

THE LAST SUPPER

From the celebrated painting of Leonard de Vinci.

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The Divine Raphael.*

(Continued.)

R. P. TESNIÈRE.

Translated by Miss E. LUMMIS.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

IV. The journey of Raphael and Tobias. *They walk together.*
We must walk with Jesus.

V. The advantages of this companionship when we are faithful to it; intimate intercourse with Jesus, and deliverance from the dangers of the way.



UT had you questioned Him, this Jesus Whose beauty so won your heart, — had you said to Him: "Who art Thou?" He would have replied: "*Ex filiis Israel*" I am a son of Israel. I am thy brother, I am like unto thee. I have taken a body and soul like unto thine. I too have a mother, I have friends and brethren. I have suffered and died, as thou must. I am a son of Israel, thy friend, thy countryman." "But thine own name"? "*Ego Sum Azarias, Ananiæ Magni Filius.*" "I am Azarias, thy guard and protector, the strength and holiness of God, His very essence. *Adjutorium Dei.* I am: Azarias, the treasure of God, possessing in myself the riches of His Glory and power and wisdom and holiness." *Dives Thesaurus Dei.*

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Ego Sum Azarias. "I am Azarias, the uncreated happiness, the essential Beatitude of God, the created happiness of saints and angels for time and eternity, the joy, the consolation, the object of the divine complacency of My Father" ! *Beatitudo Dei!*

Lastly, "I am the Son of the great Ananias, consubstantial with God the Father, and like unto Him in all things, and I have descended from His Presence to thine impelled by the effusion of His overwhelming mercy." *Gratiæ, bonitatis et miserationis filius.*

Thus did Jesus reply to you on the happy morning when you met Him first, radiant in beauty ; and the experience of that day crowned and strengthened your faith. You believed Him, and falling upon your knees, like the youthful Tobias, you cried out, in adoration and love : " O Jesus, Son of God ! O Jesus, Son of the Virgin Mary, truly art Thou of noble lineage !"

But why is Jesus clad in the terrestrial garment of the Eucharist, Whose vesture is the Eternal Light ? Why this choice of common and material elements, where, though faith may pierce the veil that hides the radiance of His glory, sense alas, perceives only the poor and obscure appearance He has chosen ?

Why ? Because Jesus is the Guide of travellers. The very name applied to the Blessed Sacrament, implies also its end, its mission. Is not the Viaticum, the need of the way, the provision for the journey ? Was It not instituted that It might follow us everywhere, and attend us by sea and land, across all latitudes, from pole to pole ? Jesus is the Pilgrim of all others, Who hath here no lasting dwelling, Who abides in tents, *Tabernaculum*. Whose life is but a day, Who comes from Heaven and returns thither, lingering upon earth only to nourish, justify and sanctify us, and then to bring us safely to the eternal mansions of His Father, our own true home.

The Prophet hailed Him from afar under this title of Traveller and Pilgrim. He too, seemed to wonder that the Messiah, the Expected of Israel, should hide Himself under the symbolism of such a form, and says to Him, with a curiosity that excludes neither adoration nor love :

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"O Expectation of Israel, why wilt thou be as a Stranger in the Land, and a warfarer who hath no lodging"? (1)

But you, knowing the answer, will ask Him no more, since Jesus has come to lead you, to journey with you, but will rather bless and adore the infinite condescension that has hidden for love of us under the coarse robe of the pilgrim, the dazzling splendors of the divine glory, that our mortal eyes might dare to gaze upon Him. He hath chosen the vesture of earth that He may walk with us and converse as familiarly as He conversed with the disciples of Emmaüs. "And it came to pass that Jesus, drawing near, walked with them, and their eyes were held that they should not see Him."

Knowing therefore the design and mission of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and that He would be our Guide, our Protector, as well as the provision and strength of the journey, you will approach and question Him further.

"Dost Thou know the way to Media"? "Jesus, Lord, dost Thou know the way that will lead me to Heaven, where I must present the note of my baptismal promise and receive the treasure laid up to my eternal credit"?

And He will answer. Listen, and receive His words with faith and confidence.

"*Novi.*" "Yes, truly, I know the way." Jesus knows the way, and He alone, for He alone can lead us therein and can ensure a safe and certain end to our journey. The way, the sure and only way is through grace, the grace that comes from God, and which leads infallibly to God all who follow. But what do we say! Jesus Himself is the Way. And He only knows God and will reach God one day in Heaven who goes to Him through Jesus. *Nemo venit ad Patrem nisi per Me.*

The way of life! Jesus knows it by experience. He alone trod it first. He alone has the right to tread it. He alone has the right to enter Heaven and those only can follow who walk with Jesus and whom Jesus shall guide unto the very end. We must not only begin it by Him but

(1) Jeremias XIV.8.

must end it with Him if we would reach the goal. *Nemo ascendit nisi qui descendit, Filius Hominis.*

But why dost Thou add : "*Et omnia itinera ejus frequentur ambulavi.*" "I know all the paths and have often trodden them" ?

Are there other other ways towards the fair country of our Fatherland than that of Jesus? No, there is but one way, but there are numberless paths, that meet and mingle in the road of Life ; the path of poverty, the path of riches, the path of glory, the path of pain, the path of toil and that of science, the paths of sickness and of health, of all the states of christian perfection, the different social positions, the path of the many, the path of the few. Behold a maze of paths to Heaven. If they are but branches of the royal road which is Jesus, and meet in His grace, easy or difficult though they may be to travel, they all lead to Heaven. On one condition, however, that we are guided and led by Jesus

O divine Guide ! Thou dost assert that Thou hast known all the paths and hast trodden them as well. It is true. And well is it for us that Thou hast journeyed and prayed and suffered and wept. Thou hast trodden all the paths in labor and toil, in tears and joy of spirit, in tribulation and anguish of heart. Thou hast an experience so profound of all our miseries and wants that nothing can ever daunt Thee. For if thy journey of Life lasted but three or thirty years Thou didst take care to surround it with so many obstacles and difficulties that no ambush can surprise Thee, no danger appal. There is no state Thou hast not known, no pain Thou caus't not understand, no path Thou hast not trodden. We may then confide ourselves absolutely to our heavenly Guide. He knoweth the road and He knoweth them all.

Lastly, He has abode with Gabelus. He knoweth Him, the Gabelus who holds our eternal treasure, the kinsman of Raphael. *Frathem nostram.* It is the Father of our divine Guide. He has abode with Him from eternity, and even while He treads the paths of earth He is with Him still in Heaven. Jesus will bring us safely, surely, to the end and will make for us all the arrangements necessary for our favorable reception.

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Why, then, do you hesitate? Give yourself to Him. Oh! christian parents, give your children to Jesus, that He may guide them through the dangers of life and bring them safely to you again where you await them in the eternal home; and say to Him with the elder Tobias: "Guide, protect and conduct my son in all things, O divine Guide, O Raphael! and I hear the echo of His answer: "*Ego sanum ducam et sanum tibi reducam filium tuum.*" I will conduct him safely and will bring him safely back to thee." It is the promise that Jesus makes to His Father when souls fresh from the graces of baptism are confided to His care that He may guide them to Heaven. "I will keep them, I will defend them even at the cost of my life. Not one of those whom My Father hath given Me, not one of those who remain in my keeping shall perish, and no one shall snatch them out of My Hand." *Et nemo tollet de manu mea.* "Only he shall perish who is the son of perdition, who cares not to be saved, and refuses My guidance."

The christian life begins under the guidance and protection of Jesus. The soul and Jesus walk side by side. O loving companionship! O powerful guardianship! O faithful pledge of strength and light in all the perils of the way! O certain and sure promise of the happy end to the journey of Life! It is impossible here to point out in detail how faithful Jesus is to each soul of those confided to His cares. It would be the life history of every soul that has reached the blissful haven of eternity. Taking up the story of the Bible once more, we must be content with bringing out the general characteristics of His guidance. We will find them foreshadowed in two or three of the principal events of the journey of Tobias, where the archangel appears most prominently as the protector of the young man, and gives him aid in a manner most tender, wise and direct. He was for Tobias, according to the promise of his name, a joy, a delight, a helper, a treasure and a consolation.

Jesus, our Fellow Traveller, our Viaticum, the Strength and Food of our journey, will a thousand times more truly fulfil all of these offices, in the Blessed Sacrament, and deserve all these titles.

IV.

Raphael and Tobias have started on their journey, and as the sacred text expressly observes, they have set out together. *Ambulaverunt ambo simul. They walked together.*

It is self evident of course that where two companions undertake a journey, that they walk together, especially as one conducts the other. But the Holy Spirit hides very exquisite meaning sometimes in expressions that seem ordinary. In these three words are concisely expressed the interior secret of our relations with God. *To walk with God*, in God's Presence, is the term used by the Holy Spirit to illustrate the holiness of the Patriarchs of old, and the long lives of many of the holiest among them are summed up in this brief commentary which is almost equivalent to a decree of canonization. *Ambulavit cum Deo*. It is the essential precept of holiness, the guarantee of grace, the assurance of perfect virtue.

"Walk before Me and be perfect." It seems as if the seeds of the supernatural life, sown from Heaven into our souls, could only spring forth, germinate and blossom under the illumination of grace that shines forth from God's Face, in the sunshine of His Divine Presence. All good for us, as for Tobias, is summed up in the fact of walking with our Guide, who for us is Jesus, in holding His sacred hand, in keeping closely at His side, and being ever, at least spiritually, in His Presence. And here we would remark how greatly men disregard and overlook a fact that results from the real presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. If it is true that the Blessed Sacrament is a continuation of the Presence of God upon earth, begun by the Incarnation, and that the Lord Who will help and protect us, and be our light and consolation upon earth, is the Lord Personally Present in the Blessed Sacrament, to walk in the Presence of God is to walk in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. To overlook this phase of the Presence of God, so evident and so striking is to depreciate the value of the sacrifices made by Jesus in the Incarnation and the Eucharist. It is, above all, to deprive ourselves of the great light and help furnished

continually by a Presence so constant, so real, so helpful, so powerful, the fruit of a paternal love which seeks only our good.

To walk with Jesus in the Eucharist, in the Presence of the Eucharist, is to receive It frequently, even daily, to visit It constantly, to consult Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament habitually, and to submit to Him all our undertakings and desires. It is to have recourse to the Eucharist in our trials, in our temptations. It is to seek It out in the Tabernacles of our churches in city and country, and to be attracted habitually to this Pole of the christian life, to be ever animated and inflamed by the glowing Sun of divine Love.

David expresses this truth and prophesied it when he cried out in the 22nd Psalm: *Dominus regit me.* "The Lord leadeth me and I shall want for nothing." It is the God of the Eucharist of whom he speaks and in the never failing assistance of this Guide that he confides, for he says: "He hath prepared for me a table against my enemies; a drink that strengthens and refreshes me against all weakness. In His shadow will I find repose from the ardors of the sun (1)." — And he concludes by saying: "Though I journey in the midst of the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; though mine enemies pursue, though I am wounded unto death, I will not lose hope, for even unto the borders of the tomb Thou art with me, O my God, my Raphael (2)."

To be ever with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, to abandon oneself to His direction, to walk onward with Him therefore, is the only return that Jesus asks for the infinite love with which He guides us, and the fruits of this union and companionship are so delightful and so certain that no one could hesitate to submit himself to a yoke so easy, a guidance so blest.

V.

The first point of advantage to Tobias in the companionship of his faithful guide was the intimate con-

(1) *Parasti mensam adversus eos qui tribulant me.*

(2) *Super aquam refectionis educavit me.*

confidence and familiar intercourse established between them, which made them forget the length of the journey and the roughness of the road, and made of it a pleasure rather than a pain.

Nothing is more wearisome and discouraging than a long journey alone, and nothing is more agreeable than the companionship of a dear and congenial friend, above all when we are going to undertake a journey. The conversation of one we love lends a charm to the way, and the hours fly fast in his company. The old proverb says: "A pleasant companion maketh a swift carriage." What a boon then, must have been for Tobias, the company of the archangel! What heavenly intercourse! How many divine secrets revealed and explained! For of whom can an angel speak but of God, when he sees the Beatific Vision upon which his seraphic eyes are fixed even as he walks in amid the shadows of earth! An angel, penetrated with divine bliss must radiate some of this celestial happiness into the bosom of the chosen friend who walks by his side. And so it was. Tobias had not been long in his company before he had vowed to him sincere affection, and the archangel who was akin to the Seraphims was pleased in return to be called by his protégé, "Azarias my brother." But for us, christians, shall not we find in the companionship of the divine Raphael of the Eucharist such celestial delights as Raphael shared with Tobias? Oh, surely. He is Azarias, that is he who rejoices, who delights the heart. *Ego sum Azarias, id est beatus.*

The loneliness of the road to Heaven affrights us, and its solitude overwhelms with awe the human soul, which must live detached from the world, which must escape its dangerous snares so thickly spread, which must not dwell in the charm of its feasts nor be beguiled by its enchantments and pleasures. *Ibi magna solitudo.*

Earth is to the christian a dreary desert, and appalled by the desolate prospect he cries out in terror: "Lord, would'st Thou condemn me to travel this solitary way? Hast Thou forgotten thy warning to all those who walk alone? "*Vae soli*"! No, Jesus has not forgotten. He is at hand. Behold Him! Will you walk in His company?

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Will you keep closely to His side, and avoid the snares spread by false friends and the seductions that draw aside the many from the guardianship of the Lord? His conversation hath no bitterness. His words will be so sweet to your ears that your heart will overflow with a happiness of which you have never yet dreamed. And you will taste the delights of a companionship that inflamed the hearts of the disciples at Emmaus, who were so blest as to walk with Jesus. "*Did not our hearts burn within us as He spoke to us in the way.*"

And so the Life journey will lose its terrors and you will not fear the roughness of the road. You will not sigh under the burden, nor faint in the heat of the day. Believe Him who hath said: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy burdened". Believe the Author of the Imitation, who doubtless experienced that of which he wrote. "*Suaviter equitat quem gratia Dei portat.*" Swiftly doth he journey who is carried by the grace of God. "When Jesus is Present all is well and nothing is difficult. If He say but one word, all weariness ceases, all labor is done, all tears are dried, and consolation and joy replace our mourning! *Quando Jesu loquitur unum tantum verbum, magna consolatio sentitur.*"

Oh, let us be faithful to Jesus. Let us receive Him frequently, let us visit Him often. Let us cling closely to Him throughout our journey, even unto the end: and He will be our joy, our consolation, our Brother and our Friend, and we may say, more with the heart than the lips: "*Azarias Frater mi!*" "Jesus, Thou art my Brother, my Friend, my Happiness, my All here below." "*Azarias, id est beatitudo Dei, beatus*"!

(To be continued.)





COMING.

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" AT EVEN, OR AT MIDNIGHT, OR AT
THE COCK-CROWING, OR IN THE
MORNING."

" It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the
twilight

And watch the sinking sun ;
While the long bright day dies slowly
O'er the sea,

And the hours grow quiet and holy
With thoughts of me ;

While you hear the village children
Passing along the street ;

Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet.

Therefore, I tell you : Watch
By the light of the evening star,

When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar ;

Let the door be on the latch

In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

" It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land

And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand ;

When the moonless night draws
close

And the lights are out in the house,
When the fires burn low and red,

And the watch is tickling loudly
Beside the bed ;

Though you sleep, tired out, on your
couch

Still your heart must wake and
watch

In the dark room.

For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

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" It may be at the cock-crow
 When the night is dying slowly
 In the sky,
 And the sea looks calm and holy,
 Waiting for the dawn
 Of the golden sun
 Which draweth nigh ;
 When the mists are on the valleys,
 shading
 The rivers chill,
 And my morning -star is fading, fading
 Over the hill ;
 Behold I say unto you : Watch
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home ;
 In the chill before the dawning,
 Between the night and morning,
 I may come .

" It may be in the morning,
 When the sun is bright and strong,
 And the dew is glittering sharply
 Over the lawn ;
 When the waves are laughing loudly
 Along the shore,
 And the little birds are singing sweetly
 About the door ;
 With the long day's work before you,
 You rise up with the sun,
 And the neighbors come in to talk a
 little
 Of all that must be done ;
 But remember that I may be the next
 To come in at the door,
 To call you from all your busy work
 For ever more .
 As you work, your heart must watch
 For the door is on the latch
 In your room ;
 And it may be in the morning
 I may come ."

So he passed down my cottage garden,
 By the path that leads to the sea,
 Till he came to the turn of the little road
 Where the birch and laburnum tree
 Lead over and arch the way ;
 There I saw him a moment stay



And turn once more to me
 As I wept at the cottage door,
 And lift up his hands in blessing;
 Then I saw his face no more.
 And I stood still in the doorway,
 Leaning against the wall,
 Not heeding the fair white roses,
 Though I crushed them and let them
 fall;
 Only looking down the pathway
 And looking towards the sea,
 And wondering, and wondering
 When he would come back to me:
 Till I was aware of an angel
 Who was coming quickly by,
 With the gladness of one who goeth
 In the light of God most high.

He passed the end of the cottage
 Towards the garden gate
 (I suppose he was coming down
 At the setting of the sun
 To comfort some one in the village
 Whose dwelling was desolate);
 And he paused before the door
 Beside my place,
 And the likeness of a smile
 Was on his face.
 "Weep not," he said, "for unto you is
 given
 To watch for the coming of His feet
 Who is the glory of our blessed
 heaven;
 The work and watching will be very
 sweet
 Even in an earthly home;
 And in such an hour as you think not,
 He will come."

So I am watching quietly
 Every day,
 Whenever the sun rises brightly,
 I rise and say:
 "Surely it is the shining of his face."
 And look into the gates of his high place,
 Beyond the sea;
 For I know he is coming shortly
 To summon me.
 And when a shadow falls across the
 window
 Of my room,
 When I am working my appointed task,
 I lift my head to watch the door and
 ask
 If He is come;
 And the angel answers sweetly
 In my home;
 Only a few more shadows
 And He will come."

Selected.

ROMAN MEMORIES

LENTEN DAYS.

E. MCAULIFFE.



ARCH, which is a name of terror to the denizens of Northern climes, is the loveliest of months in the South.

The short winter is over and past, the trees are putting forth their young leaves, and the flowers are painting all the ways with beauty.

But it is not among the flowers, nor under the shade of spreading trees, that we may now linger; rather let us seek the shrines of the holy ones, so many of whom are commemorated this month; and beneath the marble arches of lofty Basilicas hasten to offer our homage with the Universal Church!

We pause on the threshold, arrested by the sounds of joy which break on the solemn stillness of the holy season, calling us to celebrate the anniversary of the coronation of the Supreme Pontiff. We attend his Mass in the Sistine Chapel, and kneel with the crowd in the *Sala Regia*, to receive his blessing!

On the 7th, the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, we have a grand celebration at the Dominican church of *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*, where the bands of young novices coming in from the many monasteries of their order, always remind me of the chosen souls in *Fra Angelico's Last Judgment*, or of those angels of whom Dante speaks:

“Faces they had of flame,”

the flame of divine love, kindled by their fervor and devotion.

On the 9th, St. Frances of Rome is honored: her life, written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, is doubtless famil-

iar to all my readers. Hers was a sweet and lovely character, a model of all the virtues which should adorn a woman as daughter, wife and mother !

Her church is in the Roman Forum, on the site of an old temple of Venus, and close by the arch of Titus. She is held in great veneration by Roman women of all classes, and they vie with each other in decking her altars for the festa, which is quite a holiday.

After the grand services at the church are finished, the crowd passes along the old *Via Sacra* of the Romans, to the *Via Tor di Specchi*, to visit a convent founded by St. Frances. The riches and beauty of the chapel of this convent are indescribable. The Sanctuary carpet is of white velvet, with religious emblems in the centre, and the coat-of-arms of the Saint's family (the Pourjiani) on either side in brilliant colors. This carpet is entirely made with the needle, by the ladies of Rome, and when we consider that St. Frances died A. D. 1440, it is a great test of their piety to keep up such work to the present. The walls of the Sanctuary, all around behind the altar, are wainscoted with pure gold, beautifully wrought with scenes from the life of the saint. The buildings of the convent cover considerable ground ; in going through it the eye is constantly delighted with glimpses of inner courts filled with sunshine, where the lemon trees are already showing their golden fruit.

When we entered Rome for the first time it was near the end of February, and our attention was attracted by large posters around the railway station, and at various other places throughout the city, to the effect that :

" On March 17th, the Feast of St. Patrick, the sermon would be preached by the Rev. Father Nugent, of Liverpool, at the church of St. Isadore, of the Irish Franciscans."

Needless to say the 17th found us there, and we had a hard struggle to get inside the door. The church is large, but the crowd on that day was larger than its holding capacity, as every one in Rome who understood the English language desired to hear the learned orator. On leaving the church, at the close of the ceremonies, we found in the outer porch, at the top of the steps, the out-

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going crowd surging around the tall majestic form of Monsignor O'Brien, who presided over a table piled high with shamrocks from the green Isle, which he was distributing to every one who stretched a hand for them.

The Feasts of St. Gregory the Great on the 12th, and of St. Joseph on the 19th, are splendidly celebrated in their respective churches. On the 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation, grand ceremonies take place at all the shrines of Mary, and from their gold and marble domes resounds the "*Ave Gratia Plena*"! rising in a chorus to the highest Heaven, like the sound of many waters.

The days were all too short for the numerous functions crowded into them; the sermons at the different churches were preached by world-renowned speakers. Père Berthier the distinguished Dominican held the pulpit of St. Luigi dei Francesi. (St. Louis of the French). The erudite Prior of the Irish Dominicans was giving a course of sermons at the chapel of the English convent, founded by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Padre Agostino da Montefeltro drew immense numbers to his inspired discourses in the church of San Carlo Borromeo; and so on in all the churches.

On Palm Sunday we went to the Lateran, and received *Olive branches* instead of Palms.

Our enjoyment of the churches and ceremonies seemed almost too much for the penitential season; and when Holy Week came —

" Had I a tongue in eloquence as rich
As is the coloring in fancy's loom;
'Twere all too poor to utter the least part
Of that enchantment,"

(DANTE),

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we attended the morning services at St. Peter's, and the afternoon at the Lateran. On Holy Thursday and Good Friday between the services we go to the *Scala Santa*, which in company with many devout penitents, we climb upon our knees.

On Good Friday, after the devotions at the *Scala Santa*, the pilgrims went their way to the Basilica of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* to adore the relics of Our Lord's Passion. This church was built by St. Helena to

receive the relics which she brought from the Holy Land. We then hasten to the Lateran Basilica for *Tenebrae*, and again hear the marvellous music of the Papal Choir; the *Miserere* —

“ So divine a song that fancy's ear
Records it not; and the pen passeth on
And leaves a blank.”

(DANTE).

During Holy Week Roman ladies wear black, and the sombre effect of the mourning draperies on altars and worshippers, intensified by constant meditation on the tremendous tragedy of Cavalry, fills one insensibly with sadness; not akin to the sadness of worldlings, but rather to that of those blessed mourners who know they will be comforted: a sadness that purifies and elevates the soul, and prepares it for the joy of the Resurrection!



Fifth Annual Report

OF THE

PEOPLE'S EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE.



THE business attendant upon the establishment of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament in New York, has delayed the publication of the itemized report of work accomplished by the Eucharistic League during the year 1900.

Many Local Directors have not yet responded to our request for the items of progress, as this request was forwarded late in January, instead of in December. Many Centres, too, delay their answer in order that their lists may be first correctly revised. But no report that could be published could so impressively evidence the growth of the Eucharistic League as the late foundation of the Church of Perpetual Exposition. Providence at the fitting moment supplied a church and a house for the Fathers of the

Blessed Sacrament, and inspired the generous gift that raised a throne of Glory to the Eucharistic Lord, but to the honor of the people of New York be it said that it was their devoted and persevering love that called forth the Lord from His Tabernacle to abide in their sight forever. The existence of a Cenacle of Perpetual Exposition and the zeal of a community of priests devoted to the service of the Blessed Sacrament will greatly stimulate all eucharistic works. And the attendance of adorers that already overflows this beautiful sanctuary at the daily services, will soon imperatively demand the erection of the more spacious church that is promised for the future. The formation of new centres of the League has, this year, in view of such an important event, been looked upon as a matter of secondary importance, but many developments of interest prove that the spirit of devotion which is the life of the Eucharistic League, is growing deeper and stronger. The increase of men associates and the organization of the Men's Branch separately at the Local Centres was the first notable feature, and rendered it necessary to hold two celebrations of the Feast of Corpus Christi at the Cathedral, on June 14th and 17th, assembling more than 7,000 adorers in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The men's Reunion represented 14 churches and called for more than 4,000 tickets of admission. So large was the attendance and so impressive the spirit of united devotion displayed by the men at their first Reunion that if its promise be fulfilled it would seem scarcely possible to hold a second within the limits of the Cathedral. The devotion of the men, moreover, has led to the formation of a permanent association for Nocturnal Adoration in our city churches during the nights of Holy Thursday and the Forty Hours. This work is under the supervision of a special committee appointed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan. The men of the Local Centres will be united in a general membership from which adorers may be recruited at need for pastors who find a difficulty in obtaining them.

The improved appearance and an increase of circulation of *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* is a feature of the opening year. *The Sentinel* will henceforth be pub-

lished by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, remaining the organ of the community and the Eucharistic League. It will, however, retain the same literary management as before.

The increase of Local Centres in certain cities points out the next step to be the selection of Diocesan Centres as points of union for the Local Associations, as a very necessary step for the proper development of the work, and the appointment of the first Diocesan Centre is already in prospect. The development of a Children's Branch of the Eucharistic League is also in contemplation. We shall occasionally publish reports from our Local Centres during the year, among the Items of Interest.

E. LUMMIS, *President.*

Central Office, 123 East 50th St., New York.

Subject of Adoration.

A VISIT TO JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE. *



WE all believe that the Blessed Sacrament is the true body and blood, soul and divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine, Yes; we all believe it, but — do we realize it?

We can imagine your indignant asseveration, that you do; but have patience and think a little. When you discuss, say, over the breakfast table, some terrible railway accident, earthquake, explosion, or any one of the calamities which sometimes startle us in the morning papers, you doubtless feel great sympathy for the sufferers; and, if the account be in a reliable paper, you *believe* the report of the accident. But do you imagine you have *realized* it?

* From visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle. Rev. F. X. Lasance.

If you could properly picture to yourself the mangled limbs and the agonies of those unfortunate people, crushed past recognition beneath the debris of the express trains, do you imagine you could dismiss the subject from your thoughts at a moment's notice, with a mere "Dear me! how dreadful"?

Why, if in cutting your bread, the knife slipped, and made but a slight wound upon your hand, that insignificant occurrence would make more *real* impression on those present than half-a-dozen accounts of wrecks or of collisions.

So it is with our belief in the Blessed Sacrament: we all believe in it, believe in it without a shadow of a doubt; but we *realize* it so lightly, that hours and days pass by without our thinking of Its Presence in the world. Indeed, many perhaps, who would not dream of missing their Sunday Mass are actuated, if they would but examine themselves, not so much by the desire of coming into the presence of the Holy Eucharist, and of assisting at Its sacrifice, as by mere habit of obedience to the Church, or through fear of becoming guilty of mortal sin by culpable absence. Not that I depreciate for one moment either of these motives — God forbid! *Only*, if we *realized* what we profess to believe, we would require *no* command from the Church to make us hear Mass, and *no* threat of incurring the guilt of sin by failing to do so.

There are many persons who wish they had lived "at the time of Our Lord." Now this is ten thousand times *more* the time of Our Lord, than when He walked the earth in His visible humanity. Then He was corporally present in but one place at a time, and, comparatively speaking, but a small number of men were blessed with the sight of His divine countenance. But *now*, in every place where His word is preached, He Himself abides, not in figure, but in reality. Many of you live quite close to a church; you, perhaps, pass it daily in your walks, or as you go to and from your work. Do you think of it? Do you realize that He Himself is there, as truly Present as He was present in the Holy Land nineteen centuries ago? Do you realize that the same pierced hands are waiting there to bless you, the same gentle eyes to gaze upon you,

and that the same adorable heart is calling you, loving you, waiting for you to give it some little sign of love or at least recognition — if nothing more than a genuflection?

Oh! do you think that if Catholics realized what they believe, it would be possible to go into a church at *any* hour and find it empty? Do you think that people — aye, and good people, too, who go regularly to their duties, and perhaps, hear Mass daily — could pass and re-pass churches without seeing or feeling the necessity of entering, even if only for a moment?

Again, others, after five minutes' prayer, seem to find nothing to say, and if they have not come provided with some book of devotions are at a loss what to do, and what to think about. Now, supposing you *had* lived centuries ago, and by some happy chance, had dwelt near the holy house at Nazareth: if our dear Lord had given you permission to go in and speak to Him as often as you wished, would you not have found *something to say*?

Would you not have wished to discuss with Him every daily joy and sorrow, to seek His sympathy in every disappointment or contradiction. Would you not have entered sometimes to thank Him for gladdening the earth with His Presence, to acknowledge His kindness, to beg some gift, or to ask a blessing on yourself and others? And if any one insulted or denied Him in your hearing would it not be an occasion for you to hasten and assure Him that you, at least, would always show Him love and veneration? Even supposing that at times you *had* nothing to say, would you not still have loved to enter, and to stay near Him, blessed by the mere fact of His sacred Presence?

Alas! people will cheerfully undergo endless pains and fatigues in making pilgrimages to holy relics and holy places, and yet they will not turn down the next street in order to visit Him from whom both relics and places derive their holiness!

Truly we "have eyes and we cannot see, ears and we cannot hear." I am afraid we have also understanding and we cannot understand!

Perhaps you will object to me that in His sacramental

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life our Lord does not speak to and console you as He would have done in His home at Nazareth?

Your very objection proves how little knowledge and experience you have of the Holy Eucharist. God Himself has said, "come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you : and none can go to the Blessed Sacrament with faith, with earnestness, and, above all with love, without experiencing the infallibility of that divine promise. Go to the altar when you are in grief, and at the feet of Jesus you will find resignation, if not consolation ; go to the Blessed Sacrament when you are beset with worries, doubts and discouragements, and in the silence of the Sanctuary you will remember that a faithful friend is near you, one Who has said, " Behold ! I am with you *all days*, even to the consummation of the world." Go to the Holy Eucharist simply out of love ; and oh ! with what divine peace will your hidden God repay you, filling your soul to overflowing with the sense of His awful, yet most gentle Presence. Even if to try your faith and affection He occasionally withdraw all sensible consolation, so that you find yourself filled with distractions, and apparently deprived of all devotion, why should you fear? He is none the less there because He does not see fit to speak to you. Say to Him, in the words of the saintly Father Eymard, the apostle of the Blessed Sacrament : O my God, when I loved Thee with tenderness I was very happy ; now, my heart is cold and desolate . . . Well, I will love Thee more than the sweetness of Thy love ! Does my heart tell me I do not love Thee ? I will love Thee in spite of my heart — with my will ! "

Oh, if we only learned to realize that the Blessed Sacrament *is our God*, what a sense of joy and *protection* would enter into our lonely lives ! God living here *with* me : God living here *for* me. We would haunt our altars at every untoward circumstance, at every grief and trial that crossed our path. Instead of which I have seen good, pious Catholics, who when oppressed with sorrow, have shut themselves up for days, considering that the bitterness of their woe dispensed them from their daily Mass and visit ! Poor souls ! How little they know Our Lord,

to think that, because they are unable to go through their usual prayers and devotion, it is useless to come in before Him! They would not have acted thus in what they are pleased to call "the time of Our Lord." They would have known that the mere sight of their tears was prayer enough for Him. God, the eternal, immutable God, is the same *now* as *then*, and now, as then, he never sees His children weeping in His presence, without being moved to compassion.

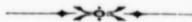
Finish these considerations with some practical little resolutions.

First, then, let us resolve never to pass by or near a church without entering it. If we have plenty of time surely we need not grudge Our Lord a few moments, while we make a quiet little act of adoration at His feet. If we are pressed for time, let us still enter, if only to make a genuflection and hurry out again. For, even if we do not say one word with either heart or lips, what does that genuflection mean? It is *in itself* an act of faith, and a proof of love: an act of faith, because by that reverent bending of the knee we acknowledge the divine Presence; a proof of love, for surely, if we were indifferent to that Presence, we would not have troubled to come in and pay It homage.

And, supposing time does not permit of even a moment's visit, let us at least salute our Master in our hearts, and not be ashamed to acknowledge Him as we pass His door, reverently raising our hats, or quietly making the sign of the cross — Protestant smiles and astonishment notwithstanding.

Above all, let us always remember that every time we set foot in a church where the Blessed Sacrament is kept God does us an immense favor and condescension in allowing us to enter His Presence; and let us beware of that feeling which sometimes creeps into our hearts (after, say, turning a *good bit* out of our way to visit the Blessed Sacrament) a feeling that we have been very good indeed, and that, in fact, our Lord ought to be grateful for the trouble we have taken, and the attention we have paid Him!

Adoremus in aeternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum!



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The Box of Precious Ointment.

HOMO.

IT was but two days before the Pasch ; and Jesus sat at table in Bethania at the house of Simon the Leper. The meal was a silent one, for over the Saviour hung the darkness of rapidly-approaching violent death, and over the Twelve, weak in faith and as yet bewildered by the announcement that the Son of Man would be delivered up to be crucified, reigned an undefined and therefore all the more demoralizing, horror of the future. Truly the shadow of Death enveloped all that company, benumbing the frail, unnerving the strong, and Jesus, the Master, the Teacher, already drooping under the Agony of Gethsemane and the Abandonment of the Cross, had no words except those of warning, of entreaty, of solemn, awful command, to bestow upon His wavering disciples.

Then into that brooding group at the table, there glided a woman, more famous to-day for repentance, than ever she was infamous in sin—Magdalen bearing an alabaster box of precious ointment. She made no explanation, no apology, no excuse ; straight to the Master she went, and poured the ointment upon His head.

There was a rustle amongst the dispirited disciples, frowns spread from face to face, a murmur of disapprobation finding articulate expression at last in the severe and indignant words :

“To what purpose is this waste ?”

The ignorant, unworthy question, perhaps no sooner uttered than regretted, was immediately qualified by a palliating explanation :

“For this might have been sold for much and given to the poor.”

The poverty of the apostles, the despondency of the existing situation, the suddenness of Magdalen's appearance, probably all contributed to the nervous irritability,

the quick resentment, which assailed her act of unreckoning love.

Magdalen did not answer ; the divinely calm words of the Incarnate God stilled the rebuke of His creatures.

"Why do you trouble this woman? For she hath wrought a good work upon me. . . . Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done, shall be told for a memory of her."

Even so, Lord Jesus.

The Perfect Wisdom did not consider the pouring of the ointment a waste, nor did He leave the apostles without censure. Magdalen's act was acceptable to Christ and pleased Him, although the mercenary said it might have "been sold for much."

In our own time, under our own conditions, there are countless good people who would have joined the apostles in their reproof to Magdalen. Substantially the cry has never ceased through two thousand years ; the offering of wealth and service to the Personality of Jesus remains an unforgivable and incomprehensible "waste" to the multitude. Why put gold and lace and jewels upon the altar where the Blessed Sacrament abides? There are hungry to be fed, naked to be clothed, erring to be assisted into better ways of life. Help, give, assist, lift up—and still forget not Magdalen's box of precious ointment. Remember, too, that without the Altar, which was the inspiration of Art and Music in earlier days, much which we have that is exquisite and soul-uplifting, would not exist. It was the faith which understood that nothing was too precious for the adornment and perfection of Christ's earthly dwelling-place, that created for us the paintings, the architecture, the entralling music of our cathedrals. The house where God lives, the tabernacle wherein the Divinity lies captive, the linen which touches Him, the ciborium which holds Him, the candles which exhaust themselves to do Him honor—possibly, also, to recall one wandering thoughts to the fact that He is Present—the flowers which yield up their pure incense before Him. Is it nothing to furnish these? Not everyone can bestow a chalice, nor costly lace, nor a jeweled monstrance ; but how many can give a candle, a flower,

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perhaps even the loving service of a voice to sing the Benediction music! And all, without one exception, can give a prayer.

In Europe, the peasants, going to and from work in the fields, gather the wild-flowers and make of them most beautiful bouquets, which they place upon the Feet of Jesus upon this wayside crucifixes. If they find fresh flowers already placed, they proceed with theirs till they reach a crucifix upon which the blossoms have faded; these withered ones they remove with reverence, leaving the new ones instead. The act of simple devotion towards only the image of the Saviour, is an excellent object-lesson to those of less poetic and vivid faith. The whole world will be much better when all Catholics attain a more personal love for Him they call, it is to be feared, rather lightly and half-heartedly, "Saviour." Where is this Saviour?—Hush!—He is so near, so easy to be approached. Whose Saviour is He?—Yours.—Were you the only creature in the universe, still Saviour, and for you; your assistance now, your only salvation at the hour of your death. Kneel—there where the lights and flowers are—Pray—Ask Him what you can do for Him, what ointment you can pour out because you love Him; then offer your gift whatever it be, in the full confidence that if love and contrition have prompted it, the Sacred Heart will not condemn it as a "waste."

And they who exclaim against the beautifying of our sanctuaries, who talk so practically about the innumerable charities which should come first—how much do they do for these various laudable works? In many cases a zero justly stands for all their help and active interest. Those who love Jesus find every Christian charity beautiful and admirable, and those who love Jesus in a deep and personal fashion, do not find that the care and service lavished upon His altar, are a "waste." No court can be sufficiently beautiful for this King of Kings; no adoration of human souls can be adequate for this Lord of Lords.

But the spirit befitting the gift must never be wanting. When Jesus taught the multitudes in the Sermon on the Mount, He told us plainly that peace with all men must

be in the hearts of those who go with their gifts to His altar: "If therefore thou offer thy gift at the altar and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee; leave there thy offering before the altar and go first to be reconciled to thy brother: and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift." The admonition is unfortunately as necessary and timely to-day as when Christ spoke it. Two thousand years of Christianity have left human souls still imperfect enough to yield readily to rancor, to petty spite or serious revenge. None of these assimilate with the ointment which pleased Jesus. We have His own words to confound us if we dare approach Him with anger in our hearts. When, upon the day of her repentance, He bade Magdalen "Go in peace," she left not only at peace with God, but at peace with the whole world as well. The realization of her own transgressions produced a humility so complete, that no anger towards a fellow-being could ever enter her heart again. This is the kind of humility which will make our gifts acceptable, which will glorify the simplest into something magnificent in the sight of God. The angels of heaven rejoice when the Sacramental Jesus of our altars, leaves his jeweled chalice to enter the loving humble heart of even the most insignificant of His children, while no gladness of either earth or heaven will greet the gifts of the angry and unforgiving, though all the wealth of the universe were theirs to bestow. Pardoning all, at the altar Jesus teaches the soul to go farther—to even love all; and the charity enkindled by His Presence and by our service to that Personal Presence, will finally bring us in the best way to the charity which helps His creatures; the poor, the sick, the hungry, the criminal. We do not forget to seek them because we sought Jesus first. Rather has our devotion to Him inspired and strengthened us to do the work He did upon earth.

Our precious ointment, offered to Jesus, has somehow returned to our own souls; it is the balm of His benediction.



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Items of Interest.

The NEW YORK CITY Centres of the Eucharistic League are :
The Cathedral, St. Jean Baptiste's, St. Stephen's, St. Francis Xavier's, Holy Name, St. Gabriel's, Ascension, St. Vincent de Paul's, Convent Sacred Heart, Madison Ave., St. Vincent Ferrer's, St. Teresa's, St. Anthony's Holy Rosary.

BROOKLYN : St. Agnes, St. Augustine, Our Lady of Lourdes, St. J. F. de Chantal. Suburban : St. Patrick's, Huntington, L. I., Holy Trinity, Mamaroneck, N. Y., St. Gabriel's, New Rochelle, St. Henry's, Bayonne, N. J., St. Brigid's Church, Westbury Station.

PHILADELPHIA : St. Patrick's, St. Dominic's Holmesburg, St. John Baptist, Manayunk.

CINCINNATI : Tabernacle Society, E. Walnut Hills, St. Lawrence, Price Hill, St. Stephen, Station C, Immaculate Conception.

WASHINGTON : St. Patricks' Church.

BOSTON : Convent Sacred Heart, St..... Columbus Road, Dorchester Dist.

PITTSBURG : Carmelite Church.

CHICAGO : Holy Trinity.

NEW ORLEANS : St. Vincent de Paul's Church.

ST. PAUL, MINN. : St. Vincent's Church, ARGYLE St..... Church.

UTICA : St. John's Church.

ALLEGHANY, PA. : St. Peter's Church.

PADUA, O. : St. Anthony's Church.

TOLEDO, O. : St. Joseph's Church.

EGYPT, O. : Convent of the Precious Blood.

DAYTON, O. : St John's Church.

WILLIMANSETT, MASS. : Church of the Nativity.

MANCHESTER, N. H. : The Cathedral.

LANSING, MICH. : St. Mary's Church.

MARQUETTE, MICH. : Cathedral, ST. ANDREW'S Church, Minn.

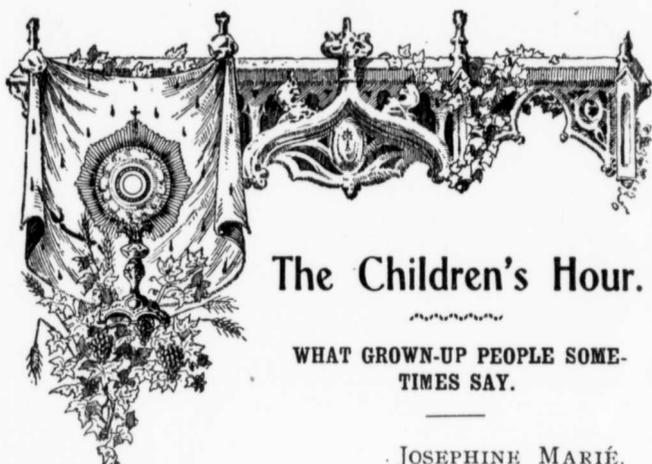
MOUNT VERNON, IND. : St. Matthew's Church.

OMAHA, NEB. : Sacred Heart Church.

SOUTH OMAHA : St. Agnes Church.

TACOMA : Washington, St.....Church.

A number of other centres have applied for information, and presumably introduced the work, but have not sent notice of it. Others have introduced the Hour of Adoration weekly, but have not yet formally joined the League. Isolated bands have also been formed as a nucleus of new centres in various parts of the country.



The Children's Hour.

WHAT GROWN-UP PEOPLE SOMETIMES SAY.

JOSEPHINE MARIÉ.

DEAR CHILDREN,

GROWN-UP people sometimes say that Lent is not for children. Children are "too young to do hard things", nor can they "think very much". But grown-up people who speak so do not understand the little ones.

The Holy Book tells us that "as the twig is bent, the tree shall be." If in early years habits of self-denial and self control are acquired the character will be firm when childhood passes away. Our Lord himself says that if we are "faithful in little things we will be so in greater."

Children cannot say long prayers. They would get tired even if they knew how to do so. But what little child cannot say each day, "Dear Lord, I thank you for dying for me! Dear Jesus, I am sorry you suffered so much pain"! I know a bright-eyed romping little girl whom we nickname "*Mischief*." She is only seven, but she likes to make the Stations of the Cross. She goes from one picture to another and thinks for one minute what each one means. "I would rather die myself than have our Lord die," she once said very slowly and thoughtfully.

A wee child, eight years of age, — Eva we shall call her — went to a luncheon party in Lent. There were about ten boys and girls of her own age at table; and you

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may imagine how gay they were. Such laughter, so many jokes, and oh! such candies! Nut-candies, you know, covered with chocolate; cream-candies sugared in pink and white. But when they were passed to Eva she said: "no, thank you". "Why, my dear little girl," exclaimed the kind hostess, "will you not take some candies"? "No, thank you". And when again urged, she said simply, "*It is Lent, you know.*" The merriest little heart of all remembered in the midst of all the fun that Someone on a rough cross would not take even a drop of water to quench His thirst.

And boys — can they not also do hard things? Indeed they can. A boy who is so fond of reading that it seems almost cruel to bid him put a book aside even at bedtime, often forces himself to stop reading five whole minutes before he must.

That boy will not be a coward when the time comes for him to fight real temptations, however great. I know of a little fellow who disliked a schoolmate but who made up his mind not to quarrel once with him all during Lent. It did cost an effort to say "Hallo," good-naturedly, instead of greeting him with an unexpected thump, his former mode of salutation, but at the end of the six weeks he found it made him "lots gladder," to be nice to some one he did not like for Jesus' sweet sake, that he kept it up afterwards for his own.

So you see, grown-up people are much mistaken when they say that children do not think very much and cannot do hard things for their dear Saviour to whom the little ones of His flock are so precious. At Easter, when angels offer Jesus the Lenten prayers and mortifications of His Redeemed, the gifts that bring the tenderest smile to the Face divine, grief-stained once upon the cross, but shining now with glory unspeakable, are the brave little acts of self-denial which the little lambs of His fold have given Him; — His dew-drops in the garden of His Church that quench with their fresh sweetness the thirst of His Sacred Heart, caused by grown-up people, who more frequently than children, alas! forget Him.

MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART.

(Continued.)

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III

"I am far from complaining of Miss Nancy," was always Trimmer's opening when she *was* complaining of her. She even went so far sometimes as to say that she was a good child ; but this, of course, behind her back, lest Miss Nancy should become uplifted. Miss Nancy *was* a good child ; but the best of children will sometimes do the most unaccountable things, and who could have foreseen such an outbreak as the call she paid at the rectory ? It could not have been called disobedience, for the simple reason that it would never have occurred to any one to forbid such an impossible thing.

Miss Nancy herself acted from a perhaps mistaken but deeply grave sense of propriety. The rector had said, "I have come to see you ; now you must come to see me," and Miss Nancy had said that she would, and a promise is a promise. She did not entirely like the thought of going alone, but she had waited a whole week, and neither daddy, nor Aunt Norreys, nor Trimmer showed any sign of going, and what was to be done ?

So Miss Nancy went upstairs one afternoon with all the serious calm of perfect unconsciousness. She put on her boots (sitting down on the floor to achieve the act, as one does at ten years old) and washed her face and hands, and feeling that the occasion demanded an effort, laboriously buttoned herself into that very best bottle-green coat so peculiarly hated by her, which was therefore very conscientious behavior on Miss Nancy's part, when she might have chosen her old red cloak. Her best bonnet was out of reach, but she hoped the rector

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would excuse her everyday one. Then she went quietly and gravely downstairs, and set out to pay her call, far too much in earnest to remember that the drive was well commanded by Aunt Norreys' favorite window of the white panelled drawing-room.

Miss Nancy's heart beat fast as she opened the rectory gate, for she was by no means a fearless child ; but courage is a higher quality than fearlessness, and she inherited from the squire a kind of silent endurance which could be made to serve as courage. A straight walk ran up to the house between wide flower-borders, with a hedge on either hand. There were daffodils nodding all the way up the borders, and in the orchard hedge was an almond-tree in bloom, pink against the blue sky. There in the walk stood the rector himself, with one hand under his coat-tails, and the other waving gently in the air. He was speaking aloud, and Miss Nancy thought at first that he must be talking to some one over the hedge ; but as she came up the walk, she found that he was looking up at the almond-tree, and reciting with much earnest declamation of a quaint, deliberate, gone-by style—

“ Plant, Lorde, in me, the tree of godly lyfe,
Hedge me about with Thy strong fence of faith ;
If Thee it please, use eke Thy pruning-knife,
Lest that, O Lorde ! as a good gardiner saith—
If suckers draw the sappe from bowes on hie,
Perhaps in tyme the top of tree may die.
Let, Lorde ! this tree be set within Thy garden-wall
Of Paradise, where grows no one ill sprig at all.”

Miss Nancy had been taught that it was rude to interrupt her elders, and she believed it would probably be also wicked to interrupt what sounded like a hymn, so she stood and waited until the rector had come to an end, and then advanced another shy step. The rector turned round and saw her.

“ Dear me,” he said, putting on his spectacles, “ is this little Miss Nancy ? ”

“ Yes, thank you,” said Miss Nancy ; “ and I have come to call on you now.” Miss Nancy, though a very simple child, was not a dull one, and there would have

been a cruel awakening for her if the rector had even only smiled at that moment, as she stood looking up in his face. But the rector was almost as simple as Miss Nancy herself.

"You do me great honor," he said, and taking off his hat, made such a slow, deep bow, as was an admiration to behold. Miss Nancy bowed likewise, her coat pinning her too tightly to admit of any courtesy. "Will you come into my house and rest a little?" said the rector.

"I should like to stay in your garden, if you please," replied Miss Nancy, not feeling that she strictly required a rest.

"By all means," said the rector. "Let us go and look how the tulips are coming on."

"Yes, I should like that. I have not been in this garden before," said Miss Nancy, to whom the rector's predecessor had been rather a formidable personage. This rector was different from the first, and Miss Nancy slipped her hand into his from force of habit. The squire was quite accustomed to it, but possibly the rector was not. He did not speak for a moment, but stood looking down at Miss Nancy, and when he did speak, it was to say something quite unexpected.

"God bless you, my little maid! you are very like your mother."

"No," said Miss Nancy, seriously; "Trimmer says I have not got any of her manners, and never shall have any of her looks. Then did you know her?"

"Yes, I knew her," said the rector.

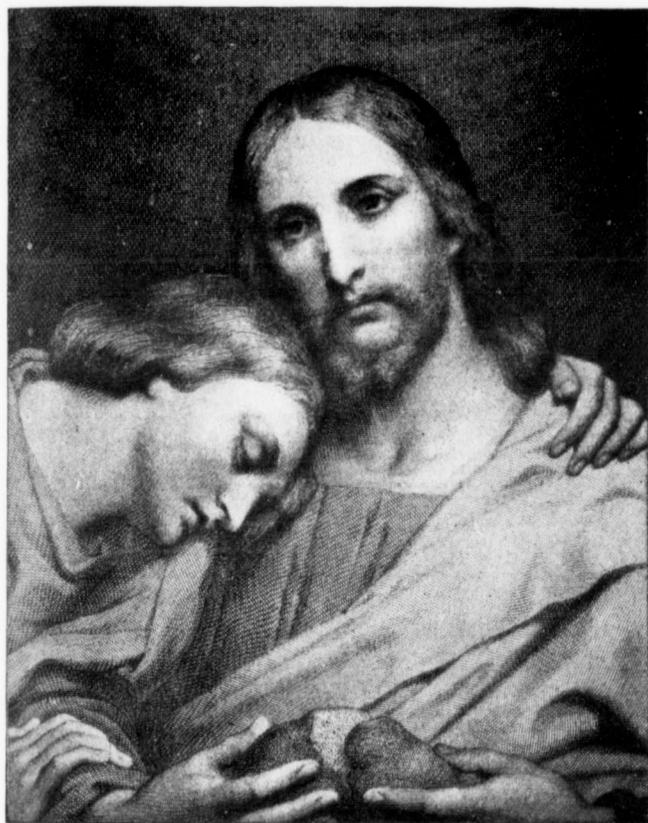
"And didn't you love her?"

"I did, my little maid."

"Yes, everybody did, because she was so good. Trimmer says I never shall be like her, so it is no use. Did you know her quite well?"

They had reached the end of the walk before the rector answered. "She did not know me very well. I was much older than she was, you see."

(To be continued.)



» CHRIST & St JOHN «

After the painting of Ary Scheffer.

