



Jesus offering His Sacred Heart to the World.

From a painting by Lafon.



Communion, the Law of Love.

PERE EYMARD.

I will write my law in
the midst of their hearts.

JEREM. XXXI. 33.

Dabo legem meam in visceribus eorum, et in corde eorum scribam eam.

NOT only does Holy Communion enlighten our minds by its special grace, and reveal to us by intuition rather than by reasoning what Our Lord really is, but it is to our hearts the revelation of the Law of love. The Eucharist is *par excellence* the Sacrament of God's Love.

The other sacraments are indeed testimonies of His love for us, but they are the gifts of Love, while the Eucharist is the Giver Himself, God, above all His gifts. It is therefore in Communion above all that we learn the Law of Love that our Saviour came upon earth to reveal. It is there that we receive the grace to love and there that we find most of all the exercise and the virtue of love.

I.

But, first of all, what is love? It is the gift. Hence is the Holy Spirit, which proceeds from the Holy Trinity as Love, is called "the Gift."

How do we recognize love? By its gifts.

Let us consider what Our Lord gives us in the Eucharist. All His graces and gifts are intended for us, but He gives us more still, Himself, the source of every gift. By Communion we participate in the merits of His whole life, therefore we must acknowledge God's love for us by the perfection and completeness of the gift.

How did you first begin to love your mother? There was within you an instinct, a germ of love for her, but it slept and gave no sign of life. The love of your mother for you awoke this love in your heart. She loved you, suffered for you, nourished you with her own substance, and by these generous gifts you found out how much your mother loved you.

Our Lord, therefore, giving Himself entirely to the soul, and to your soul in particular, proves unquestionably that He loves you personally in an infinite degree. He dwells in the Eucharist for you alone. Others enjoy His Presence also, it is true, as they enjoy the sun that shines upon all. but that does not prevent you from basking in its beneficial rays. Oh, how evidently does Communion manifest the Law of Love written in our hearts by God Himself! He said in days of old: "I will no longer write my law on tables of stone, but in your hearts, in characters of fire!"

How true it is that he who knows not Communion knows not God's love! He may at most feel some of its effects, as the beggar knows the liberality of the rich man by the few pieces of money that are pressed into his hand.

In Communion, however, the soul sees itself loved by all God's power of loving. If, therefore, you would truly know God's love for you, receive Communion and thus consider yourself. You will need no further proof.

II.

Communion gives us the grace to love in return. To love our Lord with a love of friendship, there is needed a special grace. Jesus, coming to us, brings us the grace to love, while at the same time He gives us as the object of that love, Himself. Our Saviour did not ask His dis-

ciples to love Him as He loved them, *before* the Last Supper. He did not yet say to them, "Abide in my love." It was too strong a word for such timid souls, they would not have understood Him. But *after* the Last Supper, He said to them no longer, "Love God, love your neighbor;" but "*Love me as your Brother, your Friend, with a love that may be your life and the law of your life,*" *Non jam dicam vos servos sed amicos meos.*

If you do not receive Communion, therefore, you may love our Lord as your Creator, your Redeemer, your Benefactor, but you will never know and love Him as your Friend. Friendship is based upon union or a certain equality, and these relations with God are found only in the Eucharist. Who would dare to think himself the friend of God, and deserving of His intimate affection? The servant who would treat his master as a friend would insult him, unless the master had first given him the right to do so. But when God comes Himself to sit at our fireside, when he is come to cement with us a union, a partnership in life, in goods, in merits, thus making the first advances, I may have the right to call Him my Friend. Hence the words of Our Lord to His disciples after the Last Supper: "I call you no longer servants." What then dost thou call them, Lord? Glory of God, Strength of God, Remedy of God, as the Archangels? No, more than all these titles, great as they are, "I have called you *friends*. You are my *friends*, because all that I have received from God, I have given to you. You are my friends, because to you have I confided my royal seal."

He goes farther still; He appears to Magdalen and says to her, "Go and tell my *brethren* what you have seen." What! His *brethren*? Can He do more? And yet the apostles have only received Communion once! What then of those who like us have received Him so often! Who now will fear to love our Lord with the most tender affection? Tremble if you will *before* Communion, remembering what you are and whom He is that you are about to receive. It is well, you have still need of his mercy.

But *after* Communion rejoice only, there is no more

room for fear. Even humility should give place to joy. What joy does not Zacchæus display when our Lord accepts his hospitality ! But see also how this visit sets him on fire, he is ready to sacrifice all he has, to repair his wrongs ten times over ! The oftener you receive Communion, the more will your love increase and the more will your heart become enlarged. Your love will become more ardent and more tender in proportion as its source become more intense. It is Jesus who comes Himself to enkindle the fire. This flame He will nourish and add fuel to it by His frequent visits until it expands into a consuming fire. He is the burning coal that ignites us : *Carbo qui nos inflammat.* And the fire He has enkindled will never be extinguished unless we ourselves will it, because its nucleus is not self, but Jesus Christ Himself, who gives it force and action. Do not, therefore, smother this flame voluntarily by the stubble of wilful sin, and it will burn forever.

O ye, poor Christian souls, who receive Communion but once a year ! what do you expect from that ? Your little flame is but feeble, and it will die out if it be not brought more frequently to the Furnace of Charity. Will a fire burn if you give it no fuel ?

III.

Communion also exercises us in the virtue of love, and pure and perfect love finds its exercise in Communion alone. A fire that has no room for expansion will soon go out. Thus our Lord desiring to be loved by us and seeing us so incapable of loving Him as we should, puts His own love into our heart, or rather loves Himself for us. Thus we work upon a divine object. There is no passage or transition. We are at once introduced to the object and the virtue of love. That is why our movements of love are better and more ardent during our thanksgiving after Communion, because we are nearer to Him who forms them in our hearts. When making your thanksgiving therefore, expand your heart in our Lord and love Him tenderly. Do not seek to make acts of this

or that virtue. Believe that our Lord is Present within you, and enjoy His companionship. Let Him be the capital of your spiritual investment, and your gains will be doubled, because the capital is doubled. In working with and upon our Lord you will gain a larger profit than if you sought, alone, to increase your virtues by multiplied acts.

When you receive our Lord, keep Him with you as long as possible by giving Him a larger place in your heart. To increase the Lord in ourselves to the most perfect exercise of love. Penitent and suffering love is good and meritorious doubtless, but it retrenches the powers of the heart and overwhelms it with the vision of endless sacrifices. Here, on the contrary, the heart dilates in the most simple and entire expansion. It blossoms as a flower in the sunshine. The soul that never receives Communion does not understand this language. Let it cast itself then for a little while into this divine Fire of Communion and it will learn to understand. It is not enough to believe in the Eucharist, we must act in harmony with the laws It imposes. It is above all the Sacrament of Love. It is God's will that we share this love and inspire it. Come to Jesus by affection. Humble yourself, certainly, but let love, or at least, the desire to love, animate you. If then we lavish our affection on Jesus, and accept the love He longs to lavish on us, we shall know how much love is comprehended in the Eucharist. Let us prepare ourselves, by frequent Communion, to enter Heaven. There we shall receive our Lord perpetually and live in His knowledge and love. Let us receive Communion well here to be ready to enter Heaven without trouble. Communion frequently received with the requisite dispositions is the certain pledge of eternal salvation.



CORNELIA

(From the Italian.—Translated by E. McAuliffe.)

(Concluded.)

An immense crowd was gathered in the Forum, where the enemies of the gods were being judged. Many Christians mingled in the crowd of plebeians whom curiosity drew hither; the former desirous of assisting their brethren, and of gathering their relics after death. Cornelia pushed her way through the crowd, guided by the harsh voice of the judge, saying: "Obey the edicts! Sacrifice to the gods!" A clear firm voice replied: "I obey *one* only God, who has said, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life! He who believeth in me, shall not die for ever.'"

Cornelia recognized the voice of the slave, and forcing a passage to where she stood bound, exclaimed: "Ifigenia, do not go to Heaven without me!" Then, addressing the judge: "I, too, am a Christian, let me die with my sister." "O, child of election, O true servant of Christ!" cried the martyr, forgetting in her joy, the pain of the iron chains cutting into her flesh; "a little more patience, a little more courage, Heaven is at hand!"

The judge looking severely at the patrician girl, asked her: "Who are you?" "I am a Christian," she answered. "Who is your father?" "The God of Heaven and earth!" "I command you to offer sacrifice to the gods of the Empire!" "Never," she replied. "Lead her to prison, and we shall see," said the baffled judge; and for the slave, to the funeral pile with her. "But first tear out her insolent tongue! see that you carry out the sentence, lictors!"

In the prison where the Christians were awaiting the sentence which would open for them the gates of Heaven,

they were singing in chorus the sublime canticle of the *Magnificat*. The sweet music of their voices echoed through the damp and gloomy vaults, when it was interrupted by the sound of the key turning in the lock, and like a ray of light appeared a young girl in white garments, who reminded them of the angel who came to deliver St. Peter. But it was not an angel, only a new prisoner, who as she entered, cast around a timid glance, asking: "Am I among Christians?" At sound of the sweet youthful voice, a woman rushed forward from the crowd of prisoners, and clasping her arms around the new comer exclaimed in broken accents: "Cornelia! my child! is it really you? You here, and a Christian?" "Oh! *Madre mia*, the God of the Christians is omnipotent, He has re-united us!" "You are then a Christian, my precious one?" said Virginia. "I confessed Christ before the tribunal, but am not yet baptized," she replied.

No words could describe the feelings of mother and child at this moment, so mingled with joy and sorrow. They were re-united, but on the eve of the parting of death! They found each other Christians, on the eve of immortality, where "death shall be no more."

Virginia presented her child to her sisters in captivity, for whose spiritual welfare they had all aided her to pray, then withdrawing a little from the rest, they sat down hand in hand, to tell each other the singular events which terminated so happily. With tears of humble gratitude Virginia learned that it was a poor unlearned slave who led her daughter to the paths of truth. "For me, she said, I was instructed in the sacred mysteries by a noble *giovannetta* (young girl). Torn from thee, my dearest, sorrow took possession of me in its darkest form, nothing could console me, the world was a desert; the un pitying gods have no balm for wounded hearts. In Parthenope I met the young Susanna, a near relation of our Emperor; she quickly saw my grief and tried to comfort me; she mingled her tears with mine. Little by little she led me on to the knowledge of the God of consolation, who alone can heal all our ills. My heart like a thirsty soil, eagerly drank in the refreshing doctrines of Christianity; I was baptized by Caius, uncle of the pious virgin, and

vicar of Christ on earth. New persecutions broke out ; Susanna left Parthenope for Rome, I came with her, hoping to reach you and bring you into the church, but all my efforts to see you were vain. I could only weep and pray ; Susanna prayed and wept with me. This intrepid virgin converted her whole family. United by sacred vows to Him who feedeth among the lilies, she claimed her faith openly, longing for martyrdom. Threats and caresses were equally powerless to move her ; she rendered her life for the love of her Heavenly bridegroom !”

After relating the story of her conversion, Virginia told her daughter that a priest was coming to the prison that evening to prepare the Christians, and administer the sacraments to all ; and that she should receive Baptism at his hands. This hope and expectation filled Cornelia with the purest joy, she lifted up her heart in prayer for strength, well knowing that the Baptism of water would be quickly followed by that of blood.

When it was night one of the jailors, who was secretly a Christian, admitted an aged priest, who entered with the salutation : “ Peace be with you.” Virginia brought forward her new neophyte, and in a few words gave him an account of her conversion. “ Ah, my child, he said, I knew Ifigenia, she is worthy to take her place with confessors and martyrs ; bless God for having given you such an instructor. Her preparation is sufficient ; after Baptism you shall receive the bread of life ; to-morrow perhaps, you will follow Ifigenia.” Then addressing all, he continued : “ Sisters in Christ, I have brought you the bread that fortifies ; to-morrow you will be called on to testify the Faith that is in you !” One asked : “ Are we condemned, Father ?” “ All the Christians, in all the Roman prisons are to die to-morrow !” replied the priest, in accents blended of sorrow and of joy. Servants of Christ, pray, pray for all our brethren in the Faith, that not one may turn back, when Heaven is so near. Let us pray now for our catechumen.”

The pious assembly fell on their knees in silent prayer. Cornelia confessed her belief in one God, in three persons, renounced the devil, the world and the flesh, and

with seraphic fervor received on her head the purifying stream which cancels original sin, and opens the portals of Heaven. Destined for to-morrow's sacrifice, she received with her mother, and all the Christians present, the divine sacrament which gave so often the courage of lions to timid maidens, and inebriated the Christians with joy in the midst of torments.

The newly baptized tasted a happiness which was not of this world. How sweet to her seemed the hope of immediate martyrdom, and how dreadful by contrast, appeared this life, so beset by temptations and dangers ! With all her heart she blessed the merciful God, who called her so early to her reward.

The night was passed in prayers and canticles, and the dark prison was illumined by rays of the purest joy.

The following day was one of great rejoicing to pagan Rome. All the places of public amusement were thrown open to celebrate the general massacre of the Christians :

“ Butchered to make a Roman holiday.”

They were subjected to every species of torture and indignity ; when the wild beasts in the amphitheatre were gorged, a number of women with large stones hung about their necks, were driven by the lictors to the riverside, and pushed into the Tiber. In the silence of the night the Christians came to gather the bodies which the tide cast on the shore, among them were found two, a matron and a girl, clasped in an embrace that even death forbore to part. On the smiling lips of the latter was an expression of indescribable peace and joy, she looked as though in a calm and tranquil sleep.

“ Omnes sancti Martyres, Orate pro nobis.”



Letters from a Débutante.

Washington Square.

MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

After my sojourn in the country, I am rejoiced to be back in town. I am reveling in the Fall fashions—of which the shops are full—You should hasten home.

What can be detaining you in the French Capital? Hateful thought; it must be some insignificant little French count, with a waxed mustache, and a monocle, who pays you compliments all day long. Oh, Eugénie, beware!

I have declined cousin Flo's invitation to Sansouci Cottage for the hunting season, as I've had enough of social life for the present, and sadly need a rest. Heaven deliver me from a life of endless pleasure; with its latter years spent in a fruitless endeavor to elude old Father Time. Why should people fear old age; it is so beautiful to see them calmly advancing by the side of the Old Man with the scythe, but I suppose in a frivolous life the years are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Charlotte writes me that she has already begun to suffer for the faith. Her governess, that benevolent Madame Biblot, seeks daily to show her the folly of her ways. It seems that after lessons, the instructress almost regularly attacks the Church, its priesthood, its sacraments and its ceremonies. In vain does her pupil avoid the subject; the most remote and thrilling remark serves to introduce it. I wrote Charlotte to have patience; to show consideration and charity (it is so easy to give advice.) Madame B., though a good teacher, is of a somewhat intense nature, and consequently often unjust and overbearing. I cautioned the child to be prepared for the onslaughts; to defend her belief in an amiable, quiet manner; and never, on any account, permit the old lady to get the best

of an argument ; for everything in the Catholic religion can be reasonably justified. She, (the chère Madame) is especially fierce against the priesthood and the ceremonies of our church ; so I told Charlotte to inform her, that as expounders of the civil laws were necessary ; so also must there be expounders and teachers of the moral and spiritual laws ; and that if our shepherds were all so bad and corrupt, the flock could not have survived for so many hundreds of years, but would have, ere this, dispersed and disappeared. As to the ceremonies, I counseled her to explain that they were not idle show and glitter, but were intended as the external homage and honor paid to the King, Who, we believe, resides on our altars ; for our religion is founded on faith in God and His power ; and not on the reasoning capacity, or various opinions of ostensibly logical creatures.

As Charlotte is naturally sweet and amiable, and does not readily lose her temper or prolong an argument, I think all will be well.

During my last visit to Charlotte, we had a discussion one afternoon on the subject of perfection.

"I read the other day, Jeanne," said she, "the opinion of a scientist, who thought that society would be on a perfect basis, when each man worked for the good of the greater number, or became unselfish and broad-minded."

"And how did he propose to bring about this happy state?" I asked curiously.

"I don't know," she replied, "he did not explain ; but I suppose he would seek to convince the people that to act unselfish would redound to their own material interest."

"Oh !" I exclaimed, "but that would be offering a selfish motive for disinterested actions, and the people would continue egotistical. Do you notice the fallacy of such an idea ? Of course it is to be understood that we all possess instincts of selfishness, and the individual wholly devoid of them is really but a simpleton. God, who comprehends our nature and knows how to elevate them has sent us a religion which also teaches that perfection is unselfishness and the desire to serve others, and

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offers us a spiritual incentive for seeking it ; an incentive which if personal, is not selfish in the true sense of the word, as it proffers us no material gain, and is founded chiefly on the commandment to love God, while the fear of Hell and punishment, as taught by Christ, is a necessary stimulus which the just God offers to our often ignoble natures. Christ bade us 'lay up treasure in Heaven, to be anxious for our own future welfare, and he was the most marvelous example of unselfishness. Search as you will, you can never find outside of religion a lofty and pure, though personal motive for disinterested action."

"Why, Jeanne," she insisted, "the irreligious, but sincere philanthropist who strives to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, is surely actuated by pure motives?"

"Apparently so," said I, "but really he is unconsciously seeking to satisfy his own sense of humanity and generosity, and thus to gratify himself."

"Oh ! Jeanne," laughed Charlotte, "I have no more to say ; I award you the palm."

Gossip is whispering many charming things about you, Eugénie, that you are known in Paris as "La Belle Américaine," that your gowns are marvels of loveliness, and your manners simply bewitching. They picture you as a heartless coquette, but I cannot believe you are such, for in my mind I see your sweet, serious, brown eyes, and I know that those gentle orbs are the windows of a tender, womanly soul. Thus practically I close this letter with my best regards to you.

Affectionately,

JEANNE.



The Sanctuary Lamp.

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.

I.

DURING the summer months Tramore is thronged with visitors who deem it the most delightful watering-place in the South of Ireland. But at this late hour it looked like a deserted village. The only living thing in sight was a lean cat whose plaintive "miaow" woke the echoes in Strand Street.

At the foot of this street was an open space on which a tent gleamed white in the moonlight. From beneath the canvas was heard occasionally the roar of animals disturbed by the bustle incident to stowing the circus paraphernalia into caravans. But it was not the captive beasts alone whose repose was broken in upon to-night. There was hardly a boy or girl in the town who enjoyed the sound sleep which is the prerogative of youth.

For a long time they had been looking forward to the annual visit of "Clarke's World-Renowned, Stupendous, And Highly-Entertaining Circus", (vide the hand-bills), and now that the great event had actually taken place the memory of it haunted their dreams.

First of all there had been the parade, described by the advertising agent as "A Glittering, Grand, And Gorgeous Pageant." It had moved through the streets in slow procession between rows of eager spectators. There were cream-white horses and piebald ponies curvetting under the touch of their riders; band-wagons and chariots galore; grinning clowns, and a choice collection of animals, wild and tame. At the rear walked four Turks, in the garb of acrobats, who somersaulted and formed living pyramids whenever the parade halted. Then there

were the two performances, in the afternoon and evening, which excited the admiration of the young Tramorians.

But it was all over now, and before daybreak the circus would be en route to the next town.

The manager had given various instructions which were being rapidly carried out. The ringmaster had laid aside his dignity with his frock-coat and was grooming the horses. The women-riders had doffed their tinselled raiment and were preparing supper for their families. Some of the men who had done difficult and dangerous work were ordered to take an hour's rest.

Amongst the latter were the Turkish acrobats, but although they entered the caravan which they shared in common, they did not lie down. Instead, they took from a secret receptacle a carefully-executed drawing of the Tramore Convent. They held a whispered consultation over it, then muffled themselves in cloaks, seized a couple of small lanterns, and crept away unperceived.

Swiftly and stealthily they went through the sleeping village, never pausing until they reached the hill on which the Convent stood. They scaled the high wall surrounding the grounds and dropped from the stone coping to the lawn beneath, then skirted the avenue leading to the front door, and moved cautiously to the rear of the building.

The moon was hidden behind a cloud, and darkness and silence reigned supreme. This was just what they desired, for the sable cloak of night would cover their nefarious work, and the stillness brought an assurance that they would not be interrupted.

They found that an entrance could not be effected through the windows on the ground floor, all of which were securely barred. But a sudden glimmer of moonlight revealed an open casement set in an angle of the wall about eighteen feet above the balcony. Dropping their cloaks they climbed upon this balcony. Three of them then formed a human ladder up which the fourth ran with cat-like agility, and with a bound landed on the window-ledge. In a trice one of his companions crouched beside him. Together they peered into the room

below, their eyes glinting covetuously as sight of a light which like a fiery star hung midway between ceiling and floor. In another moment they had disappeared through the window, leaving their two accomplices on guard outside.

II.

Tramore was justly proud of its Convent, the "Star of the Sea." The building, from an architectural standpoint, was perfect in every detail, and the beauty of the interior, particularly the chapel, had made it famous throughout the Emerald Isle. The altar, of Parian marble and onyx, was a fitting throne for a King. The lamp that hung before it was said to be an antique of great value. It was of Etruscan gold, exquisitely wrought, and shaped like a pear. The flame that burned perpetually within it reflected the blood-red hue of rubies embedded in its sides. It had been presented to the Sisters of Charity by an artist who purchased it during his travels in foreign countries. Since it had come into their possession more than one collector of curious had offered the Superioress large sums for it. This very day a London connoisseur had called and begged permission to examine it. But his request could not be granted as at the time of his visit an impressive ceremony was taking place in the chapel.

This was no less than the reception into the Community of an eighteen-year old girl who from childhood had desired to consecrate herself to God.

Sister Concepta, as she would henceforth be called, was universally beloved. Her nature was sweet and gentle in the extreme. In a spiritual sense she was as nearly flawless as it is possible to be, but physically speaking she had one defect, amounting to an idiosyncrasy, namely, a lack of courage. She was afraid of the darkness; shrank from strangers with the timidity of a child; and any unusual sight or sound made her tremble like a rose beneath wintery blasts.

Just now she was praying earnestly. Since entering

her room at 10 p. m., she had been on her knees. She was too absorbed in her devotions to note the flight of time, and was only roused by the sound of the Convent clock striking the midnight hour.

She rose quickly, remembering that the mother Superior disapproved of the Sisters staying up after the usual retiring-hour. In the same instant she discovered that her silver cross was missing. She valued it highly for the sake of the donor, her dead father: indeed it was her most treasured possession, and she was never without it, day or night.

Suddenly she remembered that during Vespers she had heard a tinkling noise as though something had dropped on the tessellated floor. She concluded that it must have been the cross, and wondered how she was going to recover it before morning. The Chapel was at the end of which she would not dare a long shadowy corridor, down to venture at this hour. And yet, her father's gift seemed more precious now than ever before. As he had not been there that day to bless her and rejoice in her happiness, she wanted to have a memento of him beside her.

(To be continued.)



Our Saints.

'Tis not alone from legend and old story,
'Tis not alone from canvas dark with time
That holy saints crowned with celestial glory,
Smile down upon us from their height sublime.

Not only from church windows colored brightly,
Do their blessed shadows fall across our way,
Ah, not alone in niches gleaming whitely,
With folded hands do they stand night and day.

Who is there in this wide world who has not hidden
Deep in his heart a picture clear or faint,
Veiled, sacred, to the outer world forbidden,
O'er which he bends and murmurs low, "My saint?"

A face perhaps all written o'er with sorrow,
Whose faded eyes are dim with unshed tears.
And yet they hopefully look toward the morrow
And far beyond it into brighter spheres.

A face whence all the suashine of the morning
And brightness of the noon have passed away,
And yet, where clearly, surely, there is dawning
The wondrous radiance of that perfect day—

That perfect day when crowned with Heaven's brightness,
Without a pain or care or mortal need,
With conqueror's palm and robes of snowy whiteness,
Our blessed shall stand as very saints indeed.

Yes, God be thanked, though the pure saints of stoty,
And holy martyrs that the artist paints,
Are veiled with radiance and crowned with glory,
There still are halos for these unknown saints.



The Second American Eucharistic Congress.

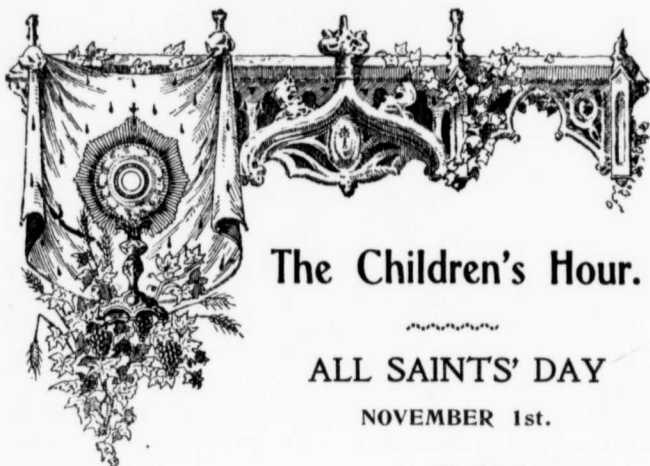
THE Second American Eucharistic Congress met at St. Louis, Mo., in the church of St. Francis Xavier on Monday evening, October 14, and closed on the evening of Thursday, October 17. Archbishop Kain welcomed the members of the Congress; Archbishop Elder sang High Mass on Tuesday, and Bishop Maes, of Covington, presided over the meetings.

Besides the two Archbishops there were present nine Bishops, five Abbots, four Monsignors, seven Superiors of Religious Orders and 500 clergymen. On Tuesday evening, at Benediction, an ostensorium used by missionaries two hundred years ago contained the Blessed Sacrament. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings devotions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament were held in all the churches in St. Louis. The papers and sermons, all of a very high order, dealt with the importance of the Eucharistic movement and the best manner of organizing it.

During the Congress there was an extremely interesting art exhibition relating to the Blessed Sacrament.

The laity followed the deliberations of the Congress with prayer, and while the hierarchy and clergy assembled for the Hour of Adoration in every church in the city, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and the people gathered to kneel in adoration before the King of Glory. The Holy Father sent his blessing to the Congress, the object of which was to emphasize and honor the source of Catholic power.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York sent, through the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, a cordial invitation to the hierarchy and clergy to hold the Third Eucharistic Congress in New York.



The Children's Hour.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

NOVEMBER 1st.

E. MCAULIFFE.

WHEN looking over the calendar of saints for a subject for the children's page, I was really overwhelmed, dear children, at the number of great saints whose feasts the Church celebrates during this month.

We begin with the Feast of All Saints, on the first day of the month. It is a great holiday ; one of the greatest : every child knows the Feast of All Saints, or " All Hal-lows," as it is called in some countries.

Every day in the year is dedicated to some particular saint, but this day is dedicated to all the saints. Perhaps you would like to know something about its origin, and that is just what I am going to tell you.

Many hundred years ago, in the early ages of the Church, as far back as the seventh century, a holy Pope, (Boniface IV) considering how many saints there were whose names are known only to God, and how many whose names, although recorded in the Martyrologies of the Church, have no day appointed to honor them, on account of their immense number, conceived the idea of having one day every year devoted to the cult of all the saints.

It was commenced in Rome, in a church which had been a temple for the worship of all the false gods of the pagans, and called the *Pantheon*. The evil spirits were

driven out by the power of the Holy Ghost, and the saints of God honored in their place.

Another reason which induced the Popes to establish the devotion was the consideration of the careless manner in which the saints' days are kept by worldly people, who spend them more in pleasure than in prayer : and so this day is intended to be a day of *reparation* for all the misspent festivals !

On this glorious day the Church calls on all the saints of Heaven to aid their fellow members on earth against the hidden snares and open assaults of the powers of Hell !

The Feast was established in France by Pope Gregory the Fourth, in the 9th century, and to this day it is kept there as a feast of the highest order. All the stores are closed, (except those kept by Jews) and the churches are crowded with the faithful.

What a splendid thing it is to have all the saints praying for you, asking God, as they stand before His throne, to grant your petitions. One of the wonderful visions of St. John, describes the offering up of one petition :

" And when he had opened the book, the four living creatures and the four and twenty ancients fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them lamps and golden vials full of odors, *which are the prayers of the saints*" (Apocalypse V. 8)

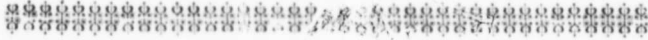
There is a very old church in Florence called the church of All Saints; or as they say in Italian : *Ogni Santi*. For a long time I went to a daily mass in that church, and very often I noticed a lady whom I knew to be a protestant, wealthy and fashionable, praying earnestly, after the crowd had gone away, as though she was asking all the saints to obtain her request. On finishing her prayer she always went to the poor beggars grouped around the door, and to each one gave an alms, asking their prayers, thinking no doubt that the prayers of those poor sufferers must have weight with God, and that they were worthy of being joined with the prayers of the saints in Heaven.

The gay worldly crowd who looked with admiration on her beauty and grace, as she drove in the afternoons on the fashionable thoroughfare in an elegant carriage with two servants in gorgeous liveries, little knew how she

spent her mornings, trying to make friends of the saints of God !

Perhaps she was asking for grace to enter the fold of the true church ; if so, I hope God has granted it long since.

And now, dear little readers of the SENTINEL, let me implore you to make friends of the saints.—Just think if you went to Rome how glad you would be to meet an American Cardinal or Bishop who would present you to the Holy Father !—and a time will come when each of you will be called to appear before God himself, and how sweet it will be to have *All* the saints to present you—to have all the saints your friends !



A Little Child.

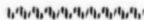
There is nothing more pure in Heaven,
And nothing on earth so mild,
More full of light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O, little one, smile and bless me !
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of Heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.


—Selected.



What Little Children may Do.

The month of the Holy Souls ! How much may not children, without being a bit less merry, do for them during these days of mercy ! If the tiniest child knew that one word from him would set free a prisoner on earth, how quickly would he not greet that word !

Well, the suffering souls are our Lord's captives, whom He loves so tenderly, that He grieves to keep them in the dreary prison of Purgatory, and makes their release easy to win. Only it is we who must win it for them. They cannot help themselves, for they are now paying the debt they owe to God's justice, for breaking His law on earth, each time that they committed even a little sin. So kind, however, is their all-holy Master, that He permits us to pay their debts, so as to make it easier for them and in order to give each of us the joy and merit of helping them. He trusts us so much that He is not afraid we will fail to aid them. A few words of pleading to His Sacred-Heart, from the "least" of His "little ones," a brief "Hail Mary," is often all that He asks to set free, not one, but perhaps many of the spirits imprisoned there. I know of a little tot, scarcely four years old, who daily lips "My Jesus, mercy," for the souls whom she knows need help, though of course, she is not yet able to understand why they need it. In her sweet, confiding way, she prays, and He who on earth took the little ones in His arms to listen to their childish prattle, leans gladly down to the infant heart lifted pleadingly to Him throws wide open the gates of His kingdom, that many may enter at the baby's bidding.



The Porringer of Milk.

A LEGEND.

ONE day it happened that there was no bread in the little house at Nazareth. St. Joseph had been ill and was not yet recovered, and the people for whom he had worked last said they would pay for the work later on.

The Virgin Mary watched the Infant Jesus with a melancholy regard. He was still so little, and must He begin to suffer so soon? He was waiting patiently for His supper, and His cheeks were very pale.

"My child," said the Blessed Mary, "we have no more bread and no money with which to buy any. Take this basket and go to Simonias, to the rich lady of the village. They say she is very charitable; perhaps she will come to our aid."

Jesus obediently set forth, singing one of the anthems of heaven; when He sang He did not remember how hungry He was. And all the little birds, hearing His sweet song, flew down from the upper to the lower branches to sing with Him. Thus escorting their Creator, the whole party traversed a thicket of venerable cedars; massive pines and spruce reared their branches where ranunculus, anemones and daisies sprinkled the sward, their delicious perfumes making balmy the air.

At length they came in sight of a beautiful house and Jesus modestly sounded the knocker at the gate. A slave appeared.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"I wish to speak to the lady who lives here," answered Jesus.

"Then go up this marble stairway; and do not touch the brass railing, lest you tarnish it, and above all, don't brush against the paintings on the walls. Make haste.

At the first landing you will find some one who will take you to the lady."

Jesus thanked him sweetly and humbly, and mounted the beautiful stairway, taking care to avoid touching the balustrade and the frescoes. Arriving at the first landing He heard the question repeated:

"What do you wish?"

Then the slave bade the Child remove His sandals and leave them on the mat of palm fibre, that He might not soil the smyrna carpet and said:

"To-day our lady receives all who come, and it is now the hour for these audiences."

So saying, the slave opened the door.

"What do you wish, my pretty child?" asked a lady who reclined in a low and luxurious chair of gold and ivory.

"Mary, my Mother, has no bread, and she sent Me to you; we are hungry."

"But has Joseph no work?"

"No, lady. He has been ill this fortnight."

"I give only to the poor, my boy, and Joseph is a workman."

"My Mother says he has not been paid for his last work, and we have never been rich enough to put anything by!"

"But what would become of me if I were to give to all who ask? Joseph is a good carpenter, I know, for he has worked for me. He ought easily to earn enough to buy bread for a child and its mother. No, no! I have my poor and I can give you nothing. Go! Go!"

Jesus, always sweet and humble, did not forget to salute the beautiful lady before He turned to the door and descended the stairway. He also saluted the slave, and then pensively took the road that led from Simonias to Nazareth. He sang no more, for He was sad, and hunger was gnawing at Him. He was scarcely six years old and He had nothing to eat since midday.

All at once He stopped and listened. Someone was praying aloud in a little cottage, the only window and the door of which were open.

"O Jehovah!" said childish voices, "O Thou Who givest food to the birds of the field, give it also to the poor children of Israel."

"Amen!" responded a deeper voice, and Jesus, from afar, joined His prayer to that of the mother and her children.

"Mother, there is the dear little Jesus passing by. Let us ask Him to come in; we love Him so much!" And without waiting for permission the children ran toward Jesus.

"Look!" they cried, joyously embracing Him, "look at the pretty little rosy apples. We found them under the old myrtle. You may have half if you like!" And, capering about Him, they filled the folds of His tunic. Jesus smiled and let them do as they would.

"Enter, Jesus," said the woman in the cottage, "sit down. How is it that you are on the road so late?"

The Child, sweet and humble, related that they had no more bread in the house, and as He said it He looked longingly at His little empty basket; but He said nothing of the harshness of the rich lady.

"You are hungry," sighed the poor woman, "Hungry, and at your age! Yes, I see it in your colorless cheeks. But wait, I will soon remedy that. Reuben, Samuel, Simeon, Naomi, Leah," she continued, "say good night to little Jesus and go to your beds quickly, my dears," and the good cottager closed the door of the inner room after them. Then she poured out for the Son of God, God Himself, a cup of milk into which she broke some bread.

"But you, Seraphia," queried Jesus, "have you eaten?"

"Don't trouble yourself my little friend; I am strong and can await my husband's return. Tomorrow he will bring us more bread."

The Divine Child regarded her fixedly and then, joining His hands and lifting His eyes to heaven, He prayed. What was His prayer?

The good woman, for her part, looked hard at Him, and it seemed to her that He was communing with angels. She herself saw more than an angel! She saw the

Son of God speaking to His Father of the charity of His creatures.

When Jesus had finished, the cottager went to a cupboard and took out part of a loaf, — all that remained of the household provender, — and put it in His basket..

“ Dear little one, ” she said, “ this cante of bread is for your mother. Greet her from me and tell her to have courage; the Lord God of Israel will assist her. Take her, also, this porringer, in which there is a little milk; I think it tasted well to you, did it not? ”

The Child accepted with thanks this offering of poverty, and taking in one hand the porringer and in the other the basket containing the bread, — the alms of true charity — He directed His steps toward Nazareth.

Night had spread its black veil over the heavens; the moon was hidden behind clouds and the road, precipitous and steep, was difficult to trace; but His angels were about Him in an instant. With unspeakable emotion, the luminous seraphim descended to earth and watched Him carrying in His tiny, childish hands the heavy porringer. They begged that they might carry it for Him, but He would not consent. Graciously He bade them ascend again to heaven and He added:

“ I came upon earth to suffer. ”

Then taking up His burden, Jesus hastened home to His Mother.

The Blessed Virgin was astonished to see Him returning from the mansion of wealth with only one small piece of brown bread and a porringer half full of milk. He told her all that had happened, omitting nothing. He could tell everything to His Mother. So should all good children tell all to their mothers. Jesus spoke of the beautiful house where the lady dwelt.

“ She never refuses aid to the indigent, but she does not trouble herself to seek out those who are really in need. She gives to the poor, Mother; that is what she said. ”

“ My Son, are not we poor? ”

“ Yes, Mother, and worthy of assistance. ”

Then Jesus spoke of Seraphia, the poor woman in the cottage.

"Without a moment's hesitation, that good woman gave from her poverty all that remained in her house. That." He added, "is real charity. She forgot herself to give assistance to those who were more needy than she was."

"My Son," said the Virgin with emotion, "You are God, the all-powerful God of heaven and earth; now You are going to make that poor woman rich, richer than anyone living."

"And what is to become of the hard-hearted rich woman? Oh! Mother," replied the Child-God, "what is the life of this world, which passes, in comparison with that of eternity!"

"The rich lady under pretext of the plea that we were not forced to beg from door to door, refused Me help, it is true; but yet she is generous and kind-hearted, though she does not practise true charity, that charity which loves its neighbor as itself for the love of God.

"Mother, that soul has its recompense here below. That lady's ships bring her riches from distant lands; her fields yield double measure, and her flock are constantly increasing. The goods of this world are hers."

"And the poor woman in the cottage, my Son?"

"She," answered the Saviour, "will be poor all her life, and her husband and her children will also be poor. But they possess charity, and the treasures of eternity will be added up for them. Yes! Seraphia will one day be rich in the court of My Father!"

And raising His beautiful eyes to heaven, as though He were seeking an inspiration of love, the Child knelt down before His mother and said:

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

—*The Orphan's Friend.*



MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART. *

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

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(Continued.)

And once more I was a child again ; and I beheld the Good Shepherd, even as I thought of Him when I was a child, coming through the lilies in the grass, with little children, as it were lambs, gathered about Him. He said, "Thou hast learned a while in My school. My child, now see the end of thy learning," and I awoke. It was a blessed dream.

"Only may this work be first finished," said the priest.

"It is finished even now," he said ; and he laid down his tools for the last time.

"It lay complete before them, twelve panels of oak, wrought as men had never seen the like in all the countryside, for the great master had spent upon them all the gathered skill, and patience, and love of a lifetime. Upon each panel the figure of a holy apostle ; and round about a fret of leaves and flowers, as it were for beauty ; and at the foot of each panel a border of corn, for service ; and above each an angel's head with wings, for praise, and in his hands a palm for victory ; and humbly wrought in a hidden corner the sign of the carver's own hand, a heart, as it were for thanksgiving.

"It is finished," he said. "I have not achieved the half I had designed to do ; but He who has deigned to have need of my work, will also call me there, where, having here learned awhile, I may in fuller knowledge make an end."

"And he looked up and smiled.

* By kind permission of E. P. DUTTON & Co.

"They said it was granted to him then to see a vision. It might have been that the eyes which had not failed to discern the beauty of God as it is on earth were opened then to behold it as it is where we all would be at the last; I cannot tell, only after a moment he covered his face with his hands.

"'My God, I thank thee,' he said, and laid his head down upon his work, and died."

"I think it is a little sorrowful," said Miss Nancy; but perhaps it is more happier than more sorrowfuller. And is that quite all?"

"There is little more," said the rector.

"The old priest who loved him so much wrote about his life; and he said that he and the squire knew not whether they had more grief or joy for his end."

"And does the story tell what they did after it?"

"A little more," said the rector again.

"He had prayed them to let him lie very near the church, for he had loved that little church in the shadow of the green forest most of any place on earth. So they buried him there, not without the walls, but within, for the priest said, he was the best of all men he ever knew; and the squire set a beautiful figure of the carver there upon the tomb in the church, that it should be well seen how he had worshipped God in life, and now worshipped him yet more worthily after death."

"And is that quite, quite all?"

"Almost, my little maid," answered the rector, slowly. "He had disposed of all that he had, as men dispose before they die; and they read what he had written. He gave to his friends, the priest and the squire, what keepsakes they might choose, in memory of the love he bore them. . . . He gave the twelve apostle panels, his last and dearest work, to the church he had loved so well. . . . He gave his house and his goods to God's poor forever. . . . And as he humbly prayed God to receive, though so unworthy of his merciful receiving, all that now was left to him, — his thankful heart."

"Yes, I know," whispered Miss Nancy, — "I know. It was Master Bartlemy."

VIII.

It was a hard winter, the hardest in the memory of Grandfy Purcell, the oldest inhabitant of Forest Morton parish. The frost had set in before Christmas, and though the New Year had long since come, it still bit the harder, in defiance of all old saws.

The world and the weather both wore gloomy faces for Miss Nancy. Aunt Norreys had gone to pay a solemn visit, "to the Lester Norreys, my dear," and had insisted upon the reluctant squire going also. A regency had been formed at the hall, with Mrs. Plummett at the head of the household, Trimmer being always at the head of the brown parlor; and Miss Nancy had been put upon her honor as regarded her behavior.

She looked upon this separation from daddy in a very serious light, and since his departure she had conducted herself in a correspondingly serious manner; but life must be lived even after partings, and Miss Nancy had never forgotten that her behavior was to be based on the grounds of honor. But the days passed very slowly, and Trimmer did not feel sure that she did not flag more as time went on, instead of less.

It was indeed a hard winter. All afternoon from the window of the brown parlor Miss Nancy watched the snow falling, until there was a white mantle over the Hall fields, and a deep drift blown under the elm-trees. The rooks, with melancholy cawings, had early retired to rest, before the red sun had set, and the moon had risen over the hawthorn copse; at which point Trimmer had insisted on the curtains being drawn, and Miss Nancy coming to tea.

Miss Nancy and Trimmer sat at tea, one at each end of the spindle-legged table with round leaves, Trimmer mellowing over her second cup of tea, and Miss Nancy plodding through her bread and butter with perhaps more conscientiousness than enjoyment, very good, as she had been throughout the regency, but also very quiet.

"Why, Miss Nancy, you have not finished your tea yet," said Trimmer looking up at last.

"I think I do not want this tea much," said Miss Nancy, laying down a horned moon of bread and butter. "I feel very sorrowful with dear daddy being away."

"Well, he will soon be home now. Finish your tea, Miss Nancy."

Miss Nancy picked up her crescent sadly, regarded it with but small interest, and took a slow bite.

"And make haste," said Trimmer; "see what a long time you have been."

"I think I do not want it all, Trimmer," said Miss Nancy, laying it down again.

"Oh, the idea!" said Trimmer, simulating an incredulous astonishment, Miss Nancy's appetite being a small thing at the best, and a diminution of it a point to be elaborately ignored. "Miss Nancy, eat it up directly!"

Thus adjured, Miss Nancy at last disposed of it; and grace having been said, Trimmer betook herself to her knitting, and Miss Nancy to that one of the stern wooden chairs which seemed the most yielding, and established herself at the spindle-legged table with "Original Tales of a Moral Tendency for Young Ladies and Gentlemen." The firelight lit up the formal old room, and cast a friendly glance upon the brown walls, and touched the polished chairs here and there, and warmed the brass balls of the clock into a silver glow. The clock wheezed and the fire crackled, the gray cat snored on the hearth and the wind moaned in the elms outside, but Miss Nancy was very still. In point of fact, when Trimmer looked at her, head was laid down on the tales of moral tendency, and her eyes were closed.

"Miss Nancy, what are you doing to fall asleep over your reading?" said Trimmer. "Bed is the place for going to sleep."

"I want to go to sleep here — just here," said Miss Nancy, with feeble dignity, her eyes opening and closing again.

"Oh, but that is quite impossible," said Trimmer, briskly. "You will have a headache, Miss Nancy, so sit up."

Miss Nancy raised her head, and rested it on her hand; the firelight fell on her face, and Trimmer looked at it over her knitting. "Miss Nancy," she said presently, laying down her work, "do you think you would like to go to bed?"

Miss Nancy nodded wearily.

"Because you may, if you like," said Trimmer, without a sign of surprise at Miss Nancy's ready assent; "you may come with me now."

"Yes," said Miss Nancy, but did not move.

So Trimmer carried her. Miss Nancy made no resistance; her head fell down on Trimmer's shoulder as if it were so heavy that she could hold it up no longer. Nor could she hold it up even while she was being undressed; it seemed to her as if she fell asleep three distinct times, and had three distinct long sleeps during that operation. But she was put to bed at last, and tucked in; and Trimmer sat down behind the curtain, with a candle and her knitting, just as if, Miss Nancy thought, she were having a sore throat.

And then she fell asleep, and slept very heavily; and when she woke, it was very early in the morning, and she was having a sore throat in good earnest.

"Trimmer, it is sore, very, very sore," she whispered.

"Yes, Miss Nancy, I thought it might be going to be," said Trimmer, from the hearth, and it did not occur to Miss Nancy to wonder what she was doing there at that time of day, or rather night.

"I never felt it like this before. Oh, Trimmer, do you think it will be worse?"

"Don't talk, Miss Nancy, and I will get you something to drink."

To be continued.





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