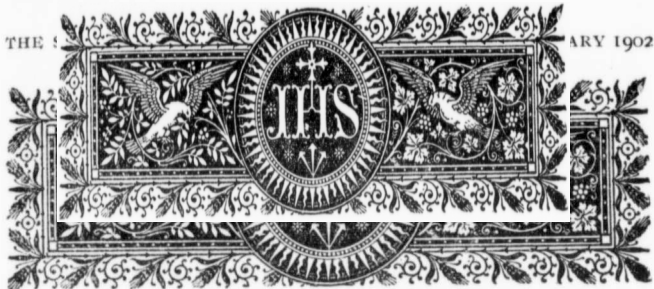




The Child Jesus, our Model
From a painting by Ittenbach,



Wherefore the Eucharist.

R. P. TESNIÈRE.

For the protection, consolation and sanctification of the Holy Church.

I. ADORATION.

ADORE, as a true child of the Catholic Church, and in her name, our Lord Jesus Christ abiding in the Blessed Sacrament, from the foundation of the Church to the end of the world, in order to give to that Church which He loves, all the assistance she needs.

Greet Him with that beautiful name of "Spouse of the Church": for He is a true spouse and He has chosen her in His love, purified and sanctified her with His blood. He remains in the Blessed Sacrament in order to follow, to assist, to console her, and to give her the divine Bread that her children are seeking from her as the mother of souls. His Presence is the joy, the life, the honor, the glory and the reason of the inexhaustible fruitfulness of the Catholic Church. A Royal Spouse and crowned King of Heaven and earth, He causes her to partake of His regal honors and sovereignty; she is with Him and through Him a glorious queen. What are the christian sects deprived of the Eucharist, when compared with the Church? Where is their glory, their sanctity, their fruitfulness, their apostalate?

Adore the Eucharistic Christ as the Sacred Leader of the Church ; that is to say, as the head and principle of life of the great mystic and supernatural body, whose parts are everywhere living the same life, believing in the same truth, having the same eternal hopes. It is from the Sacrament of the Eucharist, the heart of the Church, that all the channels of grace branch out, which carry life to all its members, as the arteries in the human body spread warmth and motion to every part of it.

Adore beneath the veils of the Sacrament, Holy of Holies of the new law, the supreme but invisible Pontiff of the Church. No doubt, He wishes to perform the exterior functions of His pontificate through His visible pontiff. He speaks, governs and sanctifies through the Pope, the bishops and the priests ; but in the sanctuary of His Sacrament He performs the function of prayer and sacrifice, which is the principal function of the priest, continuing night and day, with a boundless perfection. In the powerlessness of His Host, He really rules the Church ; in His silence, it is He that teaches, inspiring pastors with the teachings they are called upon to preach, averting error from their lips, instilling in the submission to their voice.

O Sacrament of the Catholic Church, her honor, crown and glory ! be thou adored, known and loved by all the children of this Mother of redeemed humanity !

II. THANKSGIVING.

Consider how good and beneficial for the Church is this constant and abiding Presence of her Spouse here below.

See how He follows her everywhere, over all shores, under all climes : wherever she sets her foot He is there, and it is even He who led her there.

See how He partakes of her condition, being glorified with her when she is welcomed and honored by a faithful people ; fleeing with her, when she is persecuted ; going down with her into the catacombs during three hundred years ; expelled with her from apostate countries.

See with what faithfulness He remains with her after having espoused her in His blood ; nineteen centuries have already elapsed and He has not ceased one single day to stand by her, to protect and console her.

See at last how patiently He suffers the faults, even the crimes that the forgetful and ungrateful children of the Church so often commit against Him ; He suffers everything from His ministers as well as from the faithful ; and nothing can tire His heroic perseverance, because nothing can surpass His incredible love for the Church, His Spouse.

Consider this touching evidence of the love of Jesus for the Church and you will feel inclined to thank Him as a loving child of this good Mother.

PROPITIATION.

If the Redeemer loves the Church to such an extent that having died to ransom her from the captivity of Satan, He desires to remain with her all days, and, at the expense of all sacrifices, become the Food of her children and the Victim of their sins, voluntarily offered and perpetually immolated—what shall not be the deep, intense and keen sorrow He will feel for the trials of the Church!

Think of mortal sins, apostasy, religious indifference, the mortal lethargy in which so many souls lie, which by paralysing parts of the Church here below, threatens to separate them from her for ever.

Think of the defections, the scandalous apostasies, the affronts inflicted upon this august Mother, that Jesus so deeply feels, for He said : "*He that heareth you, heareth me : and he that despiseth you, despiseth me.*"

Think finally of the violent persecutions of the deluded and furious populace, of the treacherous and dangerous persecutions of the governments which try to oppress, to humiliate, or at least to impede the Church ; Jesus feels these things deeply and cries out : "*Why do you persecute me ?*"

Let us often think of the divine Head of the Church, and remember that one cannot touch one of the limbs of

this mystic body without grievously hurting Him! In this period of universal war against the Holy Church, it is a subject that calls for the love and reparative zeal of faithful souls.

IV. PRAYER.

If there be any prayer that should please our Lord and that He should be willing to grant, it certainly must be the prayer offered to Him by the children of the Church, for their afflicted, humiliated and persecuted Mother. It goes directly to His Heart: He makes it a sacred duty, promulgated in the precept which commands us to love our parents, and the Church is the true Mother of souls.

Whoever neglects to habitually pray for the Church, forfeits this obligation which is eminently holy. Jesus offers us an example, and the altars upon which He immolates Himself and prays for the needs of His Church, are numberless.

In all our prayers, let us above all, remember the interests of the Church, of the Sovereign Pontiff, Bishops, the Priests and religious, let us pray, in union with the invisible divine Priest, for the reign, peace and extension of the Church, so that all—Jews and heathens, unfaithful and sinners, may return to the Church and adore and welcome her adorable Spouse and King, in the Sacrament of His merciful Presence.

PRACTICE.

Apostolic zeal in prayer and devotedness to the interests of Holy Church.





Nazareth.

By HENRY COYLE.

THE little village of Nazareth is situated among the hills which constitute the south ridges of Lebanon, just before they gradually merge into the plain of Esdrædon. A pleasant valley nestled among these hills runs in a wavering line nearly east and west, about a mile long and a quarter broad. In this valley, along the head of the hillside, lies Nazareth, the secluded, peaceful spot where the Holy Family spent so many happy years.

But Nazareth was a place held in disrepute by the people of Galilee, for some reason. It was a Galilean who asked if "any good thing could come out of Nazareth?" It is probable that the people were irreligious and immoral, for they attempted twice to kill Christ, expelled Him thrice from their borders and finally drove Him out, when He sought refuge and shelter at Capernaum.

Yet Nazareth was, and is at the present day, a most beautiful place. The hills, some of them rising four or five hundred feet high, were covered with foliage, fig-trees, wild shrubs and grain. The gardens, flecking the scene, were bright with hollyhock, a favorite flower. The whole valley was in a high state of cultivation; corn waved over the fields, and orchards, gay gardens, and hedges of cactus, made the landscape fair to look upon.

It was at Nazareth that the angel announced to Mary the birth of the coming Messiah; it was here the Holy Family returned after their flight to Egypt; it was here

that Jesus grew up from infancy to manhood, and indeed He was known through life as "the Nazarene."

These were happy days for the young mother; although poor, and living in an humble sphere as the wife of Joseph, the carpenter she had many things to ponder over—the message of the angels, the miraculous birth, the sayings of the wise-men, the prophecies of Simeon; and as to her Son, His strange habits of deep meditation and thoughtful language awed and perplexed her.

Mary watched over his helpless infancy with ceaseless benignity, anticipating every childish wish, humoring every fancy, soothing every transient sorrow, singing for Him lullabys, and cradling Him on her warm and loving breast.

During His early years, Mary was the sole teacher of Jesus, as was the custom of mothers at that time. She was not highly intellectual, but she displayed the heavenly graces of meekness, purity, patience, charity and humility. Her youth had been spent in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and she was well qualified to teach them to the child. It was she who first applied to Him the term, "My Saviour;" she kept secret the strange revelations that had occurred since His birth, and locked "all these sayings in the heart."

Although Mary suffered much from poverty, the persecutions of Herod, the flight into Egypt, and was obliged to live in constant fear after their return, yet her nature was not embittered, but still remained mild and sweet. It was not these days that tried the strength and fervor of her affection; it was in the dark days of adversity, amid the jeers and scorn of an unbelieving world, in sickness and anxiety, that her love shone out with a brightness and morality.

It is true that "the road of privations is the most secure as well as the most fruitful in heroic virtues. Certainly nothing can be more sublime, or better for us, seeing Christ had nothing better for His mother. This consideration suffices alone to fill us with comfort and joy under all affliction, that in them we are in good company even with Christ Himself, His blessed Mother, and His saints."

When Jesus was thirty years old, He went forth on his mission alone. Mary preferred to live in the retirement of her home and to follow her Son in her thoughts rather than with her presence. He came back after an absence of about a year, to the home of His youth, to preach the Word where He had often listened to the counsels of the wise — the lessons of Holy Writ.

“He came to Nazareth.” He had taught elsewhere in Galilee; He had spoken before thousands; yet He had not been home — He had not taught beneath the dome of temple where the first echo was made to the holy teachings of His parent’s lips. His heart yearned for that spot — the kind affections were awakened towards home, that God has wrought into the mind of every sensitive-man towards the place of his boyhood.

“He came to Nazareth where he had been brought up.” What a crowd of mingled emotions must have rushed upon His mind at that time. He left there an obscure man; He had come back a public teacher — in memory’s mellowing glass were pictured forth the scenes of early life. He had obeyed the call of Nature and had come to Nazareth, again to offer Himself upon the altar of devotion, a living sacrifice.



Jesus of Nazareth.

By E. LUMMIS.

The Master passed! and as He went His way
 A flood of sunshine glorified the day.
 Angelic music seemed to thrill the air,
 And, earth’s bright beauty grew more heavenly fair.
 Wild nature, conquered, owned His Sacred will,
 The rude winds ceased, the angry sea was still,
 The blind man saw! the palsied lived again!
 And joy o’erflowed where erst was strife and pain.

Oh Christian hearts! in charity so cold,
 So sadly wanting in the faith of old!
 He passes daily in the Bread and Wine,
 The Sacrament of life, and love divine,
 And we, like Simon, give no welcome sweet,
 Nor wash with contrite tears the Saviour’s feet;
 Nor heed His cry, “Open, beloved, to me!
 I come, not to pass by, but to abide with thee!”

Communion, the extension of the Incarnation.

Translated by E. LUMMIS.

R. P. EYMARD.

Verbum caro factum est.
The Word was made Flesh.
JOHN, I, 14.

THE Incarnation of the divine Word in the womb of Mary was the Annunciation and prefiguration of the Eucharist. This glorious sun whose rays were to revive and regenerate so many souls, rose at Nazareth, but has reached its meridian in the Eucharist, which is the limit of God's love here below. The little grain of divine wheat is sown for the first time in the virginal ground of Mary. It will germinate, will ripen, will be ground in the mill to form the Eucharistic Bread. The Incarnation is so closely connected with the divine plan to the Eucharist that the word of St. John may be thus translated: "The Word was made Bread; *Verbum caro, Verbum panis.*" All the circumstances of the Incarnation redound to the glory of Mary, and those of Holy Communion to our own. Through Holy Communion we are made participants in the glory and honor of the Blessed Virgin.

The prologue of the Incarnation passes between the angel of God and the Virgin. The angel announces the Mystery and calls for the consent of Mary.

The angel who calls us to Communion is the priest, is the Church through its minister. What an honor! The Church is the Queen, the angels attend upon and serve her, she is the Spouse, and not only does she announce the Eucharist to us, but she brings It forth and gives It to us. Mary believed the word of the angel only when he had proved it by the announcement of the miracle to be performed. We, however, may believe the word of the Church without proof. She is our mother and we are the children. A mother's word is never doubted. She might,

nevertheless, have given us proofs of her mission as did the angel.

The Annunciation of Holy Communion is therefore glorious for us, as was that of the Incarnation for Mary.

II.

The condition on which the Incarnation depended was the virginity of Mary. God would have only a Virgin for the mother of Jesus, and he waited four thousand years until this pure Tabernacle was prepared for Him. It was then that the Holy Spirit descended upon her and preserved her virginity while giving to her the fruitfulness of maternity. God made virginity an essential part of this plan in conformity with the first promise which was made to Eve while still a virgin.

Of us God requires at least virginity of heart, *purity*, which is the life of the soul. He requires also, if not great virtue, at least profound respect and sincere humility. "Lord, I am not worthy that thou should'st enter under my roof; depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." This sentiment will suffice for all need. Our Lord will be satisfied with it and if we have humility and confidence, He will supply for all the rest.

The angel to prove his mission, announced to Mary the miracle of Elizabeth's conception, "With God all things are possible," he said to her. The soul that is sterile, like Elizabeth will like her, bring forth fruit. Believe only, and receive the Divine Food that will make your soul fruitful in good works, and in one day, through the Eucharist, you will do more for God's glory than in a life time without it.

Amid all the marvels that the angel pictured to Mary, she saw only her own weakness and nothingness. Here is our Model. We are only poor creatures, unprofitable servants, unworthy indeed of God's regard. But since He has chosen us, miserable and unworthy though we be, let us say with Mary: "Fiat," "Be it done to me according to Thy Word!"

Then will the grace that was operated in Mary be accomplished in us also. At the moment of Communion

the Eucharist becomes an extension of the Incarnation, the radiation of this great Fire of love whose centre is the Holy Trinity, the Fire that ignites all humanity, and which, though kindled first, in Mary's bosom, finds only its full power of extension when it can communicate Itself to every son of man.

In Mary, the Word is united to our human nature in general, in the Eucharist, to each soul in particular. It was enough for man's salvation that the Word was to be united to one human being in the name of all. He wished as man to be alone in suffering, expiating our sin by pain of body, and dying in torment for all and in the name of all.

But when His humanity had been ground and crushed in the mill of suffering and had become the source of our justification, Jesus Christ changed It into the substance of His Sacrament, which he offered to all, that all might participate in the merits and glory of the Body He had received from Mary. Thus in receiving the Eucharist we have more indeed than Mary; we have the Risen and Glorious Body of Our Saviour, bearing still the stigmata of His love, the sign of His victory over the powers of evil. O Marvel! To receive in Communion more than Mary received in the Incarnation! Mary carried in her sacred womb only the passible and mortal Body of Our Lord, we receive His immortal and glorious Body! Mary possessed the Man of Sorrows, we possess the crowned King of Glory. And we receive Him in a more consoling way than Mary, who saw day by day the time diminish when she was to possess and bear the Lord divine. In nine months she saw the limit of that possession, she foresaw the dawning of that day when she must part with her divine Treasure and relinquish that heavenly burden. We, however, renew our happiness with each succeeding day and until the end of our lives receive and possess the Eucharistic Word.

In forming the Sacred Humanity in Mary the Holy Spirit gave to His august Spouse the most precious of His gifts. To her came the Word, with all His glory and the treasure of all virtues in perfection hitherto unknown. And if Mary could have received a renewal of this mys-

tery, she would have received each time a fresh donation of these magnificent gifts.

Such, too, is our portion. Each time that our Lord comes to visit us, He comes with all His graces, all His gifts. He enriches us continually and never tires of lavishing His treasures upon us. As the sun rises each morning of the year with the same splendor, though it sets each night, so Jesus comes to us each time we receive Him adorned with the same glorious beauty and loveliness as at His first visit.

Verbum caro factum est. The Word is made Flesh! Hence the glory of Mary. The Word is made Bread! Hence our own. Our Lord gave Himself once to satisfy His love. He gives Himself again and again to satisfy the new and unceasing ardors of His divine Heart. To give an alms of grace is too little for His royal generosity. He makes Himself the Gift, makes Himself Bread that the Church may distribute it to her hungering children. Could He go farther, do more? He cannot bring us nearer to Mary's graces than He does, not in dignity, nor virtue, but in the effusion of His love for us, which seems almost greater in the gift He gives than in that given to Mary.

But Mary knew how to be grateful for the graces given to her. If we are participants of her honors, let us then seek to love as she did.



People's Eucharistic League.

Sixth Annual Report, January 25th, 1902.

THE new Century, by the wish of the Holy Father, opened with an augury of promise in the matter of devotion to the Eucharist that is unparalleled in the history of the world. One Shepherd, one Fold, one Faith, one Devotion. Adoration of the Eucharistic Christ exalted upon His throne of glory; a spontaneous, united, and solemn affirmation of the rights of Jesus Christ by one half of mankind arrayed in opposition to the negation, agnosticism, anarchy, and paganism of the other half. It was a wonderful event, a dawn of spiritual promise; for the Eucharist is the foundation stone of the Christian life, the treasury of all grace, the central dogma of Catholic faith; and the recognition of its place in the lives of men will bring back to the heart of humanity the circulation of the divine life of Christ and more christian and supernatural standards of morality to modern Society.

In advancing beneficent results the Eucharistic Leagues of Priests and People must bear a part. The ground is prepared and the seed is already sown that, with cultivation, will bear a fruitful harvest. Another auspicious event of the new year, and one of special importance to the People's Eucharistic League, was the instalment of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, through Miss Leary's generous assistance, in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, and the opening of the first public shrine of Perpetual Exposition in the United States. We might mention, also, in the events of the year, the Second American Eucharistic Congress at St. Louis, which brought together so many eminent prelates, and produced such striking evidences of devotion. The ceremonial was magnificent, the discussions learned and exhaustive, and the whole Catholic population of the city united in assisting, each night of the Congress, in the solemn hour of Adoration held in the parish churches. Such are a few of the more public events of the year 1901, that bear directly upon the development

of the Eucharistic devotion. To these we might add, as a touching note, an account that was forwarded from Nova Scotia, of the spread of this devotion among the Indians, and their celebration of the feast of *Corpus Christi* by Solemn High Mass, Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and continuous Adoration, each tribe in turn, taking its special hour, but time will not allow us to dwell upon those interesting events.

The People's Eucharistic League has its own record of progress in the solid establishment of its Local Centres, and the clearer understanding of its future field of work. A certain number of new centres have been added during the year, among them one in far off India. The first Diocesan Centre has been appointed at St. Augustine's Church in Brooklyn, and a first diocesan reunion of churches inaugurated in that city for the celebration of the feast of *Corpus Christi*. Our councils have assumed greater importance, and the churches now present their reports through personal delegates.

The Men's Branch, also, is constantly increasing in strength, and the devotion is being noticeably cultivated among men at the Local Centres. The public hour of Adoration is growing in favor, and held weekly in many churches, is developing among our people a desire, and affording an opportunity to cultivate the spiritual life.

The men, in many churches, are drawn together for special services, and processions, and the Nocturnal Adoration during the Forty Hours and Holy Thursday has, through the efforts of the Advisory Board, been established not only in every New York Centre of the Eucharistic League, but in many churches not yet affiliated.

Our Advisory Board has served its year of probation, and its members have proved themselves efficient and persevering. The Board has won special commendation from His Grace Archbishop Corrigan, and is now about to extend its field of labor by a correspondence with other established confraternities of Nocturnal Adoration. Our own country has two of these confraternities which have been in existence many years. A study of the methods and results obtained by the great societies for Nocturnal Adoration in Rome, Brussels, Lourdes, Montmartre, and

Avenue Friedland, Paris, cannot fail to bring about most interesting results.

Three *Corpus Christi* celebrations were held by the Eucharistic League last June, one at St. Augustine's Church, Brooklyn, and two at the Cathedral, New York. The attendance at these services is remarkable when we remember that an entirely new set of people is represented on each occasion. The Advisory Board took charge of the Men's Reunion and the attendance was overwhelming. So great, indeed, was the good will shown by pastors and men in forwarding this celebration that at an early date it will be necessary to divide the attendance between several churches, or to hold the procession in the open air. The Paulist Church sent a delegation of 1,000 men, and other churches from 200 to 800.

As an example of work done in our Local Centres, honorable mention was given to the Church of St. Teresa, in Henry Street, New York, where the League was established a year ago under the zealous management of Rev. Father Kain. It reports as follows:

Membership, 750; zelatrices, 75; men, 200. A public hour of Adoration every Thursday from eight to nine, has a constant attendance of 500 people. During the Forty Hours a procession of 400 men formed the escort of the Blessed Sacrament.

Such, in brief, are the events of the year. A more detailed report may be found in the "Items of Interest" in THE SENTINEL for 1902.

It has been the policy of the Central Committee to concentrate, rather than to extend the Eucharistic League, to allow its home Centres to grow into solid and organized form, and to try the wisdom of the requirements already made before defining their limits too rigidly. The growth of its secondary interests also, the Men's Branch, the Nocturnal Adoration, THE SENTINEL, the formation of business committees and the study of its future relations with the Society of the Blessed Sacrament has made it impossible to take up, immediately, the questions that relate to the extension and advancement of Local Centres. But these interests are now provided for and another year will bring about more extensive development of the primary work.

The future prospects of the People's Eucharistic League are encouraging and important, more especially from the fact that by the invitation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, the 4th American Congress will be held in that city in 1904.

E. LUMMIS, *President.*

The Feasts of the Church.

B. ELLEN BURKE.

All the Feasts repeat the story
Of the Lord God in His glory,
And the days He lived on earth :
And each month we leave behind us
A memory which reminds us
That Mary gave Him birth.

We may see Him in the stable,
Or at the wedding table,
Or in the Temple grand ;
Or standing by the river,
Where reeds and rushes quiver,
With John at His right hand.

We find the Mother lowly
Ever near the dear Son holy,
As the Feasts come one by one :
We know that angels hover
Over every loyal lover
Of Mary and her Son.

And the Feast days are the token
That the Promise is unbroken,
Of a happy home above ;
O, they bring us joy and pleasure
And they fill with generous measure
Hearts that live to love.

MALONE, N. Y.



Items of Interest.

The Sixth Annual Reunion of the People's Eucharistic League was held on January 26th at the Cathedral, New York. All the New York Centres were represented and the attendance was as usual impressive and edifying. Rev. F. Wm. O. B. Pardow, S.J., was the preacher.

The Semi-Annual Council of Presidents and Vice-Presidents on January 15th, at the Cathedral, was well attended. Many subjects were discussed, the public hours of adoration, attendance at the Forty Hours, the Nocturnal Adoration, etc., and some interesting facts were developed. St. Teresa's Centre, N. Y., which has only carried on the work for a year was special commendation for its progress and the zealous work of its Local Director, Rev. F. Kain.

St. Monica's Church, N. Y., has introduced the Nocturnal Adoration during the Forty Hours.

The Men's Advisory Board called upon Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan in a body on January 12th to present their Annual Report, and were most cordially received by him. He kindly offered to send a copy of their report to the Director General of the Nocturnal Adoration in Paris.

The prayers of our Associates are asked for an associate of St. Gabriel's Centre, New Rochelle. Theodore Fajardo, who was killed in the late terrible accident in the New York Central RR. tunnel.



The Children's Hour.

Toddles and the Presence.

TODDLES, lying very still but with open eyes in her crib, was considering. Nurse was out and mother presided in the dark nursery, to Toddles' silent satisfaction. If Toddles is the great asker of questions, mother is the best one in the world to answer. Particularly in the quiet, dim nursery when mother and Toddles are there, just alone.

"Aren't you asleep yet, darling?" comes gently out of the dimness and stillness.

"No, mother," drowsily; then, with sudden animation, "mother, what is the 'Presence of God'?"

Mother stirred slightly, a bit surprised that Toddles had caught this expression.

"What do you think, little one?"

"I don't know mother. Only, it seems to me 'tisn't the kind of 'presents' you give me for Christmas. Is it, mother?"

"No, dear. The 'Presence of God' means the fact of God being with us, always and in all places. Don't you see, Toddles, I am present with you now?"

Toddles continued to consider. She is a truthful child, and must not say she undersands when she doesn't. Mother waited.

"Yes," came the answer finally; "it's easy enough

to know you are here, mother dear. But God—" Toddles paused in embarrassment.

"Well," encouraged mother.

"You see," said Toddles, with a grave air of apology, "God is so different from mothers!"

Mother patted the puzzled little head.

"Now listen, Toddles. You know mother is with you as much as she can be?"

"Yes, mother."

"And you know mother wishes she might be with you every minute. But she can't. There are hours and hours when only mother's love and prayers can be with her little girl. At such times mother herself isn't *present*."

Mother paused till she heard a soft, little,

"Yes, mother."

"For instance, at night. Mother comes to look at you in your sleep, and kiss you and say a little prayer, and then mother has to fall asleep herself, and during the time she sleeps cannot watch you nor care for you, nor help you."

Toddles grasped mother's hand more tightly; she did not like this picture of mother being unable to take care of her.

"You see this is the way it is with mother. All her love and interest for you can't make it possible for her to be always with you, always guarding you and looking out for you. Only God can be present always. When mother sleeps, when every one sleeps, God is here with you, just as He is in the light and bustle of the day. And often, darling, we are apt to forget this great but so simple fact. Whether we laugh or cry, or pray or play, or sleep or work, we are always in the Presence of God. Always in the company of Our Heavenly Father, Our Dear Jesus, wherever we may be, whatever we are doing. Much more perfectly than mother, with all her love can watch you, is God watching you, my little child. And to remember this, to try to understand it, is called attending to the 'Presence of God.' Have I explained it to you, Toddles?"

"I think so, mother. It means," said Toddles, a little sleepily, "as God is in my nursery, I must always be polite to Him. And it isn't polite to forget visitors."

"That's it, dear. You know people often speak of human kings and what is due them, as what is befitting 'The Presence.' But Our Heavenly Father is the King of kings, who created earthly kings merely by His will. You and I, darling, and everyone in this world, live in the Presence of this great God Who made Heaven and Earth and all the things which they contain. And this Almighty King loves us tenderly, and wants us to love Him, and is forever with us in His loving kindness. He is never tired, and He never sleeps, and His care surrounds us every instant of our lives. You see, Toddles, to realize the Presence of God, is to begin to have something of Heaven while we still live in this world.

"Mother, you say, sometimes 'I wish I need never have you out of my sight,' don't you?"

"I believe I do, dear. Why?"

"Oh, I see God never *does* have me out of His sight."

"Quite right, are you nearly asleep, Toddles?"

"Not so awfully," returned Toddles, charmingly uncertain. "There was something else, mother. Tell me before I close my eyes tight. It was about 'delight' and 'children.'"

"I know what you mean. It's God's side of the 'Presence.' He says 'My delight is to be with the children of men.'"

"Yes, that's it. God's glad to be here—with Toddles." And the eyelids closed with a happy sigh.

HELEN MAY.



The Little Cripple of the Simplon.

BY JOSEPHINE MARIÉ.



RED light is burning dimly in the window of a hut, almost buried beneath the snow. The bitter cold, the darkness unrelieved by even the pale rays of a winter moon, are dread forebodings to the lonely watcher within the abode. In such depths of despair is that weary watcher, it would seem as if angel tidings alone could warm a heart so chilled, with a gleam of hope and love, I was about to add, but love is there—maternal love, which nineteen hundred years ago to-night, found its completion and benediction in the heart of the lowly Mother of Bethlehem. Within the gloomiest recess of the hut, on a bed of straw, lies a boy, about seven years of age. The sunken cheeks and emaciated form speak eloquently a pathetic tale of poverty and sickness, but the patient expression of the little face, tells a story too; the story of suffering patiently endured. He has been a cripple since infancy, and the daily inability to give him the necessary care, the constant vision of her child's sufferings, seem to Margaret a burden almost too great to bear. The boy has been sleeping but wakens now and murmurs something about "father."

"What is it, my little Jean?" the mother asks, bending lovingly over him.

"Has father come back yet?"

"No, dear, but he will soon. Try to sleep until he comes." She speaks cheerfully, but is growing momentarily more anxious.

Early that morning her husband started on a five mile walk to the nearest village to sell, if possible, the needle work which is their only means of sustenance, and so procure food at least for the boy, who is daily becoming weaker from lack of nourishment.

"I will try again to find work," he said to his wife upon leaving; "but in vain I fear, for workmen are being discharged rather than employed in these hard times."

It was not snowing when he started, and if all had gone

well he should have reached home (if so poor a habitation can be called by that dear name) by three o'clock at the latest, and now it is eight, and the storm which has arisen suddenly is increasing in violence each moment.

Margaret goes to the window, tries to make the light burn more brightly, then turns with a dreary sense of utter helplessness, takes up her knitting and resumes her watch by the little sufferer. She bends lower than is required over the work, to hide her face, as much as possible, from the gaze of the child, fearing it may betray the anxiety she is struggling bravely to conceal. The boy is quick to detect the slightest change in the beloved countenance of his mother. The precaution is unnecessary, however, for to-night, the parent eyes are not resting upon her but are raised upward with an expression of deep thought, not unmingled with joy.

"What is my darling thinking of so deeply?" Margaret asks presently, becoming conscious of the child's abstraction.

"I am thinking about the Baby on the straw, the old priest told us about, that day."

"What priest? what day?" she asks wonderingly.

"Oh! don't you remember," an expression of disappointment crossing his face—"don't you remember the old man who came to see us last winter, and said he was a priest, and told us all about a little Baby in a stable, and how," the child continues eagerly, "the Baby was really God, who made the mountains and the trees, and that it was all for me, mother, to show me that He loved me, though I am so little and can't walk?"

"I would not think too much about it, dear; try to sleep again," his mother answers gently, fearing the effect of too much thought upon the brain, and noting how the pale cheeks have flushed with excitement and the effort of speaking.

"If I could dream again of the Christ-Child, I would like to sleep; I thought I saw Him when I slept that time, and He looked so beautiful that I asked Him please to come back to earth again and come to see me, and I am sure He will, mother," he adds confidently.

"Yes, yes, dear!" she answers again, soothingly; "but rest now like a good boy, won't you?"

"Is he growing delirious?" Margaret asks herself anxiously. She remembers clearly now the incident to which he alludes. A year ago a venerable old priest had stopped at the hut, and craved permission to come in and rest awhile.

"I have been walking for hours," he said, "and still have some distance to go, though already fatigued."

"You are welcome," the woman replied hospitably, agreeably impressed by the kindly appearance of the old man, who entered, glad to stop for a time in however poor an abode. He had shown much sympathy and interest in the little cripple, and upon leaving expressed regret that, being a stranger in that part of the country, he might never see them again.

Margaret soon forgot the incident; not so Jean, whose childish heart and mind had been deeply touched by the beautiful story of Bethlehem. With the unquestioning faith of a child—a faith so pleasing to the Most High that he bids us, his older children, to imitate it—he had accepted the sweet truths, and ever since tried to be patient "like the dear Baby in the manger," he thought in his simple way, "who came to lead me to a beautiful place called heaven, where I sha'n't be sick any more." He had, however, said nothing to his mother, after the first day or two, feeling perhaps with the instinctive perception which even very young children seem to possess, that she did not quite believe the beautiful tale. Poor Margaret! her hard life, her ignorance of religious truth, have made her skeptical and embittered. Yet, as she gazes each day, upon the grand scenery by which she is surrounded, she often feels that there must exist an all-wise, all-merciful Creator. She is of a thoughtful disposition, and in her many lonely walks during the pleasant months of the year, nature so austere in her Alpine grandeur and yet so caressing in the pretty rural scenes which adorn the pass, fills her soul with loving, half-defined whispers of the divine Maker, and enables her to take up her daily life strengthened and comforted. But to-night, she seems beyond the power of any comfort. Suppose her husband never returned? Many perish in the deep snow during the winter, there. And Jean! may he not die from want of food?

"O God!" she exclaims, falling upon her knees, as the agony of these thoughts overpowers her. "If you do exist, reveal yourself to me, a desolate creature, this night; bring back my husband, spare me my child." Almost as she prayed a faint cry is heard followed by a gentle knock at the door. Margaret hears both, but at first thinks it must be imagination; but no, cry and knock are both repeated and she now springs to her feet with joy. May it not be her husband? The joy

dies away, giving place to wonder, as she opens the door and beholds standing upon the threshold a boy about twelve years of age.

"Will you give me shelter to-night?" asks a sweet voice in pleading accents. He looks very pale as he stands there, framed in by the darkness of the stormy night, and she instinctively throws the door wide open and bids him enter.

Slowly the child visitor obeys her, and she pours some water into a broken glass and turns to offer him the refreshment, which poor though it is, is all she has, but lo! the Boy who in the uncertain light had looked faint and weak, is standing in the centre of the dimly lighted room, in an attitude of mingled command and entreaty. The brown hair is tossed back from a brow low and dazzlingly white, the features chiselled as marble, while the whole countenance is illumined by an expression of such purity and calm, that Margaret's heart grows hushed and reverent.

"Not even a cup of cold water given in my name shall go unrewarded."

Clearly, sweetly, the words fall upon her wondering ear, and almost unconsciously she kneels. *Then* He smiles and the poor abode, so dark and dreary before, is filled with a radiance which envelops in its glory Margaret and Jean, who lies gazing at the unbidden Guest with eyes in whose clear depths shines a look of recognition and of awe.

"I thought you would come," he murmurs softly.

"Yes, my little one; no one ever seeks Me and does not find Me, and I have come to comfort you to night because you believed I would"; and then resting his hand caressingly upon the wasted one of the little cripple, in words so simple that he could understand, yet with majesty unspeakable, the Christ-Child tells the story of his unrequited love for men. The cattle shed with all its poor surroundings seems to rise visibly before them as he speaks. They see the stable, the darkness, the shivering Babe, whose unearthly beauty is thrown into relief by the light of Joseph's lantern that illumines softly the gentle face of the Virgin Mother as she kneels in lowly adoration before her Almighty Little One. Margaret, as she listens, feels that the mystery of sin and its atonement is at last made clear, and realizes how the rays of a love that is divine shines upon human suffering in its every form, giving to the soul that patiently endures a reward even here, in the

"peace which surpasseth all understanding." The voice ceases, and the Speaker, bending, imprints a kiss upon the tiny face on its hard pillow. "I will come again, my little child," he whispers tenderly, and then, gliding past Margaret, vanishes as unexpectedly as he has appeared.

Scarcely has the door closed, when it is pushed vigorously open and an o'd man with long white beard and merry eyes enters hastily. "I know you will bid me welcome, my good woman," he says cheerily, "for, like the angels of old, I bring you glad tidings—your husband is safely housed in the hospice three miles from here."

"Thank God!" murmurs the wife. "O sir!" she continues, "such wonderful things are happening to-night, I tremble lest I wake and find them only a dream." Then in a few words as possible, she tells him of their celestial Visitor.

The old priest's face grows very thoughtful as he listens. "Can it be that the Christ Child has really visited this humble home this Christmas eve?" "It may be," he thinks; "God is omnipotent and reveals himself often to little ones in ways unguessed by men"; and as he sees the light and peace in the childish face—a light not unreflected in Margaret's own homely countenance—he feels it must be true, and that the shadow of that heavenly presence is still resting them both. "The Christ Child has indeed been with you," he says solemnly; "May His benediction rest with you forever." There is a pause of some minutes and then the old man exclaims—"Come Margaret; your husband awaits you with impatience. "But Jean?" objects the woman.

"Oh! he will be all right; the storm has abated and I have plenty of warm coverings." So saying, he takes the child in his arms, wraps him in blankets and in another moment they are speeding over the road, the sleigh-bells tinkling merrily in the frosty air. On their way the monk tells Margaret, how that night, when out on his usual mission, the dogs had darted some distance from him, but soon came back, bounding back, barking and wagging their tails in great excitement.

"I knew what that meant, didn't I, old fellow?" he says, patting the shaggy head of the huge beast, that big as he is, nestles comfortably at his feet and blinks a sleepy rejoinder with affectionate eyes. "In a few minutes the faithful creatures led me to a man lying almost buried beneath the snow; not seriously hurt, however," he hastily adds, noticing her

alarmed expression, "only stunned and chilled. By the time we reached the hospice he was able, though faint, to tell me who he was of you, my good woman and the little son." At this moment, a vision of a large, square, white building, rises before them. The hospice! What memories of heroism and self-sacrifice are evoked by the mere name. How many distressed creatures have found comfort and shelter within that abode standing in majestic solitude upon the bleakest point of the gigantic pass. For nine months of the year the cold and dreariness are intense; but, however fiercely the elements may rage, the monks go daily out upon their perilous mission of charity. Hearts warmed by the fire of divine love rise superior to personal discomfort and danger. These noble men lead cheerfully their lives of constant self-sacrifice, content to receive their reward only from Him, whose example has proved so eloquently that "greater love than this, no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend."

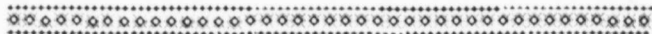
"Ah! here we are," exclaims the monk, as they reach the house, a flood of light streaming through the doors open wide to receive them, and in another moment, the mother with the boy in her arms, is standing in the midst of a group of kindly faces that cluster round, eager to bid them welcome. Very tenderly the little cripple is laid upon a sofa in the large, old-fashioned hall, and while Margaret joins her husband in an upper-room, the monks warm his feet and hands and give him the nourishment he so much needs.

"Oh," murmurs Jean, "I think the Christ-Child must have sent me here."

"Would you like to see the image of the Christ-Child before you sleep?" asks the monk, and once more he takes the tiny form in his arms and carries it into the chapel.

It is almost time for the midnight Mass. The organ is playing softly the Christmas Carol. The chapel is filled with radiant light and fragrant with holly and evergreen. And there, in a corner of the holy place, Jean sees the dear story of Bethlehem faithfully represented—the stable, the manger, the Mother, the venerable Joseph, but above all, the Infant Saviour—each lovingly, if imperfectly, portrayed. And as Margaret joins her child and kneels before the crib, it seems as though the divine Babe stretches his little arms out in a special welcome to them and that the angels chant now as long ago, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace to men of good will."

Just a year from that night, the Christ-Child fulfils his promise ; but only the little cripple sees Him, this Christmas-Eve. And when the heavenly Guest vanishes, this time he carries something in his arms, something so pure and bright, that the angels are glad to welcome it into heaven—the soul of little Jean.



The Child at Prayer.

From the London Spectator.

A baby to a Baby prays,
 Oh, Infant Jesus, meek and mild,
 From 'mid the glory and the rays
 Look on a little child.

As one child to another may,
 He talks without a thought of fear,
 Commending to a Child to-day
 All that a child holds dear :—

His father, mother, brother, nurse,
 His cat, his dog, his bird, his toys.
 Things that make up the universe
 Of darling girls and boys.

His sheep and horses, lambs and cows,
 He counts them o'er, a motley crew,
 And children in the neighbor's house,
 And all the people, too.

His friends, why all the world's his friend,
 This four-years darling, golden-curled.
 'Tis long before it has an end,
 The bede-roll of his world.

A child lifts up his little hands,
 Unto a Child ; and it may be
 The Host of Heaven at gazing stands,
 That tender sight to see.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



The Little Servers of the Mass.

TO assist the priest at Mass is a great honor. It is a sublime function, a ministry envied by the angels themselves. Too often, alas ! this service is not appreciated at its true worth, and many persons think they demean themselves, or that they condescend, as it were, when they render this homage to God, while they consider themselves happy and honored if they fulfil even the lowest offices at the courts of kings. Thus to think and to feel is to prove oneself of little faith, or of inordinate pride and foolish vanity.

Not so thought the saints. St. Bonaventure speaks of this office as one worthy of the angels. St. Mechtilde relates that she saw the soul of a lay-brother all brilliant and beautiful in the celestial realms because of his former devotion in serving as many Masses every day, as possible. St. Thomas, the angel of the school, that sublime torch of theological knowledge, loved nothing more than to serve a Mass after he had said his own.

But why multiply examples ? The matter speaks for itself. He who serves a Mass approaches very near to the Holy Victim, and participates in an intimate degree, in the sacrifice, since he is the minister, in a certain sense, and is closely associated with the priest who offers the holocaust ; priceless advantages which are not shared by others of the faithful who only assist at the Mass. To inspire boys with a devotion to serve Mass as they should we relate a story full of sweetness and majesty, though so simple and true, which we borrow from the Annals of the Friars Preachers or Dominicans.

Blessed Bernard, a very pious religious, who filled the office of sacristan in the church of the Convent of Santarem, in Portugal, had trained two children to serve the Masses of the religious and to perform certain other functions on feast days. As they were still too young to embrace the religious life they lived, nominally, with their parents ; but in fact they were at home only at night.

for, during the day, they scarcely quitted the convent. Father Bernard held them in the tenderest esteem, and in return for their services at the altar he taught them the catechism and the first elements of grammar; but more than all he trained them in virtue and piety, and strove to inculcate a tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessd Virgin. It was their greatest happiness to serve Mass and to remain in prayer at the foot of the altar. Seeing their candor and innocence, their simplicity, their lovely modesty, and the sweet gayety depicted on their countenances, one might well say they were two little angels. How the sweet Jesus, Whose delight it was to be in the midst of the children of men and Who sought especially simple and innocent childhood, would have loved and singled out these two amiable children.

Every morning they brought from home a light luncheon consisting of bread and fruit, and after serving Mass they went into a small side chapel to eat their modest meal. In this chapel there was a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, and the children never failed to salute the Infant while saying thier grace. The Divine Child, Who had been nourished by the Lily of Innocence, was charmed with their angelic purity and candor, and deigned to come down from His Mother's arms to join them, asking for a share of their repast, which was readily granted by the children, who often divided their meagre fare with Him. But at length, nothing that He never brought the least morsel to augment the frugal meal, they concluded to tell Father Bernard of the matter.

"Father," said one, with gravity denoting embarrassment and trouble, "the little Infant in His mother's arms in that chapel comes down every morning to eat with us, but He never brings anything to share with us. What shall we do about it?"

Blessed Bernard, when he heard of the marvel from the little innocents, was ravished at the ineffable exchange of love between God and His creatures, and he answered:

"This is what you must do:—If the Infant Jesus

comes down to-morrow and asks a share of your breakfast, say to him frankly — 'Lord, You come every morning to share our meal and we receive nothing at all from Your hands. Pray, repay our generosity by equal liberality and invite us, at least once, — we and our master, — to the table of Your Father.' ”

The dear children did not forget the lesson. The next day they were at the accustomed rendezvous. The Infant Jesus were there, too, and sat down with them to share their meal. They then made their request, according to Blessed Bernard's instructions, begging Him to invite them and their good master to His Father's banquet.

The sweet Infant heard their petition and answered :

“ You could not have given Me greater pleasure than by making this request, and I gladly invite you to the banquet, as you desire; give my invitation to your master, also, and tell Him to be ready on Ascension Day, which will soon be here. On this beautiful feast day, I will, as you ask, give you all a banquet in my Father's mansion.”

The two children, delighted with the promise, ran joyfully to inform Blessed Bernard, and to give him the welcome invitation. This servant of God, believing in the truth of the revelation, prepared himself by pious practices and sentiments for the feast of which Christ said to His disciples: — “ I go to prepare a place for you, so that you may eat and drink in My kingdom.” He sought his confessor, told him all that had transpired and said it was his positive conviction that he was soon to pass from life, with the children, to taste of joys celestial. Then, having made his confession, he put in order all that was confided to his care about the church.

On the morning of Ascension Day he recited the canonical hours with unwonted fervor, after which he ascended the altar steps and celebrated Mass with piety more angelic than human. Needless to say that the children, too, were faithful to their appointment and served the Mass most fervently, though somewhat impatient to see their Infant Companion, who was to conduct them to the table of His Heavenly Father.

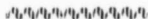
They had not long to wait. The Holy Sacrifice ended, Blessed Bernard prostrated himself on the steps of the altar and told the children to do likewise. Ere long the celestial vision dawned upon their souls, and a sweet sleep, the sleep of the just, fell upon their eyelids, and so they passed to the delicious banquet of life eternal.

When the religious passed by the chapel after dinner to finish their thanksgiving in the church, as was their custom, they found the three bodies stretched out at the foot of the altar, the priest clad in his vestments and the children in their white surplices, their countenances beaming with celestial beauty. At first it was thought that they were sleeping, but when they were removed, it was seen that they were really dead.

As it was impossible to fathom the cause of so extraordinary a coincidence, it was thought that, perhaps Blessed Bernard's confessor might be able to throw some light upon it, and in fact, he related to the community all that had passed between the Infant Jesus and the choir boys and the promise they had obtained. The recital filled all the community with joy. Hundreds of thanksgivings were offered up for God's goodness, the simplicity and innocence of the children was praised, as well as the sanctity of their master,—all three having merited so great a favor. Their bodies were placed with much pomp in the same grave, while canticles of praise and hymns of joy were chanted. They exhaled a sweet odor, and for a long time the cemetery where they reposed was redolent of it. That so great a prodigy might be perpetuated, the history of the occurrence was engraved on the tomb.

Who could fail to admire here, the goodness of God towards innocence, when employed in ministering at the altar!

The Little Messenger of the Blessed Sacrament.



Prayer.

Prayer is breathing forth the soul's desire to God. One of the disciples asked Jesus, "Lord, teach us to pray." And the reply of our Great Teacher was :

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

Study this little prayer. Note the confidence with which it comes to God — "Our Father." Go to Him in just that confidence. Note the motive, "Hallowed be Thy name." It matters not about reputation; but let God's name be glorified and allowed. Note the longing, the submission, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done," first of all in the heart of the suppliant, or we do not pray the prayer. It means that he who truly offers the prayer wants God to set up His throne in the heart and rule in the whole life. Note the implicit trust, "Daily bread," all our needs. Note the humble forgiveness, "As we forgive;" we see so much that needs forgiveness in us. And so on through the prayer. Pray thus. Ask God as you would if He were visibly before you. Take His promises in your heart, and go to Him. We have only our need and His promises to commend us. Plead these in simple trust. God will hear and answer.

Alphabet of the Sacred Heart.

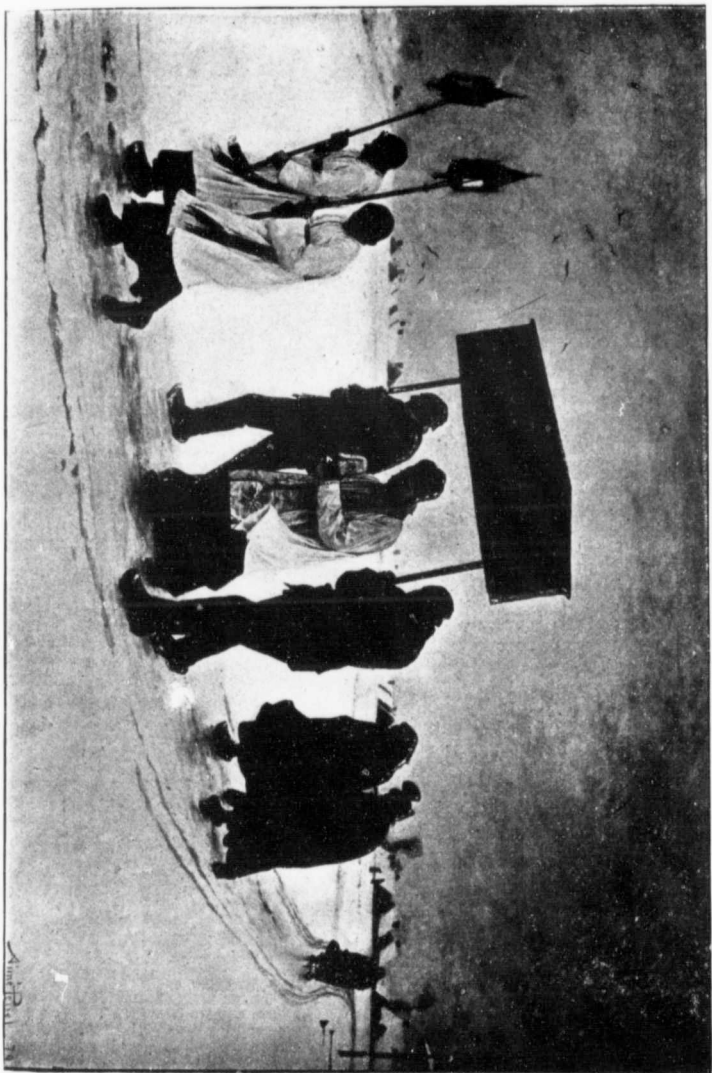
I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an A,
Because It is more Amiable than word of mine can say.

I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a B,
Because It is so Beautiful and Bountiful to me.

I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a C,
It Charmeth and Consoleth, even while Correcting me.

I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a D,
Divine, and yet how Dutiful, at Nazareth we see.

I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an E,
 Oh ! may I love It Ever—For all Eternity.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, with an F I love It well,
 For It is Fond and Faithful, more so than tongue can tell.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a G,
 So Good, so Gracious and so Grand, so Gentle unto me.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, with an H, I love It true,
 My Help, my Hope, my Happiuness, my Home and Heaven too.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an I,
 For It became Incarnate, my soul to deify.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a J,
 My Joy and Jubilation, no grief shall take away.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a K,
 Its Kingly condescension, love only can repay.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an L,
 For Thou art truest Love itself, its very fount and well.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an M,
 So Merciful to sinners, to Me, the worst of them.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an N,
 The Noblest of the Noble, among the sons of men.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an O,
 The little one Obedient, Thy favorite I know.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a P,
 My Prince, my Pastor and my Peace, my pleasure is in Thee.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a Q,
 Oh ! let me love It Quickly, as many used to do.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an R,
 The Riches of Redeeming love, no rust nor moth may mar.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with an S,
 The Sweetness of Thy Saviour's Heart, let sinful souls confess.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a T,
 So True, so Tried, so Tender, my trust is all in Thee.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a U,
 For Thou art my Upholder, the end I have in view.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love It with a V,
 Thou Virgin Spouse of Virgins, all Virtue is from Thee.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, delighting to reflect,
 On the Wine that maketh Virgins, and the Wheat of the elect.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, with an X and with a Y,
 Thy Cross shall be my portion, and Thy Yoke my victory.
 I love Thy Heart, dear Jesus, I love Its ardent Zeal—
 Oh ! may each little reader Its Zealous fervor feel !



THE VATICUM
FROM A PAINTING BY PERRET