



- IMMACULATE CONCEPTION -

From a painting by Müller.





Wherefore the Eucharist.

TO CONTINUE THE WORK OF THE SALVATION OF MANKIND

ADORE our Lord Jesus Christ truly and personally Present behind the veil of the Eucharist; adore Him under His beautiful title of Saviour of mankind, and in the persevering labour, in the most merciful work of your salvation to which He devotes Himself perpetually and without relaxation in the Sacrament of the altar. For if He instituted the Eucharist for the glorification of His Father, He instituted it also for the salvation of mankind which, indeed is the principal means of advancing the glory of God. As the son of God once become man for us and for our salvation, so again he becomes a Sacrament for us and for our salvation. And as He procured during His human life the salvation of men by His prayers, His preaching, His graces and by His Passion, again, to-day, by the same means He labors for our salvation in the Blessed Sacrament. How attentive is His love in this divine work! As during His life He prayed at night on the mountains and in solitary places, so now night and day His prayers go up from the tabernacles which are erected all over the world like watch towers whence ceaseless vigil is kept.

As in former times His preaching proclaimed the duties and virtues that should sanctify us; so in the Blessed Sacrament it is His state itself that preaches to the sight and to faith. It preaches the fulfilment of all duties, and teaches in their highest perfection all virtues. Does not

the state of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament preach to us in perfection what is required of man,—adoration, obedience, dependence, humility, patience and devotedness? During His life He gained souls to God by His benefits, and in the Blessed Sacrament He continues to cure, to nourish, to comfort, to bring souls to life again. What more? Formerly He bestowed benefits, now He gives Himself up to us.

Finally, He once redeemed the world by the shedding of His blood; and the Blessed Sacrament is nothing else but the renovation of His Passion and death, the perpetual and universal shedding of His blood; it is from the Eucharist as from their source that all the sacraments draw their wholesome virtues; it is by the prayer of the Eucharistic sacrifice that the prayers through which favours are granted obtain their efficacy; all the instruments of salvation borrow their effective energy from the Eucharist, and thus by His prayers, His condition, His gifts, His sacrifice, the Eucharistic Christ works still for the salvation of mankind. And this admirable work will last till the last hour of the world; then the courageous indefatigable and heroic workman shall have accomplished His work and consummated the mission He accepted from His Father.

THANKSGIVING.

Gratitude, with the joy and happiness that nourish it, will overflow your heart, if you realize that this work of the salvation of man is accomplished personally in each one of us by the Saviour through His Eucharist.

The Blessed Sacrament is the individual application of all the elements of salvation repeated as many times as there are Christians to be saved. While Jesus prayed for us during His life, to-day He comes to every one of us and prays in him and with him; He comes to impress His teachings on the heart of each, by nourishing him with the grace and sap of His own virtues; He comes to give Himself up Personally, entirely, sensibly to each one, every day of His life; He comes to die in the depths of the soul of each one with the treasure of His blood, His merits and His satisfaction. Each one can, each one

must say unto himself : " I see the Saviour directly working for my salvation ; I feel Him effecting it in me, I must then truly be the object of His solicitude, of His works, I must therefore be sure of my salvation if I give myself up to His divine operations."

Oh ! touching assurance ! convincing proof, invincible demonstration of the love, the ardour, the zeal with which Christ the Saviour wishes me to be saved !

Follow within yourself and admire the beauty, the goodness, the merciful condescension, the indefatigable perseverance of the salutary work Jesus effects in you by His Sacrament, in order to return thanks, and you will be overcome with gratitude towards this devoted Saviour.

PROPITIATION.

During His life the Saviour bitterly reproached the Jews with resisting His offers and His entreaties, refusing the salvation He was offering them and incurring thereby eternal death and punishment, the more terrible because they were rejecting the Saviour Himself at the moment when He was bringing them salvation. What must be said about those who resist the love, the offers, the solicitations, the sacrifices of the same Saviour in the Eucharist ?

What ! He perseveres in remaining among us, multiplying His places of abode, and we seek to ignore Him ? He renews every day upon thousands of altars at once, the sacrifice of His life, and we do not want to take this fact into consideration. He makes Himself the indispensable nourishment of our life, the viaticum of our pilgrimage, the consolation of our afflictions, and the remedy for all our evils in order to reach us and prevail over us, and yet we scornfully reject Him. We condemn the Saviour to the torture of being rejected and refused by those to whom through all the centuries He has extended His loving arms that they might find life in Him.

Oh ! what a terrible crime ! What ingratitude, what unaccountable hard-heartedness ! what madness ! The Saviour can say as He said of the stubborn people of His time and with more reason : " If I had not come, and

spoken to them, they would not have sin ; but now they have no excuse for their sin."

Let us make reparation by consoling the Saviour with our faithfulness and our diligence in making use of the graces of salvation He offers us in His Sacrament. Let us see whether the Eucharist practically occupies in our life the place It should hold. Do we receive It often enough and with sufficient preparation ? Do we have recourse to It with sufficient confidence and promptitude ? Do we live in such a manner with Its help as to work out our salvation efficaciously ?

PRAYER.

Ask earnestly, 1st, for faith in the immense power of the Eucharist for the salvation of mankind and for your own salvation ; 2nd, ask for the grace of being faithful and assiduous in frequently and faithfully making use of the Eucharist ; 3rd, ask for the grace of overcoming the obstacles to this end,—such as sin, dissolute affections, dangerous occasions, wilful negligence, which prevents the Sacrament of all Holiness from really sanctifying you ; 4th, ask that the Eucharist may be more understood and universally spread, may be sought more frequently for the salvation of the world, which without It is in a dying condition.

PRACTICE.

To increase in fervor and to seek every means of attaining more intimate relations with our Eucharistic Saviour.



Letters from a Débutante.

(Concluded.)

Washington Square.

MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

At last, at last, you are actually coming home. This is therefore my final letter to you.

When the lucky ship which bears you hither steams up our beautiful bay, with what secret joy will the Liberty Statue welcome the return of a daughter of independence, heart whole, and fancy free. You will find me on the wharf, patiently waiting to tell you all the news; but I expect also to be a good listener, so please come prepared for gossip. I have already arranged to give a little dinner in your honor, at which you will meet Charlotte. The dear child is most anxious to see you, and has questioned me minutely concerning your stature, your complexion, your feature, and even the tone of your voice, which she hopes is soft and pleasing. I told her you were of the 'Vere de Vere' type, and perfectly charming. I may have exaggerated, but if so, the partiality of an old friend is surely pardonable.

"You say that Eugénie is a practical and intelligent Catholic, Jeanne," said Charlotte, "but among the gay and indifferent people with whom she associates, does she never experience a little opposition in the practice of her religion?"

"Of course, dear," I replied, "our religion often excites the contempt of the superficial-minded; but shall it lessen your ability to understand and execute an exquisite piece of music; or to read a great poem and appreciate its lofty thought, if others are unable to see any beauty in these things? You must know that we are all so diverse, we differ as much in intellect, sensibility, and innate virtue, as we do in the social scale. Our ancestors are perhaps responsible to a certain extent for this. 'The children shall suffer for the sins of the parents' is a just and wise law, a stimulus to virtue, which is always enforced either by heredity, or the social code. This is why I be-

lieve we have so many faults to correct, and at the same time so much natural virtue bequeathed us by our good ancestors. There is none of us wholly perfect, or wholly bad—we are each a different mixture of the nobility and ignobleness of our forefathers; and we, in our turn, will bestow on others not only our natural faults and virtues, but also our acquired ones; the self-control we have developed by the suppression of our imperfections; the loftiness of mind, and sensibility which comes from the education of the heart and soul."

"Then you wish to infer, Jeanne, that there are some who can not perceive the truth and beauty of religion?"

"Yes! there may be many such," I answered. "We are not surprised that the child of a great musician should comprehend the high class music which he has heard all his life,—nor are we astonished when one possessing no special talent is disgusted by hearing the continual drumming of poor performers on inferior instruments; and finally arrives at an indiscriminate detestation of all music—it is the result of natural taste and experience."

"Why then has Our Lord given religion to all, if some do not value it?" she asked.

"Because we are spiritually torpid, is that a reason why we should not receive an education? It is by culture that we gradually acquire an appreciation of things we formerly disliked; and if we refuse to be taught we can not be lifted in the spiritual scale, any more than in the social one," I rejoined.

"But these people often consider themselves the superior of the religious sort. They look upon religion as incompatible with reason, and in rejecting it believe themselves intellectual. They claim," said she, "that the Christian religion retarded progress in olden times, and that many learned men and benefactors of mankind suffered from its narrow minded bigots."

"The great essential of all time, Charlotte," I explained, "is the moral progress of the people, and this as we know is founded and upheld by religion; though scientists have suffered from the bigotry of many so called religious persons, who if well intentioned and full of zeal were not fearful (by reason of their lack of faith) that science

could upset the teachings of Christ ; this can not influence the lovers of truth and morality, who recognize in the doctrines of His first, and only Church the right solution to the moral problems of the world."

"But again, Jeanne, there are those to whom the perfections of Christ appear but weaknesses?"

"And there are those Charlotte, who will tell you that the savage by his strength and animal force ; his freedom from conscience and conventionality is the superior of the civilized man ; yet the civilized man invariably overcomes him. Christ, our God, came to us as the highest type of civilized man, in order to show us what he wished us to be."

"Some doubt that He was God," said Charlotte in a low voice.

"Yet," I insisted, "they can not well explain Him as a liar and impostor, considering His indisputable virtue, and extraordinary wisdom. Should you ever meet such people Charlotte, allow them not to rob you of your priceless gift of faith—they can give you nothing to replace it—you will be left as in a ship without a rudder on the sea of life ; and when nearing the other shore you will be unable to recognize the Pilot who can guide you safely into Harbor. Our lives are but short. How like a dream seem the years which have already passed. The sands slipping from beneath our feet on the sea shore, are a fit simile. It is therefore worth while to live up to the hope which is implanted in our souls by the words of Christ, our God."

"I will always be faithful, Jeanne," she said simply, her sweet face and serious eyes raised to mine, and I believe she will, Eugénie.

I am overjoyed that you are returning so soon, though I regret that our correspondence is now at an end. I trust that my letters have afforded you some little pleasure, and hope that they find you in the best of health and spirits. Charlotte sends her love—while I remain as ever,

Affectionately,

JEANNE.



The Eucharistic Congress.

A GREAT GATHERING OF PRELATES AND PRIESTS
IN ST. LOUIS.

WE sincerely regret that on account of delay in receiving our Report of the Eucharistic Congress at St. Louis, last month's issue of **THE SENTINEL** contained only a brief notice of the Congress, which was attended by about five hundred priests and Catholic dignitaries from all sections of the country. We trust, however, that it is not yet too late to tell our readers a little more about this remarkable assemblage, which was one of the greatest religious manifestations and the most magnificent outpouring of Catholic faith that has ever taken place in the United States.

The opening services was exceedingly impressive. The church was appropriately decorated with hangings in gold and white, the Eucharistic colors, and brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of electric lights. The white marble altar set with artistic sculpture and Eucharistic *alto relivos* was adorned with natural flowers and was an appropriate throne for the God of our altars.

In the sanctuary were Archbishops J. J. Kain, D.D., of St. Louis, and W. H. Elder, D.D., of Cincinnati; Bishops Maes, of Covington, Ky.; Hennessy, of Wichita, Kan.; J. S. Michaud, of Burlington, Vt., and J. J. Glennon, of Kansas City, Mo., the Right Rev. Prelates and the students of Kenrick Seminary, over one hundred strong, robed in spotless surplices. In the body of the church, in the two centre rows which had been reserved for them, sat the priests, and the remainder of the pews contained members of the laity from all parts of the city.

After the singing of the *Veni Creator*, His Grace Archbishop Kain welcomed the delegates and priests to St. Louis, outlining the scope of the Congress and expressing the conviction that great good would result from the

meeting. The Rev. Edward J. Shea, of St. Kevin's church, St. Louis, delivered the sermon of the evening. Father Shea gave a brief history of the Holy Eucharist, to advance the glorification of which is the object of the Congress. During his address the speaker referred to the opening of the twentieth century, and expressed the hope that before it had advanced very far the people would recognize the fact that the Catholic was the one true church and ally themselves with it.

This inaugural discourse was followed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by the most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis, assisted by Rev. Fr. Vincent Wagner, O. S. B., general director of the P. E. L., and the Rev. Wallrath, of Colusa, Cal., director general of Sacramento.

Following the benediction came the first meeting of the diocesan directors. At this meeting preparations for discussions by the Congress were examined and officers selected.

Tuesday morning, St. Francis Xavier's church presented a spectacle such as has never been seen in St. Louis, and as this generation is not likely again to see. Six hundred seminarians, scholastics, priests and ecclesiastical dignitaries formed in line for the splendid procession from St. Louis University to the church. A canopy of white satin and gold was borne above the presiding prelate, Archbishop Kain, and the Archbishop wore vestments which have not been called into requisition since the memorable ceremony when he received the pallium. His rich garments of purple, adorned with rare lace and rich in wonderfully wrought embroidery, were completed by a broad train of heavy purple silk, and upheld by four white-clad pages.

The beautifully carved main altar of Italian marble was brilliant with red roses. The pontifical throne, canopied in crimson, was prepared for the presiding officer and his attendants. Facing the throne, on the opposite side of the sanctuary, were seats for the Bishops. The celebrant of the Mass was the Very Rev. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, whose zeal as a promoter of the Eucharistic devotion is such that he has never missed attending a single conference of the Congress. At the right of the throne

and extending backward to the south of the wide sanctuary, chairs were placed for one hundred clergymen. For the others in the procession the pews on each side of the central aisle reaching to the doors, were reserved.

In the ecclesiastical procession five abbots, four monsignors, seven heads of religious orders and eleven bishops and their attendants made a varied line of purple and white, preceding the archbishop. The bishops were: Bishop Maes, of Covington; Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids; Bishop Hennessy, of Wichita; Bishop Michaud, of Burlington, Vt.; Bishop Jansen, of Belleville; Bishop Allen, of Mobile; Bishop Heslin, of Natchez; Bishop Scannell, of Omaha; Bishop Burke, of St. Joseph; Bishop Cunningham, of Concordia, and Bishop Glennon, of Kansas City.

Archbishop Elder was the celebrant of the Mass. The Rev. Christopher Wernert, of Arcadia, Mo., was deacon of the Mass; Dr. John H. May was subdeacon, and Monsignor Muehlsipen was assistant priest. Bishop Glennon was the preacher. His sermon was a most remarkable piece of sacred eloquence. He presented the Holy Eucharist as the centre and soul of the Catholic church. He compared the members of the Congress to the adorers who followed the star whose light led them to the feet of Jesus. He eloquently alluded to the fervor of the ancient Christians toward the Eucharist and to the touching story of young Tarcisus who having been entrusted with the solemn and sacred duty of conveying the consecrated elements to martyrs in prison, fell a victim of his love for the Blessed Eucharist. He was especially practical in his comparison of the ostensorium sending forth its rays in all directions to the Eucharist whence all source of grace emanate.

The first formal session of the Congress opened at 3 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, with nearly 500 clergymen of the various degrees present.

The opening exercise was a prayer by the president, Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky. After the prayer the Bishop gave an interesting address on matters pertaining to the Congress and exhibited an ostensorium that was

shown to have been used by the priests of the northern part of this country more than two hundred years ago, and which was to be used Wednesday in the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Connolly, the secretary of the Congress, then read a number of letters, one of which was from His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, others from archbishops and bishops and clergymen, expressing congratulations to the Congress, and regretting inability to attend.

The following interesting papers were read: On "Personal Piety of the Priest toward the Holy Eucharist," by Father Lavery, pastor of Holy Rosary church, of St. Louis, Mo., which was greatly appreciated; on "The Organization of the Eucharistic Movement," by Rev. Bede Maler, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Ind.; on "The Eucharistic Missions among Protestants," by Rev. John P. Michaelis, Cleveland Apostolate, Cleveland, O., a paper of unusual excellency; on "The Holy Ghost and Holy Eucharist," by Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Wilkinburg, Pa., a well prepared work.

A meeting of the diocesan directors was held afterward, and in the evening an hour of adoration preached by Rev. F. Timothy Enright, C.S.S.R., was attended by all the clergy. The service closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was given at the same hour, in all the churches of the city.

On Wednesday, Mass was celebrated by Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, Mich. The most important business of the day was the perfecting of a plan for the organization of the Eucharistic movement, by which all those unions, societies and works that are in any way connected with the worship of the Blessed Sacrament shall be united. More interesting papers were read at the morning session. The Rev. P. McLean, of Milford, Conn., spoke on "The Eucharist and our separated Brethren." "The Celebration of Corpus Christi" was the subject of an address by the Rev. H. Stick, of Morrissonville, Ill., and "St. Norbert and the Holy Eucharist" was the theme of the Very Rev. B. Penningo, of West de Peres, Wis. The organizations for the laity, known as "Tabernacle Societies,"

were discussed by the Rev. F. X. Lasance, the chaplain of Notre Dame Academy, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

In the evening Eucharistic celebrations were held in all Catholic churches of St. Louis. In the church of St. Francis Xavier a sermon was preached by Very Rev. D. Mullane, C.S.S.R., with benediction by Rt. Rev. J. S. Michaud, D.D., Bishop of Burlington.

The formal proceedings of the day were opened Thursday morning with low Mass, said by Bishop Burke, of St. Joseph, assisted by the Rev. Father Bede Maler, O.S.B., and Father Vincent Wagner, O.S.B.

At 9.30 the session convened in the basement of the church. The Rev. Bede Maler read a scholarly paper on "The Eucharistic Press." Eucharistic science was well discussed by the Rev. Joseph Wantker; and the Rev. Joseph Sellinger, of St. Francis, Wis., spoke very eloquently on "How to promote devotion to the Holy Eucharist" in seminaries. It is a source of great satisfaction for us to learn that the author of this excellent paper intends to have it published. This will extend the benefit of the article to all the priests who were unable to attend the Congress.

Reports were given from different Eucharistic confraternities and associations for the laity, and in this connection the Rev. J. Heer, of Dyersville, Iowa, spoke on "Eucharistic Sermons" and instructions. A remarkable paper on "Weekly Communion" was read by the Rev. William T. Kinsella, S.J. This paper awaken such an applause that a movement was set on foot at once to have the paper published in pamphlet form, and disseminated throughout the country. The excellency of the paper warranted many of the clergy to order then and there several thousand copies.

On the afternoon, the Rev. Father A. Letellier, of New York, read a paper on "The Order of the most Blessed Sacrament," and reports were made concerning progress of the Eucharistical courts which have have in charge proceedings tending to the beatification of two distinguished American priests. A report on the process of beatification of the Right Rev. Bishop Newman, of Philadelphia, was made by the Rev. Joseph Wissell, and the Very

Rev. F. Nugent, of Kenrick Seminary, gave a report on the cause of the Rev. F. de Andreis, the first vicar-general of St. Louis. The business session ended with a congratulatory address by the president of the Congress, Bishop Maes, of Covington, and a few kind words from the Rt. Rev. J. J. Koppes, Bishop of Luxembourg.

The service in St. Francis Xavier's church followed. It began by the procession and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and closed with the chanting of the *Te Deum*. The whole service was so impressive that it will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Rev. Father Estevenon, S.S., superior of the "Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament" in New York, and Rev. Father Letellier, S.S.S., of the same city, who represented it at the Congress, spoke very enthusiastically of the success of the Congress. It is understood that the next Congress of the League will take place in New York in 1903.

One of the most striking features of the ceremonies was the singing of the Gregorian chant, which impressed the listeners as being unsurpassed by any other kind of music for church ceremonies and impressively appropriate for the service of the Blessed Sacrament.



The Sanctuary Lamp.

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.

(*Concluded.*)

If only she could get up sufficient courage to brave the darkness! And after all, why should she not? It was high time, she reasoned, to shake off her childish fears and cease to be afraid of shadows. She must remember that she was quite grown-up now, and moreover that she was a nun! It was not seemly that a Sister of Charity should be a coward! No, no, she would go at once! She would hurry along the dark hall and enter the chapel through the door nearest the Sanctuary. Surely her fears would fall from her like a garment when she stood within the Master's house! And she would kneel before Him for awhile—would ask Him to make her brave!

Thus thinking, she caught up the night-light which the Reverend Mother allowed her to have in the room, and sped down the corridor, looking neither to the right nor left. But she came to a sudden standstill on the threshold of the Chapel door, for the sound of stealthy footsteps reached her, and she saw a gleam of light! Presently she was able to distinguish through the semi-gloom three moving figures within the Sanctuary gate! The sight had a paralyzing effect upon her. She could not stir or cry out, but remained rooted to the spot, her eyes widening with ever-increasing terror.

III.

When the Turkish acrobats slid from the window to the floor of the chapel, they lit the lanterns which they had thrust into their tunics, and surveyed the place. They had been hired by the leader of a gang of church-thieves to carry off the wonderful lamp and certain gold vessels which were reputed to be of considerable value. In order to do this they had left Henley's London Circus and joined Clarke's when the latter started on its annual tour through Ireland.

Full directions and an accurate description of the interior of the chapel had been furnished to them, and they acted as though on familiar ground. Thus far none of their plans had miscarried. It only remained for them

now to seize their booty and get back to their caravan before the show moved on to the next town.

When they had arranged for an easy exit by piling some of the light, movable pews against the wall beneath the window, they secured the lamp. One of them unwound his sash and wrapping it around the prize, laid it on the altar-steps, together with a brace of pistols which had been tucked within the sash. Then both the men went towards the Tabernacle.

It was at this moment that Sister Concepta entered. The situation appalled her. Fear clutched at her heart like an icy hand, bringing with it a sensation of bodily numbness. But her mind was very active. Her first thought was that God would surely annihilate the wretches who dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon His altar. Then she remembered His infinite patience, and reflected that as He did not strike down His own people when they offended Him by wilfully breaking His laws, he would not destroy these men who knew Him not.

The twain were working quickly and skilfully. In another moment the golden door of the Tabernacle would be wrenched open! Oh, if she could but save it from desecration! But she was so weak, so helpless, so miserably afraid!

While she stood there quivering with terror, it seemed to her that a voice sweet and low as a strain of distant music, sounded in her ear.

"Perfect love casteth out fear!" it said. "Perfect love!" The words were to her what the slogan of an army is to the soldier on the field of battle when for the first time he hears the order to charge on the enemy. She was thrilled, electrified, inspired with splendid courage. She loved the King with her whole heart and soul, and felt now that she was brave enough to die in defense of His temple.

Swiftly she glided through the Sanctuary gate. The Turks heard the light foot-fall and whirled around, only to start back at sight of the slender, black-robed figure. In the flickering light she looked like a spirit, and they dared not approach her. But they soon realized that she was flesh-and-blood, — a mere girl whose life could be crushed out with a blow.

She noted their change of expression and knew that they meant to kill her. She tried to commend her soul to God, but she could not frame a prayer. She seemed to have forgotten absolutely and completely every form of petition that had been familiar to her all her life.

Then there suddenly flashed into the blankness of her mind a remembrance that seemed strangely out of place in this moment of peril. It was of a story written by her brother in their nursery days. He had made her the heroine, and with a boy's vivid imagination had portrayed a scene in which she routed, singlehanded, a band of robber-chiefs through the agency of a revolver and the command, "Back, or by heaven, I shoot to kill!" And so complex a thing is the human mind that she actually smiled now in recalling the amusement which the tale had aroused in her family circle.

As these thoughts came to her, she espied the brace of pistols at her feet. With a quick, involuntary movement she snatched them up, and as the Turks sprang towards her they looked straight into the barrels of their own weapons!

Her face, no longer pallid with fear, had lost its soft, girlish beauty. It was hard and stern, and the eyes that had always shone with dove-like mildness now flashed like those of an avenging angel. Her lips were mute, but her poise and expression suggested as plainly as speech itself a command and threat which it were unwise to disregard.

The dismayed thieves fell back before her, and vaulting over the communion-rail, climbed up to the window, through which they scrambled with frantic haste. In another moment the quartette had fled from the Convent grounds.

Sister Concepta sank unconscious on the altar-steps. At her feet lay the beautiful lamp of the sanctuary, half hidden in the folds of the Turk's sash. The moonbeams that now poured in through the open casement bathed her in silvery light, and although her face still showed traces of the fear that had made her, physically, a coward, it bore the stamp of one would evermore be brave in spirit!



The Children's Hour.

Christmas in other Lands than our Own.

ONCE again comes the happy Christmas-tide bringing "Peace on earth, good will to men." The prattle of the merry children asking each day, "When will Santa Claus come?" falls like sweet music on the ear. We all know this good old saint, who comes every year at the call of the Christmas bells; but let us travel across the sea and have a glimpse at merry Kiss Kingle's home. T'is in Holland.

The little ones there do not hang up their stockings. O! no, it is their little wooden shoes they leave for Santa to fill, and they leave a window open so that he may enter with ease and comfort. They are kinder to Old St. Nick than we are, for when he comes to see us, why, deary me! he has to come down that dirty black chimney! But now let us resume our journey; we will stop and visit our English cousins. In olden times all the nobility went to their country homes where blazing fires were lit, and every house presented a hospitable appearance. The forests were traversed by rich and poor until the finest tree was found; down it came and was carried home and deposited in the great fire place. Christmas eve it was lighted and blazed twelve nights. The last, twelfth night, or "little Christmas," was celebrated with more ceremony than the original Christmas. The principal feature of the Christmas dinner was the boar's head. This was decorated with garlands and carried in on a silver salver by some person of distinction, followed by a

long procession. The houses were hung with holly and mistletoe. The churches were only decorated with holly, as the mistletoe was considered a relic of Paganism, having been used by the ancient Druids, who were heathen priests of England. So, from all this we may judge that the English spent a very happy Christmas. Now, let us travel to Italy. There we are soothed by balmy June winds. Old blustery winter is barred from that sunny country. The children there do not enjoy good Santa's gifts, and indeed it is well he has decided not to go there, for I fear his reindeer and sleigh would be of but little use, he would have to go by rail, and that would never do. But in his stead there is Befana, a good old woman, of whom it is said that the Wise Men asked her to go with them in quest of the infant Saviour; but she declined, saying she was too busy at home, but that she would when her work was finished. However, when her tasks were completed it was too late, the Wise Men had gone. So, for the Infant Saviour's sake, she he is always kind to children. In Russia there is a similar legend, and there are dozens of other countries of which I might speak and tell of their interesting celebrations and their origin. But as time flies, and it is very precious, I will rest here with Befana, wishing all a joyful Christmas and a New Year full of blessing.

Dec. 20, 1899.

FLORENCE CARNEY.

Christmas Thoughts for the Little Ones.

UR LORD is the true Hero-King, and the story of His life must interest us. It is the life of One we really love and Whom we shall love more and more as we hear more about Him. For this life is not like the life of other people. It was lived for us, for each one of us—it is mine, I can take everything in it home to myself; I can say that loving word was said to *me*, that pain was borne for *me*, that grace was won *for me*. Think of that! Can such a thing be said of the life of any one else in the world? What did the heroes of long ago care for me? Their example does

me good, but they did not think of me when they performed their wonderful deeds.

But our Lord did think of me ; I, poor and little as I am, was present to Him all His Life through ; in each action He performed He thought of my good. Shall I not be interested in Him ?

Think of the time before that life was lived—the time of the Old Law. Men looked upon God as a long way off, as One far above them. They thought of Him as One “ Who dwelt in light inaccessible, Whom no man hath seen nor can see.” They worshipped Him and feared Him, but they found it hard to love Him.

God knew it was hard. What could He do to help them ?

Look at that little child standing on tip-toe trying to reach its father's face. Look at it stretching its baby arms as far as ever they can go. Poor little thing, how helpless it is ! Father is far off and it cannot reach him alone. But see, he bends down to it ; lower and lower he bends till his face is on a level with the child's—now it can touch him, now it is happy. The fat hands are laid on his cheeks, the rosy lips kiss his with great love. And the father takes it up in his arms and off they go together.

God stooped to our littleness. He came down from His Throne in Heaven, down even to our level, and took up our human nature. The day came when there was a God-man, God in the form of a little child. And He grew as the children of men grow. He worked as they work, and His working made Him weary. He suffered want, and hunger, and thirst, and cold ; and sorrow came upon Him. For thirty-three years He lived upon earth and then He died. Oh, how He died ! Think of Him on the Cross. Think of the wide wounds in His hands and feet, the beautiful head crowned with thorns, the Precious Blood trickling into His dim eyes—oh, how he died !

And this life—the life He led, and this death—the death He died, were the best His infinite Wisdom could choose, to show man what Divine Love is, to draw men's hearts to love Him in return. What a Life that must be, and what a Death, that would satisfy an infinite love ! Will they not interest us ?

—Life of Our Lord for the Little Ones

“He hath given his angels charge over thee”

WHAT joy it is to have friends in heaven as well as upon earth ! Just think, dear children, each angel's spirit, each glorified soul is your friend. Imagine then how many friends we must have and the best part of it is that they are never weary of thinking and pleading for us. Now that the saints see our Blessed Lord face to face they are as St. Paul tells us “like Him;” full of pity and love for each one of us. If in the midst of their own joy they should forget us they would not be “like Him,” for glorified as He now is Jesus our divine Saviour, thinks of us every instant. If mere human genius enables persons in this world separated by thousands of miles to speak to each other by means of the telephone, it is not surprising that God who alone gives to human intellect its power, should cause the bright spirits of his Kingdom, to be conscious of the words we speak on earth. It is the Divine Mind that they see all things reflected as in a mirror. We on earth, the souls in Purgatory, the angels and saints in heaven, form one family, for we are all His children whom He wishes to know, and to aid one another. He Himself is the link that binds us together. We will never honor the blessed spirits as much as He does, dear children, and since they are precious to Him they must be so to us. And oh, how lovely they are ! Each saint is God's own handiwork. Each one shines like a star. Heaven is a celestial gallery full with statues each one of which is a masterpiece. Only there, the Sculptor is divine ; the statues human souls whom He has fashioned into His own image. It is not then strange that we honor them. Let us often ask them to plead for us just as we ask our friends on earth who are still sin-stained to pray for us. They will do so gladly and thus aid us so to live, that one day, we too, may share their bliss forever.

The First Martyrs.

IT is not necessary for me to tell the little readers of THE SENTINEL what the special devotion of this month is. I am sure that from the first day, and before it, they are thinking of the divine infant, with hearts full of love, and planning how many gifts they will bestow on mama and papa, and brothers and sisters, and the poor, all for the love of Him who gave us Himself on Christmas day.

I am not going, my dear little friends, to tell you anything about Christmas, because you know all about it as I do myself ; but I am going to tell you about some saints who are honored in this lovely month of Jesus, and whose feast-days come next to that of Our dear Lord.

On the 26th of December, the day after Christmas, is celebrated the feast of Saint Stephen, usually called the *first Martyr*, although there were some who suffered for Christ much earlier, of whom I will tell you also.

St. Stephen was one of the seven young men, selected by the Apostles for their holiness of life, and ordained by them to the priesthood. He was then one of the first priests ever ordained ! The Scripture says of him, that he was " a man full of Faith, and of the Holy Ghost." (Acts VI. 5.) After his ordination he was untiring in his zeal for the salvation of souls, preaching constantly, converting many, and working numerous miracles.

Now, the wicked Jews, not being able to stop his apostolic work in any lawful way, hired two false witnesses who accused him before the council of preaching sedition ; and as they uttered these lies against him, " all that sat in the council, looking on him, saw his face as if it had been the face of an angel." (Acts VI. 15.) But their hearts were hardened in sin, and they hated him all the more for it. And the High Priest asked him what he had to say in his own defence : and Stephen, inspired by the Holy Spirit, spoke to them in a long discourse, on the greatness of God, and his goodness to man from the beginning of the world, he reminded them of all the wonders He had wrought for their fathers in times past, and

reproached them with their ingratitude, their awful crime in crucifying the Redeemer, the son of God !

All these stirring words did not soften their hearts ; their anger increased, and they gnashed their teeth at him. " But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looking up steadfastly to Heaven, saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And he said : ' Behold, I see the Heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.' " (Acts VII. 55.) Then these wicked men were filled with rage, and they put their fingers in their ears, so that they should not hear any more of his morals, and they rushed on him, and drove him out of the council, and out of the city, and they all cast stones at him.

And Stephen fell on his knees, saying : " Lord Jesus receive my spirit." (Acts VII. 58.) And again, remembering how Our Lord on the cross prayed for his enemies, he said : " Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." (Acts VII. 59.)

Thus died the glorious St. Stephen, stoned to death by the unbelieving Jews, and praying for them with his last breath !

On the 27th of December is the feast of St. John, the Evangelist, on the 28th comes that of the *Holy Innocents* ; it is about these latter that I am now going to tell you : Perhaps there were some among you who do not know exactly who the *Holy Innocents* were.

You remember how the Kings came from the East, guided by a wonderful star, which moved before them, seeking the new-born King of the Jews.

The Kings when they came to the land of Judea, went to the palace of Herod, who was king there, and enquired of him where they should find the new-born King, foretold by the Prophets, whose star they had followed from their far distant homes.

Now, Herod was a very wicked man, and it disturbed him greatly to hear of a new king arising in his own country ; so he spoke very cunningly to the wise men, telling them that he knew nothing about what they asked them, but that if they found out the new-born King he hoped they would tell Him at once where he was, that he also might go and adore Him. All the time he was speak-

ing so fairly he determined in his own heart to murder the divine child as soon as he could lay hands on him.

The three Kings, with all their train of servants and camels loaded with gifts, went sadly away from the palace of Herod, not knowing where to go to find Him whom they sought; the darkness of night increased their perplexity, when lo! on a sudden, they perceived the star, which had been hidden throughout the day, and seemed to hang like a lamp in the sky over one particular spot, and they joyfully followed its guidance until they reached the stable of Bethlehem, where they found the divine infant with Mary and Joseph. A great peace fell on their hearts, and having adored the Lord, they presented their gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh!

That night while they slept an angel appeared to them, warning them not to go back to Herod.

So they obeyed the angel and went back to their own country by a different way.

The same night an angel warned Joseph in his sleep, to take the child and his mother and fly with them into Egypt, as Herod sought the life of the child!

As soon as Herod realized that the Kings had gone away, without returning to him with the news he desired, he was furious, and not being able to find Jesus, gave an order that every little boy baby in Bethlehem, and the country around, should be killed! And this army of babies who died for our Lord were really martyrs. They were not baptized, because as yet the law of Baptism had not been established; but the church declares that they were baptized in their blood, and having died for Jesus, are saints in Heaven. And these are the *Holy Innocents*.

"All hail! ye infant martyr flowers!
Cut off in life's first dawning hours,
As rose-buds snapped in tempest strife,
When Herod sought your Saviour's life.

You, tender flock of lambs, we sing,
First victims slain for Christ your King!
Beneath the altar's heavenly ray,
With martyr palms and crowns ye play.

MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART. *

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

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(Concluded.)

"But, oh, Trimmer," said Miss Nancy, clasping her hot fingers, "suppose it should grow worse and worse while daddy is away."

"I think it will be all right, Miss Nancy," said Trimmer, steadily. "I am seeing after you. And your papa and your Aunt Norreys will be coming home in a few days."

Then after an hour or two, when it was still quite early in the morning, the old doctor came from St. Edmunds' to look at Miss Nancy; and she wondered confusedly if he had come just as it were by chance, or whether Trimmer had sent for him, in which case Miss Nancy believed that she must be quite ill.

After he was gone she lay and tossed from side to side, and fell asleep again, and dozed fitfully all day, and between the dozes started up with her eyes bright and her hands burning.

"Never mind it, Miss Nancy, my dear," said Trimmer, sitting always by the bed as if she had never moved away. "It is only a bad dream you have been having."

"I have been so afraid," said Miss Nancy, hoarsely. "Oh, Trimmer, has daddy come home?"

"Not yet, Miss Nancy; I am expecting him soon," said Trimmer, with as much composure as if she and Mrs. Plummett had not sent an urgent message to the squire and Aunt Norrey's as soon as the doctor had gone.

"I wish he would come!" gasped Miss Nancy.

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"And, oh, my dear, so do I!" thought Trimmer.

Miss Nancy dozed again, and gradually evening drew on; she believed that the doctor came then, but she did not feel sure of it. She also believed that he came again some time after she had watched the first pale streaks of the gray morning appearing behind the elms, after that long, unquiet fevered night; but she could not feel sure of that either, for her mind was in a very hazy condition. The morning dragged itself by, and Miss Nancy lay and slept, and moaned a little in her sleep, and before noon Trimmer and Mrs. Plummett had despatched a second messenger; for by this time they had come to such a frame of mind that they would almost have forfeited everything they had in the world to have the squire and Aunt Norreys at home.

But Miss Nancy lay and knew nothing of all this uneasiness on her behalf. She asked for daddy many times, in a hoarse, gasping whisper; Trimmer always told her that he was coming. But the afternoon passed, and the evening fell, and darkness came, and it was not until far into the night that Mrs. Plummett, straining her ears miserably at the head of the stairs, burst into tears of thankfulness, as Bailey, stiff with waiting, opened the door to see lights twinkling through the bare thorn-trees, as the carriage dashed up the drive. But this haste made no difference at all to Miss Nancy, for when the squire and Aunt Norreys came, she did not know them.

For Miss Nancy was having dreams, a great many of them. It seemed to her to be one long night, the longest she had ever known. Sometimes she thought she was awake, and was very ill; but this was a fancy that came and went. The world floated hither and thither, and left Miss Nancy drifting forlornly by herself; but one thing always remained, and that was a sore throat. How long it was dark round her bed she did not know, but she dreamed some very curious things. She dreamed not only about the old doctor from St. Edmunds', but about the other doctor from Carchester, and then about a gentleman whom she did not know.

She dreamed fitfully about the old friends when her sleep was not so deep that she was unconscious of any-

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thing. Trimmer seemed to be always there, and her face was quite white, all but a line under her eyes, and that was purple; and Miss Nancy dimly wondered at it, not knowing that the nursing of little Miss Throgmorton would be told in honor of Trimmer the stern as long as she lived. She dreamed of Aunt Norreys being by the bed; and once when she sat there, Miss Nancy was almost sure that she was crying, and she wondered at that too, not knowing that the great London doctor believed that little Miss Throgmorton was dying.

Daddy was often, often there, standing at the foot of the bed, silently, with mournful eyes; and this was the most troubled dream of all. And when he was not there, he was sitting, though Miss Nancy did not know it, in his justice-room downstairs, silent and alone, hour after hour, except when the rector came to be with him.

Nor did Miss Nancy know that in those hours of her night when the great London doctor believed that she was dying, the squire and the rector sat side by side in the room below, looking dumbly at a pitiful scrawl on the table before them, written on a leaf of a copy-book, and folded across and found tidily laid by in the cupboard of the brown parlor. For this was poor little Miss Nancy's will, in which (struggling with infinite difficulties of spelling and penmanship) she had endeavored to make a disposition of all that she had, as men do before they die.

And so she had devised the best thing she had got to dear daddy "because of loveing him most;" and Keep Sakes to Aunt Norrey's, and the rector, and Trimmer, and Mrs. Plummett, and all the servants. And Miss Nancy wished extremely much that she had some Goods that might have been devised unto God's poor forever, but was "afraid" that she had not got Any Thing. For she had not even got what she wanted to have most of all; but she was trying to have it, and would go on trying more and more, until at last she would be able, even in the things that were hard, to have the thankful heart.

And the rector and the squire sat silent for a long, long time; until the rector rested his face upon his hands, and said in a low voice, "Open our eyes, O Lord, that we

face that not ton ; as the al-hat ved

may see! Not alone in our joys — even in the things that are hard, give unto us also that thankful heart.”

But upstairs the long night went on, and the dreams, too, went on and on; until at last there came one quite different from all the others.

It was a dream of a half-open window, of clouds fleeing over the blue sky, of a soft spring wind, of a sound of lambs bleating faintly on the uplands, of the rooks cawing to each other, of the birds on the elm-tree tops, of a world that was new.

And with that, Miss Nancy awoke; and perceiving that her dreams were over, naturally concluded that the long night was also over, and the morning was come; and looking round with a faint, strange interest, she said feebly, but quite clearly, and with excessive politeness, “Good-morning, Trimmer.”

“Good-morning, Miss Nancy,” replied Trimmer soberly, it being four o’clock in the afternoon; but quite unaware of any discrepancy, Miss Nancy acknowledged the response with a smile of weak affability. On which poor Trimmer the stern, who had hitherto refused to permit herself to give way for one single moment, went quickly out to call Aunt Norreys, and retiring to Mrs. Plummett’s room, sat down on the nearest chair, and went into hysterics.

But Miss Nancy presently fell asleep in much tranquillity, and slept very soundly for a long time; and by and by she had the most singular dream of all. For she dreamed that the squire was in the room, and he was kneeling at the foot of the bed, as if he were saying his prayers, which was surely a very curious thing to fancy in her room. In her dream the door was a little open, and there came a footstep falling softly down the passage, and suddenly the rector was standing outside the door. And then dear daddy rose to his feet and looked at the rector, and the rector tried to speak, and could say nothing, and so dear daddy spoke.

“John Throgmorton desires to give thanks for great mercies vouchsafed to him.” . . .

And so Miss Nancy’s waking dream passed into a sleeping, and she thought she was in church, and the rec-

tor was praying, and every one was giving thanks with him. And behold, Master Barthlemy was kneeling under the sunny window, with his hands crossed on his breast and his face looking upward; and he prayed, and Miss Nancy heard him.

“And we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and we may show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord. . . . Amen.”

IX.

Miss Nancy was convalescent. To be sure she did not quite recover after a few days, as in the old manner of having a sore throat; for she had been so ill on this occasion that it had been confidently believed that she would never have a sore throat again, or indeed pain of any sort whatsoever. She was nursed for a long time; but thinking of what might have been, her friends did not seem to mind the nursing, as she feared now and then they must do. Miss Nancy was herself much affected by everybody's love and care; she could never have supposed that there were so many people to think of her, especially when she put her own qualities under a rigorous examination, and fully acknowledged that she was not as beautiful as mother, not as much to be loved as dear daddy, not as saintly in life as the rector, not as perfect in manners as Aunt Norreys, not as tidy as Trimmer.

But now Miss Nancy was more than convalescent; she was to be considered quite well again. It was a soft, warm day in spring, and Miss Nancy was about to enjoy the air; indeed, to take her first walk beyond the garden. Trimmer had dressed her quite gently; she had not once reproachfully accused her of having grown, — and yet, during her illness, Miss Nancy undoubtedly had done so, — and she had not even told her to mind her behavior. Miss Nancy thought of it afterwards, perceiving an opportunity for taking a little license if she chose, but continued to mind her behavior all the same, because it did not seem quite honorable to do otherwise, when Trimmer

had only forgotten to mention it. For this was a very great occasion, one of the greatest in Miss Nancy's life. She was eleven years old to-day, and she was to accompany the squire and the rector on a most solemn and important walk, according to a special request, preferred by her on the excellent grounds of her birthday, and granted on the spot.

They went slowly to the Hall fields, Miss Nancy between her two tall companions, with one thin little hand in the squire's big palm, and the other full of primroses, that the rector plucked from amongst the grass, and gave to her for a birthday nosegay.

So they went through the churchyard, up the forgotten little lane, and along the pathway in the buttercup meadow to the courtyard of the Thankful Heart. The pigeons fluttered and strutted in the sun, and the water rippled in the basin as of old; but Miss Nancy stood and looked up at the words cut in the oak beam over the doorway:

"In the Yeare of Our Lorde

"Given unto God's Poore for ever in Token of the Thankful Heart. Amen."

And beneath, another hand had carved new words:

"In the Year of our Lord

"John Throgmorton endowed again this House, by the blessing of God, and the Light of a bright example, in Token of the Thankful Heart. Amen."

And behold, God's poor were come to their own again, and sat on the benches in the sunlight and took their rest in the peace of the Thankful Heart. And the shepherd's wife, installed in the great kitchen, stood in the doorway with the children about her. There was Grandy Purcell the oldest inhabitant of Forest Morton parish, so old that he had, as he said, "lost count of himself." There was his neighbor, piping his still cheerfull note in its shaking treble, "Its old Samuel; and he's very much obliged to you," while his head nodded and his withered hands shook in rivalry. There was Jonathan, with his dull strain, "I don't hear you. I be stone deaf, I be." There was old Betty, who had outlived her home, her children, and all that she had, and only cared now to gradually sleep herself away, and so sat sleeping on, until she should be rested, and ready to awake at the last. There was witless Mary, who was sixty years old, and yet was treated like a child of six, on

account of being quite simple ; and yet was not unhappy, because she had never passed beyond the days of her childhood, and in this life never would. There was poor ailing Hannah, who was bowed almost double with rheumatism, and would be straight no more again, until, like the lame man of old, she found herself the Beautiful Gate. But until the hour should come, she sat and took her rest, with the others of Gnd's poor, in the peace of the Thankful Heart.

"And may we stay at the church a moment?" asked Miss Nancy, as she went homeward through the meadow, between the squire and the rector. "Because I have been thinking of Master Bartlemy a good deal to day, and I should like to give him some of my primroses, if I might. For I am so very glad about the Thankful Heart ; I think I feel like he used to do, full of happiness and thankfulness. Do you, daddy?"

The squire did not speak, perhaps he could not ; he held Miss Nancy's hand more closely.

"My little maid, we'll all have thankful hearts this day," said the rector, and there were, though Miss Nancy did not see them, tears in his eyes.

They came to the wicket in the churchyard wall. The birds flew out at their approach, and chattered what was perhaps a welcome to little Miss Nancy ; and they went into the low green porch, and through the dark church, to Master Bartlemy's window. The sweet wind from the uplands stole in through the open lattice ; and it might have been the spirit of Master Bartlemy bringing a message from the old forest, for he lay and smiled in his sleep. And so Miss Nancy was lifted up with the primroses, and left them lying upon Master Bartlemy's bosom, with the sunshine upon him, and upon his noble handiwork round about him : the twelve apostle panels upon the walls, wrought so long ago, and still sound and true as English oak was wont to be, and beautiful with the reverent labor of those cunning artist fingers.

Upon each panel the figure of a holy apostle ; and round about him the fret of leaves and flowers, as it were for beauty ; and beneath each panel the border of the guards of a long life, for service ; and above, the angel, for praise ; and in hand the palm, for victory ; and humbly wrought in a hidden corner, the sign of Master Bartlemy's own hand, the heart, as it were for thanksgiving.

Miss Nancy stood with the squire and the rector at the door, lingering and looking back

"I was thinking that if people have forgotten that Master Bartlemy gave the Thankful Heart, they would forget that dear daddy endowed it again, and I was sorry; but when I look at Master Bartlemy, I feel," said Miss Nancy, — "I feel as if it would not matter."

"No, it will not," said the rector, "for the tablet that I think of will keep forever the memory of this John Throgmorton, who by the blessing of God, and the light of a bright example, endowed again the house of the Thankful Heart, for the service of God's poor forever."

"Who by the blessing of God, and the light of a bright example," repeated Miss Nancy, lovingly. "It means dear Master Bartlemy doesn't it?"

"Not Master Bartlemy alone, my little maid," said the rector, — "not Master Bartlemy alone."

"The light of all the good people who ever lived?" asked Miss Nancy, wistfully. "Do they all leave a light?"

"There never yet was such a light lost," said the rector. "After so many years — Lord, how wonderful."

"The sun shines so beautifully about Master Bartlemy now," whispered Miss Nancy. "Dont you think it might be like his light shining before men?"

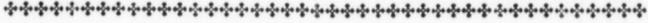
"I think it might, my little maid," said the rector, "shining before men to the glory of God. And if so clearly here upon this earth, how much more, O God, in thy heaven."

And Miss Nancy looked out beyond the churchyard trees, at the blue of the spring sky, and the soft gray of the rolling uplands that had once been Morton Forest, and, beneath the green of the hanging birchwood, the gables of the Thankful Heart, where, in the courtyard, the pigeons came down, and fluttered and stutted for the very joy of life, and the water rippled, "Give thanks, give thanks, give thanks!" And God's poor sat on in the sunlight, waiting awhile, until friend Death should come to ease them of the burden of dulling poverty and long years, in the quiet harbor of the Thankful Heart.

And Miss Nancy looked within again, upon Master Bartlemy, where he lay upon his tomb, and smiled, as one might smile whose name has passed into a better keeping than this of ours. Oh, thou gentle, God-fearing, old craftsman, surely not forgotten, seeing thou wert gone to the place where good men go when they die, to the place where the memory of them abides, and there is no forgetting. Oh Master Bartlemy' lying

there in ruff and gown, with delicate artist hands crossed peacefully on thy breast; with thy sweet, refined face at rest, and lips parted as if to give thanks now and forever, well, well was it with thee, having brought thy steadfast life to a good ending, — the steadfast life which faithfully serves its generation, and the good ending which leaves behind a light to shine before men, to the everlasting glory of God.

THE END.



MY CROSS

By Eleanor C. Donnelly

When first it met me in my sunny path,
 And, murd'rous, pierced my eart — the wound
 the pain
 So grievous seemed, so instinct with God's wath,
 Methought my lips could never smile again.
 Thro' all the days, I pondered on that pain;
 Thro' all the nights, I chafed beneath that cross;
 Till Death alone seemed to be sweetest gain,
 And Life alone but bitter, bitter loss.
 But, one glad day, I heard an Angel sing,
 And all the air with these wise words was rife:
 " 'Tis God thy Father who hath willed this thing,
 And in His Will are peace and joy and life!"
 And since?—I hide it in my heart's deep shrine,
 And blood-stain'd, clasp it there: nor weep, nor frown;
 For Thou cast will no cross, O Love Divine!
 That wins not (bravely borne) its own Blest crown.





St Charles Borromeus

Giving Holy Communion to the plague-stricken inhabitants of Milan.

