



Adolescent Jesus
From a painting by Hoffmann.



THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDFINCH

Prepared by Eleanor C. Donnelly.



N the first of two interesting and instructive disquisitions on the Holy Eucharist, in that admirable work, "Thoughts for all Times" by Rt. Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan, we find a unique argument in favor of belief in divine mysteries in general and in the Adorable Mystery of the Altar in particular, which we cannot refrain from transferring to these pages.

Premising that there is scarcely any doctrine so beautiful or so consoling as the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist — the central dogma of our religion and the very focus of divine love — yet which is vehemently rejected and denounced by so many otherwise good and honest men, Mgr. Vaughan goes on to question why, in the face of the explicit testimony of Scripture and Sacred Tradition multitudes of Protestants deny the Real Presence of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

"They may assign various reasons," writes he in reply: "but if we analyse their statements and weigh their motives, I suspect that we shall find that the real secret of their repugnance to the doctrine lies precisely in its mysteriousness. They repudiate it because it is in itself so marvellous, so utterly unintelligible to the mind, and so brimming with unfathomable difficulties. When we discourse of the Holy Eucharist and Transubstantiation, of the Resurrection of the body, we hear cries of

"impossible," "Such things cannot be," My reason revolts against such doctrines, "and much else to the same effect. Dogmas which are at once incomprehensible and inexplicable, they imagine should be treated as incredible. Hence the importance of realizing how quite equally incomprehensible and inexplicable are many of the most ordinary operations of Nature. All nature teems with insoluble mysteries. In every object however commonplace, there are great depths of which we can take no soundings; and dark chasms into whose lurid bowels we peer and peer, yet ever peer in vain. Now if so much of the natural world is a closed book to us, how much more should we expect the supernatural world to be."

"For instance" continues Mgr. Vaughan, after discussing the mysteries of magnetism and of the vegetable kingdom, "take the egg of any bird, if you please let us say a goldfinch. When first laid by the hen, what is it but— (1) an oval receptacle or box formed of lime or other calcareous matter; or in other words, a shell; and (2) filled with a thickish viscid glutinous substance. This substance is structureless and shapeless, and, for the most part almost colorless; yet, keep it in a suitable temperature for a few weeks, and it will become gradually transformed by the power of God acting through natural laws... into a living, breathing, sentient bird. Within the fragile shell, no thicker than your nail, changes and transformations are being gradually wrought so singular and mysterious, that I know not to what I can compare them, unless it be to the changes that the earth went through during the six days of creation when God brooded over the face of the deep, and drew order and symmetry out of chaos. A living being is being formed. The bones of leg and wing, the spiral column with all its articulations, the skull and pointed back and sharp claws emerge, as if by magic, from out the liquid mass. Not only is each brittle bone beautifully fashioned, exquisitely finished, and polished as smooth as ivory — each different yet all correlated — but they are knit together and adjusted with the utmost precision and harmony, and built up without hands, not anyhow, not at haphazard, but according to a distinct and definite plan. Then, without as much disturbance as would suffice to fracture the film of shell,

flesh and skin clothe and envelope the entire skeleton; while throughout the whole, there run innumerable channels and secret passages and ducts carrying arterial and venous blood from one extreme to the other. Invisible fingers are still molding the beautiful form of the bird, and arranging its interior organs of nutrition and digestion, and forming that marvellous pneumatic pump, the heart on the strictest scientific principles, which is to keep forcing the blood circulating throughout the whole organism year after year, without cessation as long as life lasts.

"Still the work proceeds. The original viscid glutinous liquid is all that the shell contains, or has ever contained. From it, therefore, and from naught else is drawn the gorgeous plumage that is to be the glory of the bird. The wings are supplied with long, light pointed feathers suitable for flight, and the breast is coated with softest down of many brilliant colors. All is daintily finished, delicately tinted, divinely made. *Digitus Dei est hic*. Yet observe. The fragile shell is still intact. No fresh material has been introduced. All bones, muscles, veins, blood, brain, skull, beak, claws, down, feathers, liver, heart, lungs, etc., — have been made from the simple structureless liquid albumen, mucous, cell-substance, or protoplasm — call it what you will.

"Place your ear gently against the shell. Listen. Can you hear the great Artist at work? Can you detect any sound of implement or tool while the transformation is going on? Where but a short time ago there was nothing but a transparent liquid, we now find that the most wondrous and complex objects and organs have been manufactured. The eyes so bright, clear and penetrating of the imprisoned bird, though made for light have been constructed in darkness, and from this simple protoplasm. And consider what this means. For though the eye is but one organ, and a comparatively insignificant one, yet, what a complicated thing it is. It includes the pupil, the sclerotic, the cornea, the iris, the crystalline lens, the vitreous humour, the ciliary processes, choroid coat, the retina, with the various blood vessels which feed it, and the muscles which move it and adjust it, etc., Yet all are there, and in their proper positions. So of all else, the

wings so swift and true and light ; the throat and lungs and vocal chords, all accurately attuned and prepared within the silent shell, await but its breaking, to emerge into the light of day, and to discourse soft sounds over hill and dale. All is being completed within that miniature universe. All is there. Nothing has been forgotten. Matter enough, but no more than enough, has been stored within the shell for construction of every limb, organ, and muscle, and all else down to the smallest fragment of down that goes to complete the perfection of the bird. At last the shell breaks. The viscid fluid has disappeared, and in its place a bird darts forth instinct with life ; with glancing eyes and flapping wings, and palpitating heart, and with a throat eloquent with song and softly warbled harmonies.

“ What a strange and wonderful history ! What a stupendous miracle of divine power and wisdom ! Talk of the incomprehensible ! Well ! Here is this familiar phenomenon we are confronted with — a whole world of unsearchable mysteries. And so far from disappearing or diminishing as we inquire more searchingly and investigate more minutely, they rather become more insoluble and unfathomable.... We will conclude, then, with the remark, to look out upon the material earth, and to fully realize how mysterious is every object in it (as soon as we probe the least degree beneath the surface) teaches us a profound lesson. It proves to us how singularly weak and puny a thing is the human mind itself ; it shows how straitened and confined is our knowledge of even the simplest things ; and throws into a disposition proper and fitting to receive with reverence and docility the incomprehensible truths of revelation. God is the infinitely Incomprehensible, dwelling in light inaccessible ; and all His works have an element of the incomprehensible in them. But the higher we rise in the scale of creation, the more profound do these mysteries become. Their high water mark is reached when, transcending the natural altogether, we enter the supernatural regions of grace and glory.



BY THE GRACE OF HIS WORDS

Mystic Promises of Our Eucharistic Lord

REV. P. J. MULCONRY, S. J.



CHRIST promised to us His flesh to eat. "The bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." (St. John 6 : 52.) How can this man give us His flesh to eat? asked the Jews. Jesus answered: "Except you eat the flesh of the son of Man, and drink His blood you cannot have life in you." The words of Christ must be taken literally in their plain, evident meaning — the actual eating of His real flesh, and the actual drinking of His real blood. They can't be taken figuratively. Our Lord spoke the language of the Jew, the life of the Bible.

Now, in the Bible, wherever the words "to eat one's flesh" are taken figuratively, they mean to backbite, to injure in some way. For instance David says, "The wicked draw nigh unto me to eat my flesh." They did not actually eat the flesh of David; so the phrase is used figuratively — the wicked draw nigh unto me to backbite, to calumniate me. Wherever in the Scripture "to eat one's flesh" is, therefore, found it is in a figurative sense, and it always has a bad meaning, to backbite, to injure. Now our Lord said to the Jews: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man you cannot have life in you." This surely cannot be taken figuratively, for it would run thus: "Except you backbite, except you injure me, the Son of Man, you cannot have life in you." Christ could not teach such a wicked doctrine. His words, therefore, must be taken in their plain sense — the actual eating of His real flesh. The Jews took His words literally. This saying is hard and who can hear it? "Hard" means repulsive, revolting. The idea of eating human flesh and drinking human blood! It's revolting. They turned their backs and walked no more with Him. They refused to believe Him or accept His doctrine on this subject.

Then Jesus said to the twelve : " Will you also go away ? " He will let His twelve apostles go away, too, if they refuse to believe that He is going to give His flesh to eat and His blood to drink. Will you also go away ? And Simon Peter answered Him, " Lord to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known that thou art the Christ the Son of God. "

St. Peter has the right doctrine. " The greatest proof of any article of faith is " Christ said so, " He is the Son of God ; He can't deceive, He said — " The bread I will give you is My flesh, and except you eat My flesh you cannot have life in you. "

The Jews questioned His power. How was the rod of Moses turned into a serpent ? How was the hand made leprous and again destroyed ? How did He pass in the midst of the Red Sea, as through a dry plain ? How did the water flow from the heart of the rock ? How was the manna brought down from heaven ? How did the Jordan stand still in its bed ? How did Christ call the dead to life ? How did He change water into wine, multiply five loaves so as to feed 5,000 ? How did He rise from the dead ? Answer : By His Almighty power.

" How " says the modern unbeliever " can Christ give us His flesh to eat ? How can Christ be really present in the Host ? How can He change bread into His own body ? I don't understand it, and therefore I don't believe it ? " Nobody understands it, or ever did. There is no question of understanding at all. Mysteries of religion are not understood. They are and must be believed. When Christ commissioned His apostles to teach the world, He said, " Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations whatsoever I have commanded you. He that believes and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believes not shall be condemned. " He did not say, " He that understands and be baptized shall be saved, and he that understands not shall be condemned. " Mysteries of religion are believed on the word of Christ. The Jews did not believe Him. We Catholics stay with our Lord as did the Apostles.

The manner in which He is to give His flesh is sufficiently indicated by His words : " The bread that I

will give you is My flesh." He meant to give it under the appearance of bread.

Whenever Christ was rightly understood by His audience and that audience objected and murmured at His teaching, it was His custom to repeat and insist on what He said. He would never take it back. Read St. John 6 : 54. He repeats five times what they object to and does not soften His words.

Did Christ fulfill His promise ? Did He give His flesh to eat and His blood to drink ? (St. Matthew 26 : 26) 'Take ye and eat this is My body. Take ye and drink this is My blood. Do this for a commemoration of Me.' In this act, what did Christ do ? He changed the whole substance of the wine into His blood, one creature into another. His blood is a creature. Can't He change wine into blood ? Did He not change water into wine at the wedding feast of Cana ? He made all things out of nothing ; He is the Almighty. The person who does not believe Christ when He says " this is My body " has no faith. He does not believe Christ is God. There is no question of a physical, visible proof of Christ's real presence, there is no question of mere evidence. Did Christ say so ? He did. We have the testimony of the Bible and authority for it. That puts an end to all controversy ! Lord to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life ! You are the Christ, the Son of God. We Catholics plant ourselves behind these words. " This is My body," and no one can drive us from them. We believe Christ is God, and He can't lie, and His word is law and does what it says.

St. Paul tells us (I. Cor. II : 27) " Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord. No man could eat and drink judgment — that is damnation to himself by eating a piece of mere bread and drinking a mere sip of wine. Why does a person eat damnation to himself here ? Because he does not discern the body of the Lord. The body of the Lord is therefore there.

Christ said to His apostles and to their successors in office : Baptize in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." They do so and the person is really baptized.

“Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven.” The successors of the apostles forgive in the name of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and the person is really forgiven. Christ said, “Do this for a commemoration of Me,” so in the Mass we take bread, and say over it the very words of Christ, “This is My body,” and by His power it becomes His living body.

To do this one must be a true priest, able to trace his ordination to the apostles ; otherwise what he is giving his congregation is mere bread.



The Sacred Heart of Jesus.

HE Heart of Jesus waits for thee ;
 For thee His loving choice.
 And, while the angels sweetest sing,
 He longs to hear thy voice.

For love of thee on Calv'ry's Cross
 He suffered, bled, and died.
 Ah ! canst thou then, refuse His wish ?
 He calls thee to His side !

Within the lonely church He dwells,
 A prisoner for thy sake.
 How seldom has He prayed — “ Oh, give ! ”
 How often cried — “ Oh, take ! ”

He fain would ease thy suffering heart,
 He fain would grant thee peace.
 Oh, tell thy anguish out to Him,
 And He will bid it cease.



On Frequent Communion

MANY persons are afraid of becoming too familiar with holy things by receiving communion frequently.

If by familiarity they mean a sweet and intimate communion with God, far from fearing it, they should desire and seek it. It is the very basis and end of Christianity. Our Lord showed a desire to become familiar with humanity by taking here below a family of relatives and friends. "I will not call you my servants." It was to introduce us into this family that He instituted this sacrament of His love. The happiness of heaven is but an intimate union with God, carried to a degree that surpasses all human conception, because the beatific vision and love will unite us to Him in a manner marvelously intimate by allowing us to penetrate the profoundest secrets of His being.

This familiarity does not exclude respect. On the contrary, it increases it; because in bringing us nearer to God, it makes us perceive and understand the better His greatness.

"Who," says Mgr. de Segur, "had more respect for our Lord than the saints? Yet did they not love Him with the most tender and familiar love? And even taking a lower standard, who among the Christians that we know have the greatest respect for God, His law and His sacraments, but those who practice religion most assiduously?"

But this respect that frequent communion creates within us for Our Lord is not a servile fear; it is a filial respect, mingled with love, which inspires us with confidence, gives us the privilege of calling Him by loving and tender appellations, and encourages us to have recourse frequently to His goodness and mercy, even in things apparently trivial.

If by familiarity they mean routine, negligence, the habit of going to communion mechanically, as though it were an ordinary, common place act, or reluctantly as though it were a painful duty, then I answer that frequent communion is never of itself the cause of this

routine. It is due solely to a lack of good will on our part. But by making sincere efforts we may remedy this. Let us revive our faith and endeavor to realize beforehand the solemnity of this act ; let us prepare for communion on the eve of it by prayer and sacrifices, and particularly by a good confession. We shall then have nothing to fear from routine ; far from engendering it, frequent recourse to communion will be the most effectual way of overcoming it.

If we be too ungenerous to make these efforts, let us not attribute routine to the frequency of our communions, but to our lack of good-will, which is no excuse. Instead of saying : " I fear routine," strike your breast and say with simplicity : " I have been negligent hitherto, but I resolve to be so no longer." Let us then shake off our torpor and return to these good dispositions which will increase the fruit of our communion a hundredfold. Whatever be the cause it is an illusion to say : " I make a better communion when I receive it less frequently."

St. Francis de Sales has said with truth : " We do well what we do often, and the best workmen are those who practice most."

" Frequent communion " says Cornelius a Lapide, " is the best preparation for communion. One communion is a thanksgiving for another communion, and the communion of to-day is the best preparation for the communion of to-morrow. It is with communion as it is with prayer : the more one prays the better he knows how to pray, and the more he likes to pray."

If you have this good-will and these generous dispositions which our Lord has a right to expect of you, the more frequent your communions the more fruit you will derive from them, even though you experience no sensible sweetness, because this sensible sweetness is not the end of the sacrament nor the measure of the graces we receive from it, nor of the merit that we thereby acquire.

If, on the contrary, you refuse to make these efforts, you will communicate no better at the end of a month.

It is a general rule, though not without exceptions, that the less frequently we communicate, the colder and more negligent we are in preparing for it.

SUBJECT OF ADORATION

FOR THE

Associates of the Congregation of the Most Blessed
Sacrament.

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**The Eucharistic Transfiguration.**

“ Jesus taketh unto Him Peter and James  
and John his brother, and bringeth  
them up into a high mountain apart :  
And He was transfigured before them.”



Y Jesus, when there is question of a mountain, and a mountain upon which Thou wilt transfigure Thyself, our soul instinctively turns toward that Thabor of earth upon which Thou dost deign to manifest Thyself to us. Thy Eucharistic altar. The altar is, indeed, the blessed mountain on which Thy whole Being is transfigured, not in glory, but in love. It is a mountain, for it dominates always in the Church since, in order to reach it, every soul must mount, must part from created things, and must dispose in its heart “ those ascensions ” of which the Prophet speaks. Upon that mountain, O Jesus, is incessantly wrought Thy transfiguration of love. If it is a miracle that, in Thy passible and mortal flesh, Thou didst show forth the splendor and brilliancy of glory, it is a continued miracle, and so much the greater as it is more frequently repeated, that Thy glorious and impassible Body can be reduced to the sacramental state.—The veil of the Sacred Species is the mysterious cloud which envelops Thee, and from the midst of which the attentive soul hears the voice of Thy Divine Father, crying to the children of men : “ This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him ! ”

We wish to hear Thee, O Jesus, and, drawing near to this new Thabor of Thy love, to profit by the teachings and the graces of which Thy Eucharistic manifestation is for us the source.

## I. — Adoration.

He was transfigured before them !

Let us humbly and lovingly adore the transfiguration of Jesus in the Eucharist.—He is the Son of God, God like unto His Father, equal to Him in power, in wisdom, and in all perfections. And yet, who could recognise Him under the veil of the Sacred Species, in which nothing appears of either God or Man ?

He is the splendor of the Father, *splendor Patris* : the light of eternal light, *candor lucis æternæ* ; the King of glory, *Rex gloriæ* ; the sun of justice, *sol justitiæ*. And yet, in the Blessed Sacrament we behold only obscurity.

He is the Eternal !—and at every instant of time, He is born on the altar at the voice of the priest !

He is the All-powerful !—and yet what weaker, what more exposed, what more abandoned to the caprices of men than the Sacramental Host !

He is the Word, *Verbum Dei* !—and yet not a word, neither of love, complaint, nor desire escapes His divine lips as long as His sacramental captivity lasts !

He is Immensity !—and behold, only a tiny Host ! still less, a particle, scarcely visible to the senses, contains Him entire !

He is Providence !—and He who provides for every creature in this world, has to look for every thing from man, even the lowly substance which permits Him to take being in the Sacrament !

He is the Ruler of the universe !—and He has become the Captive of our tabernacles. Not only will men have all rights over Him, but in Hosts forgotten and abandoned, He will behold worms and corruption forcing Him, as it were, to withdraw step by step from His poor dwelling in which He has vainly tarried, calling on some heart to receive Him !

And if we ask ourselves the reason of this Eucharistic transfiguration, there is, as to that of Thabor, but one reply, the eternal response to all the acts of Jesus : Love ! that love which explains everything, and yet explains nothing.

O Jesus, whom love renders so unrecognizable in the Sacrament, we adore Thee with adoration so much the

more profound and more loving as Thou dost conceal Thyself the more. We acknowledge Thee as our God. We proclaim Thy sovereign and absolute rights, and we glory in yielding to them.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

“ Lord, if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles ! ”

Let us thank Jesus for granting to us what He refused Peter on Thabor, and who, in His goodness, erects His tabernacle near us, and permits us to remain with Him.

God said formerly to the Children of Israel : “ I will place My tabernacle in the midst of you. My eyes shall be open and My ears attentive to the prayer of him who will invoke me in this place, for I have chosen and sanctified this dwelling in order that My name may remain here and that My heart and My eyes may be here forever.” This was a figure of Jesus’ Eucharistic Presence. It is in this Sacrament that God is truly near each one of us, and that we can enter into intimate relations with Him. He is there not for an instant, not for a day, but for all days. At every hour we may draw near to Him, and still be sure of always finding a loving welcome. He calls us, He wants us. We were not yet in existence, and Jesus was already awaiting us in the Sacrament. He was preparing and counting our Hosts, and when our soul, awaking to grace, longed to find her God, she had to seek Him neither long nor very far. Jesus was there in the Eucharist, more impatient to fill us with His love and grace than we ourselves to receive them.

Will not our heart be touched by these merciful advances of Jesus? Like Peter on Thabor, will it not say in its thanksgiving : “ Lord, it is good to be here : ” in its thanksgiving to Him who, in order to secure us His presence, counted neither sacrifices, nor humiliations, nor contempt, nor outrage? O let us love to repeat to Jesus in His Sacrament this word which will console Him by proving to Him that He made no mistake in instituting the Eucharist for our happiness : *Domine, bonum est nos hic esse! Lord, it is good for us to be here!* Let it be the canticle of our gratitude for that constant and beneficent Presence of our God.

## III. — Reparation.

“ This is My well-beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him ! ”

Jesus, the object of the eternal complacency of the Father, happy and overflowing with that love alone worthy, alone sufficing, comes in the Eucharist to ask us, poor creatures, for our love. He tells us that He has need of it. He constitutes Himself the Divine Mendicant, pleading for our miserable heart and declaring Himself happy when He gains it: “ Son, give Me thy heart ! Behold, I stand at the gate and knock ! ” Yes, He knocks at the gate of hearts, and hearts refuse Him entrance. A first refusal does not daunt Him. He continues His entreaties, and He will repeat them during a whole lifetime. Sometimes He succeeds in gaining an entrance, but only to be speedily chased from that heart, the object of His solicitude and tenderness, but which prefers creatures or the demon to Him. O ingratitude !—O astounding audacity !—that of the creature repulsing its God ! And O prodigy still greater !—that God outraged, repulsed, despised, persevering so far as even to follow in pursuit !

Let us often listen to the Heavenly Father's voice issuing from the Eucharistic cloud, and telling us to hear Jesus, His well-beloved Son. Our soul has need of truth, our spirit of light, our heart of love. Light, truth, love—all are in Jesus, and in Jesus alone ! Then, in order to repair the crime of the world which despises Him, the ingratitude of so many Christians who refuse Him their heart, let us open ours entirely to Him, and make Him the Sovereign Master of our whole being. Let us hear His voice in our inmost heart where He is pleased to make it heard, and let us be always docile to it, even when It asks for suffering and sacrifice, repeating to Him incessantly: “ Speak, Lord, what wilt Thou have me do ? ”

## IV. — Petition.

Arise ! Fear nothing !

How easy does prayer become, and how unbounded our confidence, O Jesus, when we have sounded and com-

prehended all the love of Thy Eucharistic Transfiguration ! Ah ! when we know that Thou dost undergo it only to render Thyself more accessible to Thy creatures, only to gain them, and keep them the more surely with Thyself, how is it that we do not hasten with joy to that mount of grace and mercy, to that Thabor of love, Thy holy altar !

But if at times the thought of Thy majesty, Thy holiness, Thy greatness, Thy power, which faith renders present to us despite the humble accidents that veil them, would cast us prostrate on the ground, like Thy Apostles on Thabor, we hear at once Thy voice saying to us : " Arise ! Fear nothing ! " Reassured and encouraged, we come to Thee, O Jésus, to cast into Thy bosom all our cares, to show Thee all our wretchedness, to claim Thy assistance, and to hope for everything from Thy inexhaustible love. We believe in Thy Heart living in the Eucharist, beating therein for us with eternal tenderness, and having found It, we hope in It in all things, everywhere, and always with hope that will never be deceived : *In Te, Domine Jesu, speravi ! non confundar in æternum !*

*Practice.* — Let no day pass without making a visit to Our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament. He is there for us !

*Aspiration.* — " Lord, it is good to be here ! "

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YOU will never be sorry for living a white life : for doing your level best : for your faith in humanity : for being kind to the poor : for looking before leaping : for hearing before judging : for being candid and frank : for thinking before speaking.

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THERE are natures in which if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration ; they bind us ever to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us ; and our sins become that worse kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust.

A CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION

On the Banks of the Hudson

MISS GRACE MCAULIFFE



On a lovely day, in the leafy month of June, the Octave day of Corpus Christi, we reverently walked in the ranks of a religious procession down the quiet shady paths of a Convent Garden.

It was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Convent was that of St. Regis. It is situated on a lofty eminence overlooking the Hudson, and though really within the limits of our great metropolis, completely removed from its distractions. It is indeed as the upper chamber apart where the apostles were all persevering in prayer with Mary the Mother of Jesus. Justly are its inmates called the "Sisters of the Cenacle." Their life is divided between prayer and that divinest of occupations teaching others how to pray. They answer that craving in the human heart voiced by the apostle when he said: *Doce nos orare.* Their Convent is a "House of Retreat.

To-day its very groves were resonant with prayer and psalmody as hundreds of voices were uplifted in hymns of praise to the Eucharistic God.

The route of the procession lay through the winding picturesque paths leading from the Convent to the green sward which slopes down to the river's bank. Here an altar was erected as a temporary resting place for the Lord of Heaven. For it was not the Heavens, but He of Whom it is written. — "The Heavens are Thy foot-stool" Who was about to descend to earth. Yea Lord "Thine are the Heavens and the earth is Thine."

All nature was smiling and beautiful, the silvery stream beneath glistened in the sunlight, and above was a mass of luxuriant foliage stirred by a gentle breeze which

tempered the sun's heat. Besides their verdant garb, the cherry-trees were adorned with their first fruits, an offering as it were to their King. Truly "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Other trees were festooned with flowers placed there by the loving hands of the good religious. These same hands had been prodigal in these decorations for the altar; it was literally laden with flowers, and ablaze with lights, Wreaths of roses were gracefully twined over the crimson screen or background which served as a protection for the lights.

Finally the procession approaches. First came the little soldier boys, the Cadet Corps from St. Ann's Academy on 76th Street, accompanied by their preceptors, the good Marist Brothers. Truly they made a goodly show. Next came the little girls all in white, and wearing wreaths of white flowers on their heads. Many carried pretty baskets filled with cut flowers which they strewed on the pathway of the King. Then came several bands of young girls carrying banners bearing the name and device of their respective sodalities. Following these, though wearing no special insignia, was a long train of the faithful of all ages and conditions. After this a procession of nuns of various orders including the entire community of St. Regis Convent. Then a long train of acolytes lending an attractiveness to the scene from the varied colors of their cassocks. In this group also was placed the band of St. Ann's Battalion which alternated with the voices of the faithful in praising the Most Blessed Sacrament, which now approached, borne aloft by Rev. Father Huntman of St. Joseph's, who walked beneath a handsome canopy supported by stalwart arms. Preceding as an immediate body-guard came a number of priests. Among them we noticed representatives from various orders: — a Carmelite Father; a member of the Congregation of St. Paul; a Father from the distant mission field and the Rev. Father Joseph H. McMahon, Rector of the neighboring parish of Our Lady of Lourdes. Conspicuous were some Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament always in close attendance on Our Emmanuel, God with us. After them as a rear guard came a compact body of devoted lay-men.

The altar reached, the Lord of Hosts deigned to rest

thereon. Oh ! miracle of love that Thou Lord shouldst thus delight to be with the children of men. For what it man that Thou art mindful of Him, or the Son of man that Thou visitest Him ?" "Surely there is no other nation so great, that hath their God so nigh to them, as Thou, our God art present to all Thy faithful !"

Now all reverently gather before the altar, and the prayer of all is, — *Benedicite, Deus !*

In the kneeling multitude the first ranks were occupied by the little ones, for "Who shall stand in His holy place, but the innocent of hand, and the clean of heart."

The Benediction over, the procession proceeds, this time into the adjoining grounds of a favored citizen, to Whom the Lord seems to have said as to Zaccheus, — "This day I shall abide in thy house." And with a joy and alacrity equal to that of Zaccheus preparations are made for the Divine Guest, and an altar erected on the lawn awaits His coming. Thither the crowd proceeds, bent on following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. "Here again He blesses them. Then for the last Benediction, all return to the Convent, the abode of His chosen ones, to whom He can truly say : — "You are always with Me, and all that I have is thine." Let us hope too that those others who here below are only permitted occasionally to spend a day in His holy courts, in that day to come may be numbered among that *turbam magnam* of all tribes and tongues and nations who will worship the Lamb forever and ever.

OH ! stupendous conception, which could enter into none but the Heart of Jesus ! In what is most finite, we have found the Infinite. Under the veil of matter we have found God ; let us tremble and adore.

A MOTHER has perhaps the hardest earthly lot ; and yet no mother worthy of the name ever gave herself thoroughly for her child who did not feel that, after all, she reaped what she had sown.

What we are to Learn from a Little Child

Adorator.

THERE is a hallowed scene described in the opening of the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which was enacted in a Judean village long ago. The ambitious disciples had evidently been disputing concerning their claims to precedence. For they "came to Jesus, saying : Who thinkest thou is greater in the kingdom of heaven ? And Jesus calling unto him a little child, set him in the midst of them. And said : Amen I say to you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven." By this beautiful symbolic act Jesus taught that the most innocent and lowly in soul rank is highest in the kingdom of heaven. We cannot contemplate the scene without being impressed by its divine loveliness, and the simple, artless manner in which St. Matthew has handed it down to us. Ever since the birth of Christian art it has been a favorite subject with the most gifted painters. They have lifted it from the pages of the Gospel and given it life upon canvas, and whenever we behold it we are so charmed by its beauty that it leaves us in doubt whether more to admire the profound lesson inculcated or the exquisite manner in which it is enforced.

The fitness and naturalness of this act of our Divine Lord becomes very plain to us whenever we look into the sweet face of an innocent child and read the lessons which it so impressively contains. We see there an entire dependence upon others for the wants he cannot himself meet. God, in His wisdom, has set a feeling of tenderness, towards children, in every human breast. He has made the instinct of parental love stronger than death. Over against this we see the utter weakness and

helplessness of a little child. He depends upon the mercy of those around him for protection and kind treatment. In a word his very life hangs instantly upon external supports, which are completely beyond his own control ; He must rely altogether on others to appease the cravings of hunger and thirst. At the same time he is unable in return to do the least thing for those whom he requires to do so much for him. And yet behold this poor little pensioner upon human pity ! No Eastern monarch ever swayed a more despotic power than is placed in his hands by his very weakness. Before his very frailty the hardest hearts melt, and he is as safe from cruelty and blows as if he were shielded in adamant. The sight of his mute dependence is a plea which few can resist, and he is rarely neglected. A little child dependent upon others for everything,—the strong carry and shield him, the wise instruct him, the powerful befriend him, the good train him up to love and to serve God, to seek virtue and to avoid evil. His father, with a guardian care which surrounds him like an atmosphere, wards away danger and forbids the winds of heaven to visit him roughly, asking no reward but to lead him fondly by the hand, see his happiness and watch his growth. His mother, with a yearning love unparalleled in all the world, watches untiringly over him day and night, smooths his pillow, hushes his cry, gratifies every want human means can meet, and deems hers an angel's portion when his innocent smile greets her eye, or the silver sound of his glee thrills through her veins with strange delight.

Here then is the first lesson we are to learn from the little child. The helpless condition which we see in him, and the external provisions made for him, lead our faith directly up to that Providence which our Divine Lord so beautifully pictured as regarding a sparrow's fall and numbering the hairs of our heads ; and justify the endearing name of Father applied to God by Him when he first stood in the temple and assumed His mission, and at its close, when he was dying on the cross.

The next lesson suggested as we look upon a little child is the thought of his innocence. And ever since Jesus took little children in his arms and blessed them and pronounced them pure in the sight of His Father,

the innocence of a child has been emblematic of the spiritual world. The characteristic which invests a young child with a heavenly charm is his unsullied purity. Look at him, not as excited by pain or an opposing will, but in his normal state of health and content. His eye is clear from all deceit; and with its singleness of beam he gazes full upon you, not knowing the cowardice of wrong. No bad passion rages, no unclean thing nestles in his heart. The iniquity of the world has put no stain upon his white robes. The wiles of the tempter have spared him. He is innocent. Overflowing with affection toward everybody, everybody regards him with affection. At the sight of him, except from pride and remorse, filled with innocent calm, the hardened sinner wanders back through guilty years and bitterly weeps over the hallowed memory of a time when he too was a guileless child, loved by many a heart forgetting and forgotten now. Ah, how many a cruel man, burdened with crime, would gladly roll back the irrevocable years and be a happy child once more, clasped in a mother's arms who left him and went to heaven long ago.

Innocence, the state in which a child lives, is unconscious harmony with the will of God. It is innocence which constitutes this harmony; and thus we see that in order to enter the kingdom of heaven, it is necessary to become as a little child, because the spirit of a little child is the spirit of heaven.

Lastly, the little child teaches us by his death a great lesson—the lesson of immortality. Statistics prove that a vast proportion of the human family perish in early infancy. Ah, what quantities of pale blossoms are blown from the tree of humanity! Although our poor finite reasoning prevents a full understanding of the reasons of this in any particular case, yet it is evident that if the soul is heir to eternal life—and we know it is—the departure of children may be as wisely and kindly ordered as the migration of patriarchs weary with old age.

The Christian parent who has sent a child before him, the spotless little feet treading lightly through the dark valley,—and what multitudes have done so!—expects on his own approach to the spiritual world to be first met and welcomed by a radiant angel from whom he parted

as a mortal child. There is scarcely a family that is not represented in heaven by a child. Here the household circle shall grow smaller ; but there it shall grow larger till the number is complete.

So cheering a faith as this is consoling in this world of the dying and the dead ; for it is hard to lose a little child whose presence has grown a part of our life, who is entwined with our very heart-strings. It is hard to part the hair over his cold brow, lay him in his little coffin, bury him in the ground where the features so exquisitely dear will crumble into dust, and go away to see his smile, hear his voice and watch his artless ways no more. But the words of our Divine Lord sustain Christian parents under the sore trial and make them know that all is well with the child. The heavenly world more and more draws their thoughts, and the fact that their darling is in heaven in the company of angels, under the sheltering eyes of God, is a gift worth more to them than all the world.

How many parents there are on earth who have been forced to part with little children of rare loveliness and promise who were most dear to them, and who can never be forgotten. Spiritual, pure, gentle, affectionate, they were more fit for the serene delights of heaven than for the rude encounters of the world ; and God took the all-too-precious darlings he had lent. They who have been thus bereaved cannot otherwise than painfully miss their lost treasures, and feel the aching vacancy that remains. It is natural that they should sorrow ; for these translated ones were to them the most beautiful and sweet of human children. And they are gone whither no yearning endearments can follow to touch them. And yet they must not be mourned with repining bitterness. They are still living on in their Father's home above.

Let us value the lessons which these little ones are ever teaching us, always mindful of the truth, that our passport to heaven is our resemblance to such as they.



THE VOICE OF JESUS

Child of My choice, for thee My Heart is longing
 As never bridegroom longed to meet his bride
 Why stay away, My plenteous Mercy wronging
 Ah, haste and rest thee in My wounded Side.

Dost thou delay ? thou surely canst not doubt Me ?
 I Who have, known thee when this world was not ?
 Thy frail life's bark thou' it steer in vain without Me,
 Trust all to One by whom thou'rt ne'er forgot.

Of thee I thought when agonised and bleeding,
 Of thee I thought that sacred night when first
 I gave Myself as souls' most precious feeding,
 As then, so now, for thine heart's love " I thirst."

I knew that thou couldst lean on none beside Me,
 Nor trust to human aid in sorrow's hour,
 Nor out of Me find balm when ill betide thee,
 Nor strength to brave the darksome clouds that lower.

No kind deed done to thee, no kind word spoken,
 No ray of joy like sunshine from above,
 But came from Me, each one a tiny token,
 The offspring of My deep and changeless love.

Then why remain away from Me, thy Father,
 Some venial stain ? or twcnty such ? or more ?
 One act of love will all efface ; yea,
 Will make thee even dearer than before.

Then come, My child, and henceforth be not fearful,
 Deep in My Heart thou'lt ever find a Home,
 Peace, joy, I bring, though thou be sad and tearful,
 Child of My choice, slake thou My thirst and " Come."
 S. M. A.



The Delinquent

(*Concluded.*)

One evening towards the end of the vacation, at one of our memorable gipsy-teas on one of the islands, wandering away from the others, he told me he intended, on his return to New York, to enter the Jesuit Novitiate. At first I could not understand, then slowly it dawned on me that this beautiful life was about to be given up voluntarily, nay, joyously with all its promise, to God. It was a revelation, and only in *one* Church would such a sacrifice be asked, and still more wonderful, given, and given in such a spirit and from such a soul. I was a Catholic from that moment ! In silence we reached the others ; I could not speak, so strangely were my thoughts and inclinations warring within me. I said nothing to anyone, but the first letter he received from me at the Novitiate began, " I am a Catholic " — it never struck me as being about to write " I am " not " I am going to be " for I was then and never seemed to have been anything else. In his answer he wrote that on reading my opening line : " I am a Catholic," he dropped the letter and went at once to the chapel to thank God for this answer to prayer. He could not tell me how many Masses had been said, and prayers offered for my conversion, and yet he had never said one word to me ; but as his parting gift left me a little Catechism. This was now my sole instructor. I read it chapter by chapter slowly and carefully, hunting up the references in my own Protestant Bible ; and as I read, my only wonder was why I had not become a Catholic long ago, seeing the truth as it really was. The cook's prayer-book was my only help, and for half a year I waited for permission to be received into the Church. You know what a grief and disappointment to my mother ; she was so good about it, but she said she could not come between me and God. Father, whom I dreaded most of all, gave his consent very willingly, declaring the Catholic Church had always excited his admiration ; that he had seen the extraordinary devotion of her priests during

the cholera epidemic in New York, fighting nobly for their people when all the other clergymen fled from the dread disease. And once going down the Saint Lawrence he met too young French priests, gay as school-boys, going to some island where smallpox raged, and where even to land seemed certain death. They spoke of it as if it were such a privilege to be sent where so many others were longing to go. My Protestant friends were kind, they were more hurt and surprised than angry. Indeed it was with one of them I stayed in New England while under instruction for my reception into the Church."

During this narrative the Rector listened attentively without interruption, then kindly, "You will forgive me for the many unjust speeches I have made to you; my harsh judgments and criticisms. I see now how wrong I have been. I should have sought information first; then weighed the evidence before condemning you without knowledge. My ignorance and misguided zeal are my sole apologies."

"It is strange," he said regretfully, "how we censure the Catholic Church and her doctrines, in perfect ignorance of what we denounce. On any other subject, political, social, even physical, we should not dream of discussing without some previous study, but on such a serious matter as religion we take it for granted that all the blood-curdling tales of our youth must be correct, and we fling charity and truth to the winds, and, alas! too often teach those under our charge the same vile scandals and concoctions that have disgraced our childhood. Though," he added, "that is but a sorry excuse. If we were honest men, the world of books would enlighten our dullness and bigotry."

The Rector left the old house that evening armed and ready for the fight—the most severe and painful for poor human nature—right and wrong, peace and strife, prosperity and adversity. The months that followed were the most unhappy of his life; the old prejudices seemed unsupportable, the doubts and fears unsurmountable, the light of faith dim and distant; but through all the Rector persevered. When the hour seemed darkest and the future most uncertain, and he faced his congregation to preach the old doctrines that now seemed false and intangible,

the calm, sweet face of Mrs. L.— always brought him peace and strength. She was always there and always alone, while the child to whom she was all the world was absent, without even a church or priest of her own faith to comfort her on these sabbath mornings. He often marvelled if the mother felt the trial, and he determined to ask her. “Yes” she said, “it was one of the great sorrows of my life, and yet so marked has been the change for the better in the character of our Delinquent, that I would not have her a Protestant now even if I could. I thought at the time I could not bear it, and wondered what I had done, that God should punish me in this strange way. Now I thank Him for His great mercy”

“Does not your daughter’s change of faith cause a barrier between you?” the Rector asked, interestedly.

“I feared it should — that was my great dread. Since her childhood I have shared her every thought. If she were away from home her daily letter never failed me; all her interests, aspirations, and pleasures were mine. Then one day came the extraordinary request that she might become a Catholic. I was deeply prejudiced against the Church of Rome, and feared its influence. Fully aware of all this, she tried in every way to prove how greatly I was mistaken. There is a spirit of *noblesse oblige* running through all her actions. She is a Catholic, and, therefore, must be a loyal representative; she wishes all to see that I have gained, and not lost, by her conversion. As an instance, to show you how even in little things, she is ever on the alert. Her sorrow is great as mine that she no longer accompanies me to church, but it has never failed that hers is the last look that meets me as I leave, the first to greet me on my return. I was rather amused,” Mrs. L. — continued with a smile, “at a conversion I overheard the other day. Our Delinquent has an altar which she arranges on Saturday. Occasionally her aunt secretly anticipates her, sending to town for choicest flowers for its decoration. Last week she was especially happy in her efforts. It was some feast day. When our convert saw it she was greatly touched, and said with some amazement, “But, Aunt R. —, why do you take such trouble with my altar, when you dislike the church so much?” “If I thought that by becoming a Catholic it

would make such a change in my character as it has in yours, I should not hesitate an instant."

"That was a wonderful admission," said the Rector, "for your sister's prejudices against the Roman Church are extreme."

"Yes" Mrs. L. — replied ; "it surprised even myself ; and the girl laughingly retorted, "Can you not try it, Aunt R. — ?"

"And do you think it probable ?" he asked.

"I doubt it," Mrs. L. — answered earnestly. It requires more than a mere sentiment or longing to make so great a change, but were my sister convinced that our Church was not the true one, there would be no hesitation on her part."

And the Rector going forth, wondered if he was convinced that the Church he loved was the one founded by the Apostles.

July, glorious and radiant, brought the merry New York cousins to the village. How lively they made the old house on the hill, the lake, the islands, the woods ! how gaily their jokes rang over the water, how infectious their good humour ! They asked the Rector to join in their excursions, and to their surprise he consented. At first he went to show his old prejudice had gone ; soon he enjoyed the novelty and adventures with the rest. He joined in their songs and witticisms, and was in return teased, unmercifully teased, (they would not spare the whole bench of bishops if they had the chance). The Rector gave it back with all his polish and thrust, which won their hearts at once. Returning one evening with them across the bay he told them his favourite sister was about to pay him a visit, and, as a matter of course, a picnic to one of the islands celebrated her arrival. Never, it seemed, had there been such a day, the accidents more thrilling than usual, and the sun was preparing for slumber before the party were ready to embark for the mainland. It was one of the loveliest and loneliest spots on the bay, surrounded by hills ; the water lay like a valley of mist between the dim outline of great woods ; the setting sun transformed it into a superb combination of light and shade. The bay flashed the golden ripples in wanton frolic, protected by the hills which borrowed of

the heavens glories to drape their rugged sides, while wood and water revelled in flashing sunbeams, and mocked the ever varying-sky by the ethereal beauty of their colouring. Standing apart, the Rector looked long and sadly at the beloved scene. A determined yet happy light shone in his eyes, and, turning abruptly, he made his way to where the Delinquent was putting the last finishing touches to baskets and boxes before having them carried down to the boats. It was his only chance for what he had to say, and he felt that it must be said to-day — "I have finished your books, and — are you surprised? — I TOO INTEND TO BECOME A CATHOLIC!" There was not a moment more. An astonished, incredulous look flashed from her eyes, and the party went trooping down to the shore, where they soon pushed off amid songs and chorus that were echoed back by the hills, as the merry voices died away far over the silent waters. To no one could the Delinquent tell the strange news. She had noticed a change in the Rector, but that he could or would take so decided a step, without help or guidance, she did not expect. This conversion taught her a great lesson; it stamped her whole life in her dealings with souls, and gave her a deep and lasting devotion to the Holy Ghost. She who was to have so much to do with converts in the subsequent years of her life, saw how God works without human instruments in souls that are sincere. As the result, she would never urge would-be converts or influence them in any way. If asked questions on the teachings of the Church, she answered with great clearness and earnestness, always giving the Bible as her authority. For the rest, she believed in waiting God's good time, which always came to souls that were sincere. She often repeated those words of Father Faber, that persons seeking the truth, and utterly without human help or sympathy were, under the special guidance and protection of the Holy Spirit.

The weeks glided pleasantly onwards. The Rector was busy with preparations for his departure — his one desire now to study for the priesthood. — He had seen for the first time a Catholic prayer-book. He had been speaking to the mother of the New-York lads of the ritual of the different Churches and of the Mass prayers, which he

wished to see, and she, little dreaming of his intentions, gave him her own missal.

The autumn leaves were a glory of crimson and gold when the final day at length arrived for the news to be made known, and the Rector should start forth on his unknown pilgrimage. For the last time he stood in his pulpit, looked at his people, wistfully as they came as of old, little thinking what strange news he was to tell them. It came at last—short, pathetic, brotherly. He had loved them, he said ; his happiest days had been spent with them ; and now he only left them at a call that no man but a coward could resist. It was a trial in which God alone could help him ; the ties and affections, the Church and faith of his youth and manhood must be given up. His very kith and kin would now look on him as one unworthy of their name and race. Hard things would be said ; but he could not blame, where he himself had blamed. Sometimes it seemed as if the cross were too great, but the words of our Lord were emphatic—“ He that loveth father or mother more than Me, the same is not worthy of Me.” The congregation were in tears ; they could not doubt his sincerity, no matter how misguided he might be. His voice trembled as he tried to continue, but it was too much ; the familiar faces that he would probably never see again ; the memory of the kindness he had received here among them, his devoted people, came crowding on him, and with a low, fervent “ God bless you ! ” he turned away and passed out of their lives for ever. The next evening he paid his farewell visit to the old house ; he was to leave early the following morning. A letter from the Delinquent to the late Monsignor, then Father Preston, was his sole introduction and help on his new road of life. He lingered long over the parting with those dear friends, for never again was he to meet them in this world.

He was up and away with the birds next morning. There were few passengers leaving the village by the stage coach, and long and sadly he watched the well-known scenes fade away. The sun was rising behind the woods, now blazing with autumn tints ; below the water sparkled and danced ; a little yacht lay at anchor not far from the shore. The wooded islands, two or three

fishing-boats with men resting idly on their oars, and anglers busy with rod and line, were silhouetted sharply against the burnished bosom of the lake. The bay caught and flashed back the changeful glories of the sun, until the very bulrushes seemed cradled in opaline clouds, while the hills, blue as a diadem of giant turquoises, made a majestic frame for this never-to-be-forgotten picture. The young Rector looked until woods and water became a mere speck on the horizon, and then turned his face steadily onwards, "as of one going to Jerusalem."

A few lines will tell the rest. Father Preston was just the guide for such a soul. He placed him at once in the seminary to begin his studies, which were finished in Rome, the spot beloved dearest on earth.

The above incident is true in every detail, but for many reasons it must be vague. It shows how strong is our unconscious influence one towards the other. Neither the Delinquent nor the Rector had ever known a priest previous to their reception into the Church !

The lad of seventeen, to whose example under God those conversions are due, is to-day one of the best known and saintliest members of the Society of Jesus in America. The boy was indeed father to the man !

The Rector, who died at a comparatively early age, was the Very Rev. William Salt, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Newark, and President of Seton Hall College. His sister also became a Catholic, and died a nun.

The Delinquent went to her reward on March 26th. 1900, after a life of constant suffering and wonderful, missionary zeal. The merry laugh of her girlhood remained always through every trial. Her sweet patience, her *esprit*, and above all her unusual charm of mind and manner, won others to love God. Father Salt was the first of many souls whom she brought into the Church.



LEARN TO BE SATISFIED.

LET us learn to be satisfied with whatever heaven sends us. Today we yearn for a thing, tomorrow we have it and are not content. We want it a little different from the particular form in which we received it. We are never satisfied with what we have. The great lesson of life is to learn to submit our human wills to that of the Divine. Christians sometimes think their prayers are never heard. Let me tell you no prayer ever goes unheard. The suppliant may not realize the answer, but his prayer is not lost. Something infinitely better than that for which he asked may have been given him. Whatever God sends His children is for the best.

REV. DR. O'REILLY.

TRUE WEALTH.

WE may not all be rich'tis true, and perhaps 'tis pity that 'tis true. You may have discomfort and struggle, possibly more storm than sunshine, a weary road to travel through these narrow years, but be sure of this, as sure as you are of the wisdom of God, that an honest man with a clean soul is worth more than all the wealth that excites our envy or stimulates our jealousy. To stand square with the law of justice and sympathy and fidelity, to be a hero because you are unsoiled by deeds which sting with the painful sting of a wasp, is to lay up a treasure of which death cannot rob you, and which will lift you out of the grave laden with the blessing of God.

IF you don't reverence silence you will lose prayer, recollection, holy inspiration. Get the habit of talking to God about everything.

WHEN God thought of Mother, Heaven must have rejoiced — so rich, so divine, so deep, so full of soul, power, and beauty, was the conception.

A Valuable Work.

THE Very Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D. D. of England, places us under obligations to him for his well written work entitled "*The Treasure of The Church.*" We are glad to recommend the work in the pages of the *Sentinel*. In reading it Catholics will find a ready means of acquainting themselves with the place and position which the two great Sacraments — Holy Eucharist and Penance — should hold in their lives. They will learn to understand more of the Divine Liturgy which surrounds the Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and how better to enter into the spirit of that worship. No one can read this book without finding in it a fresher knowledge of Faith, and a consequent stimulus to live more entirely in accordance with its teachings. — Benziger Bros., New York, \$1.00.

JESUS is truly present in the Blessed Sacrament and yet no seraph wing proclaims Him near, no thunder of chariot wheels announce His approach : He hides Himself that He may be received with love.

WATCH your way, then, as a cautious traveller, and don't be gazing at the mountain or river in the distance, and saying, "how shall I ever get over them?" Add to the present little inch that is before you, and accomplish that in the little moment that belongs to it. The mountain and the river can only be passed in the same way ; and, when you come to them, God will give you the light and strength that belongs to them.

Sweeter than roses or lilies
 Brighter than drops of dew
 Is a wreath of friends
 Friends that are good and true.



THE VIRGIN'S PRAYER
From a painting by Ittenbach.

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