



SUGH IS MY LOVE !

After a painting of E. Collier.

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The Divine Raphael.*

JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, OUR GUIDE IN THE
PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

R. P. TESNIÈRE.

Translated by Miss E. LUMMIS.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

- I. Meaning, in general, of the story of Tobias ; typifying Jesus Christ under the form of Guide and Companion of man in his journey from earth to heaven. Character of the elder Tobias, his counsels and their application in our own day.
- II. The reason of Tobias' intended journey : the End of the great Journey of Life. A guide is necessary, but a sure and certain guide.
- III. Meeting of Raphael and Tobias. The meeting of Jesus with the soul at the outset of life, on the day of First Communion.

I



HE Archangel Raphael, in the beautiful story of Tobias, is a type of Our Lord Jesus Christ under one of His most tender and gracious aspects, that of Guide and Companion to man on the road of Life, the road that leads indeed to the heavenly country, but the length and danger of which calls imperatively for the assistance and protection of a celestial guide. The name of Raphael given to the angel, his words, his actions, all typify the Saviour, the First

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Pilgrim, the pioneer traveller of earth, Who descended from Heaven to come to the aid of man. Having been his companion in mortal guise during His Human life, the divine Raphael accompanies him still under the form of the Blessed Sacrament, to point out to him the road to Heaven, to lessen the fatigue of the journey and to guard him from the perils of the way. And the loving and tender guidance of Jesus will never fail, but will endure until the end of time, until the last pilgrim in this valley of tears shall have crossed its boundaries of shadow and entered into the eternal Home. It is difficult to divide the story of Tobias into distinct parts. We will, therefore, relate it in detail, pausing at each important incident, where the radiant likeness of Jesus shines through the features of the Archangel. Such is indeed the intention of the heavenly messenger. "Thank God", he says, when Tobias falls at his feet overcome with gratitude; "It is He to Whom praise is due. I am but His shadow and the instrument of His will, and thy praise should rise to Him alone." *Ipsium benedicite et cantate illi.*

Nevertheless, to impress upon our readers the comparison between this mission of Raphael and the loving and tender mission of Jesus we bid them notice:

- 1st. The connection between the journey of Tobias, undertaken to secure an earthly treasure of which he is the rightful heir, and the Journey of Life, the end of which is the acquisition of the treasure of eternal felicity;
- 2nd. How necessary it is for us, as it was for Tobias, to have a faithful guide, and how Jesus, far more truly than Raphael, is the Guide we need.

One must notice also, in the course of the story, how manifest it is that the graces accorded to Tobias by his celestial companion are far inferior to those we receive from Jesus in the course of our lives, if we abandon ourselves to His guidance and follow Him perseveringly to the end. The conclusion is evident, that if a guide on the journey of life is imperatively necessary, and if Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is above all others the most tender, most loving, most devoted, most powerful of guides, the Guide who sends us all other helpers, the Guide who can never be deceived Himself, nor lead us astray, the Guide

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to whom one must perforce confide himself in the end, let us choose this divine Raphael without hesitation, let us keep close to His side, let us undertake nothing without consulting Him, let us carry on nothing without His concurrence, and give to Him with unbounded confidence and childlike trust the direction of our lives.

The character of the elder Tobias is a very wise and saintly one. Fidelity to the law of God, even in exile, charity carried to a heroic degree, patience in trial, are its notable features and form a combination of virtues that compels our admiration. One is specially impressed by his wisdom and care in the education of his only son, who bears his name and inherits his virtues.— The Scripture tells us of the early training of this dearly loved child, in a few words which parents of our own day might well lay to heart. For above all learning and the graceful arts that would win for the child the admiration of friends and acquaintances and which we may be sure were not neglected, the father set the spiritual training of his little son. "*From his childhood,*" says Holy Scripture, "*he learned to fear God and to keep from sin.*" *Quem ab infantia timere Dominum docuit et abstinere ab omni peccato.* One cannot read without emotion the wise counsels of this loving father, when feeble, blind and old, he deems himself about to part with his son forever. In the testament of his wisdom and paternal love, are summed up the principles upon which he had formed the character of the child, now grown to early manhood and ready to face the dangers of the world for the first time.

"Listen to my words, my son," he says to the young Tobias, and lay them as a foundation in thy heart. When God has taken my soul, do thou bury my body; and thou shalt honor thy mother all the days of her life, being mindful of the perils she hath endured for thee. All the days of thy life have God in thy mind. Take heed thou never consent to sin, nor transgress the commandments of the Lord. Give alms according to thy ability, and turn not away thy face from the poor. Keep thyself pure in heart and suffer not pride to dominate thee in word or action. Ask counsel of the wise. Bless God at all times and beg Him to direct all thy ways and all thy

counsels, and let thy undertakings abide in Him." What an admirable rule of life ! And these counsels are not given to a pious young girl ; it is for an ardent youth of about twenty years of age that the good old man traces this line of conduct. He wishes his son to be a just and upright man, charitable to all, and humble in seeking advice of those who are capable of directing him. But above all, he wishes him to be a man of prayer, faithful to consult God in all things, to seek His light and His will in all undertakings and to dwell in Him habitually in spirit. This surely is not mysticism ! These principles have made of Tobias a model young man, who will become a pleasing and acceptable husband, an honored citizen ; the consolation of his parents and the glory of their name.

Would to God that all those to whom he has confided the responsibility of christian paternity were animated by such sentiments as was this wise and saintly father of Tobias. How much sorrow would they spare themselves in after years, and how many degenerate sons who are the curse of honored homes would become instead the consolation of their parents' old age !

From temporal motives alone it is to our interest to recommend our undertakings to God and to give Him an important part in the issues of our lives. The example of Tobias proves it, for the sequel shows how divine goodness miraculously assisted him by means of an angel, when God might have come to his aid in many natural ways. He is indeed rich in mercy, and those who invoke Him faithfully and perseveringly and place all their confidence in Him may rest assured that the God Who so loved His own as to send them His Divine Son for the deliverance of their souls, will not disdain to provide for their temporal needs, and would rather send them an angel of light than leave them helpless in their distress.

II

The venerable father of Tobias had some years before loaned a large sum of money, amounting to ten talents of silver, to a kinsman named Gabelus, who dwelt in Rages,

a city of Media. He now desired to collect this money, which he relied upon as the future inheritance of his son.

But Rages was far distant. From Assyria to the centre of Media was a long and difficult journey. To send forth a young man, alone, on such an expedition, was scarcely prudent. A suitable travelling companion must be found for his son, who knew not indeed the road to the city where Gabelus dwelt. The young Tobias replied cheerfully to his father's overtures on the subject. He readily acquiesced and would leave immediately if his father so desired. "*Omnia quaecumque præcipisti mihi faciam, pater.*" Said Tobias the elder: "Go seek a companion for the journey, a guide, but a man of honor in word and deed, who will be faithful to thee in every emergency, and will seek thy interest as his own." Do we not already see the reality through the figure? We, too, have credit in the bank of Heaven, a note signed by God Himself in holy baptism, that He will honor when we present it to Him. Heaven itself is the treasure that we must acquire if we would ensure our future happiness. But we must present the note, and however great was the distance from Ninive to Rages, what, alas! is it in comparison with our distance from Heaven! "Life is a journey:" says Holy Writ, a pilgrimage indeed, in a land of exile, and the road is long and wearisome. It is the lot of all who sinned in Adam. We have lost the paternal heritage and are far from our Father's house. "*Peregrinamur a Domino.* Let us journey to the Lord," says the apostle; for though we see Him still by faith it is not the clear vision of His face, but rather a sort of twilight perception that makes us only realize how far away we are. Thus we journey to the land of Vision, having here no lasting dwelling, unfolding our tents for the night and folding them again at daybreak to travel on once more.

O wearisome journey! We are heavy laden, our steps are encumbered with the weight we carry and we are prone to fall.

St Bernard understands it. *Peregrinamur a Domino.* "To journey far from God, he says, is difficult enough, but we are laden with this body of sin, the weight of which fatigues and encumbers us unceasingly."

But the road,— is it open and easy to travel? Is there protection against robbers who infest the way? Is it guarded by barriers when the way is precipitous? Is it always clearly defined, — is there but one road and may we never mistake it? “The way is narrow,” Christ Himself tells us, “and few there are who find it.” It is long, very long, and full of dangers. What more? “It is winding, rough and slippery,” says Lactance; — *Ardua et clivosa*. A false step and we are lost in some chasm, or dash our foot against a stone and fall, with bruised hands and feet. Sometimes great rocks bar our way, or tangled thorns beset us.

And yet, however difficult, the journey must be undertaken. We must travel this rugged road. For only at the end, if we tread it bravely and perseveringly, will we obtain the payment of our heavenly inheritance. How natural is it that the soul, standing on the verge of this great wilderness without visible horizon, that we call Life, should cry out like the young Tobias: “But I do not know the road that leads to Rages.”!

Are there guides waiting to conduct us? Aye, surely, many guides. We find them crowding about us as they crowd about the entrance to some difficult pass in the mountains. They are importunate. “Come here,” “Come there”, “This way is the shortest”, “This way is the best”. “I will charge you less than the others, take me”! False guides, lying guides, self seeking guides! The voice of the world, the voice of pride, the voice of pleasure. All seek to guide us, “to guide only to deceive”, says St. Augustine. They are robbers and thieves who seek only our ruin.

Beware! What is the warning of the Master? “All those who call themselves the shepherds of the sheep are not, but only wolves in sheep’s clothing. And they seek the sheep only to kill and destroy them. *If therefore, they say to you: ‘Come here’, ‘Come there’, hear them not*”. What must we do? *Seek a faithful guide*. There must be one, surely! Let us seek him, and that we may find, let us pray, and ask him of God. It was thus that the good Tobias advised his son. “*Submit thy desires, thy needs and thy undertakings to God, that they may begin by*

Him and end in Him." This faithful guide is then *Jesus*, Jesus Himself, who walks before us and with us. *Virum fidelem.* "The Man of good faith," who will take our interest to heart.

But as the figure, in every detail, abounds in beautiful comparisons, let us take up again the story of the Scripture and see how Tobias met the longed for guide, and how happy and successful was the journey made under his direction.

III

Tunc egressus Tobias invenit juvenem splendidum, stantum præcinctum, et quasi paratum ad ambulandum.

Scarcely has Tobias left his father's dwelling ere he encounters a youth in the strength and beauty of early manhood, whose clear and limpid glance, full of candor and sincerity, seems to impel his confidence at once. *Juvenem splendidum.* He stands waiting, with garments girt about him in the manner customary with travellers, from which Tobias infers that he is about to start on a journey. Oh! if this young man were but going in the direction of Rages! What security in his guidance and what happiness to travel in his company! So muses Tobias, and with a beating heart, he greets him. Listen to the conversation of the two young men, so touching in its *naïve* simplicity, and so impressive, when we know that the one who offers to serve this timid youth is one of the angels of God.

Ignorant of the fact that he was addressing a prince of the heavenly court, Tobias saluted and questioned him.

"Happy ignorance," says St. Augustine; "and pleasing to the angel, who would remain unknown in order that his questioner might not be intimidated, else he would never have dared to ask of him a service ordinarily required of hirelings. "Good young man" said Tobias, "Whence art thou, and of what nation and family?"

"I am," replied the angel, "like thyself, a son of Israel, and thy countryman." A reply full of delicate condescension, which permits Tobias to enquire further.

Did the angel speak truly? Yes, he was a son of Israel, because he had taken that form, and must to fulfill his mission, act in all things as a man. He is truly a son of Israel, the Great Prophet, the Lord Himself, Whom he knoweth well and in the glory of Whose Face he dwells forever. Later, when he is under the roof of the elder Tobias, he is more explicit, and gives his personal name. "I am Azarias, son of the great Ananias." "A son of the great Ananias," replies Tobias, "truly, thou art of distinguished birth."

Azarias, then, is the name of this traveller, this celestial servitor. It is a name full of mysterious meaning, and indicates the future mission of the Archangel. Azarias means helper, defender, deputy from God: *auxilium Dei*. It indicates the happy one, the blest of God, the treasure, the enricher of God. Interpreters of the Scripture find in it all these meanings. And when we remember all that Raphael was to Tobias, we are forced to exclaim: "Thou art truly the protector and defender, the extraordinary benefactor of this youth, the joy and happiness of his family, o celestial Azarias, son of the great Ananias! that is, the son of goodness and mercy: *Ananias, id est, gratia Dei, donum, miseratio Dei*. Encouraged by the words of the angel, which accorded so well with his gracious expression, Tobias put to him the question which led to the meeting: "Dost thou know the way to Media"?

The angel replies: "Truly, I know it well. Not only do I know the common road but I know all the roads thereto. I have often trodden them." He seems to imply that his occupation is to travel along these roads, that he is a guide by trade. But this is not all. Before Tobias has even hinted at the object of his intended journey, the angel forestalls him. "Not only do I know Media and all the roads thereto, but I know Rages, and in Rages, Gabelus. I know him well, he is my friend, my kinsman, I have abode with him." *Et mansi apud Gabelum fratrem nostrum qui moratur in Rages.*

The young Tobias is amazed, delighted. He runs to tell this wonderful piece of news to his father. He brings in the youth, and the old man asks if he will undertake to conduct his son to Media. "I will give thee a just and generous recompense." The amiable guide consents without hesitation. "I will conduct him there and will bring him back to thee safely."

The necessary preparations are soon made; not much is needed: a staff, a few articles of clothing, the scrip of a pilgrim, a few provisions. *Tunc paravit quæ erant in via portanda.*

They part with the kind old man. Tobias embraces his mother with tears, and the benediction of the father follows them: "A pleasant journey, God be with you and may his holy angel accompany you!" How beautiful and striking in every circumstance of the touching story of old are the truths that shine through the narration as light through transparent crystal! This young Tobias, who leaves the paternal roof for the first time, to go out into the world, is a figure of the child who emerges from the shelter of infantile innocence to live his own personal life. The exercise of reason, which about the age of seven years has been manifested by the judgments of conscience, and the just consideration of natural phenomena, shows him to be capable of serious resolutions. He is at 12 years of age, already a little man, and this he is made to realize, not to give him him a sense of importance, but that he may comprehend his personal responsibility towards God. Life for him has begun in earnest, he has started out on the great journey where, as we have seen, a guide is so indispensable. And this guide is forthcoming, — it is Jesus, Jesus, Who awaits the child at the threshold of his mature existence.

I recall your most cherished reminiscences.

Did you not see in the morning of your life, on the day of your First Communion, this beautiful young man, radiant with virtue, life and grace, fair as the morning and resplendent as the shining rays of the summer sun! "*Juvenem splendidum!* When the Sacred Host of your First Communion was held up before your ravished eyes

was It not radiant and glorious with celestial light? Oh,

surely, for it was Jesus, the Son of God, the Splendor of the Father, Jesus the glory of His Face, Jesus the shining radiance of His immortal beauty.

It was Jesus, the Son of Mary, in His virginal loveliness, mild and gentle as the Lamb without spot. Around the Host of that blest day above all others, shone the nimbus of all the graces, the glories of the Babe of Bethlehem. Upon this happy day the angels sang together in Heaven and the choirs of holy ones upon earth reechoed their song. The joy of the officiating priest shone upon his countenance and the happy tears of your father and mother, the gladness of your little brothers and sisters, added new joy to your own heart, overflowing already. An atmosphere of heavenly peace seemed to surround you. All was happiness on that blest day, for you and yours, on earth and in heaven, and all joys seemed to concentrate in and radiate from the Sacred Host of your First Communion !

Juvenem splendidum ! Jesus is so beautiful to the first communicant that from this happy day date the majority of vocations. Vocation ! It is the spontaneous choice of the soul, the awakening of first love in the springtime of the heart. Jesus is so beautiful that in the glory of His Face all lesser beauty fades away, and grows dim, and our lips and our hearts are given to Him alone, to Him above all others. We are His alone and forever ! It is in the sun of the First Communion that nearly all the flowers of the apostolic life and the life of virginity begin to bloom, those rare and radiant flowers that delight the angels, the rose of apostolic charity and the lily of the priesthood and the religious life. It is in this holy fire that these links of love are forged. It is the day also from which dates our perseverance in the Christian life, and however long our life may be, perseverance looks back to the First Communion as the living Fountain from which it sprang. O happy day ! gloriously marked by the goodness of Jesus, imprinted with the seal of His love ! O heavenly morning, whose sun shall never set ! Thy sky may be covered with clouds, the night may fall, dark and terrible, the flood tide of passion and the slime of sin may overwhelm us and bury us for a time beneath

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its raging waves, yet all is not lost. For there, at the close of life, lingers still upon its horizon a golden glow of hope, and there rises on its desolate shore a beacon of salvation. Turn the gaze of the most hardened sinner backward to the days of youth — to the aurora of the First Communion Day and the tears of penitence will rush forth and confidence and trust in God will fill his heart with saving grace.

(To be continued.)

Items of Interest.

In this month's number of the SENTINEL, appears the first number of a series of symbolical word pictures by Rev. Père Tesnière, on the various types of the Blessed Sacrament. These articles which we hope to issue later in the form of booklets, are specially called to the attention of our readers and all Catholics. The first of the series is the "Divine Raphael", a paraphrase of the story of Tobias, applied to the office of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist as the Guide of souls. This will be followed by a second on the "Holy Viaticum".

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament celebrated on the Feast of the Epiphany, Sunday, January 6th., the anniversary of the First Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament by Père Eymard in their Mother House in Paris. The little church in 76th Street was brilliant with lights and flowers. Rev. Father M. J. Lavelle preached an eloquent sermon which was followed by Benediction. The church was crowded and we notice a constantly increasing attendance at the Benediction on week days.

The Annual Council at the Cathedral, on January 15th, was well attended.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, preached the sermon at the Annual Reunion of the People's Eucharistic League, on January 25th and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Farley officiated at the Solemn Benediction.

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# Ordination.

By a SISTER OF CHARITY.



The final step has been taken,  
 The world cannot claim thee now ;  
 Thou art bound to the Master's service  
 By a solemn and holy vow ;  
 Tenderest ties are broken,  
 Never again to blend.—  
 Here hath a new life opened,  
 Here must the old life end.

In the glory of youth and manhood  
 Low at God's feet they lie ;  
 Over them riseth the chorus,  
 Reaching the far-off sky—  
 " *Ora, ora pro nobis.* "  
 Angels and saints look down—  
 Pray for these brave young soldiers  
 Who seek the eternal crown.


Robed in the sacred vestments,  
 Touching with hallowed hands  
 The chalice of benediction,  
 Lo ! the Anointed stands ;  
 Kissing the pure white altar—  
 Henceforth his only bride—  
 His mission to spread the story  
 Of Christ and Him crucified.

There with the summer sunshine  
 Tinting his robes of gold,  
 Sitteth the newly made pastor,  
 Shepherd within the fold.  
 Now he hath rest ; his labor  
 Of love and of grace is done.  
 " Thou art a priest forever : "  
 The crown of thy life is won !

## ROMAN MEMORIES.

THE POPE.

E. MCAULIFFE.

ALTHOUGH it is now February, and we are celebrating another of Mary's sweet festivals; following her steps into the Temple with her divine Infant and her doves, we cannot detach our minds from the closing ceremonies of the Holy Year! The sublimity of that midnight mass! And the hour of adoration before the sacramental Presence! What unmeasured gratitude should fill our hearts that we have the privilege of living under such a Pontiff! True, he is in chains; but unmindful of the indignities heaped on himself, with unsparing hand he continues to pour out spiritual favors on his children.

Let us transport ourselves in spirit to his own city, and see the beloved *Papa Leone* among his people. My first visit to the Holy Father was at an audience for Italians, composed mostly of priests. Besides these, there were two French ladies, two American ladies and a Roman woman of the poorer class. When the Holy Father entered, we all rose and continued standing. He was seated in his large wheeled chair, which was pushed noiselessly by two servants in scarlet liveries, and followed by a group of cardinals and Monsignori. He stopped in front of each one, saying a few words, and giving his blessing. When he came to the Roman woman she commenced to tell him a long history of her domestic troubles, as composedly as if no one else was present: just as composedly the *Head of the Church* listened to her, without betraying the slightest impatience or annoyance; even though, millionaires might be waiting, the poor woman should have consideration. And much comforted by his soothing words and counsels she seemed when the interview came to an end.

Taking into account the relative positions of the actors in this little scene, it was (to use an Italian expression) *stupendo!*

The next to approach were the American ladies; they knelt at his feet; and evidently, fearful of boring him, seemed inclined to say as little as possible. But our dear Holy Father has the unusual gift of being able to throw himself heart and soul into whatever he has for the moment in hand; and is quite free from that preoccupied air which the great so often assume.

Dropping his own beautiful language, he spoke to the Americans in French, asking many questions, and showing not only interest but affection for the American Church: he asked the elder lady about her family, holding her hand in both of his; and on hearing that the younger was her only child, and that it was at her instance that they came to Rome, solely to obtain for both his blessing, he leaned forward and placing his hand on the girl's head, said: "She shall have a special blessing." He then said a few words to a Cardinal who stood beside him, on which the latter presented to each of the ladies a silver medal enclosed in a handsome case bearing the Papal arms.

We do not sufficiently appreciate the life of abnegation and extraordinary self-repression the Holy Father leads. The following glimpse at his solitary hours I quote from a contemporary writer: (the speakers are a Papal zouave and a friend who find themselves by accident in the Vatican gardens at a time when strangers are not admitted.)

"See," he continued, suddenly taking his companion's arm and forcing him to look down the long alley through the hedges. "There he is, the physician who has in his keeping the remedy for the disease of the soul which afflicts you, as well as for all other diseases. Do not show yourself. They must have forgotten our presence. But look, look! Oh, what a meeting!"

The person who had appeared thus suddenly in the melancholy and deserted garden, almost like a supernatural vision, so truly was his presence a living commentary on the old man's passionate discourse, was no other than

the Holy Father himself, on his way to the carriage in which he took his daily ride. Dorsenne, who did not know Leo XIII except from his portrait, saw an old man bent and broken in body, whose white cassock shone under his red mantle, and who leaned with one arm upon a prelate of the court, with the other upon one of his officers. Concealing himself as Montfanon had recommended in order to save the attendants from a reprimand, he was able to study at his leisure the fine profile of the Sovereign Pontiff, who stopped before a bank of roses to speak familiarly with a kneeling gardener. He saw that infinitely indulgent smile about the spiritual mouth. He saw the light in those eyes which seemed to justify by their radiance the *lumen in caelo* applied to the successor of Pius IX by a celebrated prophecy. He saw the venerable hand, — that pale diaphanous hand, which lifts itself with such solemn majesty to give the Benediction — reach out toward a splendid yellow rose, and, the fingers disengaged from the white mitten, close over the flower without plucking it, as if unwilling to injure this frail one of God's creatures. The aged Pope breathed for a second the fragrance of the young rose, and then resumed his walk toward the carriage whose outline could be seen vaguely through the green oaks.

The black horses departed in a trot which one felt immediately was exceedingly rapid, and Dorsenne turning toward Montfanon saw large tears on the old zouave's lashes, who, forgetting the rest of their conversation, said with a sigh: "And that is the only pleasure for him who is the successor of the first apostle — to breathe the fragrance of his flowers and ride a few leagues as rapidly as his horses can go. They have laid out four wretched kilometres in a road which turns upon itself at the foot of the terrace where we were half an hour ago. And he goes, he goes, giving himself thus some part of the illusion of the great space which is forbidden him. I have seen many tragic sights in my life. I have passed a whole night wounded on a battle field, covered with snow, lying among the dead, brushed against by the wheels of the artillery of the victors, who passed by singing. Yet nothing has ever moved me as the promenade of this aged man,



who has only this pittance of land in which he can move about freely, and yet who has never uttered a complaint. There is one magnificent line which he wrote one day with his own hand under a portrait of himself sent to a missionary. It is from Tertullian. That line alone explains his whole life : — *Debitricem martyrii fidem.*" — (BOURGET.)

Unfortunately too many of our people when in Rome, associate with the enemies of God and the Church, which are to be found at the court of the usurper of the Quirinal ; and it is unjust to the good people of Rome to imagine that they share such sentiments. In every part of Italy there are faithful hearts, like the Monk met by Michael Angelo in the woods of Monte Luca :

" The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,  
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,  
While all the others bend and bow to it ;  
Is that with mortal eyes I may behold the Eternal City."

.....  
The catacombs, the convents and the churches ;  
The ceremonies of the Holy Week  
In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany,  
The feast of the Santissimo Bambino.  
At Ara Cœli." . . . . .

" I would see the painting  
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel."

.....  
I would hear Allegri's *Miserere*,  
Sung by the Papal Choir." . . . . . (LONGFELLOW.)

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Recently I received a letter from a friend in Sienna, a good holy priest, telling me that at length the desire of his life has been gratified : he had been to Rome, and done homage to the Vicar of Christ ! He writes : " As I knelt at his feet, my tears burst forth, I checked them not, they were tears of joy ; and my heart was lifted up in gratitude to God for the inestimable favor vouchsafed me of seeing and hearing the Martyr Pope ! the greatest of the Popes !

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## The End of the Work.

(THE SOCIETY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT)

A short Meditation by PÈRE EYMARD.

**W**HAT is the end we seek in our Eucharistic Work?

It is to form with the help of Mary a Court of faithful and devoted souls to serve Jesus our King, present in the Blessed Sacrament, a court of souls consecrated to

His service, ever ready to adore, praise and serve Him upon earth, in emulation of the service and honor rendered Him by the Court of Heaven.

How neglected, alas! is Jesus in the Tabernacle! How forsaken He is by those who should love and know Him there, by negligent christians, even by those whom He looks upon as His friends!

How neglected is Jesus by worldlings, by those who calling themselves Catholics, give their hearts to the world rather than to Jesus, and alas! how great is the number of those lukewarm souls! Pleasure, amusement, visits, dinner parties, the theatre, business cares, fill up all their time and absorb all their affections.

Jesus is neglected even by pious people. It seems strange, but is it not so? how few, even of these, love Him for Himself alone! How many come to Him only when the world smiles upon them no longer, and when their company is no longer sought by their friends? How few souls devote themselves to the Eucharist from love alone! How many serve Jesus only as mercenaries and only as far as obligation and strict duty demand!

And so Jesus is left alone, neglected by the greater part of mankind. Yet it is for us and for our needs that He remains Present upon His throne of love. Who corresponds to this love of Jesus? Even the devils tremble and wonder at the ingratitude of man towards the Eucharist. Yet Jesus waits still in the Tabernacle, waits in loneliness and longing for the souls to whom He can communicate Himself and fulfil the end for which He instituted the Blessed Sacrament.

O my God, how much love on one side, and how much indifference on the other! Yet what greater honor could there be than that of kneeling at the feet of Our Lord! What greater happiness than that of knowing ourselves near to the Divine Person of Jesus? Is it not Heaven begun? If we had only the Eucharist as a recompense for all our sacrifices, would it not be already too much?

#### THANKSGIVING.

The second end of the Work is to render perpetual thanks to Jesus for the love He has shown us in instituting the Blessed Sacrament.

1st. To render Him solemn thanksgiving, first of all for the sacrifices His love has entailed upon Him, in the Eucharist, the sacrifice of His glory, His majesty, His power, His liberty and even of His divine holiness, exposed to be despised, blasphemed and insulted by the most revolting sacrileges. He counted all the sacrifices beforehand, He weighed them on the balance, and love was weightier still.

2. Perpetual thanksgiving for the perpetual sacrifices of His sacramental state.

How many sacrifices have been comprised in this sacramental life of 1900 years! What accumulated proofs of love! What a chain of graces from the Cenacle to the present day! Is it not just and right to thank and praise the goodness of our amiable Saviour? We dare not be ungrateful towards our friends or to the world. Does not the child love its mother and the father who gave it life? Should not the slave love its liberator, the malefactor love him who burst his prison doors and set him free?

3. Public thanksgiving. We must thank Jesus for

those who thank Him not. Are there not among them our relations, our friends, our brethren in nature and grace? Before receiving new gifts we must thank Jesus for those already received, this is only an act of justice. We must thank Him for His graces to the world, we must thank Him for the preservation and salvation of the world through the Eucharist.

Without the sun the world would be a barren waste, a mournful prison, the image of death. Without the Eucharist the christian world would be an arid desert, a desolate tomb, the eve of the last judgment.

What a delightful fate, therefore, to pass our lives at the foot of the throne of the Lamb, and to cry out to Him perpetually with the Court of Heaven: "Thou art worthy, O Jesus, to receive honor and benediction and glory and power, for ever and ever, amen."

#### REPARATION.

The third end of the work is Reparation.

1. Jesus is greatly offended in the Eucharist, by irreverence, committed even by christians, by innumerable sacrileges, by blasphemy and insult.

In the past how many sacrilegious communions, where Christ was sold to the evil one! And in our own day, how many bad Catholics betray their Master, wound His loving heart, and return His tenderness with abandonment! God alone knows.

It is to repair these outrages that the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament and its affiliated associations come to adore Jesus, more outraged in the Blessed Sacrament than in His Passion. More outraged, yes, because in the Eucharist He is more humiliated, — He is more silent, more patient still than in days of old, allowing Himself to be ill treated without complaint, crucified without glory, buried without honor. And hardly any one thinks of consoling Him, of wiping that Sacred Face, wet with tears and soiled with insults, as Veronica did in days gone by. Here then, is our duty. To weep, to suffer, to immolate ourselves, in perpetual reparation to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

2. At the sight of so many crimes against the Eucharist divine justice is ready to punish the guilty. The Heavenly Father indignant at the sight on His only Son, so outraged, so despised, so blasphemed, would avenge Him.

But the Eucharistic Soul demands mercy for sinners. She unites herself with Jesus, making herself one victim with Him in the Eucharist. She suffers and does penance in place of Jesus, Who can suffer no more, but Who gives her His wounds, His Precious Blood, His merits, His labors for the salvation of souls that she may touch the heart of the Heavenly Father and obtain from His goodness mercy for sinners. It is the Calvary of love. And provided Jesus is honored, the Heavenly Father glorified, what matters all sacrifices?

May I suffer, may I be crucified, *that Jesus may reign.* That is happiness enough for me.

#### SUPPLICATION.

Jesus in the Eucharist is our powerful advocate with His Heavenly Father, impetrating unceasingly the divine mercy in our favor, and ever continuing on the altar His state of victim to disarm the anger of God aroused against the guilty.

1. For the Church and its pastors, that God may bless their zeal and augment their courage.

2. For peace and concord among christian princes, that the Church may carry on its mission in peace and liberty to advance the reign of Christ and promote the sanctification of souls.

3. For the conversion of unbelievers, alas ! so numerous ; that God may let His light shine upon them. For heretics, that they may return to the fold of the Church, for the conversion of the Jews to the true faith, that the earth may see the day when there will be but One Fold and One Shepherd, one only Lord, Jesus Christ our Savior, reigning as King in His divine Sacrament.



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## How St. Francis praised Poverty.

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### I

**T**HAT wondrous servant and follower of Christ St Francis, desiring to conform himself to Christ in all things, who, as the Gospel tells us, sent out His disciples two by two into all those cities and towns whither He was to go ; therefore, following the example of Christ, he assembled together twelve companions and sent them forth into the world to preach two by two. And to set them an example of true obedience, he first began to practise that which he did afterwards preach. Hence having assigned to his companions the other parts of the world, he, taking Brother Maximus as his companion, set forth towards the province of France. And coming one day to a certain town and being very hungry, they begged their bread as they went according to the rule of their order, for the love of God ; and St. Francis went through one quarter of the town and Brother Maximus through another. But for as much as Saint Francis was a man mean and low of stature, and hence was reputed a vile beggar by such as knew him not, he only begged a few scanty crusts and mouthfuls of dry bread, but to Brother Maximus, inasmuch as he was great and well favored, were given good pieces and large, and an abundance of bread, yea, whole loaves. Having begged, they met together without the town to eat, at a place where there was a clear well, and beside it was a fair large stone upon which each spread forth the alms which he had begged. And St. Francis, seeing that the pieces of bread begged by Brother Maximus were more and better and bigger than his own, rejoiced greatly, saying : " O Brother Maximus, we are not worthy of so great a treasure ! " and repeating these words many times, Brother Maximus replied : " Father, how can you talk of treasures, where there is such great poverty and such lack of all things needful ? Here is

neither napkin nor knife, neither board nor trencher, neither house nor table, neither man servant nor maid servant."

St. Francis said : "And this is that same which I repute as a great treasure, where nought is made ready by human industry ; but all that is here is prepared by Divine Providence, as is plainly set forth in the bread which we have begged, in the table of fair stone, and in the well of clear water, and therefore, I would that we should pray to God that He teach us to love with all our heart the treasure of holy poverty which is so noble a thing and whose servant is God the Lord." And having said these words, and having prayed, and having taken the bodily refection of those crusts of bread and of that water, they arose to journey into France.

## II

### THE SERMON ST FRANCIS AND BROTHER RUFUS PREACHED AT ASSISI.

Brother Rufus, through continual contemplation, grew to be so absorbed in God, that he became almost insensible, and but rarely spoke ; and withal he had not the grace, nor the valor, nor the eloquence to preach. Nevertheless Saint Francis charged him upon a time that he should go to Assisi and should preach to the people even as the Lord should inspire him. To which Brother Rufus made answer : " Reverend Father, I beseech you, pardon me and send me not forth, inasmuch as you are well aware that I have no grace in preaching and am simple and unlearned." And then said St. Francis : " Forasmuch as you have not obeyed promptly. I command you by your sacred vow of obedience that you go, clad only in your breeches into Assisi, and enter there a church and preach to the people." Upon this command Brother Rufus laid off his raiment and went to Assisi, and entered into a church, and doing reverence to the altar, went up into the pulpit and began to preach, at which thing the men and boys began to laugh, and said : " Lo ! one who doth penitence, lest he grow vain and proud." Meantime, St. Francis wondering on the ready obedience of Brother

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Rufus, who was one of the noblest gentlemen of Assisi, and of the hard command which he had laid upon him, began to reproach himself, saying : " Whence hast thou such presumption, son of Peter Bernardone, thou vile and petty fellow, that thou shouldst command Brother Rufus, who is one of the noblest gentlemen of Assisi, to go forth and preach to the people even as he were mad ! In God's name, go forth thou likewise, and prove for thyself even that thou hast commanded of others." And suddenly, in the ardor of his spirit, he also laid off his raiment and went forth to Assisi, and with him went Brother Leo, bearing his habit and that of Brother Rufus. And the men of Assisi, seeing them in like plight, scoffed at them, holding that they with Brother Rufus were made mad by much penitence. Saint Francis entered into the church where Brother Rufus was preaching these words : " Fly, my beloved, from the world and forsake sin ; covet not the goods of others if you would escape Hell ; follow God's commands, love God and your neighbor, if you would gain Heaven ; do penitence, if you would possess the Kingdom of Heaven." Then St. Francis went up into the pulpit, and began to preach so marvellously of the vanity of the world, of holy penitence, of voluntary poverty, and of the longing after the Celestial Kingdom and of the nakedness and scorn of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, that all they who heard his preaching, men and women in great multitudes, began to weep violently with admirable devotion and contrition ; and not only here, but throughout all Assisi, upon that day such floods of tears were shed for Christ's Passion, that nothing similar was ever seen. And the people being thus edified and consoled by the act of St. Francis and Brother Rufus, Saint Francis clad again both Brother Rufus and himself ; and thus reclad they returned back to the convent of Portiuncula, praising and glorifying God, Who had given them grace to win the victory over self by their self-contempt, and to edify the flock of Christ Jesus by their good example, and to show what it is to despise the world. And that day so great was the devotion which the people felt for them, that he held himself blessed who could but touch the hem of their garments.

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## The Age of the Eucharist.

### SONNET.

What a one, think ye, shall this century be—  
O'ershadowed by the Eucharistic Cloud?  
With such a pledge and promise rich endowed,  
May we not venture a fair prophecy?—  
The Church, resistless orb of massive truth,  
Attracting home all wandering meteors;—  
A fresh'ning air that social health restores  
And gives old Christendom the glow of youth:  
Legions who toil and fight, legions who pray,  
Lovers of poverty, contempt and pain;—  
An age of Faith beyond historic boast!—  
Queries the world? the Church shall answering say:  
Erst by the Tree, now art thou spoiled again  
By the annihilations of the Host.

### ASPICIENS A LONGE — SONNET.

O Eucharistic Age, how fair thy morn  
Breaks on dark waters that in slumber heave  
With stormy memories, — on lands that we are  
O'er fields laid waste a shroud of briar and thorn!  
If thy day dawn with so serene a grace,  
What then, when giant-like His course is run,  
The noonday of this Eucharistic Sun,  
E'en thro' the mystic cloud that veils His face?  
Then shall the thorns and briars wondering say:  
What upstart growth is this that chokes us quite?  
When from the earth, besprink with heavenly dew,  
Shall spring the hidden seed that rotting lay,  
And clothe the waste lands with a harvest white,  
Born of the Power that maketh all things new.

O. P.



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## The Children's Hour.

TO THE LITTLE READERS OF THE  
"SENTINEL,"

DEAR CHILDREN,

**Y**OU cannot imagine how very happy I am to have so many new little friends. Our Lord loves children so much that "THE SENTINEL" would not be a true interpreter of the love of His Sacred Heart in the Host unless it had some pages especially devoted to them. If there is ever anything printed in them that puzzles you the least bit, I hope you will write me and I shall try to make it quite clear. If you have not yet learned to write a letter ask some one to do it for you but let the note be in your own words. I shall always be glad to answer questions, for I want to help all the little ones of Christ to know how dear to Him in the blessed Host is each one of them. He waits unseen upon the altar for children to come and adore Him with the angels, and He bids them come too, as well as their mothers and sisters.

Each month I shall tell you some tender thoughts which little children just like you have had about Jesus as He rests in the Sacred Species, and where not even the least of His little ones need be afraid to come to Him. Good bye, and may the Lord in the Tabernacle bless you.

JOSEPHINE MARIÉ.

123 E., 50th St., N. Y.



## The Baby's Bed-time Story.

HELEN MAY.

" Tell me a story about Jesus, mother ! "

" Yes, darling ; which one shall it be ? "

Toddles climbed up into her mother's lap, and kneeling there, looked very wise while she thought a moment before making her choice.

" I think, mother, yes, I think I want to hear about the time Jesus was so tired, and still He said the children did not bother Him. "

Mother laughed a bit.

" Why just that one, Toddles ? "

The little girl hid her face against her mother's shoulder and did not answer at once.

" Has some one been ' bothered ' with my little daughter to-day ? Some ' grown up ' ? "

Toddles turned a flushed, half-tearful face up at her mother and said, sighing from the depths of her baby-heart :

" Yes, mother ; I wont say *who*, ' cause you don't like tales. But some one was busy and tired, too, I suppose, and she wasn't like Jesus, mother ; she said : " Don't bother me, now ; run away ' . "

Mother kissed the rosy cheek, and gently stroked the wilful hair back from Toddle's forehead.

" You are quite right, darling ; Jesus is never too busy for you, or for me, or for anyone in all the wide world. "

" Yes mother, " nestling in her mother's arms ; " and please tell me all about that time the disciples wanted to send the children away. "

" Very well, little one. It was one day that Jesus had been preaching all day, telling people what was right and what was wrong, what pleased Him and what did not please Him, and He was weary. You know He had made the journey from Galilee to Judea, and crowds and crowds of people followed him. — "

" In the steam-cars, mother ? "

" Oh, no, dear ; there weren't any steam-cars till hundreds of years later. We must think they went on foot, and that had helped to make Jesus tired, too. Just think—a very long distance up-hill and down-hill, and over rough roads, so that the way was tiresome and painful for the Sacred Feet. "

" Poor Jesus ! " murmured the child, lovingly.

" Yes, poor Jesus ! And all because He loved us so much. "

" Not more than you love me, mother ? " Toddle's eyes were wide.

" Yes — Even more than I love my little girl, although we cant imagine that, can we ? "

" No, mother. It must be an awful lot of love ? "

" So it is ; no one can ever measure it. Well — The great crowds of people had been pressing about Jesus, some lame, some sick, some blind, and all wanting to be cured and made well again, besides wanting to hear His words. It was quite late in the day that some mothers who had brought their children with them, out into the country, where Jesus was, tried to go near the Lord that He might place His Hands upon the little ones and give them His blessing. Now the disciples loved their Master, and seing His Face so pale-and-tired, they scolded the women and told them to go away. "

" But Jesus didn't let them ! " said Toddles, quickly.

" No, dear ; He knew the disciples only meant to spare Him because He was so weary, but He knew too that the mothers loved Him, and above all He knew that He Himself loved the children dearly. So the Bible tells us He rebuked the disciples, which means that He made them feel that what they said and did displeased Him, and He commanded the mothers to bring the children to Him. "

" And what did He say, mother "

" He said : Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me : for the Kingdom of Heaven is for such ! "

" Then He meant they didn't bother Him at all ? "

" Yes, darling ; and He took them into His arms and blessed them. And then the mothers were so happy and

thankful, and went home with light hearts and full of love for Jesus who had been so kind to their little ones."

Toddles looked very serious.

"Yes, I see, mother. You love every one who loves me, don't you?"

"Of course, I do."

"And so those mothers had to love Jesus, 'cause He loved the children. Mother, would Jesus ever, ever, in all my life, be too busy with big people, to listen to my little prayers?"

"No, dear; you see, even when He lived in this world as Man, and could be tired and worn as we can, He never was too busy for the children, and now that He is in Heaven, He can never be tired any more, nor suffer in any way."

"I'm glad, mother; and I'm so glad I wasn't in the world when dear Jesus had to suffer. Mother, can't I have another story?"

"Not to-night, daughter. I hear nurse coming, now."

"Goodnight, mother dear. Will you tell me two, to-morrow?"

A little boy six years old once asked why Our Lord did not go up to Heaven at night and come back to the altar in the morning when everyone would be awake. His kind little heart did not like to think that Jesus was alone in the Tabernacle so many hours. He had not yet learned that He loves us so very much that He likes to be in our midst even while we sleep.

#### LOVING WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

A little boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength." He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." He said: "Well, I'll tell you. You see we live on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong; so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs, all by myself. And it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up there. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"

# MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

## THE THANKFUL HEART.

*(Continued.)*

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“ Good-by,” said Miss Nancy, endeavoring to execute as perfect a courtesy as Aunt Norreys, — a sweet but delusive hope, to set a plain frock and pinafore against a full skirt of pearl-gray satin. And then the rector went, and Miss Nancy took him to the head of the stairs, returning to put the chairs in their places, with the feeling that after this anything might be expected to happen, and it would be as well to be prepared for it. The pink kid lady was also restored to the cupboard, for if she had been a little insufficient before, she had now become quite impossible.

“ I have been having a visitor,” announced Miss Nancy, with quiet and settled satisfaction when Trimmer came in. “ He came to see me. Only me.”

“ Who was it ? ” demanded Trimmer, with cruel unbelief.

“ He said he was the new rector, and I like him very much,” said Miss Nancy. “ He came to see me. Only me. And he said I must go and see him next, and I shall soon go.”

But Trimmer, standing with her head in the cupboard, did not receive the full force of Miss Nancy’s last observation.

### II

The squire was a very shy man. The Throgmortons of Forest Morton had always been slow to come forward in any respect, and the squire was additionally characterized

by that passive acquiescence which often distinguishes an old and almost worn-out family. There was no older name in the county, and none that had been longer established in one spot than Throgmorton of Forest Morton ; but, at the same time, there was no old name less celebrated, and no house less interesting. The hall was almost as ugly as man could make it, having been rebuilt by the squire's grandfather in a style more to be remarked for solidity than beauty. A square house of dark-red brick, a roof almost flat disguised by a heavy stone balustrade, and rows of windows of praise-worthy equality ; in front, a paddock dotted with thorn-trees, and a straight drive between hurdles ; on one side of the house, the gardens, on the other, the only remnant of the older Hall, the group of great elms where the rooks lived. The squire was a silent man from personal habit, and shy, with an hereditary shyness that nothing had ever been able to overcome. The habit of silence — if habit it were — had doubtless grown upon him, but it had been a habit even when his wife was alive. Aunt Norreys had said to her at times : " But, my dear Margaret, does John Throgmorton *never* talk to you ? " And when she came to think of it, the squire's wife had not been able to say that he did ; and yet there never could have been a more perfect understanding than that which existed between them.

But Miss Margaret had married him, and the most incomprehensible part of all was that she had never rued it. Perhaps she had found more in John Throgmorton than did the world in general, perhaps she even had found in him all she had need to seek on earth. She had married him, and had come to the Hall to be the light of the house for a brief half-dozen years, — and then died. So the squire and Miss Nancy were left alone, to walk through the fields, and drive down the lanes, and sit in the square pew at church, in forlorn companionship, — the big, silent squire, with his brown cheeks and bushy beard, and his little daughter, with her mother's dark eyes and refined moulding, but too much like the squire in feature to have any pretensions to beauty. The squire and Miss Nancy had learnt at this time to be a great deal

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to each other, and indeed the latter had never felt that she required more company than dear daddy could give her ; but her view was necessarily a limited one, and as usually happens in such cases, to add to a loss which nothing in this world could ever repair to him, the poor squire found himself plunged into innumerable difficulties with his household. So Aunt Norreys came to the rescue, and remained for compassion's sake, and tranquillity returned to the Hall. With Aunt Norreys and the dove of peace came Trimmer, neither maid nor companion, and a person whose severe aspect involuntarily, if unreasonably, suggested to the mind the old term, "waiting-woman." And Trimmer coming into contact with Miss Nancy's nursemaids found herself quite unable to agree with any one of them, and so differed materially with three in succession ; at which point, for the sake of a quiet life, which Aunt Norreys loved above everything, she was permitted to ascend undisputed to the throne of authority, whence she governed Miss Nancy with a wholesome if rather severe rule.

The only remnant of the lawless old days spent with daddy consisted in an occasional escape from Trimmer, and a flying excursion in his company. The squire, as Aunt Norreys was fain to admit, was an easy man to live with, but he still preserved this reprehensible habit of coaxing Miss Nancy to go out with him on every possible occasion. Perhaps, indeed, there was something about little Miss Nancy's society which dimly recalled to the squire that of her dead mother ; but whether it were so or not, he never said. Miss Nancy herself had a faint memory of her mother ; she thought at times that home had seemed more when she was quite little than it had ever done since, and she believed that it was because mother was there. But she died, and it was to be supposed that it made all the difference. Miss Nancy could remember that day, when, very early in the morning, Mrs. Plummett came and took her out of bed, and carried her, wrapped in a shawl, to mother's room, Miss Nancy bewildered and half asleep, and Mrs. Plummett with an awed look on her comfortable face.

Dear daddy sat very near to the bed, and Miss Nancy



sat on his knee, and mother held both their hands between her failing fingers, but did not speak, for she was speechless then, and only half conscious. So Miss Nancy was laid down for a moment to receive mother's strange, faint kiss, and then Mrs. Plummett carried her away ; and Mrs. Throgmortou looked after her, and turned her dying eyes again to the squire.

And when day came, the nurse-maid said that mother was dead. But this Miss Nancy had not been able to fully comprehend, nor had she comprehended the strange silence and desolation of the days that followed. It was certainly not that she suffered then or afterwards an hour's neglect at the hands of any member of the household ; it was rather from feeling a lack of something that she was sure she had had once, but had not then, and—alas, poor little Miss Nancy !—never would have again in all her life, that she dimly understood that she had sustained a great misfortune.

And Miss Nancy had also a vague belief that it was after this that dear daddy began to be even more silent than ever he had been before.

*(To be continued.)*





THE HOLY MOTHER

After a painting of Sassetto.

