



**THE GOOD SHEPHERD**  
From a painting by T. Kehren.



## We Mourn our Loss

Grateful Tribute to the Memory of our Archbishop

**T**HE pang of grief, the sorrowful solemnity, the shock, as of a great calamity, which came to the entire community on the morning of the sixth of May, when the sad news of the death of Archbishop Corrigan was announced by the beloved friends who had watched by his bedside, is lingering with us. It is hard to realize that the friendly presence of him who was our leader, our father, and our guide will be seen on our streets and in our churches no more; that Archbishop Corrigan is no longer in the world. In every Catholic home of the great Archdiocese over which he ruled, the news of his death was received with a sense of personal loss. And in the great city which had been his home for many years a shade of gloom and sadness seemed to brood over everything, and bowed down with sorrow the hearts of thousands who admired and loved the great prelate. His noble life which so consistently showed forth the spirit of our Lord and Savior was an open book to all, and made him a beacon light to cheer and strengthen, and help every right-minded man.

Even outside his own flock his death brought pain to many hearts. It was evidence of the distinct impressions he made, and the various claims he had on those who knew him.

The many noble and touching tributes paid to his life and character through the columns of the press, and which convey forcibly and tenderly the feelings of the community, leave us scarcely anything further to say, yet we cannot allow the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* to pass the sad occurrence by unnoticed. All the tributes bear eloquent testimony to the saintliness of the faithful Shepherd. His sincere piety was a source of edification for priests and laity. But the supreme element of his interior life seemed to be his love and zeal for the Blessed Sacrament. It expressed itself in many ways. The Corpus Christi Monastery at Hunter's Point, where the Dominican Sisters, those white robed vestals of the Eucharistic King, unceasingly adore the Blessed Sacrament, testifies to the Archbishop's devotion to the great Mystery of Catholic faith. The coming of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament to New York is another evidence of his zeal. He wanted them because they observed Perpetual Adoration. It was for this reason that they appealed to him. When they took possession of the church on 76th Street, he came, and with his own hands placed the Sacrament on the throne the Fathers had prepared for It. It was his custom to visit the church for private devotion. He would enter in such a simple manner, and take a place in one of the pews like any ordinary worshipper, that were it not for his impressive devotional attitude no one would have recognized him.

It is related by one who lived close to him for a period of time that he would go to the Cathedral at an early hour in the morning, make a long and fervent preparation for his Mass, after which he would devote nearly an hour in thanksgiving and adoration. To come upon him after these

exercises of devotion was to behold his face radiant with the light of heaven, his whole being the blossom of spiritual and invisible power. He seemed to have descended from Thabor, where it is so good for us all to dwell.

The New York Press commenting on his character made a special reference to his love of retirement. But this ought not to be a matter of surprise to any one. Is it not characteristic of all great souls? They are always alone in the world. They may be called upon to shelter the most, but they themselves are the least sheltered. All men of unusual mass and height of character wear a sombre hue of purpose which repels familiarity. Mediocrity needs not search for sympathizers; they swarm. Besides we must remember that the soul touched by God is separate.

The chamois browses by himself on the blue cliffs of the sky because his food is in that high haunt. Is it not something the same with the rare specimens of humanity? The most exalted contemplation are the nourishment of their life, and they are wonderfully sensitive to the hostile influences that threaten them on the low level of the crowd.

Though of reserved manner, and never inviting intimacy, the Archbishop had a nature that was kindness itself. Many tales of sorrow and of grief were poured into his ear and they were dealt with in a loving, sympathetic way; comfort was given by those lips that knew so well how to utter words of comfort. Those who went to consult him on any matter of importance were charmed at the seriousness, and the sweetness of disposition in which he would meet their ideas and feelings, listen patiently to all they had to say, and then speak our the clear judgment he formed of the matters which they had put before him.

If the world found it hard at times to understand him it was because he was not of the world. His mind and heart were fixed upon divine ob-

jects. His distaste for the honors and pageants of the earth, his thoughts ever fixed upon the invisible and the eternal, made him keen and self-possessed amid the heat and rush of life. His real inner secret was known to no one but the Master he served. It gleamed forth from time to time, now in an eloquent pastoral letter, and now in a sermon, but always manifesting the emotion of a heart filled with an ardent love for Jesus Christ and a burning zeal for the advancement of His Church.

There was a simplicity, earnestness, gravity in his look that impressed every one who came in contact with him. It seemed to speak of a loving desire to please God, a single-minded preference for His service over every service of man, and a resolve to approach Him by the ways He had appointed. His loyalty to the Holy See was profound. He had deep within him that gift which St. Paul and St. John speak of, when they enlarge upon the characteristic of faith, of a living loving faith, such as "overcomes the world" by seeking "a better country, that is a heavenly." Judging as we do from the event of his death we thankfully recognize in him an elect soul, chosen out of thousands to be a leader of God's people. The great Archdiocese of New York offered a wide field for his active goodness, on which he constantly exerted himself. He gave to others without grudging his thoughts, time and trouble. He was the support and stay of more than one religious institution. Posterity will continue to reap the benefit of the laborious days he lived for the good of the great flock God had confided to his care.

One of the many great lessons of his life is the witness it bears to the reality of God, the beauty of the Catholic faith expressing itself in character, the truth of the eternal and invisible world; and the further attestation that it gives that the noblest life is the happiest life, that the soul fullest

of the divine is the soul richest in earthly satisfactions. Such men cannot be made without God. Such characters cannot be constructed without the aid of spiritual forces. It was not the executive abilities of the Archbishop nor his powers of administration, that most touched and swayed men ; it was the quality, the noble tenderness, the ineffable refinement, the heat as of the heart of Christ, the contagion as of the Eternal Love.

There was, indeed, a mystery of divineness about him. Wherever he went he seemed to have a blessing to impart. Out of regions other than the love of fame, pleasure, the mastery of men, or any form of self-interest, was his life built into its fine symmetry and grace.

It is to the lasting honor of the city of New York that it gave to this noble man and holy prelate such boundless confidence and love. It is evidence of how far we have come in the improvement of society, when one so unreservedly and passionately set upon the highest things, and never appealing to anything but the highest in his fellow-mind, should receive in his life time a recognition so sincere, profound and universal. There is much to be said in praise of a community that had the sense to see and the heart to honor its great and good man—its noble Archbishop and worthy citizen.

But the earthly career is now over. His work is done. How easily, how sweetly, he loosened his strong hold upon the great Archdiocese with its multiplicity of cares, let fall from his hands every burden ; withdrew as in a moment the arms that had encircled thousands of loving, admiring friends, and that had wrestled with their souls to open them to the blessing of divine things !

The solemn funeral service which was held in the majestic cathedral was an imposing spectacle and will be long remembered by all who witnessed it. The solemn chanting of the Requiem laden with the sorrow and the hope of priest and

people echoed with sonorous cadence through the Gothic aisles, while silent supplications went up to heaven from stricken hearts. We may well interpret the final scene in the beautiful words which the Church uses in one of the antiphons in the office for a pontiff : " Behold a great priest who in his days pleased God."

ADORATOR.

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In compliance with the requirements of the Constitutions of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, a Solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Monday May 12th, for the repose of the soul of the deceased prelate. May he rest in peace !  
" The Lord grant him mercy in that Day ! "

## GEMS OF THOUGHT,

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**R**EPENT while repentance is possible. Put away the darling sin, whatever it may be, before it is inextricably wound around your heart-strings ; remember that every moment's delay makes the heart harder and the task more difficult.

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**S**UCCESS lies in what a man is, not in what he has. He who has grown into a broad conception of life, with its relations and responsibilities, who has attained high-minded, pure-hearted, Christian manliness, is the successful man.

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**A** GREAT vice becomes of little consequence if we acknowledge it in confession ; a trifling defect becomes very great when we conceal it.

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## The Heart of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.



UR object in the following pages is, to win for the Holy Eucharist greater love, by showing the Adorable Heart of Jesus present in It, living in It, rendering It so loving and so lovable, so powerful and so patient, so worthy of the complacency of Heaven and the desires of earth.

The Holy Eucharist and the Sacred Heart are not, indeed, one and the same, as is sometimes said, and the devotion to the Sacred Heart, closely considered, is found to be distinct from the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

The material object of the former is the Heart of Jesus, His Heart of flesh, considered in the triple phase of Its living existence, namely, in Its mortal life, in Its Eucharistic life, in Its glorious life in heaven. Its formal, or moral, object is all the love for us that Jesus has drawn from His Heart in being born, in living, in instituting the Eucharist, in dying on the cross, and in ascending to heaven to prepare for us our everlasting abode. — The material object of the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is the Sacred Humanity, and, consequently, the whole Adorable Person of Jesus residing in the Eucharist ; and its motive is the love that He therein testifies to us, and the remembrance of His Passion, which He recalls to us incessantly by its daily renewal therein.

These two devotions are, consequently, distinct in their object. But they have, nevertheless, points of resemblance so numerous, they so closely support and embrace each other that, in practice, if we desire to attain the perfection of each, we must unite them into a single one.

Souls devout to the Sacred Heart will gain much by always seeking the divine object of their love in the Sacrament, which presents It to them present and living, which places It under their eyes, in their hands, and in their breast. Souls devout to the Holy Eucharist will find

immense profit in penetrating beyond the outward appearance of the Sacred Species, in plunging into the profound secrets of the Sacrament, into the Adorable Body Itself, in order to discover therein the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which makes the Eucharist a living Being, loved and loving, and leading for God and for us a life full to overflowing.

To be satisfied with honoring the Sacred Heart in Its pictures, and not to know how to find It in Its Eucharistic reality, is to understand It but little, to neglect the principal objects of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, namely, Jesus' Heart of flesh actually present among us, and the greatest proof of His love, the Holy Eucharist. — And not to know how to discover the Heart of Jesus under the lifeless Species of the Sacrament, is not to comprehend the Eucharist as It should be comprehended. If It has no heart, if we do not find in It the Heart of Our Saviour, what can this Sacrament be for us? And if we do not habitually meet there that Heart, how shall we love It sufficiently to honor and serve It as It deserves? Where would be our confidence to tell It of our needs, our desires, our troubles?

Whether we have an attraction to the Sacred Heart or to the Holy Eucharist, in order to receive all the graces that these two devotions offer us, we must reach the Heart of Jesus living in the Blessed Sacrament, we must know and adore It therein, honor It, and unite ourselves to It in Holy Communion.

May the points of doctrine upon which we are going to touch relative to the presence, the action, and the effects of the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist, lead our readers more easily, and with greater fruit to themselves, to that Heart of our God and Saviour become so really ours by His presence in the Sacrament of the Altar!

II. — It is a dogma of faith that Jesus is living in the Blessed Sacrament in all the integrity of His Sacred Humanity. He is there with His Body, with His Blood, with His Soul, and with His Divinity — *Christus totus!* And He is living, for St. Paul says: "Christ since the day of His resurrection is living, and He shall die no more." — On Easter morn, all the Blood that Jesus had shed during His Passion in Gethsemani, in the pretorium,

on the road to Calvary, on the cross, was gathered into golden vases by the angels eager for that ministry of life.

Thence it was poured into the Heart of Jesus, and when the holy soul entered into Its august sanctuary, the reanimated Heart of Jesus beat with joy. It sent Its vermilion waves into the arteries, It tinged the Saviour's cheeks, discolored by death. It recommenced to pulsate in Jesus' breast with a pulsation that was never more to cease. It animates His glorious Body in the celestial Jerusalem. And when the priest consecrates the Sacred Host, it is Jesus Christ entire, His whole Humanity that the almighty words enclose under the veil of the sacramental Species. The Saviour's Body possesses therein all its organs, all its members. They are all animated by the Blood which flows from the Heart, and which laves them with its vivifying currents. It is true that Jesus reduces that corporal life to a point, that He withdraws it from our gaze, that it escapes our most earnest researches. It is true that that life is not in communication with any exterior agents, and that for its existence it has need neither of air to breathe, nor space, nor nourishment. This is the profound mystery of the Eucharist, that Christ should be therein entire, but in the manner of substances altogether like unto that of the pure spirits. We ought to adore Him in humble and submissive faith. But the darkness in which Jesus shrouds His Humanity in the Blessed Sacrament ought not to make us forget that He is really there in all His truth, in all His integrity, with all His members, all His organs, all the fulness of His life, glorious and unchangeable.

The seat of that life, the source of the blood that feeds it, the bond of the Saviour's members, in which shine the marks of the Five Wounds, the centre of that Eucharistic Humanity, is the Heart of Jesus, His Heart of flesh, formed of the most pure blood of Mary. Living, beating, that Heart is in each of the consecrated Hosts on our altars, and in every particle that may be detached from them. — The Host is not the Heart alone of Jesus, but without that Heart there would be no Host.

The Host is Jesus in the integrity of His Humanity. This Humanity rests upon His Heart from which flows all life, says Holy Scripture, and which is the first organ

to live in us and the last to die, according to the dictum of scientists, Let us then study It, let us study It well. The Sacred Host is the Adorable Person of Jesus. It is His Divinity, His Soul, His Body, His true Body perfect and entire. Prostrate before the Host, we may in spirit kiss the adorable hands and feet of Jesus. We have a right to aspire even to the "kiss of His mouth." We may gaze in spirit upon His divine countenance. His eyes are fixed upon us, His ears are attentive to our supplications. How, then, could we neglect His Heart, His sweet Heart, in which took birth the divine plan of the Eucharist, which led the Saviour to institute It, to perpetuate for us the Real Presence ; which daily offers us the Bread of our Communion ; and which up to this moment, is inflamed for us with a love infinite, tender, patient, though, perhaps, saddened and afflicted because of our failure to comprehend His love, His Presence, His truth ?

III. — The Heart of Jesus in the Host is both human and divine, finite and infinite, created and uncreated ; that is to say, in Its nature and Its origin, It is the Heart of a man, formed of flesh, but in Its term, It is united personally to the Word of God. It has become, and It remains the Heart of the Word, at one and the same time the Heart of the Son of God and the Heart of the Son of Mary. The Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity has united Himself to It hypostatically, that is to say, He has made It His member, His organ forever. He has thereby elevated that simple, created, material organ above all spiritual and angelic substances. It is, without any exaggeration, the Heart of God. Its dignity, Its price are literally infinite in consequence of that marvelous union with the Word. That Heart, in consequence, performs the infinite operations of the Word Himself, and It deserves the homage due to God alone. By that Heart, the Word loves us with His eternal love ; by that Heart, He knows us with His infinite knowledge ; by that Heart, He desires us all good. He loves His Father with that Heart, He offers to Him His infinite worship of adoration, praise, prayer, and propitiation. These marvels, these infinite operations, this multiple life is constantly

going on in each of the Hosts in our tabernacles, in the profound silence, in the neglected solitude to which, alas ! we too often abandon them.

But the Heart of Jesus claims in each of our sanctuaries, under the covering of bread, a divine worship, the worship of supreme adoration of *latría*. We must recognize It as the Heart of Jesus substantially united to the Divine Nature in the Person of the Word. We must contemplate It clothed with the majesty of God Himself, holy with the infinite holiness of God, good with the goodness itself of God, the organ of infinite charity, uncreated life, love, and mercy. We must adore It with the adoration due to God Himself, love It with the absolute love that God alone deserves, and attribute to It, offer to It all praise, human and angelic, and even that which Christ Himself as man gives to God.

It is at the same time a human Heart, created, formed of Mary's blood. It has a beginning, a growth, and It is now in a state stable and unalterable. As such, It has a past, a history, namely, Its mortal life, first, in the Blessed Sacrament, and next, in the splendor of the saints. Its past life is composed of all that the Word Incarnate did upon earth. It was the Heart of Jesus, the Heart actually present in the Host, that animated the life of Jesus during the nine months that He spent in His Mother's womb. It was that same Heart that beat in His breast when He was born at Bethlehem, which suffered with cold, which shed tears of emotion. It was that Heart which attached Him to His Mother, which was filled with gratitude for her devoted care, and which became the Heart of the best, of the most tender of sons. It was in that Heart that flourished the virtues of sweetness, obedience, and humility, which embalmed the life of Mary's hidden and uninterrupted prayer. It was from that Heart that issued all the words of the public ministry of the Saviour, words of truth, of mercy, of pardon, and sometimes words of menace against hypocrites and the obdurate. It was in that Heart the *Pater noster* was composed. It was that Heart that melted at sight of the moral and physical miseries of the people, that wept over Lazarus and over Jerusalem, Its ungrateful city, that was moved at sight of the afflicted widow of Naim. It was

that Heart that suffered the bitter desolation of the Agony in the garden, the cruel shame and sorrow of the abandonment of Its followers, the denial of Peter, and the treason of Judas. It was that Heart that was saddened by the sorrows of Mary, and moved with compassion for the good thief. And, finally, it was that Heart that swelled with Its last pulsation when the Saviour accomplished the grand act of His death. The soldier transpierced It with a lance, and the Sacraments sprang forth from It under the symbols of blood which nourishes and water which regenerates.

Such is the history of that Heart and Its glorious past. It repudiates no thought, no act of it, for all in it was love, devotedness, salvation. The fruits of that past It applies to us through the Sacrament. We ought to take cognizance of it, and recall it often to the Heart of Jesus when we adore It in the Holy Eucharist. It will help us better to comprehend the present. The mortal life of Jesus is the elucidation of His Eucharistic life.

IV. — The Eucharistic life of the Heart of Jesus commenced at the first Consecration of the Last Supper. As soon as He held Himself in His hands under the species of bread changed into Himself, the Heart of Jesus began a new existence. He took the annihilated state of the Sacrament to which He had reduced His Sacred Humanity, and therein is the principle of the Eucharistic, or Sacramental, life of the Saviour present under the species of bread. This life He there continues under our eyes, or rather unknown to us, so profound is His retreat, although we know very distinctly where it is spent, although we can point out His dwelling very precisely, as well as the space that contains it, and several of the laws to which it is subjected.

The life of the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist is that of a perfect victim and, consequently, of absolute immolation. It is outwardly manifested by no sign, pulsation, no sound, no movement of the organs, no coloring of the flesh, no vital heat. Nothing! — It lives, It beats, It palpitates, It animates the most perfect of lives, but at the same time reduces it to nothing, buries it in inertia and exterior death, in order to transform it into a perfect holocaust of adoration and expiation.

It is the interior life that belongs to the Priest of the Most High. He knows all the rights of God, all the duties of humanity. He assumes the task of harmonizing man's duties with God's demands, and He offers in His own name and in the name of all men a Sacrifice infinite and uninterrupted, in value worthy of the Divine Majesty, the Sacrifice of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and prayer. That Heart adores in the name of all men, and, giving to those that adore with It whatever may be wanting to render their adoration worthy of God, It adores in the place of those that adore not. It is the complement, the supplement of mankind in their duty toward God. — Not a benefit descends from the overflowing bosom of Divine Goodness, that that grateful Heart does not see, does not accept as Its own, does not assume the debt, and discharge it by infinite thanks far superior to the benefit itself. — Not a sin committed that that Heart is not instantly moved, does not offer Its own love and purity, Its own blood in reparation, to appease Divine Justice, and to obtain pardon for the guilty. — Attentive to all the needs of humanity, even before the beggar has asked his daily bread, before the afflicted has presented his tears to the God of all consolation, the Heart of Jesus, that everwatchful Sentinel, has uttered the cry of distress. It has prayed, and obtained food for both body and soul. Not a grace comes from the celestial treasury except by It. No prayer rises to the throne of God until it is first laid in the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, from there to fly up, borne upon the wings of the prayer of Jesus Himself, to the bosom of Infinite Goodness.

The Heart of the Eucharistic Christ is then the Heart of the Priest, the Advocate, the Mediator with God. Toward us It exercises all the offices of love. It is the heart of a mother, a father, a shepherd, for It nourishes us, protects us, guides us. It has all the tenderness, all the patience of maternal love ; It has all the energy of paternal love ; and it is as a devoted shepherd that Jesus watches from the tent of the tabernacle over the lambs and the sheep, defending them from the wolves of the world and of hell, reviving them upon His bosom, calling them to follow Him, and leading them to green pastures and clear waters.

The Heart of the Eucharistic Christ is the Heart of a Brother, a Friend, a Spouse. The Heart of a Brother — for He has the same Father in heaven, the same Mother on earth as we, God the Father and Mary. The Heart of a Brother, for He is of the same origin, of the same flesh, of the same blood as we. The Heart of a Friend, for He became our equal, He discovers to us all His secrets, He shares with us all His riches. He rejoices in our joys, He grieves over our sorrows. He invites us to pour out our innermost thoughts to Him, and He appears to value highly the respectful familiarity of the closest friendship. As soon as He had instituted the Eucharist and He had given Himself in the Sacrament, His Heart exclaimed with transport: "I shall henceforth call you My friends, for all that I have received, I have given to you!" The Heart of a Spouse who puts all His goods in common, who gives His name, His wealth, His life, His love, and that forever, to all the souls that, baptized in His Blood, wish to be united to Him in the sacred espousals of Communion.

V. — There is something more. Not satisfied with living in the tabernacle for His Father and for us, the Heart of Jesus is hungering to communicate Himself, to give Himself to those that He loves. And He loves all, the just whose way is without stain, and poor sinners escaping from the mire of sin and about to enter into the paths of justice. Communion is the supreme miracle, the ripe fruit of the Eucharistic Heart. It would not be sufficient for Him to think of us, to watch over us, to offer Himself for us, if He did not really give Himself to each one. And this prodigy the Eucharistic Heart alone realizes. Communion is the gift of the Heart of Jesus, the incontestable proof of His personal love.

"O Lord, what is man that Thou shouldst treat him so magnificently, shouldst deign to unite Thy Heart with his poor heart?"

Would we contemplate the marvelous effects of this communication of the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist?—Behold John upon that Heart at the Last Supper. "Happy Apostle," exclaims the Church, "whom we cannot praise too much, envy too much! In that contact, his



## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

FOR THE USE

Of the Associates of the Congregation of the  
MOST HOLY SACRAMENT

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### Adoration of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus.

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Blessed Margaret Mary ends her relation of the revelation vouchsafed her on the feast of St. John the Evangelist upon the Sacred Heart of Jesus :

“ But what caused me a kind of martyrdom, what rendered more sensible all the other pains of which I have spoken, were the words with which that kind Heart was presented to me : I have a burning thirst to be honored by men *in the Blessed Sacrament*, and I find very few who try to slake My thirst, or make Me any return. ”

#### I.—ADORATION.

Let us see in the Sacred Host before us Jesus-Christ Himself, anxious to reveal to us something of His Heart's love. Let us humbly prostrate before Him in an act of profound ardor, and plunge into the grace of this blessed hour which we are about to spend in the school of the Sacred Heart.

It will be well for us to recall in our service of Eucharistic adoration what it means to sound, to fathom, to clearly comprehend these touching and plaintive words of Our Lord to the Apostle of His Sacred Heart: "I feel a burning thirst to be honored by men *in the Blessed Sacrament.*"

Have we ever given these words serious attention? Have we ever remarked that it is *in the Blessed Sacrament* that Jesus invites us to seek, to find and to honor His Divine Heart? that it is in the Host of the Real Presence that the Heart of Jesus lives, beats, animates the Adorable Person of the Word? that it is there under the Sacred Species that that Heart loves us with a real, a personal, a true and passionate love?—that it is in the Eucharist, the Master-piece of God's love for His creatures, that that "Heart feels a burning thirst to be honored by men"?

Let us try to understand that Heart which revealed Itself at the Last Supper. "With desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you."—*Desiderio desideravi hoc Pascha manducare vobiscum*,—exclaimed that suppliant Heart, which can no longer be silent: "I feel a burning thirst."—There, it was love declared; here, it is love demanded. Both spring from one and the same desire:—He loves and, because He loves, He desires to be loved. By the manifestation of His Heart, infinitely rich, He has stooped to beg for the miserable love of such ingrates as we!

Can we refuse Him our love after His having revealed His Heart so full of life, so near to us, so longing for our homage?

To that meek and humble Heart let us offer our adoration, sincerely and contritely acknowledging that we have hitherto been too regardless of It "*in the Blessed Sacrament.*"

## II.

If our heart is a little touched by the abandonment in which the Sacred Heart of Jesus is left "*in the Blessed Sacrament,*" we should ask It what means to employ in order "to make some effort to slake Its thirst according to Its desire." Let us hear Our Lord's own words:

“ Share My joys, compassionate My pains. Tell Me thy own joys, and confide to Me thy troubles.”

Yes, let us fully understand that it is our confidence, our inmost thoughts that the Sacred Heart of Jesus desires. His joy is made up of all that glorifies His Father, of all that secures the salvation and sanctification of souls. His joy He seeks in us, in our virtues, in our sacrifices, and, most of all, in our love. He deigns to give us the assurance of this by the peace and contentment that we taste in His sweet presence after a more fervent prayer, a good action performed, or a victory gained over self.

Ah ! experience has proved to us that Our Lord is divinely generous, and His great Heart is always making return in overflowing measure. Let us bless It. Let us satisfy the desire of that Heart, of a Father, a Brother, and a Friend. Let us go to It in our joys. Let us place them under Its protection, and may It be always our first, if not our only confidant. Let us tell Jesus how delighted we are to know, to believe firmly that His Heart is perpetually waiting in the Sacred Host, to receive our adoration ; that It enters our breast every time that we present ourselves at the Table of Union ; that It deigns to need our zeal, our devotedness, not only that we may honor It individually, but still more that we may make It known and loved in the Blessed Sacrament.

Let us promise Jesus to be devout to His Heart in the Eucharist. Let us vow to Him all the gratitude of which we are capable for the immense love that He shows us in making us the elect of His Heart, called to the delights of His conversation, as St John, the well-beloved Apostle, to the Last Supper.

### III. — PROPITIATION.

Even the most legitimate joys are not without their tinge of sorrow. We are in a valley of tears, and the Heart of Jesus, living in the Blessed Sacrament, bears, with us and for us, and infinitely more than we do, the sadness and bitterness of earth.

“ I rarely find any one to make Me some return.”—  
Yes, *He*, our sweet Saviour daily extends His hands to a

people that reject Him." — His Heart suffers, and yet He looks far less for consolers than for sorrows to console. . . . The intense desire of His Heart, His burning thirst, is to help us to sanctify our trials, whatever they may be, arresting upon our lips the complaint and the murmur, encouraging us to accept them, even to bless them, with humility, compunction, resignation, and abandonment to His good pleasure.

Let us listen to Jesus sighing : " I rarely find any one." . . . " No one comes to the Sacrament of My Heart ! " — They are, indeed, few, O Adorable Victim, few who can compassionate Thee or who find their own consolation in laying at Thy feet, that Thou mayest raise it to Thy Heart, the burden of their sorrows and miseries. — "*Rarely any one !*"

Where are the souls whom the Heart of Jesus has laden with favors, with repeated and multiplied invitations to visit Him and to receive Him in the Sacrament of heavenly consolations ? — " Rarely any one ! "

Let us weigh all the truth, all the bitterness, the full extent of that gentle reproach : " Rarely any one ! " — Is it addressed to us also ? — Ah ! let our soul be annihilated in humble confusion for not having sufficiently understood, honored, and loved the Heart of Jesus "*in the Blessed Sacrament,*" for having sought too anxiously and tasted too eagerly the false joys and the vain consolations that creatures give.

Let us make reparation. — Let us form practical resolutions to repair lost time by more profoundly compassionating the Divine Abandoned-One of our tabernacles, by trusting in Him more absolutely, and, finally, by greater and more faithful assiduity in recurring to His Heart on all occasions.

#### IV. — SUPPLICATION.

The Real Presence of the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist and Its appeals to our love, urge us " to make It some return." But at the same time, we have the deep and humiliating sentiment of our own impotence and insufficiency to pay to It the sweet tribute of love claimed by so many ineffable advances made by Our Lord.

Let us not fear, however, for our desire suffices. We may supply for our poverty by the plenitude of good flowing from His Heart. Yes, let us enter, and remain forever in the Heart of Jesus. Does He not say to us : "Remain in My love," and again, whenever we communicate : "Take My Heart for thy heart ?" What is there, then, that we cannot obtain ? The Heart of God itself prays for us !

Let us reflect, also, on so many poor souls who groan and often succumb under the weight of their trials, and that alas ! without merit, because they are ignorant, ungrateful, or neglectful, of the consolations and the helps that they would infallibly find in the Eucharistic asylum of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Lastly, let us give and consecrate ourselves forever to that sweet Heart in such a way that our greatest happiness may consist in rendering It love for love whilst honoring It "*in the Blessed Sacrament.*"

Let us carry away with us, and preserve as a precious thing the grace of this hour's adoration, saying with Blessed Margaret Mary : "O my Jesus, not being able to remain in Thy presence, do Thou come with me, to sanctify all that I shall do, since all is for Thee."

*Practice.*—In your devotions to the Sacred Heart, consider It present and living "*in the Blessed Sacrament.*"

*Aspiration.*— "Ah ! how sweet it is to die after having had a constant devotion to the Sacred Heart of Him who is to be our Judge !"

*(Blessed Margaret Mary.)*



soul drank, in long draughts, of light and truth. He divined the mystery of the Word in the Father's bosom, he read the destinies of the Church, he listened to the sublime inspiration of his Gospel; and as no one knows the Father except by the Son, because the Son lives in His bosom, so no one speaks so well of the Son as that disciple who rested on His Heart at Communion in the Cenacle. His Heart was there filled with love and sweetness. He learned there and tasted the laws of charity, which he handed down even in extreme old age by his sweet expression: "Love one another."

If we cannot presume to such favors, since we are not of the number of those in whom Jesus finds a virginal soul, yet, poor sinners as we are, the Heart of Jesus will not repulse us. It belongs to us, also. With the prodigal, let us arise, let us go to It, let us confess our sins, and they will be pardoned. But the rags of our misery still cover us, we still bear the visible marks of our wandering. — Ah! Jesus will not reject us on that account. Like the father of the prodigal, He will come out to meet us at the Communion Table, He will press us to His Heart, He will not reproach us, for He has forgotten all our past misdeeds; and by sweet tears that His loving kindness will cause us to shed, we shall find our lost peace, we shall be inundated with joy, we shall be consoled with the assurance of pardon. O how good is the Heart of Jesus! It warms the cold heart, It strengthens it in Holy Communion, and it looks upon the wanderer's return as the dearest joy of Its life!

Just or sinners, let us all draw near to the Sacrament that gives us the Heart of Jesus for our resting-place, in which we may be restored to health of soul, and taste again the joys of innocence rewarded, or those of repentance pleasing to God.

VI. — Lastly, the Heart of Jesus received at the moment of Communion, becomes truly our own, and we can, we ought to make use of It in order to love God, to practise virtue, to embrace sacrifice. That Heart ought to animate our whole supernatural life. It is the realization of the prophecy: "I will take away your heart of stone, and I will give you a heart of flesh," a heart tender and loving. O marvelous change, as true as wonderful!

It is a gift, an irrevocable gift that Jesus makes us of His own Heart in Holy Communion. As long as the Eucharistic Species remain in our breast, we really possess Jesus' Heart of flesh. It loves, prays, adores and wills in us. It is for us to unite our tepid and cowardly, our blind and egotistical heart to the Heart of Jesus, to lose it in His, in order to love God, our Father, in a manner worthy of Him. As soon as the Sacred Species are consumed, Jesus' Heart of flesh disappears with the Sacrament; but Jesus continues to remain in us spiritually, in order to make us live of His own life. We remain spiritually and very really united to His Heart, which loves, acts, suffers, and merits in us. Our life led on by His light and receiving His inspirations, will become truly supernatural. St Bernard comprehended the gift of Jesus' Heart in Communion when he penned these words of loving confidence: "Since we have had the happiness to approach the most sweet Heart of Jesus, and since it is good to remain in It, let us never separate from It. How sweet it is to dwell in that Heart! Infinite treasure, precious pearl, is the Heart that I have found in Thy most sacred Body, O Jesus! Who could neglect such a treasure? Far from doing so, I will give all that I have, my thoughts, affections, heart, and mind, to purchase It, and I will abandon myself to Its direction. That Heart is a temple, a sanctuary, the Ark of the Covenant, and there it is that I will go to pray, to adore, to praise the name of the Lord, saying with David: '*I have found my heart in order to pray to my God.*' Yes, I have found, I have possessed myself of the Heart of my King, of my Brother, of my faithful Friend, the Heart of my Jesus. What henceforth can prevent me from praying with confidence? My own heart is full of hesitancy, not knowing how to pray, but the Heart of Jesus is now my own: *Cor enim illius meum est.* If Christ is my head, if I am His member, is not all that is His mine, also? It is, then, with Thy Heart, O most sweet Jesus, that Heart which is Thine and mine at one and the same time, that I will pray, for Thou art my God. Suffer my prayers to penetrate into that Sanctuary in which Thou wilt always hear them favorably. Still more, draw me entirely into Thy Heart that I may dwell therein all the days of my life!"

II. — We now know what the Heart of Jesus is in the Eucharist. It is His Heart as true man that therein animates His sacramental life. It is a Heart at once human and divine. It fulfills therein before the Father the duties of a perfect priest and of a victim ever immolated ; and with regard to us, It is the Heart of a Mother, of a Brother, a Spouse, and a Friend. Not satisfied with living for us in the tabernacle, He attracts us to Himself, and gives Himself to us in Holy Communion. This gift is without repentance. It is made to us that we may live, and act supernaturally in Him and by Him. And now, what remains to be said, except to indicate in a few words the duties imposed upon us by the presence and the gift of the Heart of Our Saviour in the Eucharist.

1st. — We must know It, recognize It explicitly in the Sacrament, penetrate to It in thought, and go to adore It in the tabernacles in which It is loving us and waiting for us. Let us give It our time, much of our time. We cannot better employ it. We must adore It and praise It in all Its greatness human and divine. We must thank It for all the proofs of love that It has testified to us by the gift of the Eucharist, which It perpetuates upon all our altars at the cost of so great sacrifices, and with so much profit to us.

2nd. — We must have for It love full of heart, true tenderness, and the confidence of a son, a friend, a brother. It is our heart that It craves more than anything else ; and *that* we will give It if we sympathize in Its thoughts, Its interests, Its affections. O what great things the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist desires for the glory of His Father and the salvation of men ! He remains in so many tabernacles only to procure that glory, sustain His Church, save sinners, preserve the just, and offer Himself for the poor souls in purgatory. Let us make His interests our own, let us join our prayers, our love, and our works to His sacrifice, to His perpetual apostolate.

3rd. — Let us compassionate that Heart, neglected, despised, abandoned. Doubtless, It is interiorly inundated with unalterable joy, plunged in unalloyed beatitude. But sin and forgetfulness affect It in a divine and inex-

plicable manner. Its complaints to Blessed Margaret, if we truly loved, we would hear issuing from all the Hosts that we adore behind the golden wall of the tabernacle, or under the crystal of the ostensorium ; and above all, from the Host of our Holy Communion, which descends into our breast, begging for our compassion, our tears, our love, our reparation. O may our heart be ever loving to the Heart of Jesus unknown, humiliated, and wounded by ingratitude !

4th. — Let us make it our duty to commune with the Heart of Jesus whenever we approach the Holy Table. Let us go beyond appearances. Let us enter into the Eucharistic Body by the Wounded Side, to discover therein the Heart of Our Saviour, the source of His mortal life on earth, of His glorious life in heaven, of His Eucharistic life, the pledge of His perpetual abiding with us, the furnace of all the love that this Adorable Sacrament lavishes upon us.

Then, as the fruit of Communion, let us give to the Heart of Jesus full empire over our heart and our life. Let Him hold the reins of our thoughts, and above all, of our affections. Let us submit to It our desires and our projects that It may approve and bless them. Let all our crosses be faithfully offered to It, that It may alleviate them, sanctify them, and render them meritorious for us and for the whole world.

What shall we say in conclusion ? — The Eucharist is Jesus living, Jesus loving, Jesus kind, Jesus who gives Himself, Jesus who understands us just because in the Holy Eucharist is truly and really His Heart. Let us seek and find the Heart of Jesus where It is truly hidden for us. Let us love It where It loves us, in the Most Blessed Sacrament.





## ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

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ON the 13th of June the Church celebrates the feast of St. Anthony of Padua whose name is a household word, the beloved St. Anthony, invoked alike by young and old, by those outside the Church as well as by the Church's own children !

St. Anthony was born in Lisbon the capital of Portugal of noble and wealthy parents, who never allowed the care of their wealth, nor the claims of society absorb them to the exclusion of higher duties. To train their children in the path of virtue was to these christian parents the first and all important duty of their lives, and it was faithfully and lovingly performed.

From his most tender years the little Anthony showed signs of predilection ; study and prayer filled his young life ; he cared nothing for play as a child, nor as a youth for the usual recreations of college lads. At an early age he entered a religious Order where his piety and humility gave great edification. After a few years spent here he felt a desire to give himself up wholly to God, and to that end asked his superiors to send him away from Lisbon, beyond the reach of his family and his many friends whose visits were a source of too great pleasure to him.

He was sent in accordance with his wishes to a house of the Order in Coimbra. Soon after his arrival there it happened that the Franciscans of that town were celebrating the obsequies of five members of their Order who had been martyred by the Turks, and whose bodies had been ransomed at great cost and brought home by their brethren. The young Anthony was so fired with enthusiasm at hearing the recital of their sufferings that he



burned with desire to join the missionaries, and give his life for the Faith ! Seeing no chances of martyrdom in the Order to which he belonged, he asked and received permission to join the Order of St. Francis.

He spent some time in a convent of Friars Minors, and having at length received the much wished for appointment to accompany a band of Missionaries to the East, he set sail with a serene and joyous heart. But God's ways are not our ways ; He had other work for this zealous apostle at home. There were numberless jews, heretics, and sinners of all kinds who needed his ministrations. Scarcely had he put to sea, when he was attacked by a violent malady, and his companions were forced to send him back. They transferred him to a ship bound for Portugal ; a storm drove it towards Sicily, and they disembarked at Messina. His illness being sent by God to prevent him going away, vanished as soon as he landed, so that he saw the hand of God in it, and sacrificed his own wishes.

The Seraphic St. Francis was holding a Chapter of his Order in Messina, and the young Anthony had the happiness of seeing him and receiving his blessing. He prayed St. Francis that he might remain in, Italy (secretly desiring to model his life on that of the angelic Father,) and his request was approved. He was now sent to a small convent near Bologna. The solitude and poverty of this convent filled him with joy. Here he was quite unknown ; he concealed through humility his education and great natural gifts, begging to be allowed do the most menial offices ; the Prior, thinking he was fit for nothing else, placed him in the kitchen, a servant of servants. Every moment that he had to spare from his humble duties, he spent in prayer and penitential exercises.

But such a gem could not long remain hidden. The Bishop of Forli came to the convent to administer the sacrament of Holy Orders. Besides the Franciscans, there were present many Dominicans. After the ceremony the Prior requested of their visitors, the Dominicans that one of their number should preach a sermon, as preaching was the special function of their Order. They excused themselves, saying that they had nothing prepared.

Then the Prior cast his eyes around his own community, and resting them on Anthony, the humble kitchen brother, bade him preach. He protested saying he knew not how to preach, nor could he think of anything to say.

The Prior commanded him to speak what the Holy Ghost would teach him. He was thus compelled under pain of disobedience to preach. Commencing first in simple words, he grew inspired and poured forth a flood of eloquence, displaying the wonderful gifts of his soul, insomuch that all who heard him were filled with amazement, and the Prior at once notified St. Francis of the treasure which he found in the young brother. The latter directed him to place Anthony under the care of a celebrated theologian, for a course of instruction, so that he could be fitted to use the great gifts which God bestowed on him in the extirpation of heresy. To leave his beloved solitude was a severe trial to the humility of our Saint, but the same humility made him obey unquestioning the command of his superior.

His progress was rapid, and in a little while we find him conducting missions in various places. So great was the force of his eloquence that the most hardened sinners were brought to see themselves in a new light, and sobs and groans resounded through the church while he preached.

Every one wanted to hear him, business was suspended and store keepers closed their doors in order to go and listen to the inspired orator. Many miracles are recorded, which fill volumes. From henceforth his life was so full of labor that it was a miracle in itself how any human body could endure so much. Travelling constantly, never resting ; as soon as he arrived at each city, the people were waiting for him in crowds ; the highest nobles were glad to offer him hospitality.

One of these, a wealthy man of *Limousin* was anxious about the comfort of the honored priest, and wishing to satisfy himself that the Saint was sleeping, looked through a crevice in the door of the room where he had lodged him : he beheld him on his knees, adoring a most lovely infant, who hovered above him smiling, enveloped in a blaze of light ! This vision is the subject of many

representations in painting and sculpture where we see the Divine Child coming to console St. Anthony when he is wearied out in his service. Another well known incident is the following :

One day he was addressing a large concourse of heretics ; they enjoyed his fine oratory, but when he spoke to them of their sins, of the inevitable judgments of God, and the never ending flames of Hell, they did not like it at all. They stopped their ears ! This occurred in Nemini, by the sea ; he discontinued his discourse, and begged the audience to follow him to the seashore. They did so, and he called the fishes from the deep, saying : " Fishes of the sea and the river, since men are so insensible to the word of God that they stop their ears rather than hear it, I come to tell you of his mercies ; come then out of the water, and confound by your attention the malice of these hardened men ! "

And behold, an innumerable multitude of fishes ranged themselves along the shore in perfect order, according to their kinds and sizes. The Saint reminded them of the favors they had received from God, and the care he took to supply them with nourishment and recreation ; giving them such a beautiful element to live in, and how when all creatures were destroyed in the deluge they alone were preserved to his glory. He exhorted them to thank and bless him unceasingly, according to the words of Holy Writ : " Whales, and all ye that move in the waters, bless the Lord. "

When he ceased to speak the creatures waited, as though expecting something more ; the Saint gave them his blessing, when immediately they all returned to their native element. Then turning towards the men he reproached them with their hardness of heart, and numbers of them confessed their sins, declaring that their eyes as well as their ears were opened, and they listened to the sublime doctrines of Catholic Faith with great profit to their souls.

The work which the Lord gave this " good and faithful servant " to do for him, was done thoroughly, and finished early. At the age of thirty six years he was called to his reward. One year after his death he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX. He is called St. Anthony

of Padua, because he was stationed there for some years before his death, and it was revealed to him that he should die in Padua.

The ceremony of his canonization was completed in Spoleto, Italy ; and in the same moment a marvellous thing happened in Lisbon, Portugal ; all the bells of the city rang out a joyous peal, without any human agency ; they were undoubtedly rang by angels.

The feast of Saint Anthony is still kept with great devotion in Padua. From Venice, Bologna, and all the country round crowds come pouring into Padua from the earliest dawn of the June morning. The Cathedral is gorgeously decorated, and Masses, and Benedictions are celebrated until 1, p. m. Should the feast fall on Friday, permission to use meat is posted up on the church doors, so that the day may be a day of enjoyment unclouded by fasting or penance.

In Venice the devotion to St. Anthony is so great, that the day is kept as a general holiday, just the same as in Padua ; all stores and banks being closed.

Thirty years after the death of the Saint a magnificent Cathedral in his honor was completed in Padua. In order to remove the sacred relics, the coffin was opened in presence of the Archbishop ; the body was but dust with the exception of the tongue, which was in perfect preservation.

St. Bonaventure who was present as General of the Order exclaimed in a transport : " O blessed tongue ! which never ceased to praise God, and labored unceasingly to make others praise him ! Your merit is now made manifest to the world, and you have been rewarded by him who created you for such glorious work ! "

To this day that tongue that never spoke idle words remains uncorrupted, and can be seen at the cathedral under a crystal covering.



## The Delinquent

(Continued.)



HE Rector had spent two delightful hours the following evening in Mr. L—'s study, so charmed with one of their old discussions that it seemed like old times. He was hoping to get away without meeting the Delinquent, when as he was going through the hall, a girl of fourteen came from the drawing-room, and, all unconscious of his reputation drew him where Mrs. L—and her daughter were reading. He stood it as well as he could ; to the mother he was cordial, glad to see her, but do what he would he froze and stiffened as the Delinquent would talk, and banter, and laugh in that irritatingly merry way of hers. Beside her on the sofa the child ensconced herself, her eyes fixed on her admiringly ; she was the daughter of one of his parishioners whom, he now learned with dismay, was to spend some time here, and under the dangerous influence of this new convert. He expressed a paternal interest in the child, and before leaving said pointedly that he intended seeing her often during her visit.

What all his inclinations and pleasure could not influence, duty accomplished without a struggle. For the next four weeks the Rector was a frequent visitor at the old house ; he kept a severe eye on his little charge, dreading that hated Roman influence. Sometimes the Delinquent appeared, more often not ; but whenever she did, religious discussions would surely come to the surface. It was not her doing, he must confess ; but his irritation found vent in dashes at her sin, and her justification would naturally follow. Her mother was usually present at these debates, and sat an amused and interested listener ; the child flushed and furious that any one should dare to be so rude to her idol.

One day, after a heated discussion, as he rose to go, his antagonist said calmly : " Perhaps you would not be so severe and unjust towards the Catholic Church if you knew somewhat of her doctrines and teachings. Will you let me give you some of our books, and see for yourself ? They cannot do you any harm, and they may teach you more toleration and charity."

He looked disgusted at first ; then, seeing how hurt and sad she seemed, said for politeness sake, " Well if you wish it I will look at them."

She handed him the *Imitation*, saying " everything I love and need is there."

He left, and for weeks they saw none of him. At last he came one morning and asked if he might keep that little book some time, it required thought and study. The request was willingly given, and as the Rector was leaving he said hurriedly, " You have nothing else you would like me to read, have you ?" " Yes," she answered, giving him the only two books she had besides the *Imitation*—*Christiam Perfection* and *The Catholic Christian Instructed*.

Nothing more was said on the matter, though he came and went, flinging a stone at Rome whenever he got a chance, and she was always ready with a Roland for his Oliver. When he met her occasionally at entertainments through the winter, there was no disguise about his repulsion for her. It always amused her, and as their mutual friends sympathized with the Rector, though they loved her, their little battles were well known across the bay, and over the Point. As the ice broke and the first breath of Spring came over the water, a great change was gradually noticed in the Rector's bearing towards the Delinquent. He was constantly at the old house ; all his former harshness had disappeared ; she was the last to notice it, as his peculiarities had grown so familiar, but people said he had given up all hope of converting her. It was just as well, they thought ; she was a Catholic now, alas ! and she was the one to suffer ; and—well, let it be, there was no accounting for tastes !

So peace was proclaimed, and things dropped into the normal ways, and the old life by the lake was cloudless and happy. The Delinquent coming out of an Irish

cottage one wild, stormy day, met the Rector on his rounds, and together they started homewards. Through the fury of the blast they battled onwards, the waves breaking with merry resounding music against the cliffs. He went along in silence, and then, "I was coming to bring you this," showing her a copy of the *Confessions of St. Augustine*; "Would you care to see it,—and—and—I have finished the first volume of *Christian Perfection*, and would like to read the second." He seemed anxious to be off, and when they reached the old house only waited at the door to give him "Rodriguez," and hurried away.

It was some time before he called, and then casually asked the Delinquent what she thought of the *Confessions*; she replied by inquiring had he noticed where St. Augustine said, that his mother's last request to him was that he should remember her daily in the Holy Sacrifice. What sacrifice did she mean if it were not the Mass? St. Augustine evidently believed in prayers for the dead, which of course he, the Rector, did not. "Perhaps I do" was all he said, and the subject was dropped.

Two weeks later a long funeral procession wended down the village street, and up to the little Episcopal Church on the hill. Through the open doors the casket was borne within, where the congregation were gathered for the service for the dead. Never did the Rector look more spiritual than on those sad and solemn occasions. To-day he seemed much moved as he spoke of the friend who had left them — brave old Captain M—, whom everyone knew and loved for miles along the lake. His genial happy smile, and kindly sunny heart were gone from them; but, the young preacher urged, "we must not forget the dead, they like to be remembered, and alas! how few of us ever think of them, once the sods are laid over them and we turn away from the churchyard. St. Augustine tells us, as he stood at the bedside of his dying mother, St. Monica, she asked him not to forget her, and to-day I ask you to remember the dead."

Listening to his words, Mrs. L— was surprised at the St. Augustine allusion, and was interestedly waiting for the rest, when the Rector stopped abruptly, and the procession left the church. The congregation remained seat-

ed as the coffin was borne away, the Rector following reverently behind. As he passed out of the church he noticed, at some distance, the Delinquent, almost hidden by the trees. Thinking she was simply waiting for her mother, he started as she made the sign of the cross, and her expression told him but too well what she was doing. Of all who came to the service for the dead, she alone prayed for the poor soul. He was stung, perplexed. "Remember me daily in the Holy Sacrifice." Surely St. Augustine was one of theirs, and yet — and yet.

The following evening found him in the drawing-room of the old house, anxious and weary, but with his usual quiet smile. They talked of the funeral yesterday, of the loyal old man whom they knew so well, of the changes his death might mean to the place and people, and then in a sudden pause he said, "How did you ever become a catholic?" The Delinquent looked at him in amazement, so abrupt, so strange was his question, and then answered very earnestly. "The goodness of Almighty God and the beautiful examples of saintly lives I saw in that faith." "What do you mean? There are no Catholics here that would likely influence you, I am sure?"

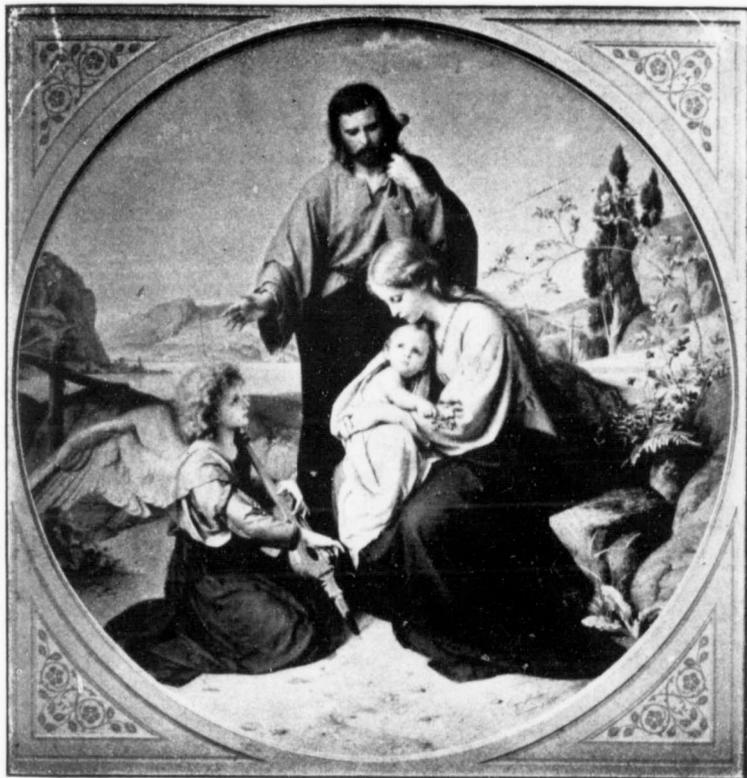
"Yes, even here if you knew them; see the fidelity of those poor Irish, their patience under every trial, their brightness, their joy even, in every privation; but it was not to those I allude particularly. You may remember seeing how happy I was last summer when the New York cousins were here. You refused to come near us then, and our amusements were so delightful, so childlike in one way, and always so supremely happy. Last year there was a great blank in our holidays, for one was gone who had brought sunshine into all we did; he was only a boy of seventeen, the merriest of the party, the first in everything that was gay and mischievous. With all that, he was so unwaveringly, so unpretendingly good; never in all our amusements was he known to say a quick, unkind word; every act and thought even, seemed angelic; and above all, a complete unconscious forgetfulness of self. We all loved him and nothing seemed right without him.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE HOLY FAMILY

From a painting by Muller