



THE HOLY FAMILY



Special Announcement

THE kind attention of the Rev. Clergy and of every zealous worshipper of the Blessed Eucharist, is invited to the pious aim and apostolic usefulness of our publication, "*The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.*" We have many plans for the betterment of the magazine, the realization of which depends upon the co-operation of pastors and christian souls. We are aware of the great number of Catholic publications already in the field, each in its way doing good and deserving of support, and it is not our desire to become a rival to any one of them; on the contrary, we want to say an encouraging word for all that are sincerely trying to defend the faith, and to spread good Catholic literature. The object of the *Sentinel* is unique, in so far, as it aims at but one end, i. e., to intensify devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Pastors have already testified, in letters to us, the great benefits derived from the circulation of this periodical among their people.

In publishing this journal we feel that we are not only acting in harmony with the spirit of the saintly founder of our congregation, Father Eymard, but that we are also, in our small and humble way, carrying out the intentions of Pope Leo, expressed in his recent Encyclical on the Most Holy Eucharist. Feeling that he must so soon depart from this life, the Sovereign Pontiff desires nothing more than to imitate his Master, who left us as His supreme and parting gift, His Body in the Blessed

Sacrament. And as of the marvellous chain of blessings communicated by the Incarnate Son of God, the Blessed Eucharist was the fitting, harmonious, and, we may say, natural consummation, so in the teaching of the Holy Father, the Encyclical on this Divine Gift is the conclusion of all the luminous lessons which he has taught mankind.

We have reason, then, to believe that a periodical exclusively devoted to the Blessed Sacrament and the promotion of the honor due it, will have something more than a mere passing interest for the clergy and people, especially when they consider the great help such a journal will be to them in encouraging frequent communions and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. For as the Holy Father declares: "To know what is the excellence of the Eucharist is to know the work which God made Man carried out on behalf of the human race. He gave men a new life as adopted sons of God." That such life may be lost by not frequenting its sources, every pastor sadly knows. And he knows, too, that the chief source and support of the spiritual life of his people is the Sacrament of the altar. For the altar is the greatest place of God's residence on earth—yea, greater than the pulpit, for there it is *hoc est corpus meum!* In the pulpit it is, at most, *hoc est verbum meum!* And a greater reverence is due to the Body than to the Word of the Lord, and to the throne where His body is usually present than to the seat where His word is preached. And this is why the Holy Father says: "In the Blessed Sacrament lies the hope and efficient cause of salvation and of that peace which all men so anxiously seek!"

The Blessed Eucharist is literally what our Lord calls it—"The Bread of Life." When the faithful once realize this, frequent communion is the natural conclusion. It is our greatest encouragement therefore to know that many of the clergy appreciate what the *Sentinel* is doing to foster this spirit of Eucharistic devotion in the hearts of the people, and that they consider the *Sentinel* an instrument for good. We ask them, now that we have incurred many expenses to improve the magazine, to cooperate with us more than ever to advance its circulation among the faithful. We wish to thank them for all they

have done for us in the past, and we hope to continue to merit their approval and kind words. Sample copies of the *Sentinel* will be sent to any address upon application.



The Sacrament of Peace with God.

BY PÈRE EYMARD.

*Dicite, pusillanimis : Confortamini
et nolite timere.*

Say to the faint-hearted : Take courage and fear not.

Is. xxxv. 4.

I

THE fallen man had an instinctive fear of God. Scarcely had he yielded to hints of the devil as he sought to hide himself from the face of His Creator and dared not answer to His call. This instinct of fear when we have done wrong is so natural an instinct that the little child who has disobeyed his mother, hesitates to approach her, in spite of her tenderness. The criminal who flies from justice is so possessed with fear that it is shown upon his countenance.

It is even more remarkable with reference to God. This sinner for instance, do you think he is entirely hardened and remains in his sinful state through obstinate pride? Oh no. He fears God, and the more guilty he is the greater is his fear and dread. If he bury himself deeper in the mire of sin, and commit one excess after another, it only proves all the more the terror that possesses him. What is despair but the false fear that our sins are too great for forgiveness, and the dread of falling into the hands of the just Judge? He fears to enter a church, fears to meet our Lord and if he is forced to enter, he is embarrassed and fearful. The sinner is afraid of himself. He dares not stand face to face with his accusing conscience and he would fly from himself if he could. Holy Scripture portrays man so predominated by this

fear of God that even the holiest trembled if God showed Himself to them or spoke to them through an angel. The Blessed Virgin herself, pure as she was, trembled in the presence of God's Angel. Fear governs all humankind.

God took 4000 years to prepare man for his coming, for that coming that is only consummated in the Eucharist. The Incarnation hastened greatly this work of preparation, but it was not enough. Jesus as man showed us His goodness through only 33 years: and if we had been deprived of His Presence again after this short knowledge of Him, we should have been as full of fear as were the Jews before His coming. The Incarnation, magnificent monument of the love and power of God, as it was, would not have been sufficient to establish relations of friendship between God and man. Friendship requires personal and continual intercourse. Then our Lord instituted the Eucharist. By this Sacrament He is in our thought, in our hearts, in our being, He abides with us, and continues and perfects his work of familiarization.

He hides His glory, and wears the disguise of friendship and love. He is like a king who, coming to sit at the table of a poor man, puts aside his royal insignia, and dressed in common apparel, says to him: I am akin to you—treat me as your brother and friend. Jesus has laid aside even his human semblance and taken to himself the form of bread. Who could fear the little grain of wheat, and could God have found a better means of concealing from amid men His Majesty divine?

II

See how close and familiar becomes the relation of Christ with man. Because He is hidden in the Eucharist you may come near and hear His divine words. Upon Sinai one word of command from the mouth of the Lord made the world tremble. Here, one word of love lights in the hearts the fire that will consume them; one word of displeasure would annihilate us.

As to the imitation of His virtues,—if Jesus did not hide them in the Eucharist and did not, so to speak, make them possible to us, we would despair of ever attaining them. But hiding them, having the aspect of inert and dead matter that obeys the material force that impels it,

he encourages us to imitate them, as a mother directs the child and teaches it to walk by taking the first steps herself.

The Eucharist may be thus defined, Jesus familiarizing mankind with the thought of God.

How shall we describe the mysteries of the intimate union of Jesus with the soul in Holy Communion !

Friendship demands union, without which there can be no perfect confidence. Jesus desires to unite Himself to each of us personally. Moses in his holy audacity, dares to say to God : " Show me Thy Face." God at first refuses. Moses begs and entreats. God cannot resist so much confidence. But in fear that Moses might be consumed by the splendor of His glory. God orders him to stand afar off and only passes before Him. But one single ray of that divine glory in its golden splendor falls upon Moses and he becomes so illuminated by it that he bears the trace of it all his life and is forced to wear a veil to hide the shining radiance of his face.

If Jesus should let His glory fall upon us in Communion as it did upon Moses on the Mount, our face would shine as his did, but where would be our friendship, our intimacy with God? Moses was dazzled and dared not think of speaking or opening his heart to the Lord. But Jesus desires rather our friendship, and wishes us to treat Him as our Friend. He clothes Himself to our eyes in a familiar form ; we do not fear what we are accustomed to see from childhood. Bread, simple bread, is such an ordinary disguise, we have courage hence to speak to Him from our hearts.

Zaccheus did not dare to think of speaking to our Lord, he only sought to see Him. But Jesus surprises him and calls him by his name. Zaccheus replies and feels himself totally changed through the love shown him.

He forgets that he has been a miserable sinner.—He makes a single act of sincerest humility, and receiving Jesus in his house, rests fearlessly in the sweetness of His Presence.

If Jesus were to send an angel to announce and to summon us to His Presence in Communion we would tremble with fear at the very thought. But that we may taste our happiness in communion, we need to be surprised, and

we are. Our eyes see only the humble appearance, here is the grace of graces : else we should be too much afraid to dare approach the Communion table. It is good to be moved—but not to be troubled. The emotion that makes us think more of what we are going to receive and less of our unfitness is good. And if our Lord Himself is coming to us, what need we but to rejoice ? His goodness shelters us from His glory, and we lose sight of His power and majesty.

Let us then happily enjoy this invention of our Lord. The Eucharist makes God Present to us, Communion brings us into familiar relationship with Him. *O felix culpa !* Happy fault ! God was Master and Lord in the state of innocence, here He is our Friend, our Neighbor, our Food : *Cibus et Conviva !*



A Touching Incident

It is related by the Cardinal of Rheims that one day a group of working men were busily engaged in repairing the pavement in a street of the city when a priest approached. One of the men happened to be a friend of the priest ; leaving his companions he advanced to greet the good Father ; but the latter whispered : " I cannot step : I am carrying the Blessed Sacrament." The poor laborer turned away, and began to think of the pity of it — that Our Lord had to be hidden in Rheims, and could receive no public honor from the faithful. That evening he spoke of the matter to his associates ; and a resolution was carried that henceforth four working men should accompany the Sacred Host as often as it is carried to a sick person. What is more, the resolution has been acted upon ; the Blessed Eucharist is now escorted through the streets of Rheims by a working men's guard of honor.





When Jesus therefore was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of king Herod, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem. Saying, Where is he that is born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to adore him. And kind Herod hearing this, was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And assembling together all the chief priests and the scribes of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born. But they said to him: In Bethlehem of Juda. What having heard, the Wise Men went their way; and behold the star which they had seen in the east, went before them, until it came and stood over where the child was. And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house, they found the child with Mary his mother, and falling down they adored him; and opening their treasures, they offered him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh. (S. Math. II, 1-12.)

THE PINK SHOES

A Christmas Story.

IT was the eve of Christmas, a clear frosty night ; there was no moon, but innumerable stoves glittered in the blue vault of heaven, and innumerable electric lights made the Avenue du Bois as bright as at noonday.

We will take a peep into one of the lordly mansions which abound in that quarter of Paris, and see what is going on. Standing before a mirror, in a superbly furnished room, having the last touches put to her exquisite toilette by the deft hands of a Parisian maid, is a young girl, almost a child, beautiful as a vision in her diaphanous drapery of pink gauze, all over sprinkled with golden stars.

"Now, if I am finished, call Nora ;" she said, twining from the glass ; and in an instant her Irish nurse enters the room, and pours forth such a flood of admiring adjectives as only one of that language-gifted race could command. "So you like my dress, Nora, you think it *jolie* ?" "*Jolie*, is it ? 'tis the *joliest* in all Paris ; 'tis as *jolie* as yourself, my precious jewel ! Ah, if there was half a dozen Irish gentlemen there to-night, at the *general's*, sure 'tis shootin' each other about ye they'd be afore the mornin' !"

"Don't you know, Nora, that the general's son is to be there, he has just come house, le Capitaine Devereux, and they say his great grandfather was an Irish gentleman ; may be he'll admire me. My Grandam the Duchess is to be there. I think she likes the Capitaine very much, as she warned me that I must dance with him.

"Lizette, Lizette," called the voice of Papa from below, "I am waiting, are you not ready yet ?" But Nora had not seen half enough, she was walking round and round her darling, admiring all the details of her costume, so Lizette answered, looking over the banister : "Go on Papa, I will follow you in a few minutes, it is

only a couple of doors anyhow." So Papa buttoned up his fur-lined coat, shivering slightly as he felt the cold air on leaving the heated vestibule, where tropical plants of various kinds made a winter garden.

Meantime nurse has caught of sight the little pink shoes, and goes into fresh extasies over them. Lizette has to show her some of the new steps, saying as she pirouetted around the room: "Indeed I think the shoes are the prettiest part of the costume."

At last she is off, wrapped in a soft silken *sortie de bal*, and her heart is full of joy and gladness as she trips along the path; but what sound is that, so little in unison with her innocent gaiety? It is the bitter sobbing of a child; and Lizette stops, and listens, looking in the direction from which the sound came. Crouching close to the wall she saw a dark object, which on a nearer view proved to be a little boy about six or seven years old.

--Why do you cry? questioned Lizette, no one should cry on Christmas-eve; why don't you run home and put your shoes in the chimney?

A fresh burst of sobs was the reply, and the four dreadful words: "I have no shoes!"—No shoes, repeated Lizette, why how can that be? have you no father and mother?— "Yes, he answered digging his little fists into his streaming eyes, but they have no money, and I have no shoes, and Christmas will bring me nothing."

Lizette looked down at her lovely pink shoes, and saw there was only one thing to be done; she took them off promptly and gave them to him, saying: Now, you can put them in the chimney before Christmas comes! She forgot how cold the pavement was, on which she had still a few yards to walk before she reached the general's house, until she felt it penetrating her silk stakings.

She found her father waiting for her at the foot of the stairs, and as he led her to the ball room, her long trailing skirts quite concealed the shoeless feet, which were no longer cold. She got to a seat, as quickly as she could pass through the brilliant throng, and they were hidden quite out of sight.

Scarcely was she seated, however, before the son of her host presented himself to claim her for the next waltz. She begged him to excuse her, as she had resolved

not to dance that night. "*Mademoiselle*" he exclaimed, what an idea, not to dance ! Well, if you do not dance, neither will I."

Just at this juncture there is a little buzz of welcomes and congratulations as the Duchess enters. She advanced smiling, holding something daintily wrapped in her handkerchief. "Oh, said she, I have had the funniest adventure, let me tell it to you all — You know it is my custom on Christmas-eve. to go around in my carriage to the homes of all my poor, and fill all the shoes in the chimneys myself. Judge of my surprise, when in the chimney of the very poorest, I found these !" (exhibiting a pair of delicate pink shoes that we have seen before.) Everybody screamed with astonishment, and the Duchess continued : " I asked the little boy where he got them, suspecting a theft ; but he answered with great appearance of thankfulness, that he had got them from the *Sainte Vierge* herself ! — that he was crying in the street because he had no shoes to put under the chimney, when suddenly she appeared, all dressed in rosy clouds, shining with stars, and having spoken a few words to him, took the shoes off her own feet, and gave them to him." Then turning to Lizette, the Duchess said : " My love, I must see you dance with the *Capitaine*." " But, grandma, I cannot dance to-night." " Nonsense, my dear, Captain *Jacques* take no refusal ;" and smiling and blushing Lizette was led out by the Captain, the rest of the company forming a circle to see the dance — and then, the secret was out, — and then the Duchess handed the shoes to the Captain, who kneeling, put them on the little feet. And in that happy Christmas tide all the preliminaries were arranged for the marriage of Lizette and the Captain ; and Nora was happy as her darling was to be Mr. Devereux.

MRS E. McAULIFFE





TWILIGHT AND NOON

MY EYES ARE EVER TOWARDS THE LORD.

Psal. xxiv. 15.

How marvellous is the vehemence of David's utterances when we consider the dimness with which God revealed Himself in the time of twilight before the coming of Christ! He was not altogether the hidden God. Throughout His dealings with His people we are struck by the mingling of light and darkness, distance and nearness, terrific chastisement and the tenderest blandishments of love. There was wonderful condescension and approach in the tabernacle of the wilderness, in the revelations to the prophets, in the interventions of mercy that times without number succoured the stiffnecked people. There are words of love in the Old Testament unsurpassed perhaps in tenderness by any in the New. Yet when His presence is nearest, when His reproaches are most touching, His words most endearing, we are conscious of the measureless difference between God's manifestation in the past and the intimacy and familiarity brought into our relations with Him by the Incarnation. We who live in the full illumination of that day which kings and prophets desired to see, cannot but feel how little earth's most enlightened men knew the God Who made them, before "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us".

Yet so powerfully were they drawn to Him, that their words are the fittest exponents of every human heart

when by desire, praise, affection, thanksgiving, it leaps up to God. They give expression to our every need. But, alas ! they give too much matter also for self-reproach.

" *My eyes are always towards the Lord,* " said David. God revealed Himself with special intimacy to the man according to His own Heart, that spoke in his own person of the sufferings and the glories of Him Who was to delight in the name of the Son of David. Yet after all what did David know of the Lord compared with the knowledge vouchsafed to the least enlightened of the Church's children ! He had the memory of past mercies to the " seed of Abraham His servant, the sons of Jacob His chosen." (1) He had the shadowy presence of God in the Ark of the Covenant. And he had the dim foreknowledge of One to come, of the root of Jesse, " beautiful above the sons of men, " (2) yet " a worm, and no man, the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people, " (3) of " a Holy One Who should not see corruption, " (4) but " sit on the right hand of God till all His enemies be made His footstool. " (5) This was all. But it was enough to keep the eyes of David fixed on God : " *My eyes are always towards the Lord.* "

I think of myself. I think of the careful teaching from my childhood onwards : of the Gospel stories so familiar to me that I may follow the life of the God-man from His crib to His cross ; living in His company ; listening to His teaching ; noting His look and gesture and act ; studying His ways and dealings with men, His likes and dislikes, the human character which individualised Him and endeared Him to His friends. I may watch Him at His work, I may mark the effect upon Him of kindness and appreciation, and, on the other hand, of ingratitude, scorn, cruelty and hate. I may see him thirsty, wayworn, footsore, and feast the eyes of my soul on the absolute perfection with which all the eventualities of life were met by Him Who, very God of very God, was yet the Son of Man and one of us.

Again, I may contemplate Him abiding ever with His Church, the source of every supernatural act throughout

(1) Psa. civ.

(4) *Ibid.* xv.

(2) *Ibid.* xlv.

(5) *Ibid.* cix.

(3) *Ibid.* xxi.

its length and breadth. I may see the Divine sap flowing through the vine to its furthest extremities, the principle of life and growth, of beauty and of fruitfulness in every soul His grace has sanctified. I know that all His merits are placed at my disposal ; that He desires to make the meanest actions of my life meritorious of an eternal reward by uniting them with His. I have his invitation in the early morning to offer with Him His daily sacrifice that is offered for me. I hear Him asking of me, if not a daily, at least a frequent invitation to my heart. I hear him calling "Come aside and rest a little" when in afternoon hours the day's tasks are lightening ; calling me to Him for an evening blessing when the day's work is done. Through the long hours of day and night His eye is following me — how often are my eyes towards the Lord ?

O eager heart of David, that has met, if not with adequate response, at least with all your strength, the advances of our God, become to ours the stimulus they so sadly need ! In our noontide splendour, in the fulness of fruition, we turn back to catch the glowing heat of your desires : "*O God my God, to Thee do I watch at break of day. For Thee my soul hath thirsted : for Thee my flesh, oh, how many ways !*" (1)

Your envying of our happier days and higher privileges shall make us appreciate them better : "They have seen Thy goings, O God, the goings of my God, of my King Who is in His sanctuary." (2)

We will prize His sanctuary in our midst ; the sanctuary nearest to us, where most of all our homage and our love are due. Morning, afternoon, and evening we will seek Him there to bless Him and be blessed. "In the churches bless ye God the Lord." (3) "Seek ye the Lord, and be strengthened, seek His face evermore." (4)



(1) Psa. lxii.
(2) *Ibid.* lxxvii.

(3) *Ibid.* lxxvii.
(4) *Ibid.* civ.



THE MEASURING ROD.

BY HESTER WOLCOTT.

GRETA BROWN was one of the brightest, most enthusiastic, and popular girls in Miss Gerry's school. She stood first in her classes, she led the games at recess, she was the President of the "Five o'clock Tea Club," and she was most sought as a partner in the Friday dancing class. Into all these things, and, in fact, into whatsoever she undertook, she put an overflowing enthusiasm which ensured her success in all. There was, however, one thing which Greta Brown undertook, into which she did not throw this same charming enthusiasm and energy which worked such wonders in everything else. What that one thing was you will see before you finish this story.

One bright Sunday morning in June, Greta donned her new suit, and went to church. Her pastor, Dr. Miliken, preached from the text, "Grow in grace," but, to tell the truth, her thoughts were not very much on the sermon. They ran something like this :

"Grow in grace." — II. Peter iii., 18. Well, I'll remember the text for Grandma. How pretty these five rows of gilt braid do look on this gray dress ; but I must have the cuff altered. The waist puckers badly, now I am sitting down. How ugly Kate Graham's bonnet is, and how sober she looks ! What can Dr. Miliken be saying ? 'Growing unto the stature of the perfect man.' What does that mean ?" And then her thoughts ran off on to something else. (Of course, you, my reader, are very much shocked, as well you may be, for you, cer-

tainly, never have thoughts like these in church !) But, after all, the words, " Grow in grace," did somehow stick in Greta's mind.

Now, when she came home, her brother Mark happened to tell the story of King Frederick of Prussia, whose hobby it was to collect the tallest men from all parts of Europe for his famous guards, and who rejected every applicant for that much-coveted position unless he measured a good deal over six feet. When Greta went to sleep that night, Dr. Miliken's text and Mark's story mixed themselves up in a most curious way as a dream — the strangest one of all the strange dreams that she had ever had. And here it is just as she herself told it to her aunt the next day.

" I dreamed that I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd collecting on the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said, ' Why, don't you know ? It's Measuring Day ! and the Lord's Angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day.'

" Measuring Day !' I said ; ' measuring souls ! I never heard of such a thing !' and I began to ask questions, but the girl hurried on, and after a little while I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

" There, in the centre, on a kind of throne under the great elm, was the most glorious and beautiful Being I ever saw. He had white wings ; his clothes were a queer shining kind of white, and he had the kindest and yet most serious face I had ever beheld. By his side was a tall, golden rod, fastened upright in the ground, with curious marks at regular intervals from top to bottom. Over it, on a golden scroll, were the words, ' THE MEASURE OF THE STATURE OF THE PERFECT MAN.'

" The Angel held in his hand a large book, into which he wrote the measurements, as the people came up, in regular turn, on the calling of their names. The instant each one touched the golden measure, a most wonderful thing happened. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions — his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul-growth which was shown in this mysterious and miraculous way, so that

even we could see with our eyes what otherwise the Angel alone could have perceived. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod.

“ The first few who were measured after I came I did not know, but soon the name Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the President of the Aid for the Destitute Society, you know, and she manages ever so many other societies too, and I thought, Surely Mrs. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed. But the instant she touched the rod, she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the Angel's face grew very serious, as he said, ‘ This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men, had not checked the lovely secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul growth.’

“ I pitied Mrs. Darrow as she moved away, with such a sad and surprised face, to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsey Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod. Immediately she increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before. And her face shone so I thought it must have caught its light from the Angel's, which smiled so gloriously that I really envied poor little Betsey, whom before I had rather looked down on, for she dresses so meanly and looks so forlorn. And as the Angel wrote in the book, he said, ‘ Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.’ And Betsey passed on ; and Dr. Miliken took her place.

“ I knew he would measure well, and he did ; and the Angel said, ‘ How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation ! Winning souls for Christ is the surest way to win soul-growth for thyself.’

“ And then, Aunt Jay, I began to tremble for myself, for when had I tried to win any souls for Christ ? After the first few weeks of the revival two years ago, when I joined the Church, somehow I began to lose my interest in religious things, and I thought that if I kept on going to church and Sunday-school, and saying my prayers and reading a chapter in the Bible nearly every day, I

was doing all that was necessary for a young Christian, and I never thought much about growing in grace or trying to win souls for Christ. So I began to tremble lest my turn should come, but just then Hal Drayton's name was called, and I thought, Surely his mark will be nearly as low as mine, for he is the jolliest boy I know, and just as fond of games and good times as I, and just as ready for a lark.

"But here was another surprise. He measured nearly as high as Betsey, and the Angel said, with a sweetness that thrilled me through and through, 'Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity. Such the Lord loveth, and such shall grow speedily toward the stature of the Perfect Man.'

"And then I knew that Hal had cared more for his religion than I for mine, and I longed to get away before my turn should come, but I seemed to be held fast.

"The next was Lilian Edgar, who dresses so beautifully that I have often wished that I had such clothes and so much money. The Angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low, so low that Lilian turned as pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glistening robes beside her. And the Angel said, in a solemn but gentle voice, "Oh, child, why take ye thought for raiment? Let your adorning not be that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can you grow like the Master."

"Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, clumsy, lame old Jerry—but as he hobbled up the steps, the Angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod, and behold! Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others—even than Dr. Miliken's! The Angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying: "He that humbleth himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

"And then, oh! Aunt Jay, *my* name came next, and I trembled so I could hardly reach the Angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it, I felt myself growing shorter

and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched, and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark—*Lillian's!* the lowest of all, and / a member of the Church for two years!

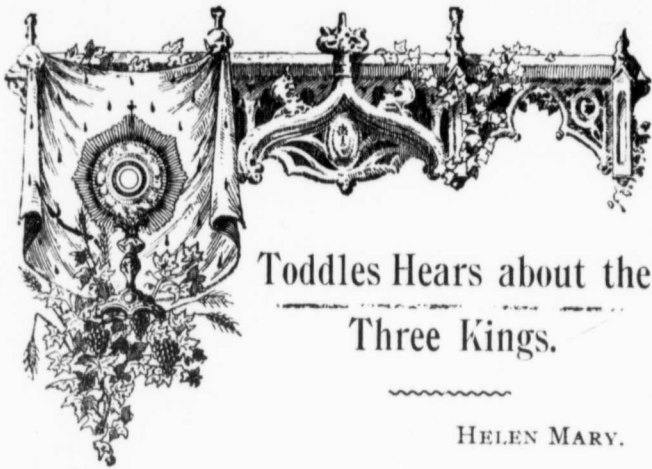
"Oh! Aunt Jay, I grew crimson for shame, and I whispered to the Angel, "Oh! give me another chance before you mark me in the book so low as this. Tell me how to grow. I will do all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!"

"The Angel shook his head sadly. "The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when next I come. This rule will help thee: Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily as to the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ. This one thing do: press toward the mark. The same earnestness which thou throwest into other things will, with Christ's help, make thee to grow in grace."

"And with that I burst into tears, and I suddenly woke and found myself crying. But, oh! Aunt Jay, I shall never forget that dream. I was so ashamed of my mark!"

Do any of my readers know any girl like Greta Brown, who throws more enthusiasm into everything else than the one most important of all, the growth of her Christian character?





Toddles Hears about the Three Kings.

HELEN MARY.

MOTHER, once, a good while ago, you promised me a long story about the Three Kings."

"So I did, Toddles. Would you like it now?"

"Oh, so very much! Because I always like the stories best much. Tell about when Jesus was little. And He was *very* little, then, was'n't He?"

"Yes; only twelve days old. And He and Mary and Joseph were still in Bethlehem where He was born. Do you remember where Jesus was born, dear?"

"Yes, mother, "eagerly," in a cave where there were mangers for sheep. And the Blessed Mother laid Him in a manger."

"Quite right. But who had rested in that same cave ever so long before?"

Toddles looked embarrassed. She didn't like to forget things. "Oh dear, who was it?" A light broke over the puzzled little face.

"Perhaps, mother," said Toddles, gravely, "you never told me? Really, I think you never did."

"All right: we will say that mother forgot, this time. Well, it is said that in this same cave, where Jesus was born, Mary's great ancestor, King David, used to sleep. You see Jesus, even as a human child, was of royal

lineage. But the Three Holy Kings who came to worship Him, would never have come, had He been just an earthly king, like David. They came to find the Christ, the Son of God. And they represent the Gentiles, the nations which were not Jews and had not received God's Law through Moses nor the knowledge of the Christ who was to come, through the Prophecies."

"What is a Prophecy, mother?" Toddles inquired. Mother had quite expected the question.

"A prophecy, dear, is the statement of something, which as yet has not happened but which will happen in the time to come. What we call the future! And God the Father gave this people, the Jews, plain and perfect information about Christ's coming, in the part of the Bible written by the Prophets. These parts are called the Prophecies of the Old Testament; all of which were fulfilled in the New."

"But mother, what made these Three Kings start? Did they come far? Or were they so awfully near the Jews, mother, that they knew Jesus was born in Bethlehem?"

"They traveled long journey, across the desert, each one riding upon his camel all alone in the silence, till the three met. One came from India; his name was Melchior; the second came from Egypt and was called Balthazar; the last was Gaspar, the Greek."

"And now did they know each other, mother? Wasn't any body waiting in the desert to introduce them?"

"No indeed, Toddles. The spirit of God, having inspired them to start, brought them together and made them known to one another."

"I should think, mother, they would have been afraid, all alone, and going to met strangers."

"They had perfect faith in God, dear, and knew no fear. And God placed a Star in the East, a wonderful new Star, which moved before them and showed them the way, so that they went on together in joy and thankfulness, as far at Jerusalem, where Herod the King lived."

"Naughty Herod!" said Toddles, severely. She can never allow his name to pass unnoticed.

"Yes, "agreed mother," naughty Herod! At Jerusalem the beautiful Star could no longer be seen, and the

Three Kings asked all the people they met where Jesus, the new King of the Jews, was? Some laughed, and others teased, while just a Jew were interested but unable to answer the question. At last news of the three strangers and their question reached Herod, who immediately became excited at the idea that anyone looking for a king should want anyone but himself. After a while he remembered that the Jews said God would send His Christ into the world, and shrewd as Herod was, he made up his mind that these Three Kings might have some notion about this Christ."

"And did Herod catch the Three Kings?" asked Toddles, her eyes widening with alarm, the Kings, and the lovely camels, and all!

"God did not let him, dear. Herod called all the chief priests and scholars together at his palace, and told them to study their books and find out as fast as they could, where Christ should be born."

"And did they tell him in Bethlehem, mother?"

"Yes; they told Herod that one of the Prophets had certainly said that Christ would be born in Bethlehem; then Herod, very much frightened, sent for the Wise Men."

"The Wise Men, mother?" repeated Toddles, in perplexity.

"Oh, we sometimes call the Three Kings, the Wise Men, or the Magi."

"I like the Three Kings best" said Toddles judicially.

"Very well. Herod sent for the Three Kings and asked them all about the Star, and where they were going, and told them to find Jesus and then come back and tell him where the child was. Herod pretended to the Kings that he wished to go to adore Jesus, but he really wanted to kill Him, for fear Jesus would grow up to be King. The Three Kings listened to Herod, and when they left him, to start again upon their journey, fancy their joy at finding the wonderful Star once more going before them to show them the way! It never again failed them, and when they reached Bethlehem, this Star stopped directly over the spot where Jesus was. Just about as happy as they could be, the Three Kings entered the

little room which was the dwelling-place of the Son of God, and finding Jesus with Mary, His Mother, they fell upon their knees, and adored the Divine Child, in great thankfulness that God had given them this wonderful privilege of seeing His Christ. Then the Kings brought out their treasures and offered Jesus gold, frankincense and myrrh. The most precious things they possessed."

"I would, too, mother," said Toddles, earnestly; "I'd give Jesus all my very best things. Even my big white lamb."

Mother patted the drowsy little head; she was sure the dear Child Jesus appreciated the offer of the best loved toy Toddles owned.

"That is right, darling. Our best is poor enough to offer Jesus. And that is the way the Three Kings thought."

"But," said Toddles, suddenly, "Jesus was so very little. What could He do with the gold and frankincense and myrrh?"

"The Blessed Mother took care of them for Him. Even all the words spoken of her Child, she treasured up in her heart, and certainly she cared for the gifts brought to Him by the Three Holy Kings."

"And after that, mother, did the Kings go back to Herod? Naughty Herod!"

"No, dear. God sent them a message while they slept, telling them not to. So they went home by another road, and never saw Herod again."

"And Herod never hurt Jesus?"

"Never, although He tried very hard to do so. I couldn't tell you about that to-night, dear."

"But you *did* tell me all about the Kings, mother. I thank you for the story. I liked it. And I wish I could have seen the Three Kings. But we shall, when we get to Heaven, shall we not, mother?"

"Yes, Toddles." They are there, with Jesus and Mary, like they found Him.

"Good night, mother dear."



Our Only Safety is In doing Right

HERE are two sorts of wisdom which seem to prevail among men in the world to-day. One is worldly, the other is godly. Some men look to the immediate consequences of their acts and guide themselves accordingly. Others look to what the result will be in the long run. Some men decide upon what course to pursue by the amount of pleasure they can get from it. Some men with finer vision make their decision by the effect their acts will have on their soul.

A man's wisdom or folly is always shown by the choice he makes. Offer an idiot the choice between a thousand-dollar note and an orange, and he will show his idiocy by choosing the orange, because it is bright and pleasing to the eye. If a man chooses to have a good time to-day in a way that will bring grief and bitterness in all the days to come, he shows himself a moral idiot. If a man has the good sense to look ahead ; if a man is prudent enough to look well at the consequences of his acts not for a day but for all time ; if, as we say, he looks before he leaps, he demonstrates his right to be called wise.

And yet how often in this corrupt world a different cry is raised ! When young men choose to do what they feel in their hearts they ought to do ; when they resolve to do right, though the heavens fall ; when like Wendell Philips in his early manhood, they say : " Oh God ! I belong to Thee ; take what is Thine own. I ask but this : That when a thing is right it take only the strength I have to do it, and whenever a thing is wrong I have sufficient strength to resist it " — then there are sneers on many lips and the laugh goes round, and their former companions call them fools for giving up their good times for the sake of attending Mass more regularly, and approaching the Sacraments more frequently, and for giving their thoughts to those things which concern the eternal salvation of the soul.

The implication contained in these sneers is that religion is for women and the weak-minded, that there is no

pleasure in it, no profit, it is a thing of gloom. This is all wrong, and accounts for much of the religious indifference which is so rife in the world to-day. Religion is a thing of joy. The truly religious man is always the happiest man. He can have enjoyment without stint and can have it in the way of purity and honesty. He can have the best pleasure there is in this world without having to utter one profane word, or gamble for so much as a cent, or see the inside of any haunt of shame, or do anything that will bring the slightest blush to his cheeks.

If the world did but appreciate this fact a change would come over the spirit of its dream and a renovation in the constitution of modern society would immediately take place.

ON IMITATING JESUS

HAVE you ever seriously considered the obligation we have to Jesus in His sufferings, by crucifying ourselves and by giving ourselves over to be crucified, not by executioners, but by those who have been sent by God for our perfection? "We are placed before them," says St. John of the Cross, like a block of marble destined by God to become a statue, representing the Man of Sorrows, Jesus crucified; and they are like so many sculptors, armed with hammer and chisel."

This hasty word is a thorn in the head; that cold manner spittle in the face; that unkind action is a nail in the hand; that little aversion which succeeds to a friendship is a spear in the side. All which pains, contradicts or humiliates, contributes much toward reproducing in us the blows, the flagellation, the gall and the vinegar, the crown of thorns and the cross. The work progresses now slowly, now quickly, but it progresses continually. Let us not complain; let God and those He employs as His instruments do their work, let us give ourselves up to the crucifying action from whatever quarter it may proceed, and let us crucify ourselves also by constant mortification. The day will come when we shall thank all these workmen, who, without thinking, without any intention, have given to our souls such noble, such beautiful, such glorious characters.

The Wise Prescription of a Wise Physician

SOME years ago, a lady, who has told the story herself, went to consult a famous Baltimore physician about her health. She was a woman of very nervous temperament, whose troubles were many; her troubles had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end.

"Madam, what you need is to go to a priest and make a good confession, and then read Kempis."

"But, doctor," began the bewildered patient.

"Go now to a priest and read the Following of Christ an half hour every day," the great man reiterated with kindly authority. "Then come back to me a month from to-day."

And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first the patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides it had been a long time since she had been to make a confession, and never had read anything of the Following of Christ, she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out her obligations and prayer for years, and, though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she undoubtedly had become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office.

— Well "he said, smiling as he looked at her face," I see you are an obedient patient and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?

— No, doctor, I don't, "she said honestly." I feel like a different person! But how did you know that was just what I needed?

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay open, Kempis.

— Madam, “he said, with deep earnestness,” if I were to omit my daily reading of this book I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading something out of that book. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for a source of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you where to find it unfailingly. I gave you my own prescription and I knew it would cure. —

— Yet I confess, doctor, “said his patient,” that I came very near not taking it.”

— Very few are willing to try it, I find, “said the physician, smiling again.” But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would take it.—

This is a true story. The doctor died only a few years ago, but his prescription remains.

It will do no one any harm to try it.



A Visit to the Church




PROFESSIONAL and business men will find much appreciation when things problematic arise, if they pay a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament at the nearest Church. It takes but a few moments and the Sacred Heart of Jesus that throbs with love for us will more than doubly repay for the time that we spend in His Divine presence.

Churches are handy in all parts of the city, and the lamp that burns in the Sanctuary is the only companion of our sweet Savior and loving God, save His countless Angels. Let us for whom He died also visit Him occasionally, and we will be rewarded, for He is in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist not as a severe Judge, but as the consoling refuge, wherein we may find solace. “Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you.”



MOTHER.

F all the words in our language, mother is the most sublime, and it sounds sweet to the ear, while, at the same time, it makes the heart thrill with feelings of love which are exercised towards a mother alone. There seems to be a sweet music in the word mother, which will arouse emotions in the hardest hearts, and lead them to think and even talk of things divine when all others fail. Speak to the weather-beaten sailor of his mother if she was a pious mother—, and he will tell you, with tears in his eyes, of her adieu “ watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation ; ” and how she bade him meet her in heaven if they should meet no more on earth.

To those who have lost a mother, the very sound, yes, even one thought of mother, brings back her image, and memory in an instant flies back to the time when we were infants, and then it dwells on our childhood with all its hallowed associations. We can see that mother, who has long since been removed to heaven ; we can feel her presence near, and we can hear her again telling of Jesus, and of the better land where she hopes we will meet again.

How sweet are the recollections of a pious mother ! but sweeter still is it to be blessed with such a mother to advise and comfort, to watch over and care for us, as only a living mother does. When we take into consideration all the sacrifices our mother makes, both of her own pleasures and comforts, for our gratification, and then think of our conduct towards her, we often see how little we appreciate a dear mother's love and care. We see how often we mar her happiness, and how often by our neglect, we grieve her who is our best earthly friend ; yet we do not see it as clearly as we would were our mother to take her flight to the region of light where we are all hastening ; and when her eyes are closed in death, and when her earthly mission is ended, then we will regret the pain we have given her.

Mother ! Mother ! how sweet it sounds, how dear the name ! it is a name cherished, loved, honored, and hal-
lowed by all human creatures, a word that suggests
thoughts and feelings that no words can explain.



TAKE HEART AND GO ON.

SOMETIMES we are almost discouraged,
The way is so cumbered and steep ;
Sometimes, though we're spend with the sowing,
There cometh no harvest to reap.
And we faint on the road and we falter,
As our faith and our courage are gone,
Till a voice as we kneel at the altar,
Commands us, " Take heart and go on."

" Take heart ! " 'Tis the word of our Leader,
And e'en when our vision is dim,
What else can we do but, arising,
Uplift weary eyes unto Him ?
" Take heart ! " Why, 'tis Christ who hath spoken ;
And what can we do but obey ?
Though He gives us no tangible token,
Still must we arise and go on,
As sure as His body was broken
For us, that our fight shall be won.

Then fain for a touch of His garment
When crowds hem us in and 'tis dark ;
We'll cling to the thought of his goodness,
Press on, with the cross for our mark,
Take heart ! Yes, our own blessed Master,
Till the last of our heartbeats is gone,
Amid conflict and loss and disaster,
We will just take heart and go on.



Sick Call by Wireless Telegraph

* A devoted priest on the mission in the Hawaiian Islands in a letter to the Father Damien Magazine, of Birmingham, England, writes the following: "By the way I must not forget to tell you that our islands are in communication with each other by wireless telegraph. It was by this easy communication that not long ago I received a call couched in these words: "To the Catholic priest, Lahaina: My wife is dying — will be grateful if the Father could come." This message came from Lanai and it took little time and little trouble to send it. I only wished I could have gone there as soon and as easily by a like kind of machinery."

In telling of the trip the good Father says: It took hours by canoe and a hard struggle against the waves and I reached the sick woman's house wet through. He adds this incident: "The poor man had little supper to give me — a piece of bread and butter and a cup of coffee. But he resolved to do better next morning by giving me with my piece of bread and cup of coffee two eggs. On cracking the latter I found a little chick in each;" and then he adds amusingly: "Be assured I have not lost any of my humor of yore."

GO TO HIM, HE WAITS FOR YOU.

Do you live near a church where our Blessed Lord waits for each of you to call upon Him? He seems to hold out His hands towards you, and His face is so full of love that surely you will enter the church and go up to the altar rail and speak to Him. Do you ask what you shall say? Have you any trouble? Tell Him about it. Have you any temptations? Confide in Him and ask Him to help you overcome them. Have you some plans for the future? Consult Him; ask His advice; tell Him you want to do what will please Him.

Remember, dear reader, that He died to save your soul. He dwells in our churches waiting for us to come to Him. Other friends may be kind and loving for a while, but He is always our friend, ready and willing and anxious to give us graces and blessings.

Perhaps you live a long distance from the church, or you are in the employ of some one who needs your service many hours in the day, and you are not free to visit Our Lord in the tabernacle at any time. Then when your feet cannot take you to Him, let your loving thoughts go to Him. Bow your head and commune with Him in your own heart.

Have you read about St. Gertrude's "Good-night to Jesus?" She would bow low and lovingly say, "Good-night." Then she would bow again and ask the angels to say "good-night," for she knew she had not said it with enough devotion. Again and again would she bow down before her Lord and Saviour, and often, she was a long time making her last salutation before going to bed for the night.



HOLY CHASTITY

SO DEAR TO HEAVEN IS SAINTLY CHASTITY,
 THAT WHEN A SOUL IS FOUND SINCERELY SO,
 A THOUSAND LIV'RIED ANGELS LACKEY HER,
 DRIVING FAR OFF EACH THING OF SIN AND GUILT:
 AND IN CLEAR STREAM AND SOLEMN VISION
 TELL HER OF THINGS NO GROSS EAR CAN HEAR.



GEMS OF THOUGHT

THE one thing essential to happiness is, that the heart shall be always nobly occupied.

THERE is a dazzling sanctity about the principle of good that is irresistible.

DO not judge others by a standard applicable to yourself.

IGNORANT people are always the most forward to give decisions.

IT is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

THEY who have never known the delights that come from the affection of a true devoted friend can hardly be said to be unhappy ; it is from the remembrance of its loss that the arrows of affliction are sharpened.

IT is only when the proud man is brought in lowliness to the feet of Jesus that he realizes the emptiness of all worldly honors.

FAITH is the pillow on which we may place the weary head during the vigils of grief.

FIVE minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning — aye two minutes if it is face to face and heart to heart, — will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different ; will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake, or for any one's sake.

BELIEVE me, every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

HOW august is the service of the Mass when celebrated by a priest whose soul appreciates the stupendous majesty and greatness of the Divine Mystery — this service which has been celebrated by so many saints through all the centuries.

A MAN who is not in his right place is like a dislocated bone : he suffers and causes suffering.

IF we could read the secret history of our bitterest enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

WHAT you keep by you, you may change and mend, but words once spoken can never be recalled.



GOD BLESS YOU

Seek in pray'ful words, dear friend,
 My heart's true wish to send you,
 That you may know that, far or near,
 My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
 Nor fonder to caress you ;
 Nor song nor poem I have heard
 Is sweeter than : God bless you !

God bless you ! so I've wished you all
 Of brightness life possesses ;
 For can there any joy at all
 Be thine, unless God blesses ?

God bless you ! so I breathe a charm,
 Lest grief's dark night oppress you ;
 For how can sorrow bring you harm,
 If 'tis God's way to bless you ?

And so " through all thy days
 May shadows touch thee never —"
 But this alone — God bless thee, dear —
 Then art thou safe forever. .



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The divine Shepherdess