanctifying grace, just as sacramental absolution confers it in the confessional.

This doctrine is not ours. It is the doctrine taught by the greatest theologians, St. Thomas at their head. "If any one," says the Angelic Doctor, "approaches the Holy Table with a mortal sin of which he has no knowledge, not only does he not sin, but, by virtue of the Sacrament, he obtains the pardon of his sin (1)." And again, "This Sacrament operates the remission of mortal sin, provided that he who communicates has no consciousness

(1) Q. 79. a. 8, disp. 63, sect. 3.

(1) In 4. Dist. 9, q. 1, art. 3.

of his sin, and that he preserves no attachment to it (2)."

In effect, as the rigorous Collet observes (3), it is not sin itself which is an obstacle to the infusion of grace, but the attachment to sin; therefore, he who is in the state of mortal sin without knowing it, if he puts away all attachment, all affection to sin, is entirely justified by Holy Communion just as he would have been by sacramental absolution.

It is the same with the other Sacraments of the living, Confirmation, Extreme Unction, &c. These Sacraments, also, have the power to reconcile with God those that receive them in good faith.

We have made these observations in view especially of these that are in constant fear of communicating without previous confession, though authorized to do so by their confessor: and that because they might, as they think, unknown to themselves, have a mortal sin on their conscience, and by communicating in that state, communicate unworthily.

You know now to what you are bound in this regard. If you should happen to communicate in good faith, ignorant that you have a mortal sin upon your conscience, very far from making a sacrilegious Communion, you would obtain the pardon of that sin and regain the grace of God. The Communion that you fear to have made badly, would procure for you the inappreciable treasure of sanctifying grace, a treasure of which you will remain deprived as long as you omit Communion.

Communicate, therefore, without fear whenever your confessor authorizes you to do so. At the Table of the Lord advantages only are to be reaped. Communicate as often as you can.

#### Frequent Communion.

What is the meaning of these words, *as often as you can*? By them we mean that, after imparting to your confessor your ardent desire to communicate frequently, you will make all the Communions that he will permit you.

(2) 3 p., q. 79, a. 3. Of course, if a person after communicating remembers a mortal sin which, forgotten before, has been indirectly remitted by Holy Communion, though never confessed, he would be obliged to tell it at his next confession, in order to submit it to the keys.

(3) De Euch. p. I. c. 8.

All Christians cannot, as we may observe, communicate with the same frequency. Many are hindered by their occupations or by their state of dependence from going to church as often as they wish.

The confessor examines the possibility in which his penitents are to frequent the Holy Table. He sees for each the necessity or the utility of Communion, and he prudently determines their number. Make known to your confessor, then, your lively desire to nourish yourself often with the Bread of Angels, and communicate as often as he will allow. We tell you, and we repeat it: *Make known to your confessor your earnest desire to communicate often*, for it is by that desire that many confessors are guided in permitting their penitents to communicate. Trust me in this. I have long experience.

#### Frequent Communion Among Christians of the Early Ages.

The desire that we have, O Christian soul, to see you perfectly instructed in a matter so important, urges us to make several more remarks on the subject.

The first is, that the Faithful of the early ages heard Mass every day, and that all who were not in mortal sin communicated with the celebrant. This is an historical fact, attested by tradition and the Holy Fathers. The neophytes themselves, that is, the newly baptized, communicated daily, as we learn from St. Augustine (1).

Do not believe those that tell you that the Christians of the first ages were all saints, and that, consequently, they were better prepared than the Christians of our day for frequent, and even daily Communion. It is very true for various reasons too numerous to cite here, that, in the first ages of the Church, there were more saints or, if you will, more perfect souls. But, on the other hand, as ecclesiastical history proves, among the Faithful of those days were found all the vices of our own, as well as all the imperfections that we witness to-day. If you are tempted to doubt it, read Fénelon's *Lettre on Frequent Communion*, Mgr. de Segur's pamphlet on *Holy Communion*, and above all, Marchetti's *Critique on Fleury* (1).

(1) Serm. 227 ad. infant.

(1) Art. I. § 7.

When you hear it said that the Christians of the early ages were, in general, saints, look upon it as a pious exadgeration. There were among them numbers of sinners who could not approach the Holy Table, on account of their not being in the grace of God ; there were, also, imperfect souls in great numbers who, notwithstanding their imperfections, communicated every day. As we have said above, the Holy Fathers without one exception, permitted and counselled Communion to all who were not in the state of mortal sin. (See Fénelon's *Letter*). St. Augustine goes so far as to say that, if the sins of a Christian are not grave enough to excommunicate him, he ought not to be deprived of the daily remedy of the Body of Our Lord.

#### The Teaching of the Church upon Daily Communion.

The second point to which we desire to draw your attention, is the teaching of the Church upon Holy Communion.

The Council of Trent says that it desires to see all Christians communicate at the Masses that they hear (1).

Is not this to declare openly that daily Communion is a thing supremely proper, praiseworthy, and capable of being counselled to all Christians? It was in this sense that the Sacred Congregation of Cardinals understood the text of the Council (2).

The Roman catechism, besides, makes it a duty for pastors often to exhort the Faithful to daily Communion, in order, as it says, that, as they daily give the body material nourishment, they should also, daily procure for their soul the spiritual Bread of the Eucharist (3).

Lastly, there exists a Decree of Innocent XI, promulgated in 1679, which enjoins on Bishops and pastors to allow confessors the care of determining the number of Communion for each of the Faithful, and to watch that frequent and daily Communion be not refused to any one, not even to married people or those engaged in business affairs. The Decree urges them, on the contrary,

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(1) Sess. 22. c. 6.

(2) See Barbosa, Coll. Doct. in Conc. Trid. h. I.

(3) De Euch. n. 60.



to favor it, and to thank the good God if the custom of frequent, and even daily, Communion exists in their diocese or in their parishes (4).

After the foregoing citations, we may judge of the value to be placed on the following sentence falsely attributed to St. Augustine : "*As to daily Communion, I neither praise it nor blame it.*" St. Augustine himself praised it, and desired to see it practised by all.

But setting aside St. Augustine and the other Holy Fathers, we ask whether every Christian ought not to praise unreservedly what, as we have seen, the Church praises and approves? To condemn what the Church approves, would be impiety ; to refuse what she praises, would be pride. It is for this reason that the sentence, *I neither praise nor blame Holy Communion*, is deserving of reprobation. Every Christian ought to approve, praise, and encourage daily Communion, provided that it is approved, praised, and encouraged by the Holy Church.



## Henrietta Maria of France

### QUEEN OF CHARLES I. OF FRANCE

E. MCAULIFFE.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING his love for his sweet young wife, it was long before Charles could obtain for her the gratification of her dearest wishes ; and not until a special envoy had been sent by the King of France to insist on the fulfilment of the treaty, was the matter settled. Indeed the parliament only consented, to avoid a rupture with France.

A room in an out of the way corner of the palace was fitted up as a chapel ; and, at the same time an *act* passed making it a crime punishable by death, for any English born person to enter it. The chapel was solely for the use of the Queen, and her French attendants.

(4) See. S. Alph. *Theol mor.* lib. VI. n. 256.

And now that she is permitted by law to enjoy the spiritual advantages of her beloved religion, let us not imagine that her life is happy and, cloudless. — She is Queen of a mighty realm, her husband the King, is the handsomest and most accomplished prince in Europe, and his love for her, his fidelity to her never never changed, what more can she desire? Alas, every day her co-religionists are led to the scaffold; the noblest blood of England is poured out to appease the capacity of the Puritans.

At that time, the principal object to be seen in the most fashionable quarter of London was that scaffold! “fed from the era of Henry VIII with almost daily food.” The horrid structure stood full in view of all promenaders from St James’ Park to Hyde Park; and here with the courtly train, on Summer evenings, the King was wont to lead his lovely bride. Miss Strickland justly observes that such insensibility “marks the brutality of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which had much receded in common decency from the era of the early Plantagenets.” The Queen could not refrain from kneeling to offer a prayer whenever she passed a spot so holy in her eyes, — and this was brought against her as a crime later by her enemies.

When the King was going to be crowned his wife refused to be crowned with him; her conscience would not allow her to take part in a ceremony performed by Protestant prelates, in a Protestant church. She spent the coronation day celebrating a Feast of the Church, it being the 2nd of February, the Feast of the Purification, and Charles was crowned alone!

In the stormy years that followed Henrietta was blessed with six lovely children, but these blessings were changed into afflictions when one by one, her precious darlings were taken from her to be robbed of their religion. It was then she called herself: “*la reine malheureuse*.”

The waves meanwhile that are so soon to overwhelm the unhappy being, are swelling menacingly around him. He can no longer stem the torrent; he has sacrificed already too much to the fury of his subjects, and they are still unsatisfied. They want the *Papish Queen*! A

price is set upon her head ! She fled in disguise, attended by a few faithful friends, and after unheard of sufferings reached France. The following extracts from the diary of Charles give us some idea of the agony of his mind at this cruel separation : " although I have much cause to be troubled at my wife's departure from me, yet her absence grieves me not so much as the scandal of that necessity which drives her away doth afflict me—viz. that she should be compelled by my own subjects to withdraw for her safety." " Her personal merits would have served her as a protection among savage Indians, since their rudeness and uncivilized state knows not to hate all virtue as some men's cruelty doth."..... " Her sympathy with my afflictions makes her virtues shine with greater lustre as stars in the darkest night. Thus may the envious world be assured that she loves me, not my fortunes. The less I may be blest with her company, the more will I retire to God, and to my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy me : they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues while I am myself."

Henrietta never saw the beloved husband again. After their last sad parting she gave birth to her sixth child, a girl, at Exeter, where she was obliged to stop ; but in less than two weeks news was brought her that the rebels were marching to beseige the place, and she had to rise from her sick bed and escape in the dress of a peasant. For two days she concealed herself (1) in a hut by the wayside, under a heap of litter, without any nourishment. She could hear the oaths and curses of Cromwell's soldiers as they passed close to her hiding place, loudly declaring that they would bring Henrietta's head to London, where the Parliament would pay fifty thousand crowns for it !

With great fortitude she bore up under these unparalleled sufferings ; her faithful followers stole out of Exeter in various disguises and joined her ; the kind-hearted Captain of a Dutch vessel took the fugitives on board. They were pursued by Parliamentarians, and suffered from violent storms, but escaping all, arrived in Brest, where she was glad to shelter herself in a peasant's

(1) Eibron Basilicon.

cabin. Soon however the news of her arrival spread, and several gentlemen of Brittany came to pay their respects to the daughter of the great Henry, placing their castles, their equipages, and their money at her disposal.

The Queen regent of France, Anne of Austria, received the sorrowful exile with the utmost affection. She gave her for a residence the splendid Chateau of St Germain en Laye, with a yearly income sufficient to maintain the dignity of her exalted rank. Her time was divided between writing to her husband, and praying for him. She denied herself every luxury, and sent to him the money which she received from the French Queen. She sold her jewels, on which she realized the sum of 2,000,000 louis sterling.

A great joy was given to the lovely Queen about this time. The infant born under such distressing circumstances two years before, at Exeter, was restored to her.—The royal governess, Lady Morton had cared for her as long as it was possible, but fearing that she would be seized by the enemy determined to effect a secret flight. Lady Morton was the most beautiful woman in England, born a *Villiers*, a family remarkable for beauty, how could she conceal her charms of face and form? It was a problem: her tall and stately figure she had a hump placed on, her bright hair was covered by a frowsy wig, and her lovely checks stained to hide their rosy tints. The infant dressed in dirty rags, as a little beggar boy, she carried on her back to Dover. No one suspected them, they crossed from Dover to Calais in safety, and she had the happiness of restoring the little one to its mother!

Lady Morton used to amuse the court ladies by describing the indignation and disgust of the baby at the rags in which she was clothed, and her persistency in telling every one that she was not a beggar-boy but a princess! Happily her infant babble was not understood by strangers.

This child whom the Lord restored to her, Henrietta brought up a Catholic, and she continued to be a blessing and consolation to her in the dark days that came. It is not necessary to dwell on the dreadful scenes which terminated in the death of Charles I, followed soon to the grave by the lovely young Princess Elizabeth who died

in durance in Carisbrooke Castle, at the age of twelve years. Whether she was poisoned by the regicides, or died of a broken heart is not known. She was found dead, alone.

Her youngest brother, Henry was imprisoned in the same castle; after the death of the young Elizabeth he escaped, and joined his brothers Charles and James in France, where the widowed Queen had the consolation of seeing them around her.

For many years Henrietta lived in France, much loved and honored, for her noble character. At the restoration of the monarchy in the person of her son Charles II, at his earnest request she returned to England, where he received her with great love and reverence. She was allowed the privilege of having her own chapel, her Franciscan Fathers to serve it, her confessor, the saintly Pere Cyprian, (whose writings give us many details of her holy life;) her nuns, established in a convent close to the palace, who aided her in her charitable works. An act of Parliament restored to her the dowry of Queen Dowager, of which she had been unjustly deprived for so many years.

Although now settled in comparative luxury, Henrietta lived with the strictest economy; four times a year she distributed among the poor all of her surplus revenue, hording up nothing.—She assisted all without any regard to their religious opinions; and sent large sums to relieve the sufferings of poor pioneers. Her chapel was open to all Catholics, and it was wonderful, considering how many had fallen away, to see that there were still numbers left who gladly returned to hear the words of pure doctrine, and assist at the celebration of the holy sacrifice.

Father Cyprian says: "God had given to her generous spirit a body very frail and delicate; the dreadful scenes she had passed through in life had exalted her courage and refined the qualities of her mind, but at the same time had sapped and undermined her constitution." The English climate brought on an alarming cough, and after two years suffering she decided to try a change again and return for a short time to France.

She had however great uneasiness about her Catholic

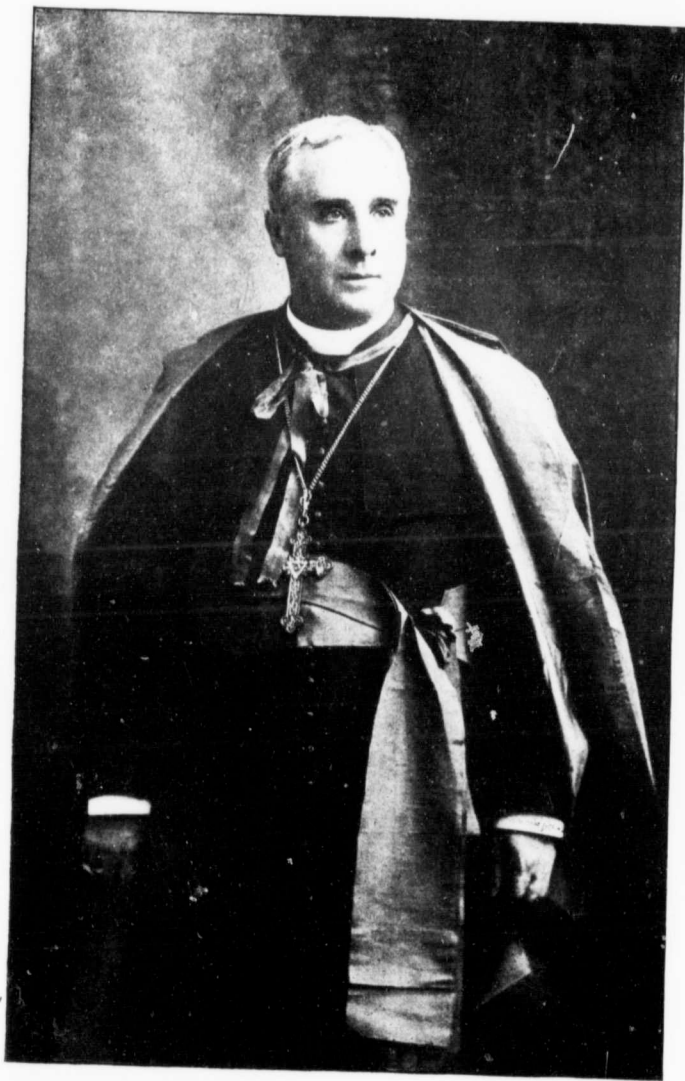
congregation fearing that her chapel would be shut up during her absence. She told King Charles that she felt sure her native air would cure her, but that if the chapel which he had given her was closed even for one day, she would give up all idea of departure, and remaining where she was, would live as long as God pleased, and die at the post of duty.—Charles granted her request, she returned to her beloved France, where in the midst of considerations for the good of others death found her. Peacefully, without a struggle, having received the sacraments she passed away.—Among the many interesting details furnished by her nuns is the following aspiration, which she told them she uttered many times a day: “Lord God, thou hast permitted it therefore will I submit myself with all my strength!” “She once told our very honored mother the Abbess de la Fayette, that she often returned thanks to God, that as he had called her to the state of royalty, that he had made her a Christian, and consequently an unfortunate Queen, for she added, that Queens in a state of prosperity are too much tempted to forget his ordinances.”

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#### The Power of Silence.

What a strange power there is in silence? How many resolutions are formed — how many sublime conquests effected during that pause when the lips are closed and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her. When some of these cutting sharp blighting words have been spoken, which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silent, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil or their guardian angel is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step towards Heaven or towards Hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the Day of Judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain or grief to them.



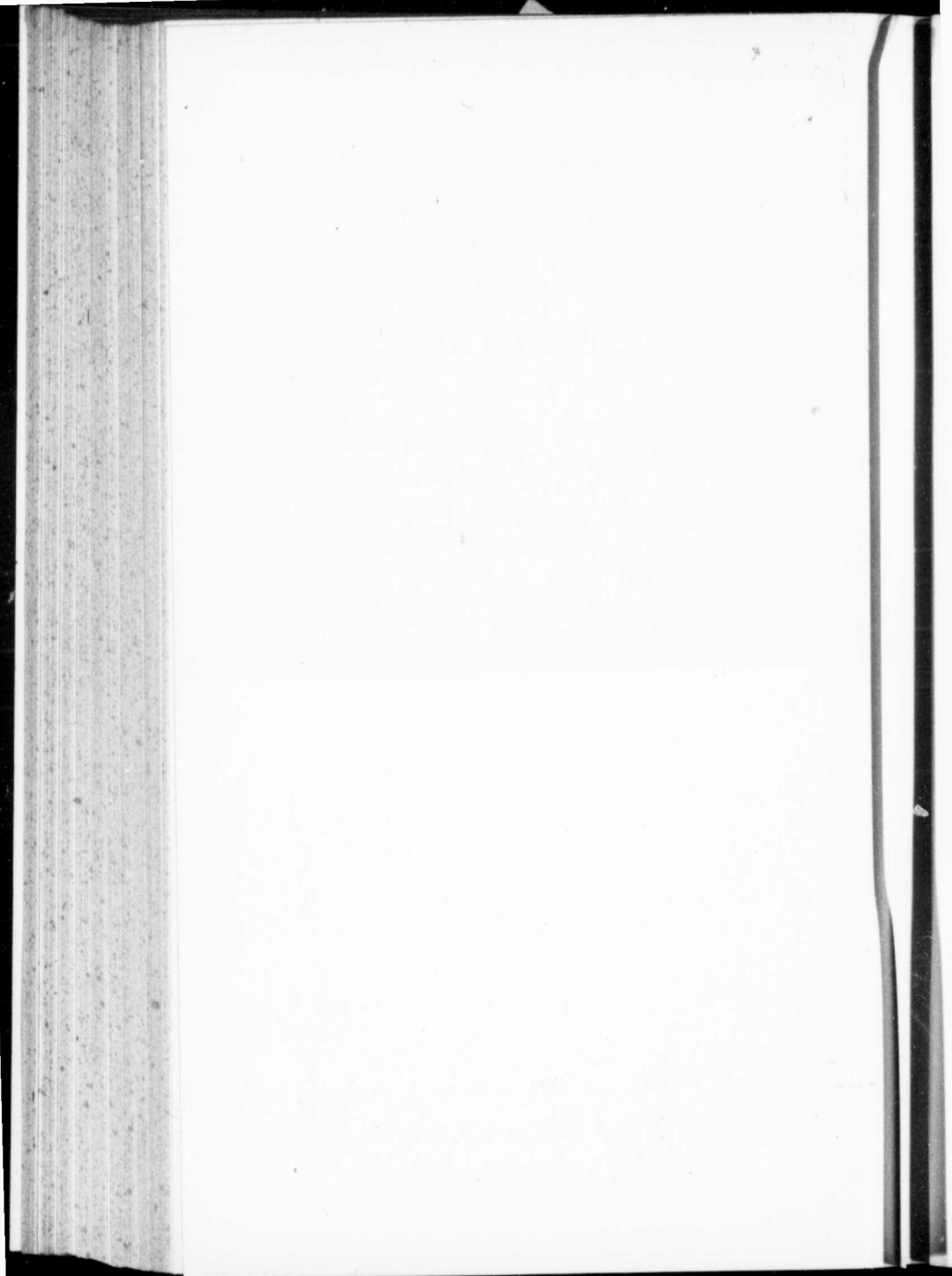


His Grace Mgr John M. Farley  
Archbishop of New-York.

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## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

FOR THE USE

Of the Associates of the Congregation of the Priests  
of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Eucharist and the Angels. (1)

I. — Adoration



UNITE with the angels, and particularly with your angel-guardian, to adore Him who with reason is called *the King of Angels*, the *Bread of Angels*. How perfect and sublime is the adoration of the blessed spirits! Ah! not in vain did God give them a commandment to adore, for adoration is their great, their perpetual occupation.

St. John saw and heard their multitudes incessantly chanting around the throne of the Eternal canticles of adoration, praise, and benediction. And let us not imagine that the diverse and multiplied missions with which the Sovereign Master may charge them, can be capable of distracting them from their supreme occupation. *Their angels always see the face of God*, said Our Lord, speaking of little children, whom we should fear to scandalize on that account.

What the angels are doing above at the feet of the Lamb immolated from the beginning, they are equally doing in presence of the same Lamb incessantly immolated on our altars. St. John Chrysostom declares having seen thousands of blessed spirits assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Eagle of Patmos, who was taken up into their midst and who received their visit, wrote in his apocalypse that they are astounded and ravished to behold the Word of God abasing Himself and remaining among us. *Behold*, they exclaim, *God, has erected His tabernacle in the midst of men!* They are not jealous, as is sometimes said, at this incredible testimony

(1) It is a pious custom for the Faithful to consecrate the month of October to devotion toward the holy angels. The subject of adoration which we now offer to our Associates, will further this devotion and, at the same time, aid their piety toward Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

of God's love for man ; on the contrary, they rejoice at it. They love to surround the Eucharistic altar with their fervent adoration, and they have nothing so much at heart as to excite men to come in great numbers, to render homage to the King of angels and of men.

Let us enter the lists with them, to rival their royal service of adoration, incessantly repeating with the Prince of the heavenly host : *Quis ut Deus ? Who is like to God ?* — But let us never forget that, if the angels adore so well, it is because they are most pure and most loving, most humble and absolutely submissive and devoted to the will and the good pleasure of God in all things.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

*To him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, benediction and honor and glory and power forever and ever. Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power, because Thou hast created all things and for Thy will they were, and have been created.*

Hearken to that cry of gratitude, resounding eternally throughout the celestial court ! The angels, seeing God nearer and better than we, feel more overwhelmed than we by the immense weight of His benefits. And if, to praise God as He deserves to be praised, and to render to Him worthy thanksgiving impotent men would wish sometimes to borrow the hearts and the voices of the angels, the latter more enlightened, comprehend very perfectly that to do so, the heart and the voice of a God would be necessary.

It is for this reason, therefore, that, finding in the Divine Mediator Jesus, and consequently in the Most Blessed Sacrament, wherewith to supplement their own deficiencies, they unite with us in offering in the Eucharist and by the Eucharist thanksgiving truly infinite to the Author of every natural and supernatural gift.

Let us thank God for having given us the angels for models and aids in the practice of gratitude ; and let us thank our good guardian-angels, also, for the inspirations, the encouragement, and the facility they afford us to enter into most intimate relations with God, with their God and our God, their Eternal King and our adored Master.

## III. — Réparation.

The angels are essentially *repairers*. Not that they have personal sins to expiate. Alas ! They among them who have

fallen, are fallen forever, and they eternally expiate their insensate revolt. But God has none more zealous, none more ardent for His glory, no more terrible avengers of His despised rights than the glorious vanquishers of Lucifer and his angels. Under the various temptations, permitted by God Himself, of Satan and his agents. Now, every sinner is more or less an agent of Satan, and the good angels can not tolerate his infamous complicity. Ah ! woe to us sinners, if the mercy of our sweet Saviour did not intervene to calm their just impatience ! Woe to us, if the Blood of Jesus was not there to shield us against their righteous anger ! But at the sight of the Lamb immolated and of His most precious Blood constantly shed on the altar for the love of man, they take pity upon us themselves, and they eagerly help us to re-enter the way of truth and justice.

Let us for the future most faithfully follow the lights that our celestial guardians communicate to us, and let us tremble to offend them, says St. Bernard ; and with still greater reason, let us tremble to offend the infinite majesty of the King of Angels. Let us weep over our sins at the feet of our adorable Victim, always in a state of immolation, and our sincere conversion will cause great joy in heaven.

#### IV. — Petition

Jacob, in that famous dream during which he struggled with God Himself to obtain His blessing, saw the angels constantly ascending and descending a ladder, which reached from earth to heaven. The dream symbolized a very consoling reality. It represented the principal mission of the angels in our regard, which is, to carry our prayers and offer them to the Sovereign Lord, and to bring back to us His blessings. Let us, then, keep our angels busy. Let us not fear to fatigue them by charging them with frequent *commissions*, for Heaven always present and living in the midst of us. To be heard more surely, let us ask a little of their fervor. Let us, by our piety and assiduity around the altar, deserve to be called angels of prayer.

*Practice.* — When in adoration, let us think that we are in a crowd of celestial spirits, and that we are performing the function of the angels. Then let us pray earnestly that our angel-guardian will lend us his heart and his love.

*Aspiration.* — Holy Angels, teach me to know and to love Jesus in the Holy Eucharist !



## LIFTING THE VEIL

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.

**H**UMAN Nature has a leaning towards Occultism. It has always had it, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to wholly eradicate it. Moses tried to suppress it when he exhorted his people in this wise :—

“Neither let there be found among you any one that consulteth pythonic spirits, nor fortune-tellers, nor that seeketh the truth from the dead.”

But notwithstanding his admonition, the soothsayers continued to ply a lively trade down to the days of Saul, who, even after he had endeavored to root them out of the land, issued this command to his servitors :

“Seek me a woman that hath a divining spirit, and I will go to her, and inquire by her : whereupon they led him to the Witch of Endor.”

The children and childrens' children of that great sibyl still flourish in every clime. Through all the ages, down to our time, there have stepped from out the rank and file, men and women claiming as their own the gift of prescience. They have a large clientele, composed principally of young girls and women who are old enough to have more sense. Bet even some of the practical, hard-headed business men who pooh-pooh the occult as unfit for materialistic folk, are not averse on occasions to hearing what Sir Oracle or my Lady Sibyl has to say about the future and what it holds for them.

New York City teems with palmists, astrologers, spiritualistic mediums, and “prophets,” who guarantee, for a consideration, to lift the veil that hides futurity from curious eyes. Their advertisements stare at us from the daily press, and we are invited to believe that they are “world-renowned-great-and truly wonderful.” The methods they employ are many and diverse, — a fact that can be vouched for by a woman who devoted, for journalistic purposes, an afternoon to the task of interviewing them, and who desires to relate her experiences for the

credulous people who believe that their longing to fore-know and to foresee can be gratified through human agency.

Out of deference to the art of chiromancy, her first visit was paid to a self-avowed descendant of Duke Michael, the Egyptian, who guaranteed to reveal the past, present, and future, for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents.

He was clever. There's no denying it. He was also sadly in need of a bath. He collected his fee in advance, pocketed it with an air of profound abstraction, and studied the proffered palm for a few minutes. Then he began a fluent diatribe, touching lightly on his client's past, skimming over the present, and making airy prophecies concerning the future. Alas ! few if any of his predictions were apposite to the conditions governing her life ! For example, he said she would win laurels through her wonderful musical talent, whereas it is a humiliating truth that she finds it difficult to distinguish the strains of " Yankee Doodle " from " God Save the King ! " Nevertheless, she felt that she had received her money's worth, for the man was an amusing character-study, and his accent was agreeably reminiscent of *Dublin* ! But what could a Son of Pharaoh have in common with a native of that " dear, dirty city " on the banks of the Liffey ? What indeed !

On the opposite side of the street " the only genuine seer " had apartments. She was a bold, hard-looking, but rather handsome woman, and she made a specialty of " matrimonial, love, and family affairs. " She expressed a lofty contempt for palm-reading, and pinned her faith on a greasy pack of cards which she manipulated skilfully. Through their medium she predicted that her visitor would bury three husbands and die a violent death ! Then she volunteered to produce a photograph of husband number one, and forthwith exhibited a " shadowpicture " of a man at whose approach in the flesh, one would instinctively hide the silver spoons.

The newspaper woman quickly turned her back on the seer and entered the studio of a trance-medium. The room was dimly lit ; the walls and windows were draped in black cloth covered with arabesque designs in vivid

scarlet ; the chairs were upholstered in black plush ; a skeleton, a life-like serpent, a grinning skull, and other "props" calculated to upset weak nerves, were conspicuously displayed.

Presently a tall, gaunt female, fantastically attired, stalked in. Simultaneously a spirituous odor was perceptible. Her tones were impressively hollow as she asked, "Why comest thou?" The caller was silent but tried hard to look soulful and plaintive.

"Ah ha ! I see by your face, and I know by the power within me that you seek to win back a dear one. I can and will help you. One dollar, please." The bill was handed over, and the medium sank into a chair, gazed fixedly at nothing, and made some awe-inspiring grimaces. Suddenly she shuddered convulsively, gurgled, moaned, and obligingly dropped into a trance. When she spoke again, the sepulchral accents had vanished, and the sounds emitted were of shrill, penny-whistle timbre. Eheu ! The tale she did unfold about that imaginary faithless lover. He was caught fast in the toils of a 'dark-complected' woman, but would break loose and return to the deserted one *if* she frequently invoked the aid of this medium ! There was an impending tragedy in which a 'light-complected' man was involved, which could be averted only by constant communication with the spirit of the Indian maiden who controlled the medium's mind ! Curiously enough the Indian spirit was of a mercenary and commercial turn, since through her mouthpiece she made it known that her charge for "interferin' to bring about the best results" was five dollars a sitting.

Throughout the seance the phenomena presented by the woman's appearance was sufficient to disturb any one not gifted with courage and a goodly stock of scepticism. Her colorless face was thrown into strong relief against the black plush background ; her eyes were half open and strangely misty ; the muscles of her neck twitched, and her whole body jerked and quivered as do, it is said, the body of one who is killed by electrocution. This condition might have been due to self-hypnotism ; a species of hysteria, or merely realistic acting, but whatever the cause it was unpleasant to witness. When she



emerged from the trance she seemed utterly exhausted, but managed to gasp, "Call again next week. I'll get him back for you!"

The next visit was paid to "the original astrologer and match-maker." He is the versatile genius who "casts horoscopes; acts as adviser in matrimonial troubles; reconciles sweethearts and causes speedy marriages." And all for \$2.00! Think of it! It is true that in this instance his client was neither impressed nor satisfied. But then she has a carping nature. And as she cannot sew and is already married, it is not to be expected that she would believe his positive assurance that her fate was to open a large dressmaking establishment and within three months to marry her head tailor!

Many other fortune-tellers were then called upon. They shared in common, keen eyes and the ability to rapidly "size up" their customers, Their readings were brief and cautiously worded:

"Your life line is long and strong, you should live to a good old age, — if nothing happens," said one.

"You will have two very severe illnesses, but neither of them will be fatal, — until the last one," said another.

"The Mount of Venus shows that you have an affectionate nature and good heart, but you are not over generous with your money," declared a third. The concluding sentiment was obviously due to the victim's refusal to order more than twenty-five cent's worth of delineation.

There were crowds of women impatiently awaiting their turn to interview the fortune-tellers. The majority of them gave "Madame" and the "Professor" valuable pointers by exclamations and interpolations which betrayed their characteristics, foibles, and even their business or social status.

The last visit was paid to a man who had evidently studied palmistry from a scientific standpoint. He was not a descendant of the Delphic Sibyl, nor was he a blood-relation of the Witch of Endor, but he certainly was educated, refined, and his intuitive powers were abnormally developed. He called neither spirits, charts, nor charlatanry to his aid, and gave a conscientious, in-

telligent reading of the palm. His delineation of character was particularly clear-cut. He was at least harmless, but — *cui bono* ? His clients presumably have some knowledge of their own characteristics and of their virtues and failings, and doesn't it seem foolish to pay a man for telling that which is already known ?

Verily, the "tricks and the manners" of the general run of fortune-tellers would lead one to assert that they are *all* "fakes." Most of the so-called palmists depend upon jargon to help out their readings, especially those who have made but a superficial study of the map of the hand. And it is a sad fact that they do incalculable damage when they pretend to lift the veil for people who are not content to live in the present or among memories of the past. For instance, they have no scruple in telling a delicate, highly-strung woman that some great misfortune is about to befall her, or that she has an organic disease and will die suddenly. Worse still, they often sow seeds of jealousy and suspicion in the heart of a hitherto trustful wife, and in some cases they act as the lever that sets in motion the figurative machinery which is destined eventually to work havoc with domestic happiness.

Taking it all in all the whole tribe of them are mighty good people to stay away from, and the superfluous energy expended in consulting them might be used to better advantage if employed to thank most heartily an All-Merciful Providence who has *not* bestowed on His creatures power to lift the veil from the dread face of Futurity !



## THE MONK'S QUESTION

**A** PROTESTANT traveling abroad gives the following amusing experience. While in Italy he visited one of the oldest monasteries and was shown over the ancient buildings from top to bottom. It was an interesting trip. They had carvings and illuminations and furniture and books and manuscripts and relics collected through fifteen hundred years, some almost as old as the monastery itself. When ready to leave he was asked to register his name in the visitors' book. The traveler added : As I wrote I noticed for the first time the oldest monk I had seen yet, sitting in a corner of the room. He had a fine wrinkled old face, and a white beard that flowed to his waist. He was gazing at me with curious interest, and it was quite apparent to me that he regarded me somewhat as we would regard a visitor from Jupiter.

"As I finished writing he got up, walked over, and putting on a big pair of spectacles, peered at my name and New-York address. Then he turned to me beaming and held out his hand.

"Ah" he said "how are they getting on with the subway?"

"When I came to I learned that he had been a priest in Long Island City for some thirty-five years and had gone back to Italy to spend his remaining days.

### Ardent Devotion

St. François Caracciolo was commonly called the Preacher of Divine Love. But it was before the Blessed Sacrament that his ardent devotion was most clearly perceptible. In presence of his Divine Lord, his face usually emitted brilliant rays of light, and he often bathed the ground with his tears when he prayed, according to his custom, prostrate on his face, before the tabernacle, and constantly repeating as one devoured by internal fire, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up." When his body was opened after death, his heart was found as it were burnt up, and these words imprinted around it, "Zelus domus Tue comedit me."



**FORMATION OF CHARACTER****Cardinal Manning.**

**T**HE danger from our own will is this : It is our will that determines our whole destiny. You know, brethren, the difference between the features of your face and your countenance. Your features were God's work, and He gave to every man his own natural face different from each other and yet all of one type. But the countenances of men are far more diverse even than their features.

Some men have a lofty countenance, some have a lowering countenance or a worldly or ostentatious, vain-glorious or a cunning and dissembling countenance.

We know them by their look. We read them by looking at their faces, not at their features, their eyes or lips, because God made these ; but at a certain cast and motion and shape and expression which their features have acquired.

It is this that we call the countenance. And what makes this countenance ? The inward and mental habits, the constant pressure of the mind, the perpetual repetition of its acts. You can detect at once a vain-glorious or conceited or foolish person. It is stamped on his countenance. You can see at once on the faces of the cunning, the deep, the dissembling, certain corresponding lines traced on the face as legibly as if they were written. Well, now, as it is with the countenance, so it is with the character. God gave us our intellect, our heart and our will, but our character is something different from the will, the heart and the intellect.

The character is that intellectual and moral texture into which all our life long we have been weaving up the inward life that is in us. It is the results of the habitual or prevailing use we have been making of our intellect, heart and will. We are always at work like the weaver at the loom. The shuttle is always going, and the wool is always growing. So we are always forming a character for ourselves.

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## SHALL WE IMITATE THEM ?

B. Ellen Burke.

**I**N the great city of New York there are many churches in which our dear Lord dwells day and night, and waits for the visits of those who love Him. It is very edifying to see the number of men and women, boys and girls, who do visit our Lord each day. In one part of the city is an old church in the midst of business houses. Large wholesale houses throw their morning and evening shadows over old St. Peter's, and at night the whole street is deserted except across the way where lives the pastor and near by where the sisters long ago took up their abode, when happy families thronged the locality now devoted to trade.

Have you ever thought of how tenaciously the priests and nuns cling to the old localities ? They never leave, unless driven out, if there are souls to save ; and this changed portion of New York is no exception. New people, strangers from foreign lands, have come into close by sections, and have felt at home because of the kindly greetings of this faithful pastor and the cheerful sisters.

At the noonday hour, the church is open, and the visitors, thank God, are many. The banker and the street vender, the railroad magnate and the office boy, the wholesale dealer and the peanut and popcorn man, the office girl, the shop girl, the lawyer, editor, street cleaner, people from all walks of life go in to salute our Lord and King. What a host of angels are in attendance at this reception ! What a glorious profession of faith and what tender devotion is manifested by this procession of fervent souls who visit our Saviour, daily, in old St. Peter's.

There are, in this same city, many churches which, on the outside, resemble Catholic churches. Strangers coming to New York have learned how to distinguish. It would be a rare occurrence to see, in New York City, a street car filled with people and none of them Catholics. The Catholic stranger, approaching some churchly looking edifice, looks instead of at the church, at the



with the slender arched brows, and curling black lashes, showed her to be that most enchanting creature, an Irish beauty.

I had recently bought a cottage and garden, in the neighborhood, where I proposed to dwell with my three fatherless children. A gate in the wall of our garden opened on a grassy pasture, from which we descended by steps cut in the cliff, to the sea beach below. A rocky reef extended out a mile, or more, from shore.

That afternoon was passing very slowly, for I was expecting my children, who were coming from Boston, in charge of my good elder sister, Helen Southard.

Only two o'clock, and they could not arrive before five. The tide was out ; I too would go out, on the reef.

So, descending the steps, I was soon clambering among the rocks and pools left by the receding tide, and thus came suddenly upon this rare little mortal, from whose smiling eyes looked an immortal spirit : bright, earnest, tender.

In my pleased surprise, I said to the woman who was with her, " Oh where did you find her ? She must have strayed from Heaven "

The woman put her finger to her lip, and shook her head, at the same time chatting sociably as she finished the little one's toilette.

As we turned our steps landward, she told me that she was the child's nurse, that her husband was a carpenter, in the town of Seacliff, two miles away ; but their home was a little place of a few acres, half way between Seacliff, and the ocean, where she kept a few cows, and chickens, to increase their income. Her mother lived with her.

When we reached our steps, I invited them up, to have a cup of tea in the garden : after which refreshment, I sent the child with my old Dorcas to gather a bouquet.

When they were out of hearing Mrs Burns said,

" I see maam that you would like to know Barbara's history. I tell it to every one, hoping to find a clue to her parents or kindred. "

" About five years ago, I was living with my husband and my mother in Boston. We had not been long in America. Our plump rosy baby, born in the North of



Ireland, had sickened and died in the hot dusty city, and I was broken hearted."

"One day in June, a kind neighbor came, and told me that a lady and gentleman from a distance, had come to the hotel where her husband was clerk. They had a lovely baby, and wanted a nurse. They were to sail in a few days for Ireland, and expected to be back in six months."

"Now said my neighbor, "why don't you take charge of that child?" There's an ocean voyage for you, perhaps a little visit to your people. Your husband and your mother will take care of one another, and I will often look in and see that they are all right. In six months you will be back, as well and strong as when your first came here."

Well, we talked it over, and the next day, my good neighbor went with me to the hotel. I fell in love with the baby, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton engaged me, and the day after that, my husband went to the hotel with me, and left me safe in charge of the child. In a few days we were to sail for Ireland, and during that time, Mr. Thornton was to give our Parish priest, a letter, telling all about themselves, so that my people might feel no uneasiness about me.

That night maam the hotel caught fire. A high wind was blowing, and in the morning, only a heap of smoking ruins remained.

The child and I slept in a room beside that of the young father and mother. When we were awakened by the cry of fire, we got into our wrappers; I took on my arm a bag with things for the baby, rolled her up in a blanket, and followed Mr. and Mrs. Thornton. The stairs were in a blaze: every one seemed quite distracted: Mrs. Thornton fainted in her husband's arms, a rushing crowd swept us apart; a policeman seized me by the arm, and hurried me down a back stairway, among a frantic crowd: my clothes were on fire, but the water from the engines extinguished it. The policeman asked me where I wanted to go; I told him where I lived, and gave him some money, begging him to put me and the child in a carriage. He did so, and I reached our little home at three o'clock in the morning, with the baby

safe : but no slightest word was ever heard of that child's father, and mother.

Many lives were lost that night, and of many missing, no trace was ever found, though the most thorough search was made. Still, I don't give it up, and even if her parents lost their lives, there may be kindred, who would be glad to put her in her own place in the world.

I have in the bank, the baby's little gold cross, and chain, with her name on the clasp. I tell you all this madam, that you may tell it again. Who knows ? You may be the happy woman to bring the mother to her child. I have always tried to raise her so, that I could give her back to her mother, as innocent as when I took her in my arms that awful night."

"But here are your own little ones" said she, as the "bus" stopped at the gate, and my sister and the children alighted.

As Mrs. Burns departed, I made her promise to bring the child soon again, and during the next few days, was fully engrossed with our own affairs.

About the middle of the next few weeks, we were all down on the seashore, when we saw Mrs. Burns, and Barbara, coming toward us from the reef. I had already told my sister, and the children, about this little neighbor, and we went to meet them.

While the children gathered shells on the shore, we sat and talked of Barbara. When she departed, in the afternoon, we had arranged for Mrs. Burns to supply us with milk butter, and eggs ; also for Barbara Thornton to study with my children. Every morning she was to come in the milk wagon, returning the same way at night, to her loving faithful nurse.

So passed five busy peaceful years, in study, work, and play. We had frequently inserted advertisements in the newspapers calling attention to Barbara, and all the children had constantly prayed, that she and her parents might meet again "in God's good time and way."

Our Jack used to say' "Of course they will meet again some day in June. Did'nt our Blessed Lady lose her boy ? and did'nt she find Him again ? We will keep on saying the 5th joyful mystery, "The finding of the Child Jesus in the temple" Barbara was lost in June, and *may be*, shall be found in June."

Joseph Burns and his wife had been constant attendants with Barbara at our little church in Sea cliff. Our dear June feast of Corpus Christi was once more with us especially holy and happy this time, for Barbara, and my Agnes, were admitted to their first Communion with the children of the parish. Joseph Burns and his wife were baptised before Mass, and they also knelt for the first time, at the table of the Lord.

If After Mass, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession, around the spacious enclosure in which stood the church, the parsonage, and the school.

At a rustic altar under the trees, the Benediction was given. The Children's Rosary Society led the procession, carrying white banners, on which were pictured the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. Barbara carried the banner representing the fifth joyful mystery; "the finding of the child Jesus in the temple."

A lady and gentleman who had arrived by the morning train, and went directly to the church, were conducted to a place near the rustic altar.

When the procession halted for the Benediction, they knelt beside Barbara.

After Mass, they went to the sacristy, where the gentleman introduced himself, and his wife, to Father Newton, thus.

"Sir. — My name is Alfred Thornton: and this is my wife, Barbara. — We come in response to your advertisement in the newspapers, concerning a child named Barbara Thornton.

"Thank God, said Father Newton. — She is now in the church, making her thanksgiving for her First Communion. — I will bring her at once."

Returning to the church, he quietly summoned Barbara, also Joseph Burns, and wife, and myself. — As we entered the Sacristy, Mrs. Burns exclaimed. "Oh my good God! Mr. and Mrs. Thornton! There is your baby." And she placed Barbara in her mother's arms. — Mr Thornton clasped them both, and there was silence.

Soon Mrs. Burns removed the veil from Barbara's head, and showed them that she was wearing on her first Communion day, her baby cross and chain.

*(To be continued.)*

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Saints exalting the Blessed Eucharist

After a picture by Rubens.