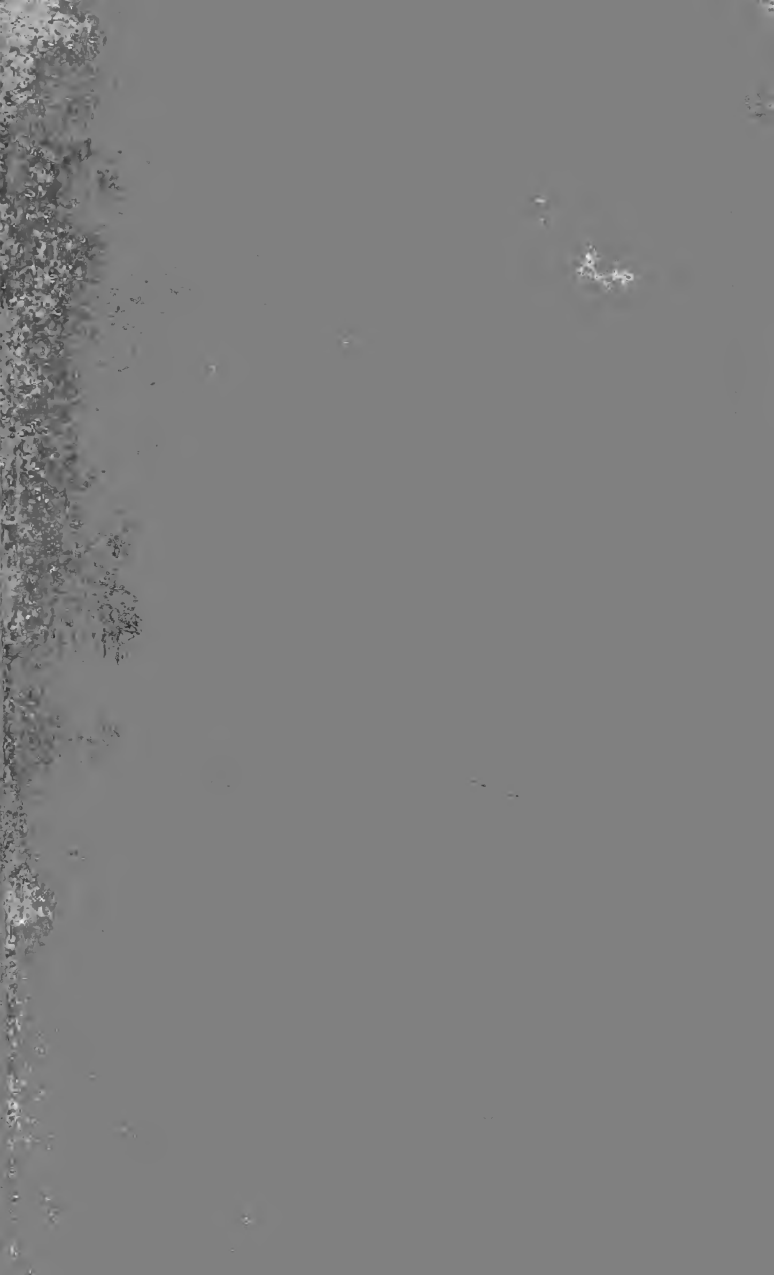


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THE HOLY FAMILY

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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 soon depart from this life, the Sovereign Pontiff desires nothing more than to imitate his Master, who left us 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 Devèreux, 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 stockings.

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.* xliv.

(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.* lxvii.

(3) *Ibid.* lxvii.
(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 Lilian's mark—*Lilian's!* the lowest of all, and I 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.



OTHER, 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

THERE 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 choices 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

ROFESSIONAL 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.



OF 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 hallowed 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.





The divine Shepherdess

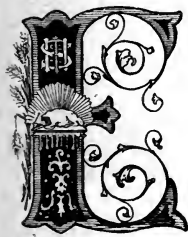




Adoration "in Spirit and in Truth."

BY PÈRE EYMARD.

The Father seeketh such to adore Him in spirit and in truth. (*John iv. 23.*)



EUCCHARISTIC Adoration has for its object the Divine Person of Our Lord Jesus Christ present in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

In that Sacrament, He is living, and He wishes us to speak to Him, and He will speak to us.

Everyone may speak to Our Lord. Is He not there for all? Does He not say : *Come ye all to me?*

This familiar converse between the soul and Our Lord is true Eucharistic meditation, it is adoration.

Everyone has grace for it.—But to succeed in it, and to shun routine and dryness of heart, the adorers should draw their inspiration from their own attraction of grace or from the different mysteries of Our Lord's life, from the Blessed Virgin or the virtues of the saints, in order to honor and glorify the God of the Eucharist by all the virtues of His moral life, as well as by those of the saints, of whom He was the grace and the end, and of whom He is to-day the crown and the glory.

Look upon the hour of adoration that has fallen to you as a heavenly hour, an hour in Paradise. Go to it as if you were going to heaven, to the Divine Banquet, and this

hour will be longed for, will be hailed with joy. Sweetly nourish in your heart the desire for it. Say to yourself : " In four hours, in two hours, in one hour, I shall go to the audience of grace and love with Our Lord. He has invited me. He is waiting for me. He wants to see me."

When an hour painful to nature falls to you, rejoice even more. Your love will be greater, because more suffering. That is a privileged hour. It will count for two.

When through infirmity, sickness, or any impossibility, you cannot make your adoration, be sad of heart for an instant. Then adore in spirit and in union with the other adorers of the moment. In your bed of suffering, on a journey, or during the occupation that detains you, observe great recollection throughout that hour, and you will reap the same fruit from it as if you had gone to the feet of the good Master. That hour will be credited to you, and, perhaps, even doubled.

Go to Our Lord just as you are. Make a natural meditation. Exhaust your own fund of piety and love before you make use of books. Love the inexhaustible book of humanity and love.—It is well to take with you a pious book, in order to recall your thoughts when your mind wanders or when the senses are dull. But remember that our good Master prefers the poverty of our heart to the most sublime thoughts and affections borrowed from others.

Understand well that Our Lord wishes our *own* heart, and not that of others. He wants the thought and the prayer of that heart as the natural expression of love for Him.

To be unwilling to go to Our Lord with one's own misery, one's own humiliating poverty, is often the fruit of subtle self-love, of restlessness, or tepidity. And yet that misery, that poverty, is what Our Lord prefers to every other state. He loves it. He blesses it. You are in aridity?—Glorify the grace of God, without which you can do nothing. Open your heart to heaven at such a moment, as the flower opens its chalice to the rising sun, to catch its beneficent dew.

You are entirely powerless to act?—Your mind is in darkness?—Your poor heart is faltering under the weight of its worthlessness?—Your body is suffering?—Make,

then, the adoration of the poor mendicant. Rise out of your poverty, and go live in Our Lord, or offer to Him your poverty that He may enrich it, for that is the noble master-stroke of His glory.

You are in a state of temptation and distress? Your whole soul revolts? You are urged to forego your adoration under the pretext that you are offending God, that you dishonor Him more than you serve Him?—Hearken not to that specious temptation. Make the adoration of combat, of fidelity of Jesus against self. No, no! You do not displease Him. You rejoice your Mastér, who is looking at you, and who permitted Satan to trouble you. He expects from you the homage of perseverance up to the last moment of the time that ought to be consecrated to Him.

Let confidence, simplicity, and love lead you, then, to adoration.



In God's Good Time.

SOME always have to bear a load
 Of care along a dreary road,
 From which, on sunny heights, they see
 Those for whose backs no burdens be.
 So shall it always be while life
 Holds fast to happiness and strife.

But sometimes shall a pathway run
 And valley plodders turn and climb
 Out of the shadow into sun,
 To sunny heights, in God's good time.
 Ah, sometime, somewhere, soon or late—
 So, heart of mine, in patience wait!

So come to us whatever may,
 Believe God is not far away,
 And lift your eyes toward the light
 That burns, a beacon, on the height.
 By souls who strive the heights are won,
 The shadow leads into the sun!



The Blessed Sacrament delivers a city out of the hands of the enemy.



IN the year 1242 the victorious Tartar hordes under Beta, their leader, overran Silesia, filling the land with murder and rapine as far as the boundaries of Moravia. Then did Wenceslas I., King of Bohemia, confer upon the noble Jaroslas of Sternberg the charge of protecting the Moravian Margravate; and he, with eight thousand men from Bohemia, to whom were added four thousand of the Moravian nobility, occupied at once the city of Olmütz, resolving to hold this fortified city, and to defend it to the last extremity. Soon indeed appeared the vanguard of the enemy; soon did the smoke of burning villages, rising up around them, speak of the approach of the fearful Tartar hosts. On the third day hill and plain swarmed with the dark masses of the invader. Nearer and nearer came the Tartar towards the walls of the city, until at length they were surrounded; but on account of the deep trenches they did not at once commence the attack, but fell upon the neighbouring monastery of Gradie, burned it, and massacred all within its walls, even to the last man; the heads of the murdered men were tied to their horses tails, and in this manner the invaders presented themselves at the gates of the city. This fearful sight, however, did not discourage the besieged; rather it roused them to fresh ardour to be revenged for the wicked deed. Nevertheless Jaroslas, by his wisdom, restrained them, awaiting a fitting time in which to make an onslaught upon the enemy. This delay, which was mistaken by the foe for cowardice, caused a general relaxation in their

vigilance, and they began by degrees to separate, in order to forage for means of subsistence. This was taken note of by Jaroslas, and he believed the moment to have arrived in which he might safely attack the invader.

Now this undertaking being full of danger, he made it his first duty to assure himself of divine help. It was the feast of St. John Baptist when Jaroslas, at the head of his soldiers, entered the church of Corpus Christi, and there, after making humble confession of his sins, received the



Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. His example was followed by his captains, and afterwards by the soldiers. After all had thus been fortified by the Bread of the strong, Jaroslas rose and spoke a few encouraging words to them, reminding every one of the duty he owed to the fatherland and to the Holy Catholic Church, and commanding them to hold themselves in readiness for the following night.

After midnight the signal of departure was given, and a troop of chosen knights, with the brave Jaroslas at their

head, put themselves in motion. Then suddenly Jaroslas halted, commanding his followers to do the same, and, throwing himself from his horse, fell on his knees, casting his sword on the ground, and with loud voice and humbly bowed head he made a vow to the great Mother of God to build a church to her honour if she, through her all-availing intercession, should obtain for them the victory. Then all with one accord lifted up their voices, saying 'Ave Maria;' and mounting their horses they rode out of the fortress.

The number was indeed small; it might have been said that twenty of the foe would have sufficed to rout them. Nevertheless in the name of the Lord they passed on, full of courage and confidence. But not merely in the name of the Lord did that little band go forth to the battle: *the Lord Himself was with them.* After the Communion which the soldiers had received the previous day five consecrated particles remained over and above; these were deposited and guarded in the tabernacle. Now Jaroslas bethought himself in the same moment of the Ark of the Covenant of the Old Testament, which, by command of God, the Israelites carried into the battle. The thought of a similar but nobler pledge of victory which he might carry into battle pressed upon him with such vehemence that his resolution was taken. He made arrangements that the consecrated Hosts should be enclosed in a costly ciborium, and borne by a priest on horseback into the battle. So it happened that the Saviour was present, not merely by His benediction, but still more in His own Person: He accompanied the warriors, and led them to victory.

The fight began. Assured of victory, the men whom Jaroslas led fell courageously upon the outposts of the Tartars, and, after despatching them in silence, proceeded to slay the outer watch of the camp, who lay in profound repose; and before the enemy were aware of the presence of their opponents, they made bloody havoc amongst them. Alarmed by the noise Beta, the leader of the Tartars, seized his sword, endeavouring to draw his men into line of battle. In vain; a hill covered with the dead bodies of his men obstructed his way. Then he perceived Jaroslas; and with sudden aim he fell upon him in deadly strife.

But with a powerlul arm Jaroslas brandished his sword, and under that stroke Beta fell, never to rise again.

At length Jaroslas perceived the object of his sally to be attained. His soldiers were tired, and three hundred were wounded or dead ; therefore with the rest he retired into the town. Terrified at the enormous multitude of the dead, and discouraged by the fall of their leader, the Tartars took counsel to remain there no longer, but fled



into Hungary, where, under the command of Battus, these hordes laid waste the country ; but Olmütz and the land of Moravia were saved. It is worthy of remark that the edge of each of those five consecrated particles of which we have spoken, on their return to the city, exhibited a clear shining circle of a roseate colour, which was believed to be a sign that Christ had stood by the side of the warriors who had thus shown their faith in Him, and Himself discomfited the enemy who trampled upon His name.



The Singing of the Passion

— o —

THE singing of the Passion is in reality a dramatic representation. The narrative is given by a strong, manly tenor voice. The words of Our Saviour are in a deep, solemn bass, and whatever is spoken by any other person is given in a high contralto. Each part has its particular cadence of old, simple, but rich chant suited to the character represented. That of the narrator is clear distinct and slightly modulated, and that in which ordinary interlocutors speak, sprightly, bordering upon colloquial familiarity; but that in which Our Saviour's words are uttered is slow, grave and most solemn, beginning low and ascending by full tones, then gently varied in rich though simple undulations, till it ends by a graceful and expressive cadence, modified with still greater effect in interrogatory phrases. The magnificence of this dramatic recitation consists in the choruses, for whenever the Jewish crowd are made to speak in the history of the Passion, or indeed whenever any number of individuals interfere, the choir bursts in with its simple but massive harmony, and expresses the sentiment with a truth and energy which thrills through the frame and overpowers the feelings. There are twenty-one choruses in the Gospel of Palm Sunday, and only fourteen in that of Friday. The phrases in the first are longer and more capable of varied expression than in the latter. When the Jews cried out "Crucify Him" or "Barabbas." The music like the words is concentrated with rightful energy, and consists of just as many notes as syllables. Yet in the three notes of the last word a passage of key is effected simple as it is striking. The effect is rendered far more powerful by a most abrupt ter-

mination. The entire harmony is given in a quick but marked, so to speak stamping away, well suiting the tumultuous outcries of a fierce mob. In the three choruses of St. Matthew's Passion where the two false witnesses speak, there is a duet between soprano and contralto, and the words are made to follow one another in a stumbling way, and the music is in a syncopated style ; one part either jarring with or clearly imitating the other movements, so that it most aptly represents the judgment that "their testimony was not agreeing" In the 16th nothing could succeed the soft and moving tone in which the words "Hail King of the Jews" are uttered. They powerfully draw the soul to utter in earnest what was intended in blasphemy. The 17th and 18th are masterpieces.

The 10th of St. John's Gospel is most exquisite in modulation : "If you let him go you are no friend of Caesar's." The most beautiful and pathetic in all the collection is the last chorus, "Let us not divide it, but cast lots." They succeed one another in a following cadence, growing softer and softer and almost dying away, till the entire chorus swells in a mildened but majestic burst. As the catastrophe approaches the strong voice in which the historical recitation is delivered softens gradually, being reduced almost to a whisper as the last words upon the Cross are related, and die away as the last breath of our Saviour's life is yielded up. All fall upon their knees, and a deep silence of some moments is observed and necessarily felt. Formerly the history of the Passion was chanted in Greek as well as in Latin. The last five verses are sung by the Deacon in the usual Gospel tone. After having received the blessing and incensed the book but without having lights or incense, for it is a joyless recital. [Adapted.]



St. Thomas of Aquin



T THOMAS, among the doctors of the Church, is a star of the first magnitude. None of his distinguished works was begun without prayer; always, and before all things, he looked to God for assistance, and he was thereby so illuminated of God that no one may materially differ from what he has written (so says one of his biographers) without danger of soiling the purity of his faith.

From his earliest youth he was daily to be found at the steps of the altar praying for guidance and light upon his studies. He used to say that he learned far less from books than he did at the foot of the Cross. Pure in heart, obedient, humble as a child, and full of a heavenly peace which shone in his very face, at twenty-five years of age he received priest's Orders. In preparation for this great change he redoubled his devotions. Night after night he spent before the tabernacle in communion with God and the holy Angels; and when he offered up his first Mass it was with tears of emotion, whilst his brow was illumined with a celestial glow.

There was at this time a great dispute concerning the All-Holy Sacrament, which had reached even

the city where he dwelt. Weary with the strife, all the doctors came thither in order that the young Thomas should determine the matter, for the fame of his clear-sightedness and wisdom was spread far and wide. After all the writings containing these various conflicting opinions had been delivered into his hands. St Thomas as usual recollected himself, entered into deep contemplation, prayed after his ordinary custom, and then wrote what the Holy Ghost had breathed into his soul. Nevertheless he would not place the fruit of his labour and his prayers before the learned doctors without first asking counsel of Him to whom he had written and whose help he had implored.

Approaching the altar, he laid what he had written before the tabernacle of the Lord and uttered the following prayer.

'O Lord Jesus, who in this marvellous Sacrament art truly present, all of whose works are miracles, incomprehensible miracles, I implore Thee most humbly to certify to me whether this that I have written of Thee agreeth with the truth. Give me the grace to teach it to my brethren, that they may be convinced thereupon; and should there be in this writing aught against the true Catholic faith, I beseech Thee to take from me the possibility of pronouncing it.'

The Saint had been followed by many religious of his Order. Now



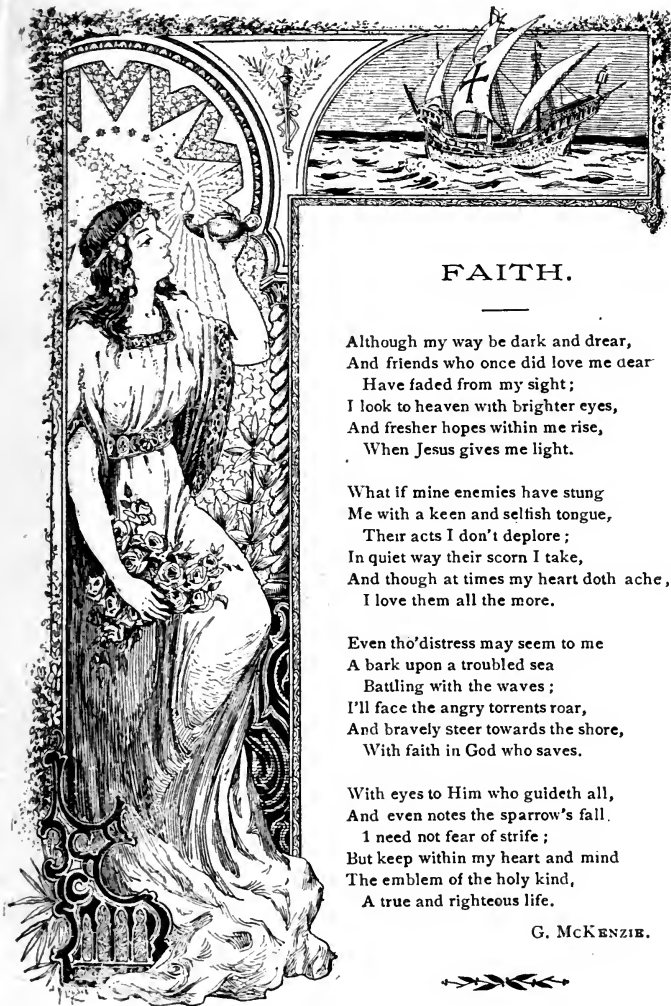
these attest how Jesus Christ appeared to him, and, pointing to the books he had written, said in accents full of love, 'Thou, My son, hast spoken worthily of the Sacrament of My Body.' But Thomas prolonged his prayer, whilst he was seen to be lifted up into the air, through divine contemplation. At length, being come out of his ecstasy, he returned quietly into his cell. But the learned doctors accepted his teaching without reservation; and the faith in the Real Presence, under the form of bread and wine, had won a fresh foundation to withstand the assaults of unbelief.

Soon after this it was proposed to institute the great feast of Corpus Christi; and it fell to St. Thomas to write the Offices of the feast, of which the words of the *Pange Lingua* will alone immortalise the name of St. Thomas Aquinas. When he was about concluding the most famous of his works, called the *Summa*, he redoubled his austerities and his prayers, in order to obtain of Heaven the grace that no error should be found in his writing. When at Naples, where he passed the last years of his life, he was one day kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel of St. Nicholas, and in a state of ecstasy being raised many feet in the air he heard from the lips of the Crucified, 'Well hast thou written of Me, Thomas; what reward desirest thou of Me?' Thomas replied, 'None other than Thyself, O Lord.'

At the moment when he was about to receive the Holy Viaticum he cried out, 'I receive Thee, Thou who art the price of the redemption of my soul. For love of Thee I have studied, watched, worked; Thee have I preached and taught. I have never willingly said aught against the Faith; but if my ignorance hath led me into any error, I am not stiff-necked in my intention. I commit all to the highest of all authority — to the Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I die.' When he had received the Viaticum he exclaimed with tears, 'Christ, Thou art the King of Glory; Thou art the Son of the Everlasting Father.'

After this he became gradually weaker, and died on the 7th of March 1274.





FAITH.

Although my way be dark and drear,
 And friends who once did love me dear
 Have faded from my sight ;
 I look to heaven with brighter eyes,
 And fresher hopes within me rise,
 When Jesus gives me light.

What if mine enemies have stung
 Me with a keen and selfish tongue,
 Their acts I don't deplore ;
 In quiet way their scorn I take,
 And though at times my heart doth ache,
 I love them all the more.

Even tho' distress may seem to me
 A bark upon a troubled sea
 Battling with the waves ;
 I'll face the angry torrents roar,
 And bravely steer towards the shore,
 With faith in God who saves.

With eyes to Him who guideth all,
 And even notes the sparrow's fall.
 I need not fear of strife ;
 But keep within my heart and mind
 The emblem of the holy kind,
 A true and righteous life.

G. MCKENZIE.



IN THE EUCHARIST ARE ALL THINGS.

WE must remember that Jesus Christ, present in the Eucharist, there glorifies, there continues all the mysteries, all the virtues, of His mortal life.

We must remember that the Holy Eucharist is Jesus Christ past, present, and future ; that the Holy Eucharist is the highest development of the Incarnation and the mortal life of the Saviour ; that Jesus Christ therein gives us all graces ; that all truths culminate in the Eucharist ; and that, in naming the Holy Eucharist, we have said all, since the Holy Eucharist is Jesus Christ.

Let the Holy Eucharist be, then, our starting-point in the meditation of the mysteries, the virtues, the truths of religion. It is the furnace ; those truths are only the flames. Let us start from the furnace, and we shall spread around its flames.

What more simple than to find the resemblance between the Birth of Jesus in the stable, and His sacramental Birth on the altar and in our heart ?

Who does not see that the hidden life at Nazareth is continued in the Host of the tabernacle, and that the Passion of the Man-God is renewed in the Holy Sacrifice at every moment of time and in all places of the world ?

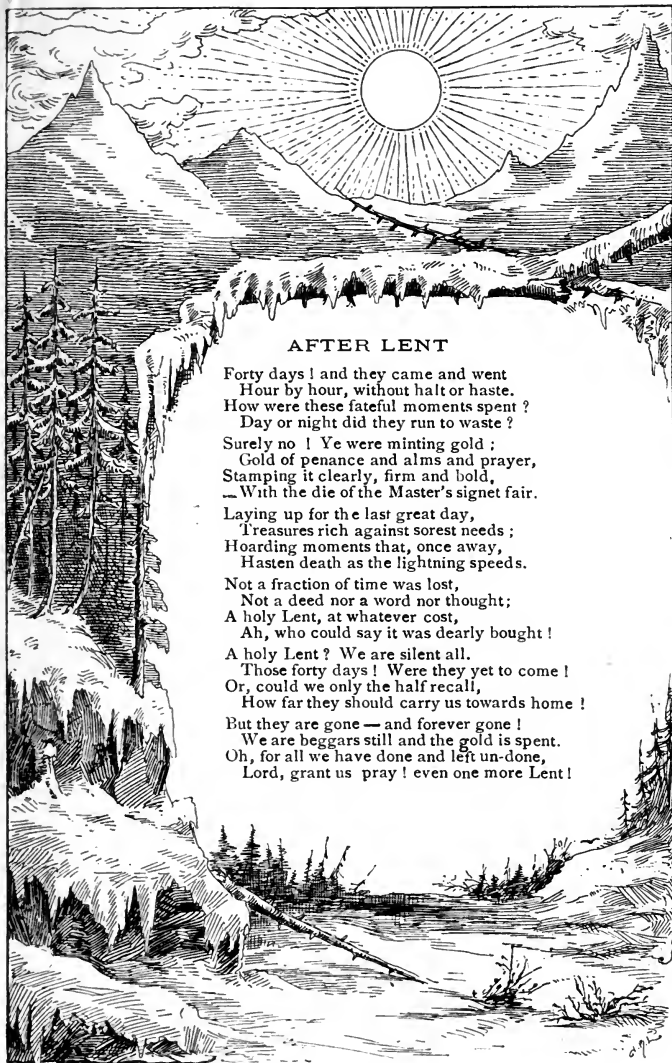
Is not Our Lord sweet and humble in the Blessed Sacrament as He was during His mortal life ?

Is He not always there the Good Shepherd, the Divine Consoler, the Friend of the heart ?

Happy the soul who knows how to find Jesus in the Eucharist and in the Eucharist all things !

P. EYMARD. °





AFTER LENT

Forty days ! and they came and went
 Hour by hour, without halt or haste.
 How were these fateful moments spent ?
 Day or night did they run to waste ?
 Surely no ! Ye were minting gold ;
 Gold of penance and alms and prayer,
 Stamping it clearly, firm and bold,
 — With the die of the Master's signet fair.
 Laying up for the last great day,
 Treasures rich against sorest needs ;
 Hoarding moments that, once away,
 Hasten death as the lightning speeds.
 Not a fraction of time was lost,
 Not a deed nor a word nor thought ;
 A holy Lent, at whatever cost,
 Ah, who could say it was dearly bought !
 A holy Lent ? We are silent all.
 Those forty days ! Were they yet to come !
 Or, could we only the half recall,
 How far they should carry us towards home !
 But they are gone — and forever gone !
 We are beggars still and the gold is spent.
 Oh, for all we have done and left un-done,
 Lord, grant us pray ! even one more Lent !



SPECIAL NOTICE FOR ALL OUR READERS

THE kind words of encouragement that have come to us from time to time regarding the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* warrants us in believing that there are many of its subscribers whose interest in the periodical is not limited to the mere reading of its pages. They desire to see its influence grow and expand, and perhaps are waiting for a few words from the editor to stimulate their zeal into action by becoming apostles of good catholic literature. The *Sentinel* is the only periodical in Canada devoted to the great Mystery of our Faith. We, therefore, call upon our subscribers, both of the clergy and laity, to advance its interest by soliciting new subscribers. Sometimes the mere lending of the *Sentinel* to a friend with a commendatory word will secure a subscription. Our subscribers who will take the pains to do this will perform an act, meritorious in itself, and will no doubt gain the twofold blessing of him who gives and him who takes.

Every Catholic home ought to be supplied with good literature, and surely that literature which tends to cultivate in the hearts of the members of a family a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament must be of priceless worth. The Blessed Sacrament is the fountain of every blessing, temporal as well as spiritual. Happy, indeed, is the home that is watered by Its graces, and refreshed and sustained by Its strengthening powers.

We hope to see the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* entering thousands of Catholic homes all over the land bringing every month its tidings of peace and good will. Subscribers, we ask you to rise and help us in this apostolate.

We have adopted plans by which we intend to improve the reading matter of the *Sentinel*, and we intend to leave nothing undone that will make it a very good Catholic periodical.



Nothing to fear at morning, nothing to fear at night ;
Why should we care for the searchlight's glare
If all within be right ?

Nothing to fear from malice, nothing to fear from wrath,
If our hearts are pure, our conscience sure,
And our feet in the narrow path.

Nothing to fear from slander, nothing to fear from loss,
Our souls but gain from the passing pain
And lighter will be our cross. [from scorn ;

Nothing to fear from envious tongues, nothing to fear
If our hearts are bright, peace comes at night
And joy in the early morn. [muring sigh ;

Nothing to fear, oh trembling heart, hushed by each mur-
Through loneliest ways and darkest days
God hears His children's cry ; [teous store,

Nothing to fear, oh perfect love, poured down in boun-
Nothing to fear when God is near
To love us forevermore.

THERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.

*
* *

The conversion of souls, works of mercy on a grand scale, visiting prisons, preaching, hearing confessions, and even establishing religious institutes, are comparatively easy works when put by the side of exactitude in daily duties, observation of petty rules, minute custody of the senses, or kind words and modest exterior which preach the presence of God. We gain more supernatural glory in little things, because more fortitude is required, as they are continuous, uninterrupted, and with no dignity about them to spur us on.—FATHER FABER.

For life seems so little when life is past,
 And the memories of sorrow fleet so fast,
 And the woes which were bitter to you and to me
 Shall vanish as raindrops which fall in the sea ;
 And all that has hurt us shall be made good,
 And the puzzles which hindered, be understood.
 And the long, hard march through the wilderness bare
 Seems but a day's journey when once we are there.

* * *

I believe that the fewer the laws in a home the better ; but there is one law which should be as plainly understood as the shining of the sun is visible at noonday, and that is, implicit and instantaneous obedience from the child to the parent, not only for the peace of the home but for the highest good of the child.—A. E. KITTRIDGE.

* * *

Brotherly love should make one more charitable in his treatment of the fallen and unfortunate. As Michael Angelo could discern in the rough block of marble the "winged angel struggling to be free," as the artist passing through the meanest parts of a city discovers exquisite beauty under the grime and coarseness of the street child, even so a perceptive nature beholds in the most debased and degraded the marred work of his Creator. There is great reward for those who exercise brotherly love.

* * *

Can you suppose there is any harm in looking as cheerful and being as cheerful as our poor circumstances will permit? Do I see anything in the way I'm made which calls upon me to be a snivelling, solemn, whispering chap, sneaking about as if I couldn't help it, and expressing myself in a most unpleasant snuffle? On the contrary, don't I see every reason why I shouldn't?—DICKENS.

* * *

The love of truth for its own sake is the love of God. Be not afraid to contemplate with unflinching eye aught that is. Truth is absolute ; lies are accidental.

BISHOP SPALDING.



The Calvary and the Altar.

IN CALVARY, as we have seen, a God is the priest, a God is the victim, giving infinite glory and making infinite atonement to an infinite God. But is not the altar the exact same? Let us hear the infallible Council of Trent, it says, "That same Christ is contained and immolated (on the altar) in an unbloody manner, who once offered himself in a bloody manner on the altar of the cross." "For the victim is one and the same, the same now offering by the ministry of priests, who then offered himself on the cross.

In His passion, Jesus was betrayed and sold by His own friend. Yes, the treason of His friend, the kiss of Judas, went straight to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But in the Blessed Sacrament, how often is not Jesus betrayed and sold by his friends too, by sacrilegious communions, which, like the kiss of Judas, directly wound the Sacred Heart of the Saviour! May God banish sacrilege from the church of Jesus. The Jews, filled with the fell spirit of hell, could not bear the presence of the Messiah, but in wild frantic rage cried out: "Away with Him, away with Him;" "crucify Him, crucify Him." His blood be upon us and upon our children. But how often in the history of the church, how often in these our own sad days, was not the same fell spirit inspired like rage and hatred against the same Messiah present on our altars. Like the cruel Jesus, how often have not the more wicked and cruel heretic and infidel cried out against Jesus on the altar: "Away with Him; away with Him."

Breathing this spirit of Satan, have not wicked men rushed into our churches? Have they not entered the

awful sanctuary where God resides? Have they not broken open the tabernacles where dwells Jesus the "Holy of Holies?" And there have they not laid sacrilegious hands on the Babe of Bethlehem. Jesus in the Host. Have they not there, as far as in them lay scourged and crucified the Redeemer? Dear Jesus! Sweet Jesus, we believe in Thee, we love Thee, for these heretics and infidels. O patience and love of God.

We have said how supreme the last moment of Jesus expiring on the cross; but the consecration at the adorable sacrifice of the mass, in the eyes of faith, is not less solemn and supreme; for there the same victim is mystically slain; the same Jesus bowing down this head, gives up the Ghost. The mysteries of the altar exceed, if we be allowed thus to speak, those of Calvary; for on the altar no angels are sent as to the shepherds, to announce His birth. No miraculous star points to the sanctuary; no earthquake, no eclipse, no convulsion of nature, proclaim His death. On the altar, faith alone tells "the word is made Flesh," and, "it is consummated" Jesus is born, Jesus dies, all nature is silent. Calvary and the altar! What holy thoughts they inspire! Before the cross and altar the saints have ever wept and prayed. There they have learned love and sacrifice for Jesus sake. There, with hearts full to overflowing with the holy emotions of gratitude and sorrow, love and zeal, they have made the generous resolve to consecrate their lives to the service of their maker—to prayer and penance, labor and love, thirsting for the opportunity to give their lives, and shed their blood, for their Divine Saviour. May Jesus inspire our hearts with such holy thoughts.

REV. I. J. KINANE, C. C.

AH! yes, dear friend, 'tis hard for one who knew
 No crown but roses, to be crowned with rue;
 To weep, who always smiled; to bear a cross,
 Who never felt a burden or a loss.
 'Tis hard—but when then the bitter sprays oppress,
 And when the cross smites down with heaviness,
 O think of Him who erst this valley trod,
 And blest the narrow path which leads to God!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

ST JOSEPH

THE early spring brings blossoms fair,
To those who seek in hidden dell ;
But none more sweet than violets rare,
Of all that in the lowlands dwell.

Their perfume leads unto the bed
Where, dark in beauty, deep they lie ;
One needs to stoop and softly tread,
To pluck these nestling blossoms shy.

'Twas thus the Saint of silence dwelt
In Naz'reth's hidden perfumed dale ;
Unknown to all, as oft he knelt,
And saw the morning stars grow pale.

Oh ! blest retreat of hidden souls,
Oh ! cloister like to Eden fair ;
When Joseph read the mystic scrolls,
And Mary keeps her secret rare.

Thou witness of the great designs
Of God within His chosen one ;
That Holy Will for thee enshrines
Its marvels in a brilliant sun.

No darkness reigns for faith like thine,
Its strength illumines deepest night ;
Its hope doth like a beacon shine,
Its love is as a vision bright.

And so, dear guide of chosen souls
Who seek the silent ways to peace,
Who fly the crowd where discord rolls
Like troubled waves that never cease.

We greet thee as our father dear,
Our patron, guide, protector rare,
Oh ! graciously thy children hear
Who would with Mary share thy care.

Oh ! plead for us a death like thine,
With Jesus, Mary watching near ;
The lilies that bedeck thy shrine
Will speak for us—St. Joseph, hear.

St. Eudoxia Martyr



HE governor of Heliopolis, Diogenes by name, being desirous to take to himself to wife a Christian girl called Gelasia, she, in order to escape from his pursuit, took refuge in the convent of which Eudoxia was the superior. Diogenes on hearing of this sent fifty soldiers to enter the convent, and to bring Eudoxia into his presence. Now when the soldiers entered the convent by night, and inquired for Eudoxia, she presented herself before them fearlessly, but not before having entered the church and taken out of the sacred vessel from the altar a consecrated particle, which she secreted in her dress, and then delivered herself up as their prisoner. It was pitch dark, but behold there appeared to Eudoxia a youth clothed in white bearing a torch, who gave her light on the way, while all was dark to her captors.

At Heliopolis, before the judgment-seat of the governor, she made a good confession ; and seeing no torment could induce her to deny her holy faith, and burn incense to the gods, the enraged governor commanded her to be hanged on a high gallows.

Now before the magistrates could put this command into execution they untied the girdle of the blessed Martyr, when behold from her bosom there fell to the ground the most holy particle of the Blessed Sacrament which she had taken from the altar. The magistrates, not knowing what it might be, picked it up and carried it to the governor. Hardly, however, had he stretched his wicked hand to take it, when lo ! the Host changed into a flame of fire, which laid hold on the magistrate and also the left shoulder of the governor. He, crying out with pain, called upon his gods for help against the enchantress Eudoxia, but whilst he did so the flame scorched his entire body ; and he fell down a burning mass. Upon see-

ing this miracle one of the soldiers and the whole family of Diogenes became converted to the faith. But Eudoxia's martyrdom was only deferred, for in the year 147 she was beheaded by order of Vincentius, who succeeded Diogenes, and who was equally with him an implacable foe of the Christians.



THE SWEETEST WORD.

“ I WILL not leave you desolate,” John 14.

No sweeter word than this can find a tongue,
 When strength and courage fail with harp unstrung —
 “ I will not leave you desolate ” —
 A precious word which poets love to sing,
 To trembling age a word most comforting —
 “ I will not leave you desolate.”

When loving friends and social joys depart,
 And troubles come to overwhelm the heart —
 “ I will not leave you desolate ” ;
 When night is coming on that hides the sun,
 And weary limbs remind you “ day is done ” —
 “ I will not leave you desolate.”

A precious word which poets love to sing.
 The service ended — as a sweet “ amen ” —
 “ I will not leave you desolate ” ;
 Ling'ring awhile until the Father call,
 I catch the vanishing recessional —
 “ I will not leave you desolate.”

— W. T. SLEEPER.

If our Blessed Lord had only desired us to *watch* we might have supposed ourselves strong enough to resist temptation by our own exertions, but He without our vigilance would be useless. He Himself watched with us.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.



The Boy who knew it all

YOU'RE a doctor, ain't you sir? inquired the small boy, as he threw open the front door and fixed his eyes upon a middle-aged man with a closely trimmed beard.

"Yes; but.

"I knew it," cried the little fellow, clapping his hands and giving a skip for very joy; "and what's more I know who sent you."

"The duece you do"! exclaimed the doctor, the stern character of his expression changing into a lively and unprofessional astonishment. "Yes, sir, I do. You were sent here by St. Joseph to cure my mamma."

Is that so? how, I was under the —

Yes, broke in the boy, too eager to listen; "and you're welcome; comme right along" — here he took the physician's hand in his own — "and I'll show you something worth seeing."

"If the doctor then and there had discovered America, he could not have looked more amazed as the youthful guide conducted him into the parlor and cried jubilantly; "how, just look at that, will you?"

The parlor was wretchedly furnished, and, although it was christmas eve, not at all christmas-like in its general appearance; but the shabby appointments of the room were unnoticed by the doctor; both he and his guide here looking with the liveliest interest upon a group of packages lying on the uncarpeted floor.

"Turkey!" cried the boy unctuously touching the biggest package with a caressing hand. "Ham"! he continued touching another. "Oranges"! he went on

opening a plethoric paper bag. "Won't you take one, sir" ?

The doctor meanwhile, looked, as if he had not yet got over discovering America. At the question he recovered himself a trifle and said :

"Are those your oranges, sonny" ?

"Oh, I'm rude ; I should have told you my name, sir, it's Joe Willis. Why, of course these oranges are mine ; so's the turkey ; so's the ham ; everything is mine — that mine in hay with silver round the cork, and all those nuts and raisins, and those bananas and apples and figs — they're all mine. They're a christmas present to me. Do you know who it was that made me a present of them?"

"Who, pray" ? Asked the doctor with a touch of sarcasm, which was quite lost on Joe Willis.

"St. Joseph, sir."

"Well," cried the physician, placing his tall hat and heavy gloves on the table, "this is quite beyond anything in all my experience, professional or otherwise."

"Did St. Joseph tell you to come himself, sir?" continued young willis sympathetically, for he perceived that the doctor was troubled. After all, it might be hard on the nerves to encounter a saint.

"Tell me how St. Joseph came to send you all these groceries, my little man."

"Here's the way it happened, sir, — sit down." The doctor took a chair, and Joe squatted beside the turkey.

Well, it happened this way : Towards the last part of November mamma took sick just when she got some fancy needle work, and then, of course she had to let it go. Then my oldest sister Mabel's her name — had to stay home to take care of ma. My papas' been dead over a year. Now, I'm too little to work, and my other two sisters are too young for any use, and as my older brother Torn, who is fifteen, was to try to support the family all by himself. Of course Torn couldn't do it, and ma didn't get better and christmas was coming near, and I didn't just see how ne'd do about having a christmas dinner. And then sir, I thought I'd make a new vena to St. Joseph."

"Oh!"

"Yes, sir, Sister Gerina, who teaches me, said more

than once that if we ever wanted something right bad we should go to St. Joseph, and he'd be sure to hear us, if the thing we asked for was all right. Well, then I started a new vena, and I prayed for all I was worth for a good christmas dinner, especially turkey and oranges—just look at that turkey and those oranges, and the bottles with the corks done up in silver peeking out of the hay ! Well sir, I just prayed till both my knees got sore. I'll show'em to you, if you.

“ Go on with your story, I am interested,” said the doctor, whose face had softened wondrously. Joe relinquished his hold on the upper part of his stocking, straightened up and went on ;

“ To-day is chritmas-eve, and the last day of the new vena, and this morning I started in to pray just as if I was beginning. A little before dinner-time ma, who had been sick right along got much worse, and my sister wanted to get a doctor, but ma was afraid of the expense, I reckon, and said no. Then I went at St. Joseph again, and do you know what I told him ? I said that I was willing to give up the turkey and oranges and candy if he would only send a good doctor to cure mamma, and while I was praying the bell rang, and there was a grocers' boy with his wagon. I had been expecting him, and as he came in I told him to bring the things in the parlor quietly, so that the folks wouldn't know any thing about it. You see I wanted to give them a surprise. The grocers' boy was a jolly fellow with a silver watch-chain. Then I felt sure St. Joseph meant to send a doctor, too ; so I've been waiting for you ever since, and it's over two hours. If you don't want an orange, you might as well come along and see my mother right away.”

Again looking as though we had just discovered America, the doctor suffered himself to be conducted up the stair-way into a small room.

“ St. Joseph was sent a doctor to cure you, mamma.”

The mother was in bed. Her daughter Mabel, who was bending tenderly over her, raised her sad eyes at these words, and then she, too, looked as though she were taking a part in the discovery of the Western Continent.

“ The boy is right, multered the physician under his breath, as we stooped beside the bed and fixed his eyes

full on the woman's face. He was one of those gifted doctors who seem to take in the nature of a case at a glance. A light hand upon the woman's pulse, a raising of the lids and a glance into the eyes — and the doctor knew his ground.

“ Little boy,” he said gravely, “ St. Joseph has sent me in the wick of time. Your mother, my girl,” he added, drawing Mabel away from the bedside, “ would probably be beyond a doctor's skill within twenty-four hours. But now I see my way to breaking her fever before noon to-morrow. Now, my girl, I'm off to get some medicine at once. I must also send a message to my family to let them know that I shall be away all night in order to save my patient.” Taking no notice of the girl's broken words of thanks, he hastened from the room and down the stairs. A light patter came echoing after him. “ Say doctor,” cried Joe, half-way down the stair case, “ can't I come along ? ”

“ Come on,” said the doctor, unkindly.

In front of the house a wagon had just come to a stand behind the doctor's gig, the same wagon that had brought the turkey and oranges—and in it, not looking at all jolly sat the same grocer's boy.

Joe would have run over to greet him as an old friend, but the doctor interposed.

“ Wait a minute,” he said ; “ I want to speak to him privately.”

“ Look here ” said the doctor, addressing the dejected grocer's boy, “ where were you told to bring that order of mine ? ”

“ To 2418 Gamble Street sir ; that's the house sir. That boy there met me at the door, and said he'd been expecting me. Here's my orders as I put'em down in my book. Doctor William Wilkins, 2418 Gamble — O-o-o-oh ! ”

“ Exactly ” said the doctor, “ it's 2418 Gamble Avenue, not Gamble Street. Just as soon as your clerk told me the goods had been delivered I began to think. On my road to a patient I happened to pass Gamble Street, and it flashed on me that as like as not I might find my order at number 2418 ; and so I did.”

“ You beat me here.” Jerusalem ! We've made an

awful blunder, "cried the grocer's boy, in the name of the firm."

"Not a blunder," corrected the customer, "but a mistake."

Oh! said the grocer's boy, looking dohbtful.

"You needen't bother, though, about taking those things back. Just duplicate the first order and bring the things to Gamble Avenue this time. The order you brought here by mistake will do for a patient of mine in this house from St. Joseph."

Returning to where Joe stood waiting the doctor said "Little Boy," you may be very young, but really and truly you seem to know it all. There was a moisture in the good man's eye as he spoke, but Joe did not understand—to the eye of faith, there few are mysteries.

Although the doctor passed a sleepless and an anxious night beside the sick woman, I am glad to say that his efforts here successful beyond belief and as a result, Joe and mamma, and doctor and Mabel and Tom have unhundred love for and confidence in dear St. Joseph.

REV. F. J. FINN, S. J.



The Eucharist, a Power on earth

A THOUGHT connected with the Holy Eucharist — and it is the same with the Passion — is its undivided efficacy and relation to each individual, as though there were no one else besides in the wide world to share the benefit. Salvation, with its attendant works and operation, is laid out on this scheme, and is furnished and provided for one single soul. And that soul is so vast and so expanded, that it spreads over the entire firmament and fills the world itself. So do we take a tiny leaf in our hand, and the microscope shows it to be a mass of minute living things, uncountable; while below is yet another domain of life, quite as boundless, and beyond the ken of microscopes.

There is a fine expression of St. Gregory Nazianzen, which furnishes a glimmering of this great truth : " Man upon earth," he says, " is like an inversion of a great temple, *in the little temple of the universe*" that is, the soul with its aspirations an ultimate destiny is actually *larger* than all the world together. Our low earthly eyes measure everything by the low earthly standards we are accustomed to. We fancy everything must be according to the scale of earth and earthy. It is thus that a clever artist used to contend that, even in art, there was no such thing as greatness or smallness, and that some tiny exquisitely engraved Roman gem, showing some face full of suggestion, soul, and expression, was actually as *large*, to all intents and purposes, as a huge canvas. We are always inclined to believe that *reality* must be associated with matter, and that thought and the spiritual world here and hereafter have something unreal or vapoury. Yet even in our earthly dispensation it will be found, without resorting to metaphysical reasoning, that nearly the whole of the material order and its presumed realities — the enjoyments, feelings, &c. — all virtually depend on thoughts and associations, and are indeed furnished by ourselves and our imagination. One day, it may be, we shall see that chemistry amounts to little more than that one portion of matter or dirt is connected with another, or is mixed with it ; but where *all is dirt*, such minutiae lose interest. Neither, in this world, is there anything large or small, or black or white, or bitter or sweet, or long or short — but all these things are relative. A painter can make a dark grey appear staring white by surrounding it with dark colors. An hour is long to a person in pain, but flies like minutes to one enjoying himself. A short man is a giant to smaller animals.

This idea of the Eucharist being exclusively, as it were, for one, and yet for all, is explained by Alger, who furnishes this happy illustration. " It is," he says, " as with a speaker who is addressing a large audience, and where each individual hears every word as if it were addressed only to himself. And though the speaker utters his words only once, they are multiplied for everyone in the assembly ; and though to each is communi-

cated the whole speech, he deprives no once else of a single word."

Again. There is a mysterious, wonderful connection between the fall of our first parents and the great compensation or restoration furnished to us by our Lord. They were allowed to partake of everything in the garden, but were forbidden to touch the Tree of Life. By a bountiful reversal we are invited to refrain from the other tempting fruits in the garden of the world, and commanded to eat of the great Tree of Life. And here the same spirit of contrariety reigns ; for in both cases all seem to hanker after what is forbidden, and to avoid doing what is so solemnly enjoined. "The devil," says the Abbot Rupert, tempted our first parents. "Eat this fruit," he said, "and you shall be as gods." They believed him, though God Himself had warned them that death would be their portion the moment they ate of it. To supply a remedy for this disorder our Saviour now tempts us in His turn, saying, "Eat of My Body and drink of My Blood, and you shall be as gods." In this truly divine fashion, and in almost the same form, is the original fall repaired, "*You shall be as gods.*" In the case of ordinary eating we change food into our own substance, but here we are changed into this heavenly food. As Job exclaimed, "How can one eat what is insipid and what is not preserved with salt ; or can any man taste that which bringeth death ?"

It is easy to see what an extraordinary influence on the events of the world this supernatural presence must have had, during the nearly nineteen hundred years which have elapsed since its institution. It is, indeed, the main element of resistance, the source of strength in the long, perpetual struggle always going on between the powers of good and evil. The banners of the just have always been kept flying through the aid of millions of Masses said daily — through millions of communions and attendant prayers and aspirations. This power, from its ubiquity and universality, must be reckoned with by the forces of the world ; it confronts them at every point. Indeed, it is enough to state that, when there is this actual presence of our Lord upon earth, there can be no defeat. All history, therefore, which leaves this super-

natural factor out, is but a maimed, imperfect record.

For the Catholic the results of this Sacrament, in the way of furnishing strength, &c., are little short of miraculous in their power and certainty. We are often apt to forget our Saviour's assurance not only that He will come to live in us, but that we shall live in Him ; that our nature is to be changed into His. " Whence comes," asks St. Lawrence, " that power we see in body and soul ? Whence that renewal of the interior man, that fervour of charity, that sweetness and gentleness, abundance of peace, longing to advance in virtue ? By the devout participation in this Sacrament, enmities cease, quarrels end, vice becomes distasteful, we love purity and despise things of earth. A man becomes a changed being. He curbs his tongue, loves silence, cultivates prayer, maintains brotherly love, practises purity of heart, and everything that is acceptable to God. All which is owing to the amiable presence of our Lord." This is, indeed, but natural ; for, as Father Vaubert says, once we hold the image of our Saviour within us, it follows, as of course, that we must copy Him. " A cutting from a good tree," says St. Thomas, " when it is grafted on another, imparts its peculiar virtues, takes away its unwholesome juices, and causes it to bear fruit like its own." Indeed, as Bossuet puts it, " Once our Saviour has given Himself to us, *we must expect no peace* if we wish to keep Him."

Venite ad me omnes.



OME to Me, heavy-laden ones, come all !"
 I hear, I rise, I hasten at His call ;
 'Neath burden bent, across the threshold
 steal,

The curtain lift, and in His Presence kneel :
 There loose my load—and wide,
 With none to check nor chide,
 Scattering, a sorry sight, on every side,

They fall—pains, troubles, cares—lying, how meet,
 About the weary, way-worn, wounded Feet ;
 Under the Eye of yore bedimmed with tears,
 The Heart Gethsemane oppressed with fears,
 The Heart that sore afraid
 Strong supplication made,
 And with a sweat of blood the Father prayed.
 Beneath His glance, as snow'neath sunny ray,
 Some of my cares dissolve and melt away,
 And some He takes and smoothes a little space
 The less to chafe, and lays again in place.
 'Tis mystery to me
 How some He smiles to see,
 And how on some His tears fall tenderly.

One I hold up to Him, and pleading pray,
 "This, Lord, just this, in pity take away!"
 And ever comes His word with cheering smile:
 "A little longer, trust Me yet awhile ;
 Each pang of keen distress,
 Each prayer, I mark and bless,
 Each in its hour shall show forth fruitfulness."

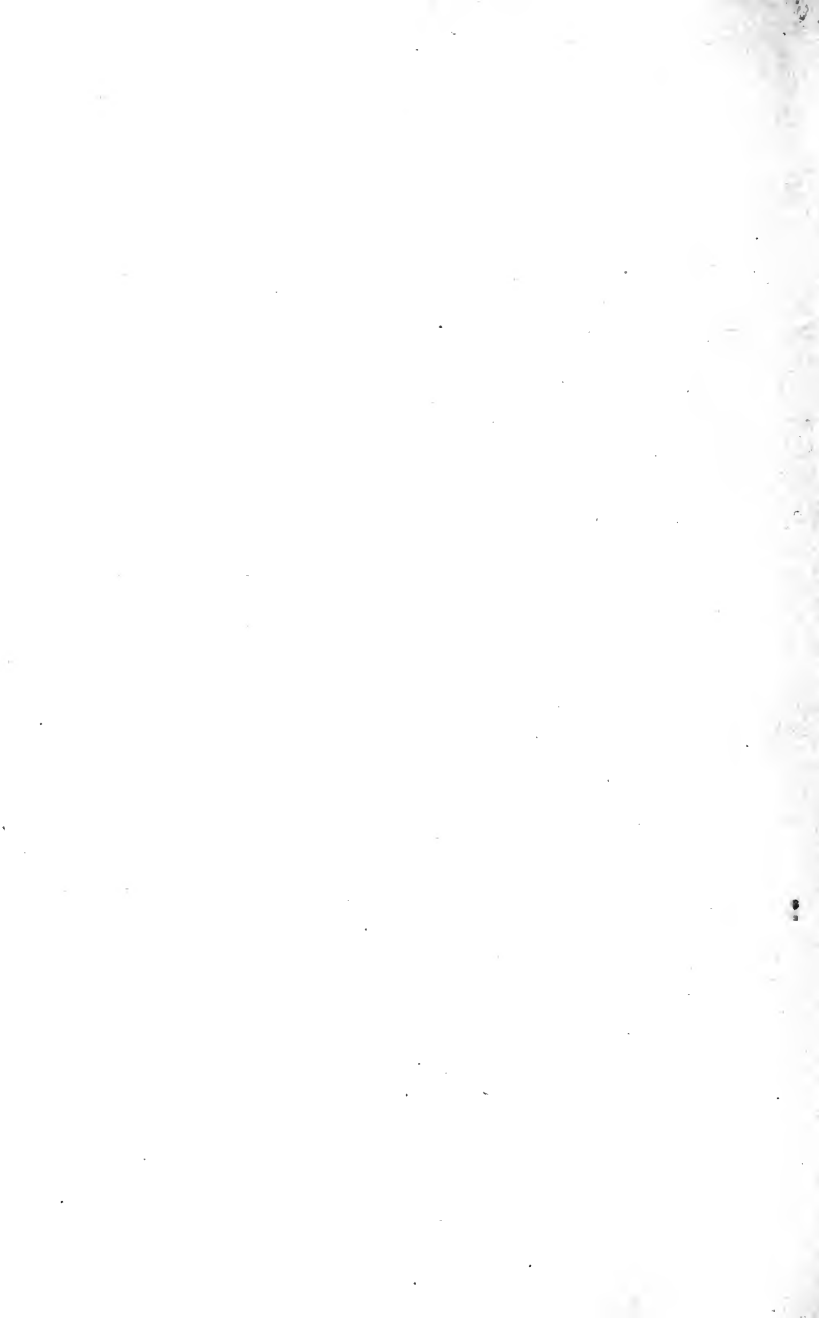
That, my life's woe, against a bleeding Side
 Is pressed, and lo! transfigured, glorified,
 It glows as crystal flushed with rosy ray.
 "O gem unprized! Restore it, Lord, I pray ;
 As costly gift from Thee
 Dear shall it be to me ;"
 And in my heart I hide it lovingly.
 A lightened load He lays on me, all sweet
 With words of love—and thus I leave His Feet,
 With steadier step to plod on day by day,
 With stouter heart to climb the upward way ;
 And when anew life's strain
 Frets me with weary pain,
 I take my load and go to Him again.

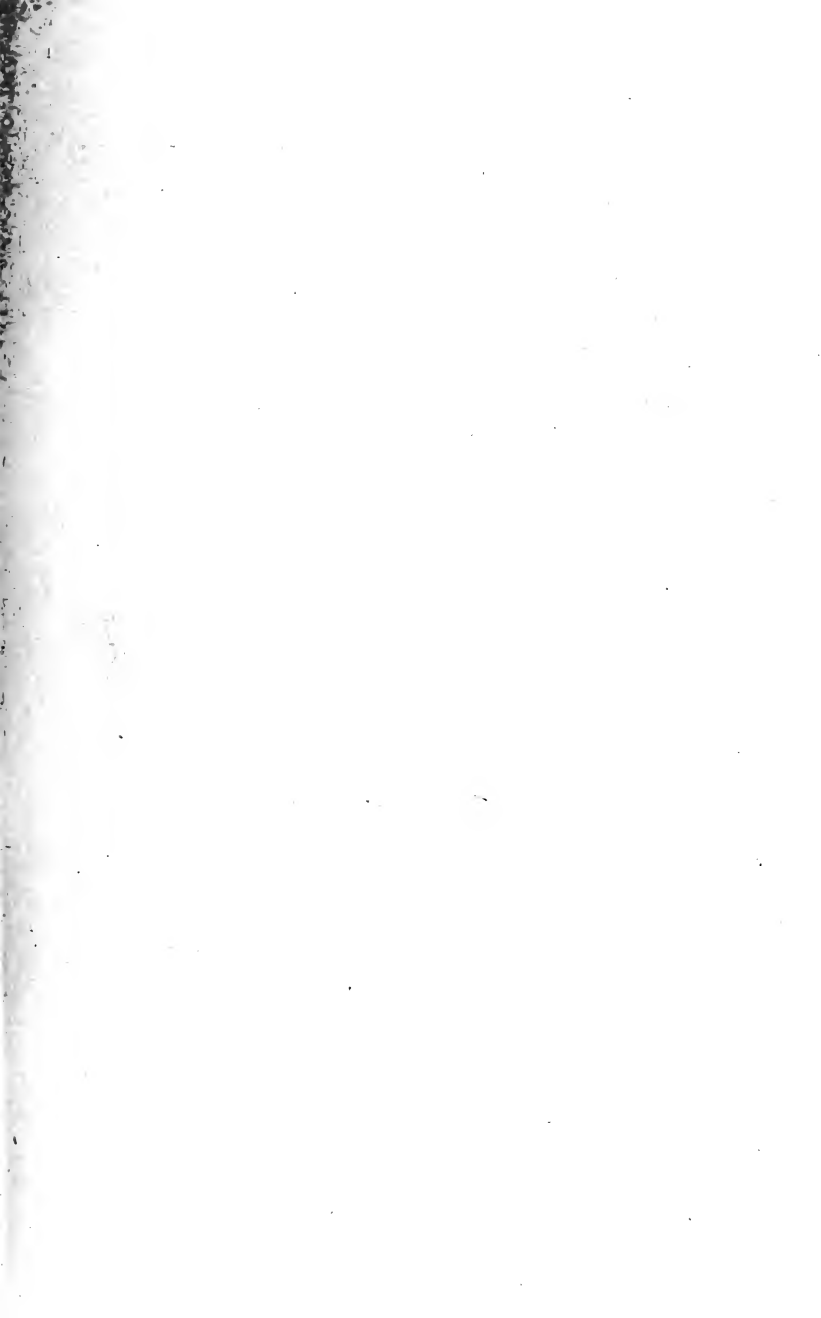


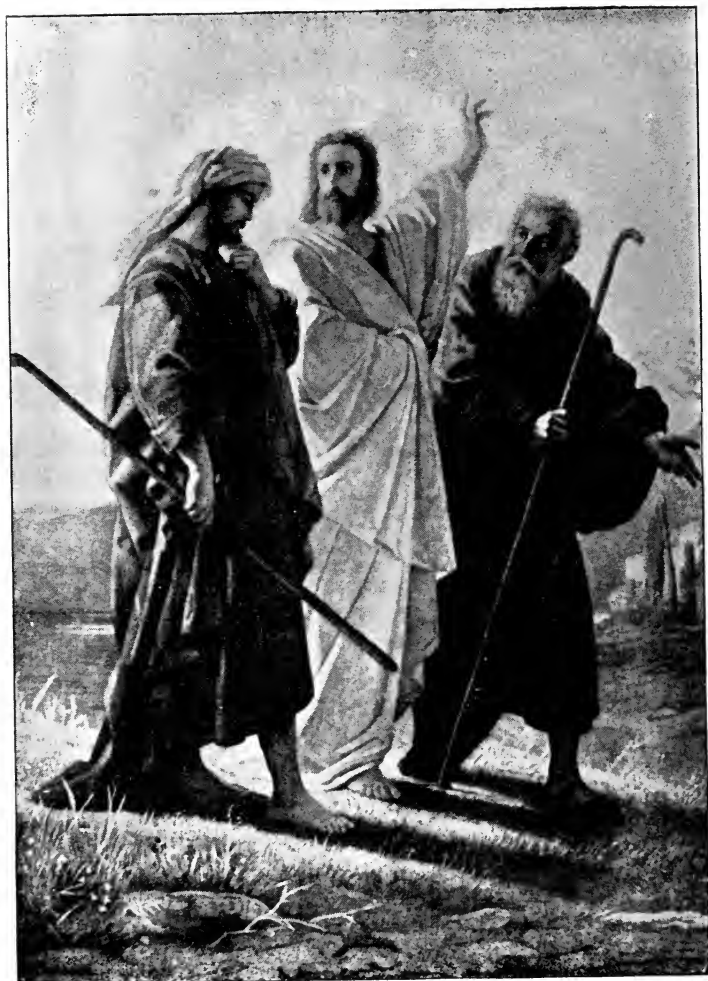


CHRIST AT THE COLUMN

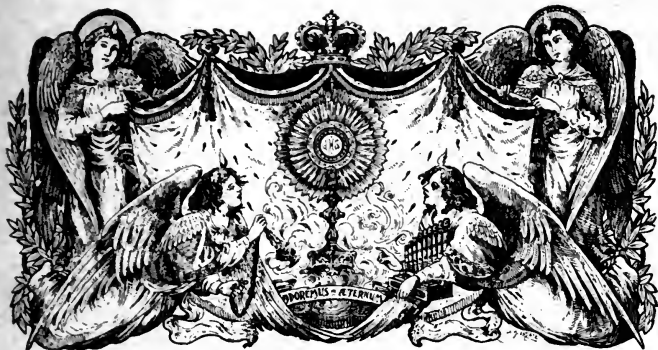
After a painting by V. Corcos.







THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAÛS
After a painting by Plockhorst.



✻ "EASTER" ✻

BY WILLIAM GARVIN HUME.

WHAT shall we bring unto Thee, mighty God,
 As Thou dost rise triumphant from the tomb?
 Not myrrh and frankincense, and rich spikenard,
 Or spices such as Mary brought
 When at the sepulchre she sought.

Not dead, O Lord, but gloriously risen
 Do we behold Thee on this Easter morn;
 And breaking through sin's dark and gloomy prison,
 We greet Thee, Lord, our risen King—
 What shall we bring? What shall be bring?

What need to bring Thee lilies pure and white,
 Unless our hearts be free from ev'ry stain!
 Or roses with the dew of morning bright,
 If deeper than the roses' hue,
 Our hearts are stained all through and through!

Our hearts, alone, we bring to Thee today—
 O plant therein the roses of Thy love:
 This boon of Thee, O Christ, we humbly pray—
 That gardens fair our hearts may be
 Of Easter lilies of Purity.



The Hidden God.

THERE is no use denying that with the exception of rare intervals, our intercourse with God in this life is more or less laborious and difficult. This is only saying that Heaven is not yet come. Faith was meant to be a trial, and a trial it certainly is. The evidence of sense is against us ; the levity of imagination is against us ; the inconstancy of our desires and of our will is against us when we kneel down to pray.

“ Behold He standeth behind our wall.” We know He is there, close as the priest in the confessional, with attention to every word we say. Yet, for all that, the words and the confidence come slowly. It is hard to prolong a conversation that is all on one side, and this, so it seems to us, is the case in prayer. Useless to tell us that our faith is at fault. That in the presence of the Pope, we should be all attention. Where the conditions are so different, there can be no parallel. The voice, the look, the question and answer, the surroundings — all these are wanting. Such admonitions irritate us by their injustice, and we look away wearily for help elsewhere. But where to look ? We cannot alter the present state of things or fix our wandering thoughts and unstable heart. No, but we can accept all things as they are in truth, and in the truth find a remedy.

“ Behold He standeth behind our wall.” But the barrier between us is not a drawback, an obstacle to union with Him — inseparable indeed from the present condition of things — yet an obstacle for all that. It is distinctly willed by Him as a necessary part of our trial, a wholesome discipline, a purification of love. It has in it all the privileges, advantages, blessings, that in this life belong to pain, and can be won by pain alone. It is a

present blessing as well as a pledge of blessing to come. "Blessed *are* they that have not seen and have believed." It is a pledge of that full clear vision, "reserved in heaven for you, who, by the power of God, are kept by faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein you shall greatly rejoice, if now a little time you must be made sorrowful. . . . That the trial of your faith (much more precious than gold tried by the fire) may be found unto praise and glory and honour at the appearing of Jesus Christ: Whom having not seen you love; in Whom also now, though you see Him not, you believe, and believing shall rejoice with joy unspeakable." "We see now in a dark manner: but then face to face." "I shall see Him, but not now." How will that face to face vision be the brighter and the sweeter for the dimness now! How will the joy of that moment when we part for ever with faith be intensified by what faith has cost us in the past!

Easter Morning.

When He arose

The watchers saw the scars that told them how
 He suffered on the cross. Upon His brow
 There still remained the wounds that bruised
 Him so,
 And told of all His agony and woe.
 O resurrection miracle! The night
 Of that low grave was conquered when the light
 Of Easter morning broke.

As He arose

So I may rise in victory to-day,
 Breaking the bars of sorrow all away,
 Leaving the sackcloth of my tearful tomb.
 To live indeed and like a lily bloom.
 O triumphing of gladness over strife!
 My soul must know the resurrection life
 When Easter morning breaks.

CHAS. H. TOWNE.

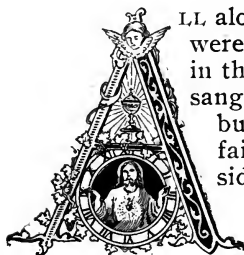


The Easter Vision

OF THE BROTHER SAGRISTAN

— o —

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.



ALL along the Connecticut valley the snows were melting in the mild spring air ; up in the balmy heavens the robin and lark sang clear ; in the woods the trailing arbutus was blooming as fragrant and fair as its Plymouth Rock sisters beside the sea, and the sturdy little hepatica and frail wind-anemone nodded joyously to each other. Do we think the birds and flowers know nothing about Easter ? Oh ! any body can see them keep it, who has eyes to see ! All nature is singing glad anthems to tell that Christ is risen with the spring. In the great city the stately churches were flooded with melody from organ and flute and viol, and the surpliced choir chanted glad and gay *Alleluia ! Alleluia !* Magnificent Altars were ablaze with manifold brilliant tapers, while glorious white lilies bent their fragrant chalices towards the one fairer chalice which the Precious Blood of the Risen Redeemer made more wonderfully fair than any pen can sing or pencil paint.

In the famous Jesuit church of the Gesu, famed throughout the old primatial city for its decorations of extraordinary loveliness, men said one to another : Brother Rodriguez has surpassed himself to-day. The church was never so divinely beautiful before. " And at High Mass the good Brother, hidden in a secluded nook behind the pulpit, looked with dim and dazzled gaze at the grandeur. It had grown to its perfection slowly, all night,

under his practised eye and skilful hand, straight from his artist brain and holy heart of love ; and he prayed beneath his breath. " My Risen Jesu ! this is all for Thee. Surely I never worked like this before. All praise to Thy Sacred Heart ! Is any church of Thine, to-day, more beautiful, and Hast Thou any Sacristan more favored and more glad than I, unworthy though I be ? "

A strange thing happened then to Brother Rodriguez, the like of which also, in all his long and arduous career as Sacristan, had never before befallen him. Already, that day, he had served three Masses, and he had been awake all night, besides ; but that was nothing unusual. Then, as usual also, he had crept for High Mass into that quiet corner where no eye could see him, that he might for one brief hour, after his many hours of Martha-like devotion, take the part of Mary, and sit in loving silence at Jesu's feet.

He fell asleep while the choir was singing the Easter sequence, and by the way, he always stoutly maintained that he was not sleeping and that good Father Baptiste, going up the pulpit stairs on his way to the sermon, only saw his eyes closed because he was so moved by the Easter sermon joy. And when he opened his eyes again, the singers were still tossing the " *Amen, Alleluia*" back and forth to each other and up to radiant Heaven. So you see if he were really sleeping, it was for a brief space only. In either case, the glorious sanctuary of the Gesu vanished from the enraptured gaze of the Brother Sacristan, and the jubilant chant of boys and men died away in the fragrant air. He saw a little maiden, holy and fair, though lame and hunch-backed. She was picking anemones and hepaticas and the fragrant pink and white, hairy buds of the trailing arbutus ; and she was saying, as she went, over and over again, only this : " For my Risen Jesus ! " But such intensity of love and faith was in it, that Brother Rodriguez cried out in his sleep—or in his ecstasy—very humbly : " Give me, o my Lord Jesus ! give me the heart of a little child. "

What singing he heard !

The sweetest boy-soprano who ever sang at the Gesu, never sang like that. The dear child made no answer, and it seemed to him they needed none. She only went

on gathering her flowers and repeating, untired and most tenderly ; " For Thee, My Risen Jesus ; for Thee for Thee ! "

He saw a simple table draped in snowy white, with two wax candles burning ; white curtained windows, holy pictures, and the early field flowers of the spring-time lavished every where. He saw the little maiden scatter them on floor and table with love like to the angels. Then he saw, on a plain linen cloth, on an opened corporal, a pyx case, and he knew that the Real Presence of the loving Christ was there. And it seemed to him it was midnight before Easter, and the little maid was Christ's Sacristan, like Magdalene, all alone, all, all alone, with her Blessed Lord.

Holding the last few fragrant sprays of Mary's flowers, the spring arbutus, close clasped to her faithful heart, she knelt at last before the table, her loving labors ended. There was silence now, no singing, no grandeur, and no glory. But he thought he heard the Lord's voice say " Maria ! " and it seemed to Brother Rodriguez that Heaven was in this place. He thought the little Sacristan knelt down as the clock struck midnight, and he thought she still knelt there, and he saw her, through all the Easter brightness of that night of which it is written : " The night shall be as light as day. " Yet, suddenly, he saw that holy place no longer. Again he heard the famous boy choir of the Gesu chanting *Amen, Alleluia !* And suddenly he saw the beauty of his own sanctuary, that his own loving heart had designed and accomplished, flash fair and glorious again upon his dazzled eyes. Was it a dream ?

On Easter Monday, Father Baptiste came in with another Father just returned from giving a mission. " I brought him to see the Easter decorations, Brother, " the Superior said pleasantly. Father Van Kirk had nothing of this sort at all, where he spent Easter. "

" No Brother, Father Van Kirk continued. I was in the Connecticut Valley, near your native home, and mine though further south. I had a sick call and was detained all night in a farm house ; and I had a little maid of thirteen years for my Sacristan, with a humped back but an angel's face. I believe she watched all night before our Lord,

to my shame I say it. But we had no glorious decorations like yours ; Brother, only field flowers, and the wild birds singing. And I had to travel ten miles to say my mass in the poorest country church. Well, God has given you a great gift for making His house beautiful, Brother."

"And He uses it always for God's greater glory," Father Baptiste added, but the Brother Sacristan most humbly bent his head.

"I have seen," he said "a place where the Lord's feet rested, that was far more beautiful than this is ; and a Sacristan far more favored and holy than this unworthy Brother can hope on earth to be.

. . JOY . .

GENTLENESS and softness, says Surin, were the graces our Lord most desired that we should copy in Himself ; and certainly, whether we look at the edification of others, or the sanctification of ourselves, or of the glory our lives may give to God, — we shall perceive that nothing can rank in importance before gentleness of manner and sweetness of demeanour towards others. Answer peaceable things with mildness, says the wise man, and let there be no acid feeling in thy soul, and thou shalt be as the obedient son of the most High, and He will have mercy on thee more than a mother.

Now it is quite notorious that joy is of all things the one which most helps us in sustaining this equable sweetness towards others. When we are joyful, nothing comes amiss to us. Nothing takes us by surprise or throws us off our guard. Unkindly interpretations of other men's deeds and words seem unnatural to us ; and we loose our facility of judging harshly and of suspecting unreasonably. No matter what duty we are unexpectedly called to do no matter what little unforeseen disappointments come upon us, no matter what sudden provocation to petulance and irritability assail us, all seems to come right. There is no shadow in our souls under which we can sit and be morose ; for the grace of joy is as universal as the strong sunshine of a fine day.

FABER.



THE MIRACULOUS HOSTS AT BRUSSELS.

ATACHED to the beautiful church of St. Gudule, in the city of Brussels, is a chapel which stands on the spot where the following miraculous occurrence with the Most Holy Sacrament took place :

In the year 1370, a very rich Jew of Enghien having won a sum of money from another, by name John von Loeven, who had become a Christian, persuaded him to deliver over to him several consecrated Hosts. After the false brother had examined many churches in order to carry out his devilish design, he decided upon the church of St. Catharine as that in which he could perpetrate the deed of darkness with least difficulty. On a certain night, therefore, he contrived an entrance into it, broke open the tabernacle, took out the ciborium, in which sixteen Hosts were contained, and brought it to the Jew. Now this fellow, overjoyed at having the God of the Christians in his power, called his wife and son and several other Jews, and threw the ciborium with the consecrated Hosts on the table for derision, and there he allowed them to lie. Soon after the Jew, by name Jonathan, was murdered by unknown hands. His wife and son, out of dread lest fresh misfortune should befall their house, carried the holy Hosts to Brussels, and committed them to the hands of their brethren. These assembled together on Good Friday in their synagogue, insulting the Blessed Sacrament in every possible manner, and at length, throwing it upon a table, they stabbed it with knives; when lo! blood flowed in quantities from those holy Hosts, and, seized with terror, the recreants at once sought how they might free themselves from so fearful a mystery.

In their embarrassment they had recourse to a Jewess who had become a Christian, and entreated her to carry the All-Holy to Cologne. The Jewess promised to do this, but during the night she was seized with so great fear



that she resolved to discover the whole to her parish priest. She then did what she had promised. Now at that time Wenceslas, King of Bohemia, reigned in Brussels. When he therefore had heard of this sacrilegious robbery he caused those wicked Jews to be arrested, and, accord-

ing to the laws of the time, to be burned. This happened on the eve of the Ascension of our Lord, in the year 1370. In expiation also of this sacrilegious robbery, and for a perpetuation of the memory of the miracle, the prince gave orders for a yearly procession of the holy Hosts, which should take place on the Sunday after the glorious Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. Three of these pierced Hosts were carried in a golden jewelled monstrance, the offering of many princes. This monstrance may be seen to this very day in the Salazar chapel, at St. Gudule's, upon the altar of the miraculous Sacrament. A citizen of Brussels, by name Giles Van der Berghe, built a chapel upon the very spot where the synagogue of the Jews had stood, and founded three Masses weekly, to be offered therein in honour of the Most Holy Sacrament. Upon a stone over against the altar is inscribed the deed of the Jews. The chapel fell later into the hands of Count Salazar, whence the name which it bears at the present day. Through a concurrence of events it has happened in these later times that this chapel should become the centre of the Confraternity of the Perpetual Adoration and that of the pious union for the supplying poor churches with necessaries for the service of God.


Sweet is Our Lord in thought, sweet in the pages of the holy gospels, sweet in the shadowy symbol or the devout picture, sweet yet more in the holy crucifix, but sweeter beyond comparison in the Adorable Sacrament of His Love. Wherefore the Church sings, in the words of her saint :

Jesu ! the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest. — OAKELY.

Dearest Lord, teach me to be generous, teach me to serve Thee as Thou deservest. To give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labor and not to seek reward, save that of feeling that I do Thy will.

ST. IGNATIUS.

LOVE FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT REWARDED



TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century there lived in Naples a nobleman, by name Horatio Graunopoli, who made it his constant care and duty to promote the honour and adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. A portion of his patrimony he devoted to the erection of beautiful altars and the adornment of the tabernacle. It was with pain that he observed how in many parish churches the King of Heaven was allowed to abide in dwellings all unbefitting the Divine Majesty, and that He was so often carried to the sick without suitable state. He did not hesitate to beg from door to door in order to collect a sufficient amount of capital, the interest of which should furnish all these poor churches with befitting ornaments and wax candles. Unmindful of his high birth, with but the honour and glory of God in view, he traversed the whole city. Great personages, bankers, captains, received his visit, and his first words invariably were, ' Praised be the Most Holy Sacrament ! ' Then he begged an alms for the altars of our ever-present Lord in His poor churches. In this manner he collected a considerable sum together.

One morning, as he was leaving the church of St. Joseph, he observed a well-dressed man of noble appearance, who was quite a stranger to him, step out from a neighbouring palace. At once he accosted him, and begged of him an alms in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, as he had begged others. But the nobleman, struck with astonishment, replied with a mocking smile, " It is a mistake, my friend ; I am an Englishman, and my name is Thomas Acton. The religion I observe is not the same as thine, and I shall take good heed that no alms of mine shall be used for the worship of a piece of bread." Full of tender compassion, Graunopoli bowed to the Englishman and departed. But the latter, calling him back, begged that he would not feel pained by his reply, assuring him

that he was struck by the splendour and beauty of the processions, but that it was beyond his power to believe in a God present in the Host. Then he presented him with a purse containing fifteen dollars, with the signification that this should not be spent in the glorification of the Blessed Sacrament, but should be employed in supplying his own necessities.

Grannopoli took the money with thanks, but remained in doubt whether or not he might apply this sum to his pious purpose. He consulted therefore the Cardinal Archbishop Cantelini, who gave him the necessary permission, saying at the same time, 'Let us pray our Lord that this alms may obtain for him light and the gift of conversion.'

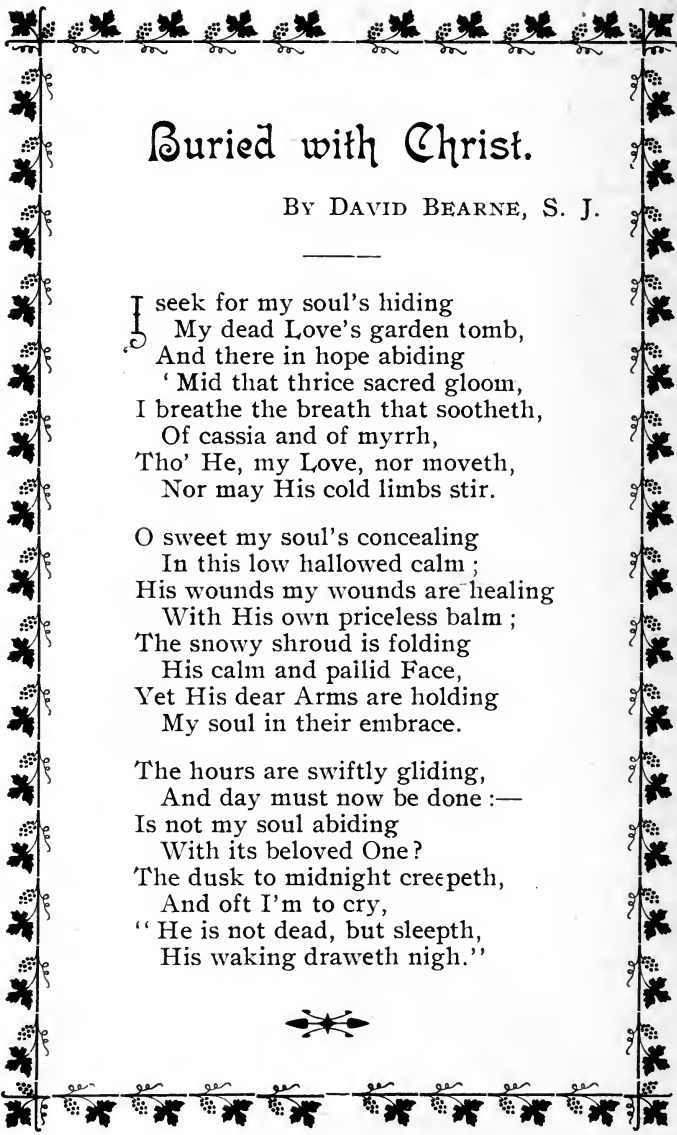
A full year had passed by when the Englishman was taken ill of a fever, and brought to death's door. One morning this news reached the ears of Grannopoli as he was accompanying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. At once he recalled to mind the generosity of the man, and how his gift had been employed in the glorification of the Blessed Sacrament. Full of confidence in the compassion of our Lord, he betook himself to the parish Priest of St. Joseph's, in whose parish the sick Englishman lay, begging him for love of God to attempt the conversion of this poor heretic. The parish priest was willing, but first took counsel of the Archbishop, who not merely permitted, but commanded him to make use of every means to draw him into the Catholic Church. After many difficulties he succeeded in making his way to the bedside of the dying man; but success did not attend his steps. 'I know well,' said the sick man, 'that you desire to have my body after my death, in order that you may bury it and be well paid for doing so. But you are mistaken; you will never gain me over. In the English Church I have lived, and in the English Church I will die.' The good priest replied, 'I have no interest but in the salvation of your soul. The Catholic faith alone is true and necessary for the saving of your soul; without it you are lost.' Then he placed before him reasons for his consideration; but all in vain. The poor heretic gave little heed and no weight to all his reasoning, and the priest left him with little hope.

In the mean time the sick man became daily weaker

and his death nearer. One day he fell into a deadly faint, and for hours showed no signs of life. Full of grief, the good priest had given him up for lost, when, contrary to all expectation, the dying man rallied, and sent for him. As soon as he entered the room, 'Sir Priest,' said he, 'I am resolved to follow your advice. I desire to be a Catholic; and if I die, as I expect, I wish to be buried in your church of St. Joseph.' Surprised and overjoyed at this sudden change, the servant of God lost no time in teaching the sick man the most prominent mysteries of the faith and in receiving him into the Catholic Church. He confessed and received absolution. After which he begged the priest for Holy Communion in these words: 'Now I believe with my whole heart in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, and I regret that I so long rejected this belief; nevertheless I have this consolation, that I have never caused at any time an injury to the Most Holy Sacrament.' With deep devotion and lively faith he then received Holy Communion.

Thomas Acton lived some hours longer in the full use of his faculties. His longing desire for Holy Communion revealed to others that something extraordinary had taken place in him. The parish priest begged him therefore to disclose this last secret. The sick man replied, 'At the moment when I sank into a faint I saw through the window of my room an angel appear before me, with what seemed to me to be a note of debt in his hand. A second angel followed him with a bouquet of most lovely flowers, which he gave into my hand with these words: "If thou wouldst enjoy true happiness, thou must enter the Catholic Church." Now I understood that the note of debt referred to the fifteen dollars which I one day gave as an alms, and without the least intention of doing honour to the Blessed Sacrament; I understood further that those pieces of money which I had given with a good heart were represented by those flowers, which flowers were a loving invitation to me to enter the blooming pastures of Paradise. My resolve was taken; and I promised God without delay to become a Catholic.' So spake the dying Thomas Acton, his words being often broken by acts of contrition, desire for heaven, and love of God. In these pious dispositions he gave up the ghost.

E. M. SHAPCOTE.




Buried with Christ.

BY DAVID BEARNE, S. J.

I seek for my soul's hiding
My dead Love's garden tomb,
And there in hope abiding
'Mid that thrice sacred gloom,
I breathe the breath that sootheth,
Of cassia and of myrrh,
Tho' He, my Love, nor moveth,
Nor may His cold limbs stir.

O sweet my soul's concealing
In this low hallowed calm ;
His wounds my wounds are healing
With His own priceless balm ;
The snowy shroud is folding
His calm and pallid Face,
Yet His dear Arms are holding
My soul in their embrace.

The hours are swiftly gliding,
And day must now be done :—
Is not my soul abiding
With its beloved One ?
The dusk to midnight creepeth,
And oft I'm to cry,
" He is not dead, but slepeth,
His waking draweth nigh."





SUBJECT OF ADORATION

The Institution of Communion

I. — Adoration



WE adore Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ and greet Thee, and as we think of our many Communion each bringing in its turn, strength, sweetness, peace and consolation ; we greet and bless Thee as the adorable Institutor of this admirable sacrament, — this marvel of goodness — Holy Communion. In spirit we enter the temple and contemplate the harmonious succession of its institution.

We adore Thee, o Lord Jesus Christ who seeing thy disciples sorrowing over the impending separation, and knowing that neither they nor those who in the future would believe in Thee, could live Thy life, keep Thy commandments, or bear persecutions, if Thou didst not leave them a means absolutely supernatural and divine ; if Thou didst not remain with them, not only exteriorly, but by a spiritual union, that they should be in Thee, and Thou in them, that Thou shouldst be their food, their life, and their daily sanctification.

We adore Thee, o Jesus who didst not consult Thy wisdom to find a means best proportioned to conciliate Thy dignity with the exigencies of the human senses ; Thine adorable wisdom indicated the sacred species, or appearances of bread and wine which on one hand would cover Thy adorable Person and render it inaccessible to material agents ; and on the other would deliver us from any repugnance when it would be question of eating Thy Body and drinking Thy Blood.

THE SENTINEL

We adore thy allpowerfulness in accomplishing the supernatural marvels necessary for this prodigious institution ; the Gospel says : " Remembering that He came from His Father, " that is to say that He is God — because God alone could institute Communion.

After the legal repast of the Pascal Lamb, Jesus, Thou didst't take unleavened bread lifting Thine eyes to heaven, gave thanks to Thy Father, broke the bread in several pieces blessed it and presented it to Thine Apostles saying, " Take ye and eat " for this is my body." Then taking wine Thou didst't bless it also and presented it to Thine Apostles saying " Take ye and drink for this is my blood." At that moment the bread and wine was changed into Thy Body and Blood. Thou art in the midst of Thine Apostles in Thy human form, Thou art in Thine own hands under the Sacramental form of bread and wine. We adore Thee, o Jesus, in Thy sacred and venerable hands, the first Host consecrated, to be given in communion.

II. — Thanksgiving

Jesus, who, giving Thyself as nourishment to man, didst't commence and finish the great work by thanksgiving. Thy sacrament of love is called Eucharist that is to say, excellent thanksgiving. Thou didst't render thanks to Thy Father that Thou hadst't received all life, all power from Him ; that He allowed Thee to satisfy Thy love for us, by giving Thyself to us, to make us worthy of our Heavenly Father by the holiness of our lives.

Thou didst't offer thanksgiving that Thy Father allows Thee, in giving Thyself to us, to satisfy the love Thou bearest us.

Joy is in Thy heart because Thou hast accomplished the master-piece of Thy love ; it flows into Thy words, " I will no longer call you servants, but my friends, because all I have received from my Father, I have communicated to you." " My little children, I will not leave you orphans : Live in me live, in my love."

Thy thanksgiving, o Jesus, enters the soul of Thine apostles, dispelling the sadness caused by Thine approaching separation. They know Thou wilt remain with them all days, until the end ; Thou say'st to them " Do

OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

this until my new coming in memory of me." Those words which have perpetuated Thy ministry, have perpetuated for us the gift of the Eucharist ; it is by their virtue we have partaken with so much joy and happiness of our first communion, by their virtue we have found on our route daily strength necessary for all trials and temptations. When we look back and see our past all starred with this adorable manna whose virtue has prevented us giving way to weariness, or being vanquished by our enemies.

Thanks giving be to Thy Sacred Heart so good and compassionate. Thanksgiving to the Saviour who has given us this bread of strength in fear that we should fall by the way-side. Let us love and desire to receive this Sacrament of communion, which Christ our Father so infinitely good, was so ardently desirous of giving us. Jesus we unite our thanksgiving to Thine, and that of Thine Apostles.

III. — Reparation

At this table Thy condescending love goodness and mercy, united their infinite resources to accomplish this master-piece in our favor. Alas ! at that table of love we respond by sins which bear the awful traits of avarice, ingratitude, coldness, hatred and betrayal. The awful sadness which fell on Thy heart, O Jesus, had its source in those sins : we offer Thee reparation with the faithful Apostles. Yes, the first time Thou wert received in communion, there was a sacrilege — Judas had been loaded with thy favors, he was an Apostle, Thy minister, and had performed miracles in thy name. What does it teach us, if not, that sacrilegious communions may still be found at Thy Eucharistic table, where Thou daily renewest the prodigy of Thy love.

We offer Thee reparation with humble and contrite hearts for the crime of Judas, we unite our reparations to Thine and that of Thine Apostles.

We offer Thee reparation for the anguish which filled Thy soul, when the traitor tortured and oppressed Thy Heart, O loving Master.

Jesus, Thou didst wash his feet, give him part of Thy bread consecrated specially for him in sign of affection,

THE SENTINEL

Thou didst not warn him secretly to spare him ; but seeing his obstinacy Thou didst not threaten him, pursue him, stigmatize him, we offer Thee reparation for his cold insensibility to all.

We offer Thee reparation, O Jesus, in Thy sorrow and indignation, and in the awful agony of the crime which disturbed Thy peace.

It was not only for Judas Thou didst not suffer, o Jesus, in that hour, but for those who in successive centuries would perpetuate this criminal ingratitude towards the greatest manifestation of Thy Divine Love — And will we not protest with Thine Apostles, will we not be filled with indignation and sorrow at the outrages inflicted on Thee in the sweet sacrament of Thy love.

Let us enter into the agony of Thy heart, o Jesus, let our hearts like Thine be profoundly stirred with sorrow and loving reparation.

IV. — Prayer

Let those words of Thine, sweet Jesus, be our guidance in communion ; “ Take ye all and eat,” and “ Do it in commemoration of me.” Yes, take, every day if we can, worthily, or at least let our desires and regrets supply what is lacking. May we receive Thee with the same generosity and sincerity with which Thou gavest Thyself to us. Why do we faint ? not eating the bread of the strong. Why close our hands, when Thou didst not open Thine so wide ? Why to the bound of Thy heart which precipitates Thee towards us, should our hearts respond only by a selfish timidity a cowardly distrustfulness ? “ Take ye all and eat ; ” let us do it in memory of Thee, dear Jêsus, for Thy honor, Thy love, and the satisfaction of Thy heart ; let us eat to remain faithful to Thee, and to confess Thy Holy Name. Let us eat with purity, generosity and humility : with purity to respond to the zealous care with which Thou didst guard the purity of Thine apostles ; with the humility of which Thou gavest them the example ; with generosity in response to Thine giving Thyself to us and to Thine apostles without reserve and forever.

May we remember Thee, o Jesus, and give ourselves to Thee, as Thou didst give Thyself to Thine apostles, in the first Eucharistic communion, and as Thou givest Thyself to us in our daily communions.



THE WONDERFUL BEANS

EASTER-SUNDAY of the year 1795, Abbé Sigourais, Parish-priest of Beauvoir, in Vendée, after having sung Mass and vespers was resting under a prune tree in his garden, round which the spreading vine ; wreaths of ively, and clematis wove a charming arbour, a secluded spot, in which, amid the beauties of nature he was enjoying a few moments of well-earned rest. He was an old man, large and well proportioned, but age had bent and shrunken his frame, and strongly marked his face, which the sun had bronzed, but from which nothing could efface his habitual expression of gentle goodness. He was counting on his fingers the number of people, old, infirm, or sick to whom he had carried their Pascal-Communion, during the preceding days, the number seemed endless ; when a woman accosted him and said “: Father, Grand-father Lambinet, who is eighty-two years of age, has eaten nothing since morning because he was expecting you to bring him his Easter Communion. ”

“ Alas ! I am sorry answered the priest, I forgot your old uncle, but I will repair my fault by going immediately. ”

“ The road is long answered the woman, the sun about to set, and the route of St. Jean du Mont, is patrolled by a guard of Blues, who if they discover us will surely kill us. ”

“ That won't prevent my going replied the priest, especially as our dear Lord will accompany us. ” In half an-hour he began his long walk through woods and fields carrying in its golden pyx a consecrated Host, and preceded by his altar-boy, who though only fourteen years

of age, was almost full grown in form and bravery, he had fair curly hair, and blue eyes which sparkled like stars in the twilight. Two precautions he had taken before starting, one was not to light the lantern which Lambinet held as a society emblem, by the top of the handle, and the other in crossing the woods to select the routes strewn with deep recesses and little rivulets, why I don't know, perhaps because the lilt of Easter was in his heart, and his attention wandered.



They pursued their way quietly, meeting none of the dreaded guards ; fear seemed to have made the inhabitants keep within the enclosure of their homes. The priest walked very straight, his head only a little low watching for sure footing. He took no notice of any thing else in his path, not even the early spring flowers planted by himself and which were perhaps budding tonight ; all his thoughts were concentrated in silent adoration, they walked thus through woods and meadows.

What a lovely peaceful Easter night it was ; sunset

with its golden coloring reflected in the water the murmuring winds repeating the alleluia of the Angels, here and there a crocus beginning to show its golden face, the budding harvest and growing plants bending low as if in greeting to the Risen King, who, tonight, as of old, passed, so quietly, bringing comfort and happiness to those who sought, who awaited His coming. As the sun was setting the priest raised his eyes, and they rested on a plot of cultivated ground, where the foot path ended, and which appeared, in the uncertain light, half green and half white. The green part was covered by a low growth, the other with high blossoming vegetation gently swaying in the light breeze which came from the river.

“What’s that asked the priest, whose eyes were not of the best.”

“To the right replied the boy is a farm of American-*Alœ*, or Flax-seed, and to the left one of Beans, kidney-beans in blossom, our way lies through both, Father.”

The priest did not reply through respect for the Blessed Sacrament which he was carrying, but when he came to the cultivated grounds, he saw two farmers inspecting their work and trying to judge what the harvest would be, he recognized them as his parishioners and thought which one will be blessed by allowing our dear Lord to pass through his land, he had scarcely formed his thought when it was solved for him by the proprietor of the bean-field advancing and saying crossly, “do not go through my crop, Father, or harm will befall you.”

The priest repressed his rising indignation, and extending his hand blessed the man who had spoken; instantly the second who owned the field of flax-seed, with uncovered head said.

“My flax-seed will blossom very soon, but you may walk over it, the good God, you and your altar-boy.”

The priest his head uplifted now, almost in total darkness, walked, through the bean crop, the thousand tall *Alœ* blossoming on either side guiding him and making the darkness less intense; he arrived at the farm house around which the snow-drops were in full height of their delicate beauty, and where lived the old man who had awaited from early morning his Easter Communion...

About ten o'clock the priest began his homeward walk, it was moonlight, and the return was accomplished with less difficulty, the altar-boy walked by the priest's side only reaching to his shoulder, his lighted lantern making fantastic shadows in the moonlight, and now and again whistling to keep himself awake ; after walking some



time they came to the farms of beans and flax-seed, the first was deserted ; but at the entrance to the second they saw, a man kneeling, his head turned towards them, his arms folded in the form of a cross, and he called to them in a voice broken by sobs saying

“ Father, Father. ”

The priest recognized him as his parishioner who had threatened him a few hours before.

“ Poor man said the priest, what are you doing there ?

“ I have been crying ever since you passed through my neighbour's farm, I was afraid you would injure my crop, so I forbade you to pass, wretch that I am.

He sobbed so loudly that the priest touched with pity, went close, and stooping over him, embraced him, and tried to console him, and the repentant man said “ Father, I beseech you, please pass through my bean farm to night that I may do penance. ”

To satisfy him the priest and his assistant walked in

the midst of his high blossoming beans, which were bruised and crushed by their passage, and in that same instant exhaled a breath of perfume, as if twenty thousand sweet peas had opened simultaneously, from which the priest concluded something wonderful had happened.


In fact, several wonderful things were observed by those who in that eventful year could harvest. The flax-seed over which the good God had passed grew so high and abundant that never in the memory of man had anything been seen to equal it. Thus was Faith rewarded.

But repentance was almost more wonderfully so. In about two weeks the harm which the feet of the priest and the boy had done to beans branches and flowers of the beanfarm was fully repaired, and when those beans were culled and the shells broken, instead of a thin small white bean, they gathered a numberless quantity, whose shape was rounder and fuller and which bore at the seed-bud a perfectly legible figure of a host surrounded by violet rays, like a large monstrance. Beans of this kind may still be seen in Vendée, and several parts of France, where they bear the typical name of "beans of the Blessed Sacrament."

RENE BAZIN.



Resurrection.

 N angel announced the birth of the Saviour of the world, and an angel first makes known the fact of His resurrection: "He is risen, He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him." The same message of peace which accompanied the announcement of the birth of Our Lord is uttered by Him when, on the evening of His resurrection, He appears among His apostles and greets them with "Peace be to you." This is the message the risen Saviour would have for each of His children on the blessed Easter morn. He has won, through pain, travail and death, the redemp-

tion of sinful man. An infinite penalty has been paid for an offense against an infinite God.

The blood of Jesus, our paschal lamb, has been poured out in atonement, Heaven's gates are now swung wide, and the ransomed souls may enter into life everlasting. The sacrifice was for all, and all nations and men rejoice at each recurring anniversary of the glorious triumph of the God-Man. He died in ignominy, He rises in glory. He has told us that as He rose body and soul from the tomb, so shall our bodies and souls rise reunited at the end of the world. This is the hope of all Catholic Christians.

Whether the resurrection for us shall be a glorious one is for us to determine. Christ died for all, but all will not avail themselves of His sacrifice. We must co-operate with Him in order to partake of the fruits of His resurrection. We must suffer with Christ here on earth in order to rejoice with Him hereafter. The struggle will last as long as life, but he that perseveres to the end shall be saved.

The Church rejoices to-day. She bedecks her altars with rare flowers. Lights, music and incense, gorgeous vestments, elaborate ceremonials, all contribute to the expression of exultant joy over the risen Saviour. She called on her children weeks ago to prepare by penance and prayer for the celebration of this glorious day, and such as have heeded her invitation share in the triumphal gladness of Eastertide. If there are any who are outside this happy circle, who have not yet made their peace with God, a period of grace remains. Let such resolve, with God's help, to fulfil the precept of receiving the Holy Eucharist, which the Church under the severest penalties makes obligatory upon all her children. To conform with this law is, as an author observes, to place ourselves in harmony with the season and with the myriads throughout the world who, with clean hearts, share in the blessed joys of the resurrection.

We must not suppose that the apostolate of redemption ended on Calvary; the Heart of Jesus exercises it continually upon our altars.

ST. ALPHONSUS.



God has placed us here to grow, just as He placed the trees and flowers. The trees and flowers grow unconsciously and by no effort of their own. Man, too, grows unconsciously, and is educated by circumstances. But he can also control those circumstances and direct the course of his life. He can educate himself. He can, by effort and thought, acquire knowledge, refine and purify his nature, develop his powers, strengthen his character. And because he can do this, he ought to do it.

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AFTER CALVARY.

After your work on earth is done,  
After life's battle has been won,  
Then you will rest.

Carry your cross to the topmost height,  
And when you stand in God's pure light,  
Then you will rest.

BY C. B. M.

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If you love God, you will keep His commandments. That is the visible proof of charity. Love cannot rest in words — it must go out into action. If you love God, you will do something for Him. Love is ingenious at finding ways in which to show itself. It manifests itself in acts of praise, in acts of self-denial, in acts of kindness to God's other creatures. Love without works is dead.

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They, who frequently receive their God hidden under the eucharistic veils, and who at the same time do not endeavor to reproduce Him in their own lives by making them conformable to His divine life, do not fulfil the end Our Lord had in view when He instituted this sacrament of union and of love. — Abbé de Brandt.

My dearest good ? Who dost so bind  
 My heart with countless chains to Thee ;  
 O sweetest love ! my soul shall find  
 In thy dear bounds true liberty.  
 Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,  
 Thine, Thine forever will I be.

Our tabernacle is holier than the Holy of Holies, yea, than the Ark itself ; for it contains the most sacred and life-giving flesh of Our Saviour Jesus-Christ. —

S. NICEPHORE.

Sweet Jesus ! by this Sacrament of love,  
 All gross affections from my heart remove ;  
 Let but thy loving kindness linger there,  
 Preserved by grace and perfected by prayer ;  
 And let me to my neighbor strive to be  
 As mild and gentle as Thou art with me.  
 Take Thou the guidance of my whole career,  
 That to displease Thee be my only fear :  
 Give me that peace the world can never give,  
 Ah ! show me always, Lord, Thy holy will,  
 And to each troubled thought, say :

“ Peace be still.”

Never cease from giving thanks to Jesus-Christ for the infinite love by which, in order to be your support and to load you with His benefits, He wills to give Himself to you as food ; love this generous Benefactor more by actions than by words.

LANCISIUS.

Oh ! see upon the altar placed  
 The Victim of the greatest love !  
 Let all the earth below adore,  
 And join the choirs of Heaven above.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore :  
 Oh ! make us love thee more and more.

Our Lord, the good shepherd, gave His life for His sheep that in our Sacrament He might give us His body and blood, and that He might feed with the nourishment of His own flesh the sheep whom He had redeemed.

ST. GREGORY.



## “ MASTER.”

“ She turned herself and said unto Him, Master.”

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

**M**ASTER ! The breeze of the dawn hath stirred in the  
 leaves of the olives ;  
 Chill lie the dews on the grass, and deep are the  
 shadow, but deeper,  
 Darker the grief at my heart ; and chill, as the dews of  
 the morning,  
 Master ! the tears on my face ; and keen as the breeze  
 in the olives,  
 Jesu ! the fears that assail lest never again I may see Thee.  
 Low have I knelt at Thy Cross, not daring to look on  
 Thee dying ;  
 Gently Thy Feet I have kissed, the Wounds whence Thy  
 Life-Blood was welling :  
 Kissed them, again, when Thy Mother, o'erladen with  
 sorrow and anguish,  
 Held Thee, once more, in Her arms, and, weeping, She  
 gazed on Thee, knowing  
 Bitterness cruel as death ; then laid Thee to rest, as the  
 sunset  
 Ended the sorrowful day ; when night fell at last, and  
 we left Thee  
 Sleeping in peace, for the pain was over for Thee ; for  
 us only,  
 Us who had loved Thee, the grief that time cannot heal,  
 and the burden ;  
 Loneliness drear as the void of the night without star-ray  
 or moon-beam :—  
 Master ! the Sabbath is past, and now, in the dawning,  
 I seek Thee ;  
 Fain would I die, as Thou diedst, yet fain would I live,  
 but to suffer

Daily for Thee, and to share in the sorrow, the tears of  
 Thy Mother ;  
 So may my penance avail, if God shall have pity, to  
 win me  
 Pardon, at last, for my sins, and Jesu ! hereafter, to see  
 Thee  
 Yet once again, in Thy glory, the glory Thy dying hath  
 won Thee.

“ Mary ! ” — The Voice that she loved ? Ah, surely :  
 she turned her, and answered  
 “ Master ! ” Then low at His Feet, in the dew-laden  
 grass, in the dawning,  
 Knelt she, and wept in her joy, for had she not found  
 Him, the Master,  
 Risen again from the death ? The dawning grew bright,  
 and the morning  
 Banished the shadows of night ; the sorrow, the burden,  
 the anguish,  
 Fled as she gazed on her Lord. He spoke, and she  
 answered Him, “ Master ! ”

So, through the night of our life we wander, the breeze  
 of the dawning—  
 Dawn that hath lingered so long !—blows chill on our  
 face, and the shadows  
 Deepen about us, and we, grown faint with our watching  
 and waiting,  
 Long for the morning, and sigh ; the burden that lieth  
 upon us  
 Beareth us down, and we yearn for the joy that shall  
 come when the darkness  
 Fleeth at last, and the Dear One who died for us, rose  
 for us, loves us,  
 Cares for us, pities us ever shall hasten His coming, and  
 gladden,  
 Lighten our sorrowful eyes with the sight of His Face,  
 in His Glory ;  
 Then shall we kneel at His Feet, as the Magdalen knelt  
 in the dawning,  
 Then shall He call us by name, and each one shall  
 answer Him, “ Master ! ”





## On Shining Sands

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Written for *THE SENTINEL*. ANNA T. SADLIER.

**I**N that popular summer resort there was a broad walk on which the sun of a summer morning was shining, with its full glory; and an old woman, bent and shrunken of figure, was busied in picking up, here and there, the prettiest or most uncommon of the shells and pebbles, which strewed the shore. She earned a pittance by disposing of her collections to summer visitors, who bought them, as a souvenir of their pleasant hours by the Atlantic and perhaps, still more, for the sake of the aged gatherer, whose clear, dark eyes, scarce dimmed by time, looked out from a mass of wrinkles.

“ Now, Glory be to God, ” murmured the old woman, as she attentively examined a shell, which she had but just picked up and which was, indeed, of singular beauty. It was of delicate, coraline pink within and without of the translucent whiteness of mother of pearl. It had caught and held, as children fondly imagine, the harmonies of the sea, expressed to the listening ear by a murmur of tender, confused, a blending of sounds. The old woman held it that she might hear, while a pleased smile broke over her face.

“ The very voice of the sea itself ! Glory be to God, ” she exclaimed, “ here or these shining sands, I do be sayin’ ; that same to myself over and over, for the power of the Creator meets me at every step. ”

While she thus spoke, half aloud, there lounged up to her a youth, clad in tennis flannels, a broad leathern belt encircling his waist, a straw hat, tipped downwards over his eyes. Her whole attitude expressed boredom, an aim-

less restless manner. He eyed the old woman, half-superciliously, half-curiously :

“ To whom were you speaking, just now, when I came up ? ” he inquired.

“ Well, Sir, I was'nt speakin' to any one, ” answered the old woman, apologetically, “ I've got into a habit of talking to myself.

“ It's odd, you know. ” commented the youth.

“ It is that ! ” assented the pebble-vender, “ but it hurts no one and here on these shining sands, I feel as if I were in a manner at home.

“ What was it you were talking about, queried the inquisitive youth.

“ Talkin' about ” responded the crowe, “ about the power of God and the wonders of his almighty hand.

“ Rum sort you are, ” the youth murmured to himself, and aloud “ Just as well you were talking to yourself.

“ Why so, Sir ?

“ Because nobody talks that way now-a-days, and if they did try it on, no one would listen. ”

The old woman fixed her dark eyes upon him, full of indignant reproach, which somehow made him uncomfortable :

“ When you say every one, ” said she, slowly, “ in course, you're talkin' about the idle people that comes to the sea-shore in summer and have'nt eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor heart to feel, what a beautiful world, a lovin' God has given them, and for what, but to make us turn to Him and glorify His Name. ”

Callow youth that he was, somewhere down in his nature, a spark was touched, which might become a lambent flame, though long dormant under fine clothes and languid airs and idle habits. So that he did not laugh, but only gazed at the shrunken figure of the old woman, very small in that immensity and listened as she went on :

“ And, see now, my fine, young gentleman, is it goin' to be the same way with you all your life. Will you spend it amongst them that has never a thought of the God above them, nor a word in his praise. I am old, Sir, very old and yet my days have slipped from me like the sands of yonder sea. It seems but yesterday, I was a slip of a girl, beginning life, here by the sea, full hopes and plan

and as eager mebbe for enjoyment as yourself. Only that I thank God, I never forgot my maker, the youngest day ever I was. Well ! I won't tell you, for it would be too long, entirely, of all that came after, of care and grief and disappointment. Summer followed winter and spring broke, again, and the season came and went, till here I stand, an old woman, where I played as a child. But I tell you, dear young gentleman, that the service of God is the only road to happiness. Remember that word, whenever you look upon these sands shinin' in the sun or whitened by the moon, or out beyond on the troubled face of the sea. Remember the words of the old pebble woman."

With a somewhat, forced laugh, the youth changed the subject to that of the moralizer's waves. He won her heart by admiring the shells and pebbles, of which he purchased the whole stock, paying generously for them.

"God bless and keep you," cried the old woman, "may the blessin' of a poor, old body go with those same shells and pebbles and remember the word I made told to spake."

Well ! the youth went his way and for many a day after that, he followed the glittering round of pleasure and frivolity, with but little serious purpose nor thought of the life to come. But, contrary to his first intention to bestow the shells and pebbles on the first claimant, he kept them in his room, always turning aside inquiry concerning them, till they had come to be known as "the mystery." And he never forgot the old woman's words. They haunted him indeed, at times, till they drew him away by their force, especially when he was back again, in the summer, time, strolling up and down the broad stretch of sand shining in the sun or whitened by the moon and looking out upon the sea.

By a second summer, the figure of the pebble-gatherer had vanished from its accustomed haunts. Either the old woman was dead, or she was unable to pursue her former avocations. Yet her presence dominated the scene and her words sounded with every beat of the waves against the shore and every murmur of the sea breeze over the main.

A few more years passed and the youth, likewise, was missing from the familiar places, which had known him,

the gay world and the gay friends, who had long enthralled him. Afar off, a missionary, preaches oftenest of all upon the seasonable word, and how a word is a winged seed, speeding far and bearing fruit, a hundred-fold. Sometimes, his auditors fancy that he is transported to some distant scene, so vividly does he portray, a wide stretch of sea, its waves, ebbing and flowing over shining sands.

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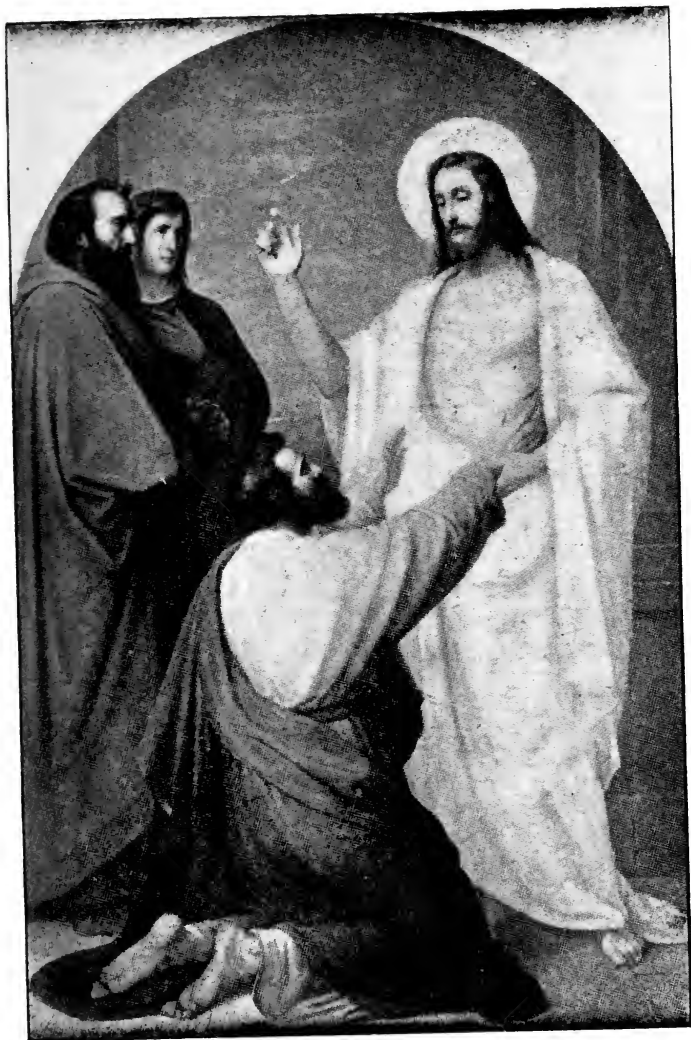
### A STORY OF POPE LEO XIII.

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A very pretty story of the Pope, about whose benignant personality pretty incidents seem constantly to be multiplying, is told by the Rome correspondent of the "London Tablet: "

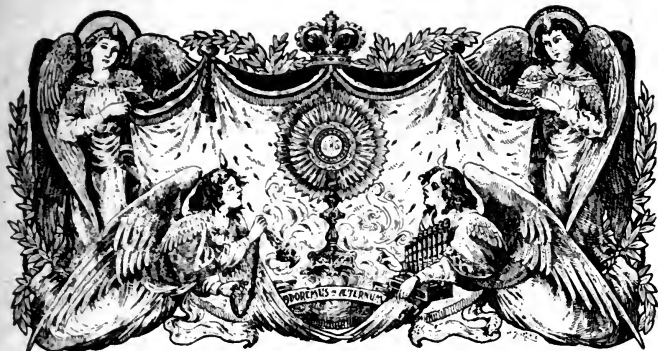
A big Hungarian pilgrimage was presented to the Pope not long ago. Among the visitors was one with a crabbed and discontented countenance. For a moment it looked as though his purpose could not be other than a sinister one, for just as the Holy Father came to where he was standing he put his hand inside his coat and drew forth — a pair of spectacles. The Pope's hand was being passed from one to another of the pilgrims and kissed fervently by each, but he made no effort to take it when it came to his turn. He just looked at His Holiness with the same sour look he had worn all the time, and the hand was passed to the person on the other side. But suddenly the Holy Father made a motion backward. "No, no," he exclaimed. Then he laid his hand on the little man's head and stroked his face tenderly several times. Perhaps not more than a dozen persons altogether beheld what was passing, but when the Pope's chair had moved on they could no longer see the crabbed little man of a few minutes before. In his place stood another being, with tears in his eyes and a rapt look of surprise and reverence on his visage.





MY LORD AND MY GOD !





## AVE MARIS STELLA

A HYMN OF THE SOUL.

*By B. F. De Costa*

The stream runs fast, the spent sun hides  
Behind the hills, and beams pale,  
While ocean-ward our light barque glides,  
Afar to voyage, alone to sail :  
Blest Virgin, hear the Vesper prayer  
The voyager lifts to Thee,  
And tender show a Mother's care,  
Mary, Star of the Sea.

No more we drift where green banks tell,  
Beneath the fragrant forest trees,  
Of violet and asphodel ;  
The Rocks ! Chill blows the mist-born breeze :  
Blest Virgin, hear the Vesper prayer  
The voyager lifts to Thee,  
As on, mid twilight shade we fare,  
Mary, Star of the Sea.

And now new strength the current knows,  
Round unseen reefs wild eddies whirl,  
And' gainst the tide that sullen flows  
The foaming surges angry curl :

Blest Virgin, hear the Vesper prayer  
 The voyager lifts to Thee,  
 When tempests rise and lightnings glare,  
 Mary, Star of the Sea.

Soon we shall pass the sheltered port,  
 The harbor bar and outer light,  
 Then, wide abroad the ocean brought,  
 Sail on in gloom through rayless night :  
 Blest Virgin, hear the Vesper prayer  
 The voyager lifts to Thee,  
 The goal awaits us, bring us there,  
 Mary, Star of the Sea.

We need not fear to launch away,  
 And breast, the solemn, untried deep,  
 Our barque will surely find the way,  
 And true the course mid darkness keep :  
 Blest Virgin, Thou wilt hear the prayer  
 The voyager lifts to Thee  
 And make the night God's morning fair,  
 Mary, Star of the Sea.

THE love of the Blessed Sacrament is the grand and royal devotion of faith ; it is faith multiplied, faith intensified, faith glorified, and yet remaining faith still, while it is glory also. — *Faber*.

THE Blessed Eucharist, which strengthens faith, is also the source and the gage of hope. Far above all earthly blessings does It appease man's natural thirst for happiness, both of soul and body, for time and for eternity. With the superabundance of Celestial gifts, this Great Sacrament bestows upon the soul a peace which the world cannot give. It upholds it in the struggle, is its support in adversity, the safeguard of its salvation, and the viaticum of its passage from this land of exile to the heavenly country. To the body, even after death, the Blessed Eucharist, a germ of immortality, ensures resurrection. ' He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life ; and I will raise him up in the last day.'





## The Holy Eucharist AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN

*By Father Eymard.*



It does not follow because it is our special office to honor the Eucharist that we should lessen our devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Far from it. He would be truly displeasing to Jesus, who should say : ' The Eucharist is enough for me ; I do not need Mary. ' Where do we find Jesus upon earth ? Is it not in the arms of Mary ? Is it not she who has given us the Blessed Eucharist ? It was her acquiescence in the Incarnation of the Son of God — the Divine Word — that began the great mystery of reparation to God and of the union with us that Jesus accomplished during His mortal life, and that He continues in the Eucharist. The more we love the Eucharist, the more we shall love Mary. We love what our friend loves, and where is creature so loved by God, mother so tenderly loved by son, as Mary was by Jesus ? If we owe reverence to Jesus, we owe it to Mary also. If we adore Him, we must honor her, and to correspond to, as well as to enter fully into, the graces of our vocation, we owe to Mary a special devotion as to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. When we honor Our Lord on the cross, we pray to Our Lady of Sorrows ; in the life at Nazareth, it is Our Lady of the Hidden Life who is our model. What was the occupation of Mary in the Cenaculum ? She was in almost constant adoration. She was the model and queen and mother of all adorers ; she was, in a word, Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. Jesus left

her, so to say, fifteen years or more on earth after His ascension in order that we might learn from her how to adore and serve Him perfectly. Oh, how beautiful must have been those years spent in adoration !

At Bethlehem, Mary was first to adore her divine Son lying in the manger. After her came St. Joseph and the shepherds and kings, but it was Mary who first laid this train of fire, the fire of divine love that should encircle the earth. She continued to adore Him in His hidden life, in His apostolic life, and in His suffering life, on Calvary. Study the character of Mary's adoration. She adores Him in all the states of His life, and not in a sterile and monotonous adoration. She adores Him poor at Bethlehem, toiling at Nazareth, and later, teaching and converting sinners. She has adored Him upon Calvary and suffered with Him. Her love follows all the sentiments of Our Lord, which were known and divined by her, and into which her sympathetic love made her enter in entire conformity.

To you, also, adorers of the Blessed Sacrament, I say, adore always, but vary your adoration as Mary varied hers. Enter into and revive all these mysteries in the Eucharist. Without this, you will fall into routine, and if your adoration is not regulated and varied by some new thought or motive, you will become weary and stupid in your prayers.

It was thus Mary recalled, on the anniversaries of these mysteries that had been accomplished before her eyes, their circumstances, their lessons, and their graces. She reminded Jesus by them of His great love for us. We do not always speak to a friend of the present, we recall pleasing souvenirs of the past and we contemplate the future. The Eucharist is the compendium of all these mysteries, and renews their graces and their love.

Mary had such a love for the Blessed Sacrament that she could scarcely bear to separate herself from it ; she lived in the Blessed Sacrament and passed days and nights before the altar. She must certainly have lent herself to the needs of the apostles and the faithful who sought her aid, but her love for her hidden God shone out upon her countenance and communicated this ardor to those, who approached her.



## The Virgin and the Viaticum.

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**I**N the first ages of the Church kings and queens considered it an honor to accompany the Blessed Sacrament, whether carried privately as Viaticum, or publicly in solemn procession ; and in order to incite christians to follow their noble exemple, we will relate a wonderful instance in which the Queen of Angels, came down from heaven to accompany the Blessed Eucharist. We select, from among the most admirable prodigies of this nature, one which happened to Blessed Oderic of Port-Mahon, of the seraphic order of St. Francis.

A young girl lay dying, to her great regret deprived of the consolation of receiving Holy Viaticum ; though poor in the world's goods, she was very rich in virtue ; and noted for a special tender loving devotion to our Blessed Lady ; a devotion which won for her, a wonderful grace, in her hour of need.

This good mother seeing the sorrow of her devoted child, came down from heaven accompanied by a number of Blessed spirits and Virgins, and appeared to Blessed Oderic, who was travelling alone in a forest, saying to him : " Near here a faithful child of mine is dying, she ardently desires to receive the Blessed Sacrament, the priest is absent, I wish you to replace him ; I will guide you myself, first to the church, where you will take the Blessed Sacrament, then, to the sick girl's home, as I wish to be present at her last communion."

The priest astonished at the apparition and still more so at the given command acknowledged himself unworthy of such an honor, if on the one hand he rejoiced to strengthen and fortify a soul, a client of our Blessed Lady on her last journey ; on the other he confessed his unworthiness to be guided by the Queen of angels, and

the heavenly spirits, nevertheless he obeyed with truest humility,

He followed in the footsteps of Our Lady, who advanced as if clothed in ravishing glory, but with an expression of sweetest majesty. On the way our Blessed



Lady spoke familiarly with the priest, she told him of the admirable virtues of the dying girl, of the perfection with which for a number of years, she had served her Divine Son ; she entertained him with numerous instances of her devotion to the mother of Jesus, and the thousand

inventions of her piety to show that mother love and honor — and lastly she told him the young girl's soul was like a spotless lily in God's sight, she having always preserved her baptismal innocence. Having reached the Church, the priest took the Sacred Host, and went to the home of the dying girl.

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the sentiments of the priest, as he carried the Sacred Host, escorted by the Blessed Virgin and the celestial inhabitants; but what human language can describe the emotions, the hosannas of the heart of Mary as she accompanied her Divine Son, and the worship of love and veneration offered to the Sacred Host by the guard of angels.

When the wonderful procession entered the home of the sick girl, and her eyes rested on our Blessed Lady and those glorious spirits accompanying the Blessed Sacrament in order to visit her, to console her, and to strengthen her, — her humility was unbounded, "Lord, I am not worthy;" but it was almost surpassed by her gratitude, her joyous thanksgiving for such a singular favor, and sweet, unspeakably sweet, was the consolation she felt, in receiving the Bread of Life from the hands of a saint, and in presence of the heavenly attendants.

What is most remarkable in this wonderful fact, is not simply that the Queen of heaven came down to earth to offer her homages to the Blessed Sacrament, she had granted the same favor to St. André Corsini while he was celebrating mass, neither was it, that by a miracle, she obtained the grace of Holy Viaticum for her devoted child, Blessed Dorothy of Prussia, had been similarly favored when she was dying; but without precedent was the fact that the Blessed Virgin walked a long distance, first to the Church, and then to the sick girl's home. She could have sent an angel as guide, or taken any other means to indicate where the sick girl lived, but no, she wished to show us by coming herself how much she loves and favors those who love and honor her.

Happy the soul that is faithful to Jesus, devoted to Mary. Blessed those who have the happiness of accompanying the Blessed Sacrament, whether carried solemnly in procession, or quietly in Viaticum. "It is a glorious privilege to follow the Lord."



## Why our Lord is given to us veiled in the Holy Sacrament

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

**B**ECAUSE the sense of man is at a loss in this mystery, and wonders when it seems to be something else, there is a fourfold reason for this veiling of our Lord : the unworthiness of the wicked ; the faith of the good ; moral instruction ; our weakness.

Our Lord must thus be veiled because of the unworthiness of the wicked ; as the sun, or indeed any light, must be veiled from a weak eye. In this the mercy of our Saviour deals most gently with them ; for if the wicked could see Him unveiled, and so received by the faithful, they would be scandalized by the very sight, and would perish wretchedly by a threefold destruction, namely : by horror in the heart ; by detraction in the lips ; by spiritual death in the soul.

When our Lord told the disciples of this mystery, many of them went back and walked no more with Him, because they turned away from the words that He spoke about His Flesh. St. Ambrose says, ' Perhaps you may say, How is it true blood ? for you do not see the likeness of flesh. Listen to the words of Christ. When they heard that He would give them His Flesh to eat they went back. Only Peter said, To whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Lest, therefore, more might be scandalized, and lest any one should shrink back from this food, and that, on the other hand, the glory of the Redeemer may be more seen, you receive this Sacrament

in a similitude, but you gain the glory and virtue of His true nature.

When the Jews murmured against Him and strove among themselves, their sin was detraction. For this also it is right that He should be veiled.

Once God smote many for looking on the ark ; but that ark signifies the Body of Christ. This Body must be veiled from the wicked, lest they should die spiritually for ever if they were to see it. In many works of God you should not be curious ; for it is not needful for you that your eyes should look on things that are hidden.

He is also veiled because of the faith of the good. This reason may be divided into three, which require Him to be thus veiled : the reality of faith ; the healing of unbelief ; the merit of faith.

The nature of faith requires that the Body of Christ should be hidden when it is given to us. Faith has to do with things that are not seen, and, as St. Augustin says, ' Faith is to believe what you do not see, or to trust words about a hidden thing which truly exists, though you cannot see it with your eyes. About the things that we see have knowledge, and not faith.'

The healing of unbelief requires this veiling of our Lord, in order that a fitting manner of satisfaction may answer the guilt of unbelief. The unbelief of our first parents began from listening to the words of the devil, when he was persuading them to take food that had in it veiled death. Then their senses took a false delight in his words. So it is fitting that the faith of those to whom salvation is offered should begin from the words of the Redeemer, leading them to take food that has in it veiled life. It is also fitting that only by the hearing, from among our senses, we should know truly what that food is. Thus faith comes from hearing, and our hearing by the words of Christ. If you were to say of the Blessed Sacrament, ' This is the substance of bread,' or, ' This is the substance of wine,' nothing could be more untrue ; but if you listen to the words of Jesus, ' This is My Blood,' nothing can be truer : you are listening to God, who cannot lie. Thus the faithful soul is not deceived. The hands are the hands of Esau ; we touch the accidents of bread and wine : but the voice is the voice of the true

Jacob, the prince of the Israel of God.

The veiling of the Incarnate Word is necessary for the merit of faith. St. Gregory says, ' Faith has no merit if human reason give us a convincing proof. Our Lord willed to give us His Body veiled, because it is great merit to trust His words rather than our own senses. They who have not seen, and yet have believed, are blessed.'

In this merit of faith there is a threefold fruit : the fulness of spiritual good ; abundance of earthly good ; overflowing of eternal good. The dew of Heaven in the blessing that Isaac gave Jacob is the grace of God ; the fatness of the earth is our daily bread, and all that God chooses to give us ; the abundance of corn and wine is joy in God's presence for evermore.

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### Jesus, Our True Friend.

There's naught on earth to rest on,  
 All things are changing here :  
 The smiles of joy we gaze on,  
 The friend we count most dear.

One friend alone is changeless.  
 The One too oft forgot,  
 Whose love hath stood for ages ;  
 Our Jesus changeth not.

E'en friendship's smiles avail not.  
 To cheer us here below,  
 For smiles are too deceitful,  
 They quickly ebb and flow.

One smile alone can gladden  
 Whate'er the pilgrim's lot ;  
 It is the smile of Jesus.  
 For Jesus changeth not.

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When we partake of the body and blood of the Lord, by eating His bread and drinking His chalice, we are taught to die to the world, to have our life hidden in Christ with God, and to crucify our flesh with its vices and concupiscences.

ST. FULGENTIUS.





## The Child and the Blessed Sacrament

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IF bells were silent," says Chateaubriand. "it is the voice of an angel or of a child that should summon the faithful to religious worship," which beautiful idea we find carried out in the case of the Blessed Sacrament during the Franco-Prussian War. The inhabitants of — hearing of the approach of a body of soldiers, and fearing for their church, gathered round it to defend it as best they could. The priest was absent, and no one daring to remove the Blessed Sacrament, a little child was brought to perform this sacred duty, the circumstances of which the following lines will show.

Thank God for all the good we know  
 Of sweet and generous deeds,  
 That, like celestial blossoms, grow  
 Among our earthly weeds.  
 Thank God for every tender thought  
 That faith and fervor feeds.

The sound of strife, like funeral knell,  
 Was heard anear and far ;  
 Nor pity's voice, nor prayers could quell  
 The demon of the war ;  
 Rage, terror, fury, urging on,  
 The devastating car.

And none with calm, determined air,  
 At duty's holiest call,  
 The faithful hearts assembled are,  
 One impulse quickening all,  
 To guard the hallow'd House of Prayer,  
 Till, man by man, they'd fall.

Fear-bound, they pause ! Is courage spent ?  
 Ah ! whence that sore dismay ?  
 'Tis for the Blessed Sacrament,  
 Who'll bear It safe away ?  
 The Priest on sacred duty is,  
 'Mid battle's dread array !

Comes inspiration, swift as thought,  
 To meet the anxious hour :  
 And lo ! a little child is brought,  
 Fair as an Eden flower ;  
 Into the mystic maze she's caught,  
 As 'twere with priestly power :

The clean of heart, the free from sin,  
 May such dread task assume !  
 The angels fold their pinions in,  
 To give her white hand room  
 Her baby fingers, while they search,  
 The tabernacle's gloom.

The Pyx beams light and gladness up  
 Into her wond'ring eyes !  
 As gold gleams in a lily's cup,  
 Within her hand it lies ;  
 No tenderer vision could enhance  
 The joys of Paradise.

A hush comes o'er the crowd, a hush,  
 How still the shadows seem !  
 They heed no more the onset's rush,  
 Nor the war fire's lurid gleam ;  
 They heed not these, but move along,  
 And move as if in dream.

The peril's past, the danger braved,  
 Faith strengthened, fervor warm'd,  
 The Blessed Sacrament is saved,  
 Their church, their homes, unharm'd.  
 The fearful foe is turned aside,  
 By unseen power disarmed.

When all that earthly power hath lent.  
 Into oblivion's roll'd,  
 When fame's fleet day is all but spent,  
 Its star burn'd dead and cold,  
 Of the Child and the Blessed Sacrament,  
 Will the tender tale be told.



## For Thee

By M. B. C.

THE Heart of Jesus waits for thee ;  
For thee His loving choice.  
And, while the Angels sweetest sing,  
He longs to hear thy voice.

For love of thee on Calv'ry's Cross  
He suffered, bled and died.  
Ah! canst thou, then, refuse His wish?  
He calls thee to His side!

Within the lonely church He dwells,  
A prisoner for thy sake.  
How seldom has He prayed—" Oh, give!"  
How often cried—" Oh, take!"

He fain would ease thy suffering heart.  
He fain would grant thee peace.  
Oh, tell thy anguish out to Him.  
And he will bid it cease.

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Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.—*Tennyson.*

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Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson.*

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" O to pray believingly! it does away with the necessity of faith, for at once we touch God, we feel Him, we lay hold of Him, His arm is wound round us with a pressure which, when we have once felt it, we can never mistake for anything else.—*Faber.*

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The more humble we are the more kindly we shall talk, the more kindly we talk the more humble we shall grow.—*Faber.*

## “ Behold the Mother ! ”

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY. PASSIONIST.

BEHOLD thy Mother !” Words He might have said  
 At Bethlehem, from the Crib ; for She was then  
 New Eve, and Mother of our Life : or when  
 He rose, the deathless first-fruits of the dead ;  
 Or forth to Bethany His lov'd ones led,  
 To watch the heavens receive Him out of ken.  
 But no : He chose this hour, and caused the pen  
 Of him who heard to write what we have read.  
 Yes, dearest Lord ! Our Mother was to be  
 By Thy gift doubly ours. And Thou didst wait  
 Till She had shared Thy Passion — seen Thee prove  
 Thy love for us, and proved Her own for Thee.  
 To last excess : then solemnly instate  
 The Queen of Mercy in Her realm of love.

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“ The practice of kind thoughts is our main help to that complete government of the tongue which we all so much covet and without which the apostle says that all our religion is vain ”—*Faber*.

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The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials.

—————

Sunshine broken in the rill,
 Though turned astray is sunshine still. — *Moore*.

—————

My burden every day is new.
 But every day my God is true. — *Anton Ulrich*.

—————

O bearer of hope unto land and sea.
 Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee.
 —*Mrs. Hemans*.

—————

The mathematician Euclid once had a bitter quarrel with his brother, who went to him and said : “ I am so angry with you that I shall die if I cannot be revenged.”—“ And I,” answered Euclid, “ am so sorrowful to hear you say that, that I believe I shall die if you will not forgive me.” So the brothers were once more reconciled

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“ Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.”—*Faber*.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION



Mary in the Temple, Mother and Model of Adorers



I. — Adoration

AFTER our Lord's Ascension into heaven the Blessed Virgin lived on earth for many years, twenty-four of which she passed in the Temple where Jesus had instituted the Blessed Eucharist, and consecrated His first tabernacle. Her time was occupied in honoring her Divine Son in His Eucharistic life, her days and the greater part of her nights in prayer at the foot of the tabernacle where abode her Jesus, her Son, and her God.

She worshipped, her hidden God, her annihilated Son, with most submissive faith, love penetrated the veil and lead her to the Feet of Jesus, which she venerated with most profound respect: His holy and sacred Hands which had consecrated and carried the Bread of Life, the sacred Lips which had uttered those adorable words "This is my Body. " This is my Blood." She adored His Heart so filled with love whence issued the Blessed Eucharist. Our Blessed Lady wished to abase herself before His annihilated majesty, in order to render Him due honor and worship. Mary's adoration was interior, intense, profound, the gift of herself, she gave herself to the loving service of the Eucharistic God, unreservedly, unconditionally: she neither lived for nor thought of self, her life's attraction, her first, her last, and only object of her love was the Blessed Eucharist, a continual flow of grace



and love was thus established between the heart of Jesus in the Sacred Host, and His Mother in adoration, two flames merging into one, God being worthily worshipped by his creature.

Dear Mother, with you we kneel to adore Jesus, with your profound respect, your fervor, your interior and exterior recollection : we adore your Son Jesus under the Eucharistic veil which hides His Sacred humanity ; we adore with you as if we saw and heard, because faith sees and hears and touches with more certitude than sense. " Hail O Body born of the Virgin Mary, and present for us in the Blessed Eucharist.

II. — Thanksgiving

To adoration of humble lively faith, to adoration of annihilation, Mary joined adoration of thanksgiving. After bowing down before the grandeur and majesty of Jesus hidden in the Eucharist, she raised her eyes and gazed on that " Thabor of Love," to contemplate its beauty and enjoy its infinite sweetness. Mary offered thanksgiving for His love in the gift of the Eucharist thanksgiving for this sovereign act of His infinite goodness. Her thanksgiving was perfect as was her realization of the gift.



How good Thou art, O my Son, she exclaimed, how could'st Thou love man to such an extent, giving him more than he can receive, loving him more than he can comprehend, inventing what his heart can never fully understand. For love of him Thou has't exhausted all Thy power and the treasures of Thy heart.

O Jesus, with our Blessed Lady, we offer thanksgiving to the powers of Thy Soul, to the members of Thy Body co-operating in the institution of the Eucharist. We offer thanksgiving with Thy Blessed Mother's heart and sentiments.

With what happiness and complacency Jesus must have received those homages of His Blessed Mother, the first offered to Him in His Sacrament of love.

Jesus would have instituted the Blessed Eucharist for His Mother alone, as her adoration, her thanksgiving were more precious in His sight, than the united homages of the angels and saints.

Jesus with Thy blessed Mother, we offer Thee thanksgiving, for all the love Thou dost shower on us in the Blessed Eucharist, united with hers our thanksgiving will



be meritorious and pleasing to Thee. "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*" Lord, my soul doth magnify Thee, for the gift surpassing all others, the gift of Thy love in the Blessed Eucharist.

III. - Reparation

Mary adored her Divine Son as a victim, perpetually immolated, on our altars, pleading for grace and mercy for all sinners through the merits of His mystic death.

Mary adored her Divine Son on this Calvary, where His love crucified Him anew, she offered Him to God for the salvation of sinners. His children: the sight of Jesus on the cross, with His bleeding wounds, renewed the martyrdom of her compassion. She contemplated her Son Jesus crucified, shedding His Blood in the midst of anguish sorrow and insults, abandoned by men, and by His Father, and dying in the sublime act of His love.

Mary adored her Son present on the altar by the words of consecration, and shed abundant tears of reparation, for sinners who were indifferent to this awful mystery of redemption, thereby rendering it unpropitious for themselves: tears of reparation for those who offended, who despised the Sacred Victim offered before their eyes and for their salvation.

Mary would have suffered a thousand deaths in reparation for those outrages, especially as those who offended, were her children, Jesus legacy to her when dying on the cross: poor mother, is not one Calvary enough! Why daily renew your sorrows! Why pierce your heart over and over again! Instead of spurning and rejecting the sinner, like the kindest of mothers, Mary assumes the burden of their crimes, expiates them by her sufferings, offering herself as a victim at the foot of the altar to obtain pardon and mercy for her guilty children

Jesus we kneel at Thy feet with our Blessed Lady to console Thee for the abandonment the indifference of man, we unite our unworthy reparation to the generosity of hers, for her sake, hearken to us, we beseech Thee. Mary, my mother, and mother of all adorers console Jesus for us, offer Him for us your heart-felt reparation, and all the tears you shed for the salvation of the world.

Practice. Assist at Mass in union with our Blessed Lady in reparation for those who neglect that obligation. Recite the *Stabat Mater*.

IV. — Prayer

Mary's life in the temple was a continual penance and prayer at the foot of the Tabernacle. In her zeal she embraced the wants of the faithful of all times and places, who should inherit and serve the Blessed Sacrament. She knew it was the Eternal Father's wish that the Blessed Eucharist should be known, loved and served by all, that the desire of the Heart of Jesus was to communicate to man. His gifts and graces through His sacrament of love : that the mission of the Holy Ghost was to extend and perfect in all hearts, the reign of our Lord Jesus-Christ, that the Church was only established to give Jesus to the world ; hence, all her desires, wishes and prayers were to make Him known in His sacrament of love, to devote herself. to sacrifice herself in compensation for our coldness and unresponsiveness.

Adorers share the Blessed Virgin's mission of prayer and loving sacrifice it is the most sublime of all missions, it is also the most holy, because in it, is contained the exercise of all others. It is the most necessary, for today, as of old the Church requires more devout souls than preachers, more mortified than eloquent men. Today more than ever people are required, who by their own immolation shall disarm God's anger irritated by the ever increasing crimes of the world. Souls are needed who by the fervor of their prayers, will reopen the treasures of grace, closed by the general indifference of man. True adorers are needed, that is to say, men full of zeal and of spirit of sacrifice. When they throng around their Divine Master, God will be praised and glorified, Jesus will be loved and served, and society will be regenerated, won over to Jesus-Christ. by the apostleship of Eucharistic prayer.

Practice. Pray for First Communicants, for those who catechize them.

Aspiration. O Jesus, through the intercession of Mary Immaculate, we beg of Thee. Thy Eucharistic reign.





The Sweetness of our Blessed Lady

THE tender care with which our Blessed Mother guards her devout clients is aptly illustrated by the two following legends taken from an old volume.

I. — How our Lady saved her servant's life

In that part of France which looks towards the west there is a tongue of earth running out into the ocean, and this tongue of earth with the surrounding country is known as Brittany. It is a good country, and the people who inhabit it are good.

But just here, where land and water separate, there are many rocks, towering on high and broken into fantastic forms, some resembling gigantic needles, others like enormous bones, and others again like the open blades of a huge scissors. Thousands of these rocks show themselves above the water, while other thousands lie hidden, treacherously, beneath the surface.

The sea is very deep at this place, and when a gale comes up, woe to the unfortunate vessel that is found on this coast, for once tossed on the cruel rocks by wind and wave, her fate is sealed.

Many a good ship and her cargo had been lost there, and many a precious life perished, when a pious man, known far and near as "Roger the good" looked about for means to prevent further disaster.

At last he found them. There on a high embankment where the danger was greatest, on account of the sharp pointed, rocks the sandy bar, the hidden reef, he erected a little church or chapel, which he dedicated to Our Lady, who is so justly called "Star of the Sea." "Besides" said Roger to himself "I will constitute myself the guardian

of this chapel, and build near by a little hut wherein I may live for the remainder of my days. Then when the tempests are let loose and danger threatens on the sea, I shall be on watch, and should I see a vessel in peril, I will clang the great bell in the chapel tower, and so call help to the poor sailors ; and save them from death."

When the chapel was finished and gathering clouds a foretold storm or when wind and water raged, threatening vessels to destruction, the good Roger, clad in a hermits robe, which he always wore, mounted to the chapel tower, and tolled the bell. Then would the fishermen, pilots, and other brave men hasten to the aid of those in peril. And many were there who were saved, and many were the costly gifts they offered at this coast side shrine.

One day, when the air was mild and balmy, and the sea seemed placid as the waters of a lake, the good Roger left his hermitage to cull some flowers for Our Lady's altar. Scarcely had he left the chapel, when three ruffians sprang upon him. " If you would not die at once " they cried, as they seized him, deliver up to us without delay the treasures of the chapel, with all the gold and silver it contains. " In no way frightened, the good Roger answered courageously," my good men and friends, that which you ask I cannot do, for the treasures of the chapel belong not to me but to God and our Blessed Lady, to whom the donors gave them, and it were better to die than to prove false to my trust. But again the rascals said : " Open the treasure-house at once if you would not die like a dog." At this lifting up his voice Roger cried out : Help thy servant, in his need, O blessed mother of God, and save thy belongings. Not heeding his cry, the miscreants seized the holy man, and dragging him towards the chapel, they drew their knives and threatened him with instant death if he did not comply with their demands.

Then happened a stupendous miracle. Suddenly, and without being touched by human hands, the chapel bell clanged loudly. Clearly, but with a sad and wailing tone, its notes were borne upon the still air.

The neighboring people, startled at the unwonted sound knowing no vessel could be in danger on such a day, and seized with a feeling of impending danger went

in all haste to the chapel, and when they reached the door found the good Roger in the hands of his would be murderers. To rescue him was but the work of a moment. The punishment of his assailants soon followed.

Thus was the good Roger, who for love of many, had saved so many of his fellows, saved through the intercession of that Blessed Virgin whose faithful servant he had proved himself, and so has the chapel bell rung this time not to bring aid to others, but for his own succor and deliverance.

II. -- How a sick man was comforted by our Lady

There was once a poor peasant who lived in a little mud cabin on the slope of a mountain, beside a forest of beautiful beech trees and stately firs. In the midst of this forest was a chapel dedicated to the assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The peasant was a pious man, a faithful servant of God, and a devoted child of Mary. His family, two sons and daughters, were equally pious, especially little John. He was a lovely child, of an amiable joyous disposition, with eyes of blue and hair of golden hue. Every morning this little fellow was accustomed to visit our Lady in the forest chapel, and even when he has late in rising he always found time for this devotion, and for his morning salutation: "I wish you a good day, blessed Mary, mother of God."

Just as he was when a child, so was he when he grew to man's estate, and he knew no relaxation, no rest, no zest for his day's work if he did not pay his visit to Our Lady to pray before her blessed image.

When John had grown old it happened one day that after a morning prayer of unusual fervor before the image in the chapel he was seized with a chill followed by profuse perspiration, so that the poor man was at one moment freezing and the next burning with fever. So John was very ill and took to bed, thinking he would die that day. He received the last Sacraments with great devotion and calmly awaited the end.

But God did not ordain it should come that morning; John lived out the day and the following night. On the morning of the next day he was sad and disappointed because in his weak state he was unable to make his

usual visit to our Blessed Lady in her chapel and in his grief he almost forgot his sickness.

But Our Lady did not forget to console him in a marvellous way. Suddenly, while John was grieving and thinking of the Blessed virgin, his room was flooded with a golden roseate light resembling the dawn of day, and in the centre of this light appeared an incomparably beautiful lady ; her face and form were those of the image in the forest chapel, but were more beautiful than we could imagine human creature to be.

Going up to the sick man's bed she took him by the hand and said " Do not grieve John, my faithful servant. For inasmuch as thou hast been true to me during thy life, and daily visited my chapel, so, by the grace and love of God, do I wish to be faithful to thee, and visit thee and with maternal care attend thee at the hour of thy death. Saying this our gracious Lady touched the sick man's fevered brow with her saintly hand and instantly a delicious sense of refreshment pervaded his whole system, and though unable to speak, his soul was filled with a holy and unutterable Joy.

After this the ever pure sweet and gracious Virgin Mary kissed John on his forehead and disappeared. The sick man's face took on the look of one beatified and when shortly after, his friends went to his bedside they found him dead. He had passed away when the gracious mother of God kissed him on the forehead, and the belief is that his gracious mistress carried his soul to heaven.

Beautiful, touching, edifying as these stories or legends may be, dear reader, whatever pleasure you may have experienced in reading them, they will have availed nothing if they convey no lesson. Imitate then, in the one case the example of the good Roger : Be compassionate and merciful to your fellow man, especially to the poor and needy. Not through any vanity or love of praise, but solely for love of our Blessed Lady. Thus you will find peace in life and in death, for the Mother of God will repay your love for her tenfold, and will aid and protect you in time of trouble and of danger.

In the other case imitate the example of the man John. Lift your heart to the Blessed Virgin as soon as you

awake, and every day say with love and fidelity a short prayer in her honor. If nothing more than a hail Mary. Then will death come to you calmly and peacefully ; the Blessed Mother will wait by your bedside, and bearing your soul in her loving arms will carry it before God, and recommend it to His Mercy.



MIRACLE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE GRAY PENITENTS

IT is well known that the godless sect of the Albigenses denied the Real Presence of the Redeemer in the Blessed Eucharist, and committed a thousand sacrilegious acts to show their contempt of the Most Holy Sacrament. Now after Louis VIII., King of France, had obtained a glorious victory over these heretics, he bethought himself to offer to the Saviour of the world public satisfaction in reparation of these sacrileges.

The 14th September 1226 was the day chosen to carry out this solemn act, in which he would cease to be king. The King bade adieu to his capital and his beloved family, whom he should never more behold ; and the city of Avignon, where he halted, saw with astonishment an affecting spectacle. Bishop Peter of Corbie bore the Most Holy Sacrament to a chapel which had been built in honour of the Holy Cross, and which stood outside the walls of the city of Avignon. In a garment of sackcloth, a rope round his loins, and with a taper in his hand, the King, accompanied by the Cardinal-Legate and his whole court, together with an innumerable company of people, awaited the arrival of the procession.

The Holy Sacrament was left in this chapel, and so long as this pious prince tarried at Avignon he brought daily to it some new token of fealty. So high and noble an example did not fail to be imitated, and the great con-

course of the people gave rise to a pious confraternity which is known by the name of the ' Gray Penitents, ' whose members to this very day wear a gray penitent's dress.

The Most Holy Sacrament remained in the chapel of the Holy Cross, but, after the custom of the time, it was veiled. On the day when it was carried there in



triumph, the crowd which hastened to the adoration was so great that it was necessary that the Blessed Sacrament should be exposed all night. Zeal could go no further, and since the chapel was filled with worshippers, the Bishop thought good that the Blessed Sacrament should remain exposed day and night ; a custom which was continued by his successors, and which received the approbation of the Holy See. Thus this chapel enjoyed the unexampled privilege of being chosen for the perpetual

adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. For two hundred years this pious custom continued in the chapel of the Gray Penitents. Then was it the good pleasure of God to make this His sanctuary yet more famous by renewing in it the miracle of the Jordan and of the Red Sea. Now the situation of Avignon is well known. Lying upon the Rhone, the district round this city is also watered by the Durance and by an arm of the Vaucluse. But this advantage has its dangers, and more than once the city has suffered from fearful inundations. In the year 1433, after heavy rains, the rivers overflowed their boundaries, and soon every quarter of the city was inundated. On the 29th November the water began to rise also in the chapel of the Gray Penitents, which was on the Sargue. The inundation during the course of the night became so considerable that the directors of the brethren, fearing that the water would rise to the stone niche where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, resolved, in order to avoid this calamity, that as soon as the smallest danger became apparent the Blessed Sacrament should be carried away elsewhere. They then rowed in a boat to the chapel, opened it, and beheld with astonishment that the waters stood right and left four feet high against the walls, but, parting in the middle, an alley was left open leading up to the altar. After the two witnesses had remained long in prayer they hastened to carry information thereof to the other brethren. Let us hear how the record, from which the following is an extract, speaks of it :

‘ Great was the miracle in this chapel when the water entered it in the year 2433. Very strong, on the morning of Monday, the 29th November, began the waters to rise. They pressed into the chapel as high as the super-altar. Under the altar were placed all paper and parchment books, clothes, towels, and reliquaries, none of which were the least damp, although on the following day, which was a Tuesday, the water had not ceased to rise. On the next day, Wednesday, the waters began to abate, so that on Thursday at Prime, when many people came to the church, all the water had passed away. ’

The waters abated on the 1st of December ; in crowds the people streamed into the chapel, and every one was witness that books, papers, napkins, and all else which

lay under the altar, were not wet.

Such a veritable and palpable miracle gave rise to great zeal amongst the faithful and the brethren. As an everlasting memorial of this occurrence the brethren determined in future years to keep a special feast on the 30th November with great solemnity. All the members communicate on this day, taking off their shoes in the antechapel, and so advancing on their knees to the holy table. In the year 1793 this chapel shared the fate of other churches during the French Revolution — it was destroyed. But at the close of that disastrous period it was rebuilt by a noble family. Some time after the Archbishop of Avignon renewed the privilege which it had possessed of being a chapel of Perpetual Adoration — which privilege it retains to the present day.

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O Jesus ! King most wonderful !  
 Thou Conqueror renowned !  
 Thou sweetness most ineffable !  
 In whom all Joys are found !  
 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
 Then truth begins to shine ;  
 Then earthly vanities depart ;  
 Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus, Light of all below !  
 Thou Fount of life and fire !  
 Surpassing all the Joys we know,  
 All that we can desire !  
 May every heart confess Thy name,  
 And ever Thee adore ;  
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame  
 To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues forever bless ;  
 Thee may we love alone ;  
 And ever in our lives express  
 The image of Thine own.

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The manner most pleasing to God for keeping ourselves in His holy presence is to enter into the heart of Jesus, and confide to Him all care of ourselves.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY.



— The Mother's Lesson —

Rev. George Bampffield.



HE Benediction was just over in the Church of Our Lady of Victories in Paris. The church was crowded — it was some fifty years ago — with men, but close to the door stood a young mother with her first-born son, her only-born as yet, in arms. She had been queen of that little treasure for now nearly three years, and how dear they were to each other it was clear to see. The little hand was stretched out for some holy water from that most sacred of sprinklers, a mother's hand, and then the Mother held up her child, so that he could see above the crowd towards the tabernacle. "Say good-night to Jesus, Michael," she said; and the little thing put its tiny hand to its lips and flung kiss after kiss towards its hidden Lord: "Good-night, Jesus; dear Jesus!" and then turning to the mother put its baby arms round her neck. He did not quite know, he seemed to say, why he loved the Friend in the Tabernacle, but he did love and loved much, and it was reason enough for him that his mother loved.

Surely those kisses flung up the church, though there is yet but the dawn of reason in the soul and on the face, were not the least lovely nor the least pleasing of the gifts that were being gathered into the open Heart within the Tabernacle.

The act struck me as, long years ago when I was as yet outside the Church of God. I stood and watched it, it was so full of faith, of the faith which saw the unseen Dweller in the Tabernacle, which looked into His Heart, with power to feel pleasure, like other hearts of men, at

a fellow man's "good-night," or a baby's innocent "ta-ta." The clothes of the boy were the common Sunday clothing of a mechanic's child, but for the soul, washed clean by baptism, the mother was weaving a dainty robe with more than human skill.

"Good-night! dear Lord." He is a boy now. Years have passed on and he has begun to learn that wrong can be done, even by hearts which think they love, and tonight he has been to his first confession, and he has gone back to his mother's side with a more serious look than the little dimpled cheeks mostly wear. They have stayed to Benediction, and before they pass through the door he is still not too old to turn and kiss the little hand towards the Tabernacle — "Good-night, dear Lord" — and then as he slides his hand into his mother's, "Mother, I'm so sorry for being naughty to you."

The mother's lesson is doing its work; the dainty robe she wove is still dainty; it was because Michael's soul was still so white, his eyes still so clear, that he could see spots at all. "Naughty!" The mother knew only a little saint whose lips were still fit to fling a kiss to God.

Kneeling a few years older now, in the early morning, and other boys about him, with his body robed to-day in such comeliest dress as her poverty and labor could provide, he is to receive for the first time within himself the Lord to whom he has so often kissed his hand, to whom he has so often said the "Good-night" of an adoring, loving brother. He has been preparing for months; he has known all his Christian Doctrine well; but it is not the priest nor the good Brother of the Christian Doctrine who has been his real teacher or his real preparer. They have been preparing him for months; his mother has been preparing him for years; it is that baby kiss flung up the church to a real living Person who shall receive the kiss; it is that "Good-night, dear Jesus," lisped as often as "Good-night, dear Mother;" it is that love of our Lord made part and parcel of his love for his mother; it is that near presence of our Lord, which has made the priest's and masters's teaching come so easy to him, as if they taught him only what he knew before. He had learned it at his mother's breast; he had lived the Truth and loved it before he knew how to think it, or put it

into words : for others may teach, a mother only can teach without teaching, give knowledge, as she gives life, the child not knowing. It had been to him, this Presence of our Lord, like the rising and setting of the sun, part of the every-day truth that had been about him always.

And now, on the day of his Communion, the mother's lesson is still doing its work. With full and entire surrender of self the youth flings his soul into the open wound of the Heart, as of old he flung his baby kisses up the church. He does not dream as yet that his heart could be given elsewhere, and warm with a new warmth was the "good-night, dear Lord," which he whispered as he bowed his forehead to the floor before he left the church on that happy night after his first Communion.

"Good-night, dear Lord, — perhaps the last," added the young soldier to himself, as he went slowly down the church of a small town on the coast of Africa after his confession. It was the evening before, all expected, his first battle. The mother's lesson still lived ; the soldier's heart was still true. As often as his soldier life would let him he paid an evening visit to his Lord, and still if the words were not spoken aloud, nor the kiss flung from the lips, the kiss was given, and the "Good-nigt," with as loyal a love as ever. "What am I to do, mother," he had asked, "on board of the ship, or under tent in the desert? I cannot go and say Good-night."

"Turn your thoughts towards the Tabernacle at home," she answered, "and bid your Guardian Angel to pay the visit for you. Our Lord can see and hear from afar, and He will see your heart turn and hear your words in your breast. He looks for them every night. And I will wish Him good-night for you as well as for myself, and a mother has a right to speak for her boy."

"You have a right to speak for me if ever mother had," he answers as he kisses her with grateful love ; "and Saint Michael too, he will go for me. I am glad you called me Michael, Mother ; he's the Angel of the Mass, isn't he?"

"Some good men have thought so, Michael."

And he loves the Tabernacle ; was it not he who cheered our Lord in His agony? — so the Brother taught

us one day in church. ”

“ Yes ; and he was captain of the first army that fought for God, and as you must go to the wars, Michael, you could have no better friend to help you. ” “ Then my Guardian Angel and St Michael shall carry my “ Good-night ” home into our church every night, Mother, when you are saying yours.

A wounded soldier sending his “ Good-nights ” home by his Guardian Angel as he had promised ; and yet perhaps, could we have seen as the Angel saw who bore them, not quick winged and silver-winged, those “ good-nights, ” as of yore. What made them heavier burdens for the Angel to bear ?

He had done bravely ; he had fought his first fight with a dash, an utter contempt for life, a skill moreover and a coolness, rarely seen even in the ranks of France. All tongues rang with his praises — praises wholly without jealousy, but mixed with sorrow, for he had been left for dead upon the battle-field. He woke up among a heap of dead and gave himself up for lost, and sent home from that terrible death-bed a loving “ Good-night, ” which he thought indeed to be his last. And the church of our Lady of Victories came back to him, with his mother’s lesson and the long-loved Tabernacle, the great happiness of childhood’s days ; and his thoughts were very full of all that makes man’s heart the grandest of gifts that can be given to God. Would it have been better if the search party that came out to look for others had not found him, and if he had died, still flinging pure kisses to the Tabernacle at home.

They bore him — so carefully, to the hospital, and they took care of him, and those noble Sisters of charity of course were there — where are they not ? — to nurse and watch and keep the flickering life from going out. And then, as he grew better, they praised him, and the praise entered into him, and the mother’s lesson began to lose its power, and the “ Good-nights ” flew with weight upon their wings. The wounds of the first battle had passed into his soul.

An officer who had risen from the ranks in high command, of far and wide fame for courage and skill in leading, still in the prime of life, but dying in part from

exposure in peril, but in part also from carelessness and luxury of life. A gallant soldier, a skilful chieftain, and no more. Climbing upwards in the world — this is his one thought. By and by to be a marshal of France, who knows? Is then the mother forgotten and her lesson lost? Nay : she has said the " Good-night " for him always : and he ! — he has kept a heart not altogether hardened for her : he has thought of their poor home, and sent somewhat of his wealth to cheer them, and now and again, weary of pleasure, weary even of glory, he has wandered back in thought to the church of Victories in Paris, and said over again the " Good-night " of his childhood. Those kisses flung up the Church still live to plead for him, perchance ; perchance, too, the mother is still praying this moment with that strong prayer which is prayed after many sufferings borne, many good works done.

He is dying : the days left him are few, but he may still go about a little, carefully tended and watched by no unloving eyes. To day he is cheered by an old friend from Europe who talks of family scenes still dear, and carries back his mind to home. They are passing the cathedral in Algiers, and his friend would go in, and the officer cannot choose but go with him. A Cathedral in which there are many worshippers, of many nations and strangely varied dresses different by form of face and color of skin ; but all bowed in the one worship at the Benediction and singing the one tongue.

It was a scene to touch the heart, to awaken devotion. It is over and the crowd is leaving the church, but the sick officer stays on. He has gone up near to the altar, he is prostrate on the floor, his head is bowed to the ground. His friend is anxious ; the sick man must not be out too late, nor too long. Still the officer lies there. Is he dead ? No, not dead, but alive again. It is the hour at which in those old days he has flung his kisses up the church by his mother's side. She this moment is saying " Good night " for him in the Church of Victories. The mother's lesson has burst, seedlike, through the hard soil. Up to the Tabernacle once more are going the repentant kisses, to the Sacred Heart once more the loving " Good night." The long bad dream is past and he is awake again, and

and before he leaves the church the priest has promised to call the next morning and hear the confession delayed for years.

“ Where am I, François? I thought I was home at Our Lady of Victories. Send for a priest, send quickly. I have not long to live. ” The thought of his babyhood and of his many “ Good-nights ” has been with him since he left the Cathedral, the memory of that First Communion and his whole offering of himself, the promise to his mother as he left her always to send home his “ Good-night ” to the Dweller in the Tabernacle. No : he must not wait till morning. Send for a priest ; what have I been doing ? — I have wasted my life on baubles.

And that night a true confession and a true communion, and for a few nights after the old “ Good-night ” of his childhood said with a hot heart of love, at the hour at which he used to kneel in Paris flinging his baby kisses up the church. A few days spent in patient suffering and in so leaving the riches that had come to him that the Dweller in the Tabernacle shall be honored, till the end of time, if so it may be, in Algiers, where he had strayed from the Tabernacle, and in Paris, where he had learned to love it. And then, after a few days, the last “ Good-night, ” spoken when the lips could scarcely speak — the baby lesson lisped painfully again — and a last kiss flung to the dear church at home when the lips could speak no more.

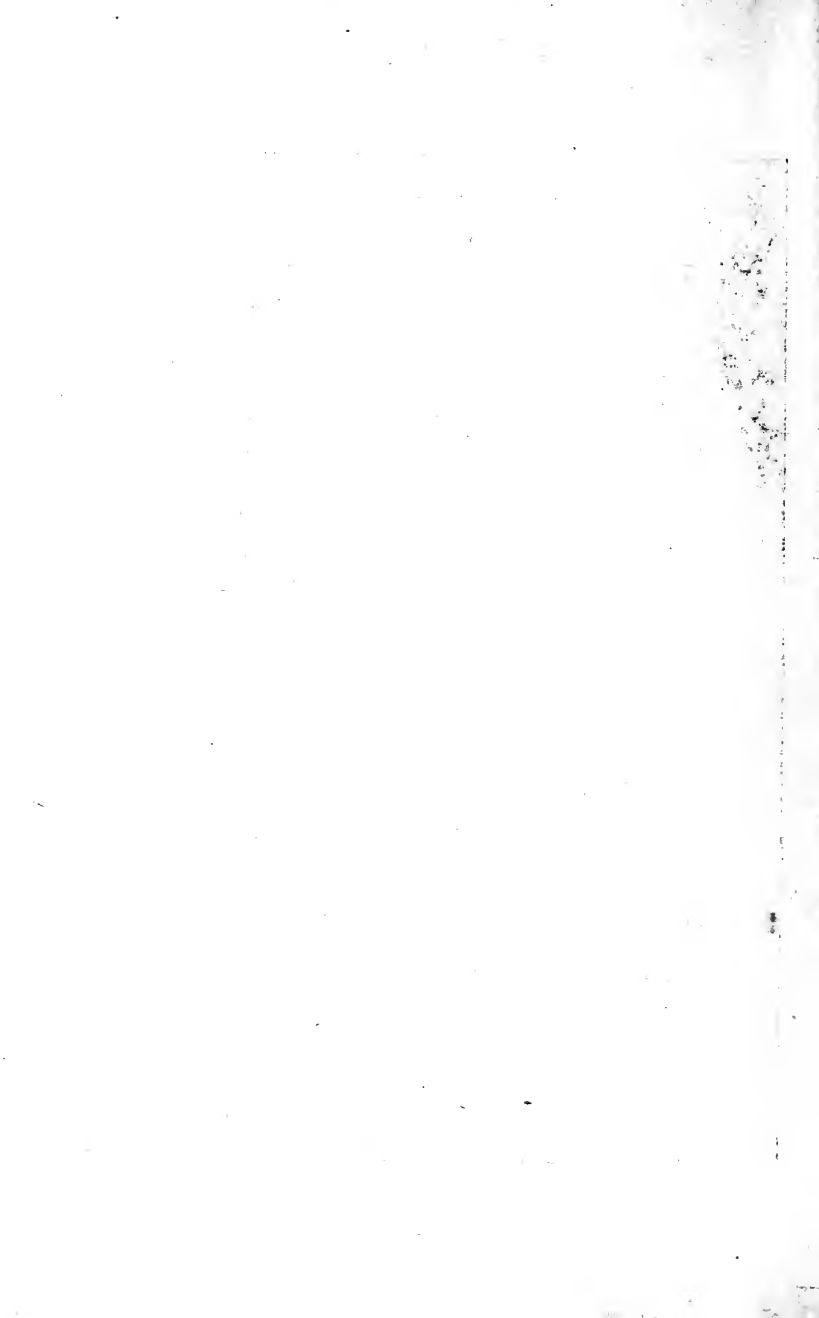
And the mother has triumphed — when do good mothers not triumph ? — and her lesson has outlived lesson of priest and teacher, and Our Lady of Victories has won still another victory, and the soul of the child, so early trained to love, has gone to offer repentant kisses which will not be refused to the very wounded Heart, no more in a Tabernacle, Itself.

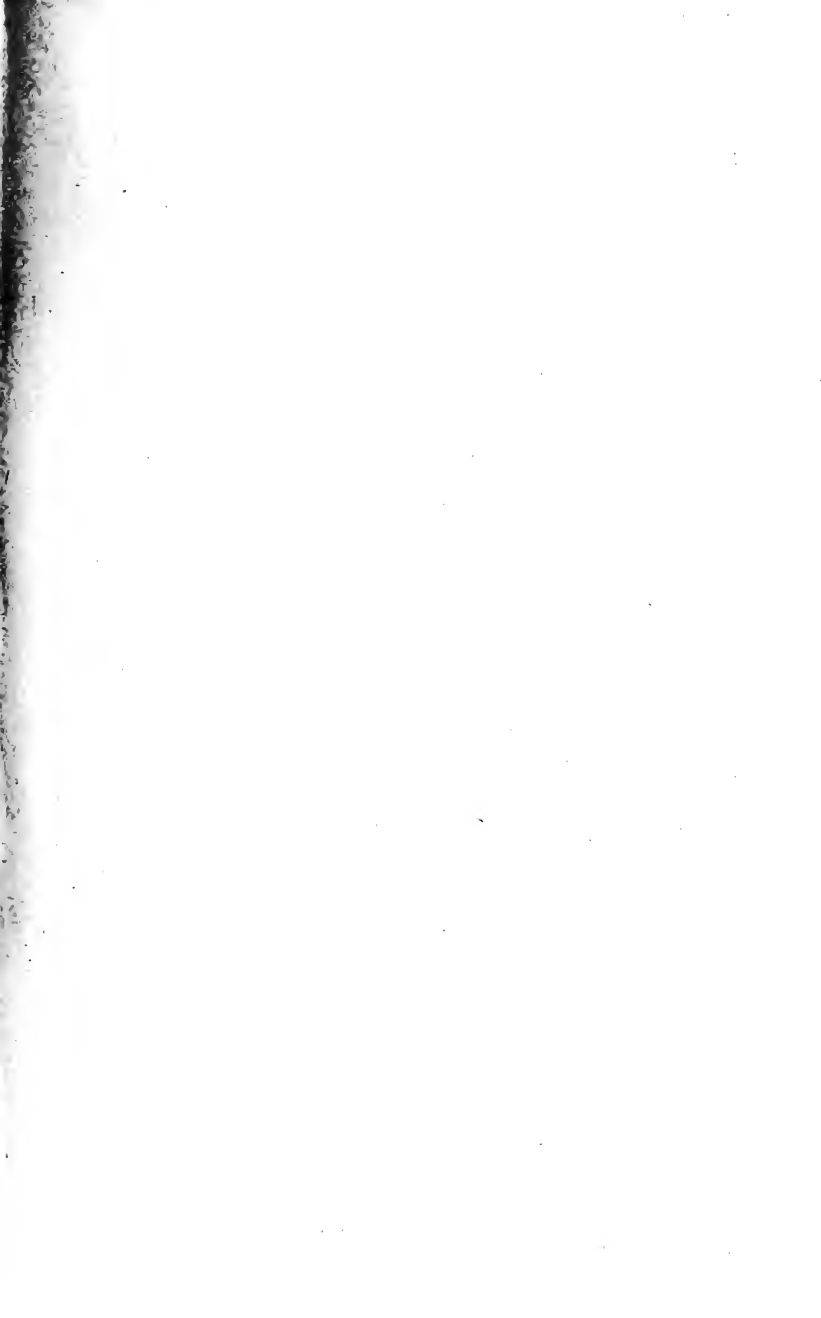
For a mother’s early lesson, strong with a mother’s love, can hardly die.

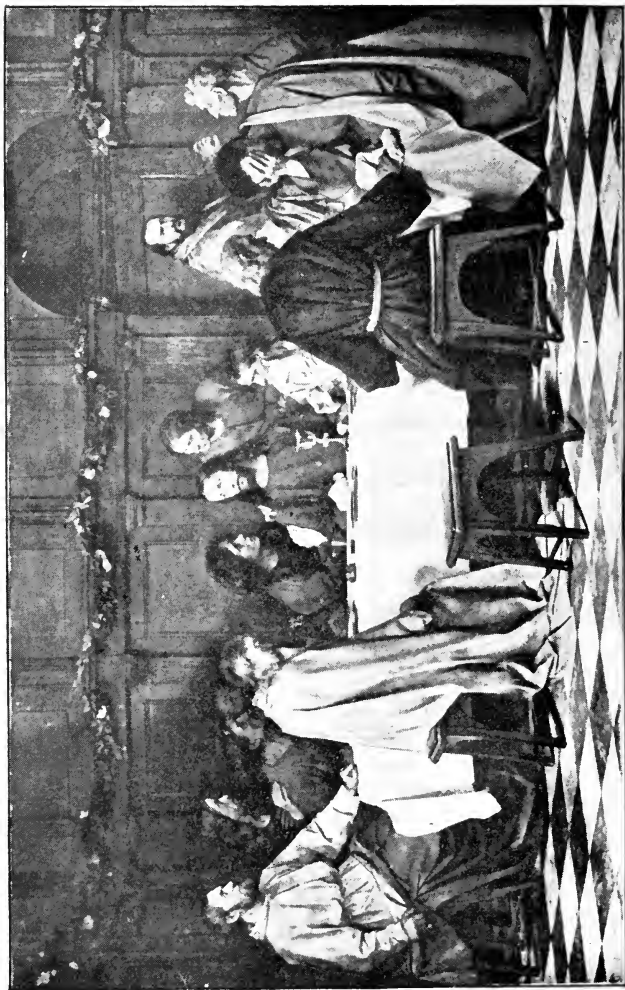




AVE MARIA







THE LAST SUPPER

After a painting by Gerbhardt.



The Tabernacle.

THANKSGIVING for the great gift of the Eucharist bestowed on man by Jesus-Christ, Reparation for the insults offered Him in this Sacrament, Adoration in order to compensate Him for the neglect He meets with in church, such is the threefold intention for which it pleased our Saviour Himself to cause the Feast of His Sacred Heart to be instituted. It is worthy of note, that He has promised to shed the abundant riches of His Heart on all those who shall render Him this threefold homage, not only on the very day of this feast, but also at any other time. And what must we do to deserve the fulfilment of this promise? We must visit Him in the Blessed Sacrament in the three above mentioned intentions.

What love and gratitude do we not owe to the Heart of Jesus, for having instituted this adorable Sacrament! Without this loving invention, how sad would be our exile! To whom should we have recourse in the trials with which life is filled? Where should we find a Heart loving enough to sympathise in the trials of all who have recourse to it, powerful enough to console all who implore its help? Jesus alone could say and has said: "Come to me, all you that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Now, that word that "good word out of the good treasure of His Heart." He is continually repeating from the depths of the Tabernacle. For this loving Heart, so worthy of our love, is there; It is there await-

ing inviting and welcoming all those who come to visit it. "My eyes and my heart shall be there always." O lovely promise, the accomplishment of which is to be found in the Sacrament of the altar where He is dwelling, awaiting us day and night ! Let us here recall that sorrowful moment, when the Redeemer made his last farewell to His disciples before going to His death. They were weeping at the thought of being separated from this beloved Master ; but Jesus comforted them with these words equally addressed to all the faithful : " My children, I am about to die, to testify the love I bear you ; but, even in dying, I will not leave you alone ; so long as you shall be on earth, I will remain there with you : In the Eucharist I leave you my body, my soul, my Divinity, and that Heart which has so loved you."

The Heart of Jesus then is there ; but for how long ? Ah ! it is the Heart of a faithful friend ; it is there day and night, and will be there till the end of the world. But, oh divine Heart ! of what avail remaining in our churches during the nights, since the doors are closed and Thou art left alone ? It would surely suffice to remain there by day. — " No," He replies, " I wish to remain there during the night also, always waiting, so that, in the morning, whoever seeks me shall find me at once and without waiting." The sacred spouse went about seeking her Well-Beloved everywhere and asking of all whom she met whether they had not seen Him. " Show me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou liest." At that time, that is to say, before the birth of our Saviour, the spouse sought in vain, she could not find her Well-Beloved because there was not yet any Blessed Sacrament ; but now, so soon as a soul desires to find Jesus-Christ, she has but to repair to some church and there she will find Him awaiting her, his Heart on fire and desirous of seeing her come to Him. He is there. But what is keeping Him with us ? What is imprisoning Him ? It is the love He bears us. For love, says St. Augustin, is a golden chain. St. Peter of Alcantara, in an ecstasy at the thought of this ineffable love, says : " No tongue can utter the greatness of the love which Jesus-Christ bears to each soul in state of grace ; this is why this tender Lover, on leaving the earth, could not bear

that His absence should cause Him to be forgotten by His beloved spouse, and He left her, as a remembrance, that divine Sacrament in which He resides Himself. This good Saviour then would not have the remembrance of Him kept alive in the heart of His spouse by any other token than Himself." The Heart of Jesus then is our Captive, as St. Theresa calls it, the Tabernacle is its prison, and its love is the chain which binds it there.

ST. ALPHONSUS.



— MASS —

To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend masses for ever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words — it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends ; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are the instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning " What thou doest, do quickly. " Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another ; quickly they pass ; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words

of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord, as He passed by, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore." So we all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, "waiting for the moving of the water," each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation ; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guarded by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners, but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and scope of it.

Cardinal NEWMAN.



From sinful wanderings I return :
 No more, no more, from Thee to roam ;
 Thy contrite child ; ah ! do not spurn
 Sweet Jesus, take the wanderer home.
 Pure, meek and humble let me be,
 And guileless as the simple dove ;
 Thyself in others let me see,
 For Thee both friends and foes I'll love.



Examine and see if, after having eaten this divine food, your heart is more detached from all that is not God ; if the life He has produced in you has penetrated to the exterior — your senses, habits, words, and works.

CAULER.



THE HERETIC'S OAK

THERE is a pious tradition, that during the Flight into Egypt of, Mary and Joseph, the trees bent their branches to the ground, in adoration of the Divine Infant.

A similar prodigy is related to have taken place, many, many years after, in order to confirm the doctrine of the Real Presence.

A Capuchin Monk, brother Pacifique de Saint Gervais, a renowned preacher performed wonderful deeds of conversion in the city of Orleans. The virtues and talents of this pious man attracted the attention of a famous heretic, a follower of Calvin, who resolved to visit Brother Pacifique and engage him in a religious controversy on the Sacraments especially on the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

The Calvinist denied that Jesus Christ was really and substantially present in the Eucharist contending that the words, *Hoc est corpus meum*. "This is my Body," should be taken in a figurative and not in a literal sense. The holy monk produced strong and forcible reasons, backed by clear and precise texts from the Bible to prove the contrary.

The heretic unable to continue the argument in a straight forward manner had recourse to base subterfuge and abuse. He accused the good monk of trying to prove his thesis by sophistry and contested that all these subtile proofs would never convince him that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ were contained in the Eucharist under the appearance of bread and wine.

I must have some visible sign, he said to the monk "before I can believe." now with all your brilliant rea-

soning you cannot show me the top most branches of that oak, — pointing to a tall tree at the end of the garden, — touching the earth with out breaking or that Jesus Christ is present in Eucharist. Both are impossible.

The monk was not disconcerted. “ It is a miracle you desire ” he said “ now if at the voice of the priest you



saw that majestic oak bow its head would you then believe that at the word of that same unworthy priest and by the grace of God, the Saviour descends, from Heaven unto our altars.”

The heretic only laughed thinking the priest's proposition simply a vain boast he fearlessly promised and swore he would believe.

Hearing these words, the holy monk went, down on his knees and with joined hands and eyes raised to God, he begged the Divine mediator to help him in this holy action which would be for the glory of God and the conversion of souls. Then rising full of confidence in Heaven's help and in the name of the Jesus of the Eucharist, he commanded the oak to prove the truth of the great mystery of the Real Presence by bending its high branches to the ground. For prayed the pious monk such is the will of God that at the words of an unworthy priest, like myself, He the great God conceals Himself under the appearance of bread and wine *Obediente Deo voci homine*. Then behold, oh! wonder of wonders! the old Oak as though it had ears to hear the order of the monk bowed its high branches down until they swept the earth. At the sight of such a prodigy the heretic was completely overcome making the sign of the cross, he openly confessed the error of his ways, renounced his false doctrines, and professed his faith in the presence of our Lord in the Eucharist. His example was followed by many other heretics who abjured their heresies and adored the Jesus of the Tabernacle.

IT is in prayer to the Blessed Sacrament that the soul finds the strength to resist evil, that it gathers inspiration and the assistance necessary to do good; in a word, the food and sustenance of the spiritual life.—*Cardinal Alimonda*.

O Food of life! Thou who dost give
 The pledge of immortality!
 I live; — no, 'tis not I that live;
 God gives me life; God lives in me.
 He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
 And every grief with joy repays.

O King of angels! Who can tell Thy worth? The angels round Thy tabernacle know how far too short eternity will prove to exhaust the hymns that should numerate the wonders of Thy Sacrament of Love!



Welcome of the Divine Guest.

By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,

In a rare old Irish story,
I have read with tear and smile,
Of a scene in a little chapel
In Erin's far-off isle ;

A little rustic chapel
In a wild yet fair retreat,
Where the hardy sons of the mountains
On hallowed mornings meet.

The priest at the lighted altar
Is reading the blessed Mass ;
And the place is thronged from the chancel,
Clear out to the churchyard grass ;

All kneeling, hush'd, and expectant,
Biding their chosen time,
'Till the bell of the Consecration
Rings forth its solemn chime ;

When lo ! as the Host is lifted,
The Chalice raised on high,
Subdued, yet clear, the people
Send forth one rapturous cry ;

I H S

“ Welcome ! A thousand welcomes ! ”
(While many a tear-drop starts ;)
“ Welcome ! Cead mille faithe !
White love of all our hearts ! ”

Oh the passionate warmth of that whisper !
Oh, the grace of that greeting song !
On the tide of its glowing fervour,
All hearts are borne along !

And the blaze of the Son of Justice
Lights up that dim old spot,
And kindles in every spirit
A flame that dieth not !

Ah ! friends in our stately churches,
When we gaze on the gorgeous shrine
Where the Sacred Host reposes,
Like a great white Pearl divine —

Let the voice of our faith find utt'rance
In a greeting free from guile ;
Let us cry with our Irish brothers
In Erin's far-off isle ;

“ Welcome ; a thousand welcomes ! ”
(What bliss that prayer imparts !)
“ Welcome ! Cead mille faithe !
White love of all our hearts ! ”



I H S



Two Communion at the Hour of Death



His grace Bishop Gerbert who has written so clearly and feelingly on the Eucharistic dogma, has left us a touching souvenir of one of the most beautiful scenes which Christianity has ever produced ; the last communion of Albert de la Ferronays, and the First Communion of his wife Alexandrine.

The union of these two hearts reads like a truly christian idyl. Louise Veillot calls it a romance fashioned by God, Himself, and which He alone could fashion. Alexandrine's father was a Swede, her mother a Russian, thus she inherited the poetic grace, the mystic exaltation of the Sclavonian race. At Naples she met and formed a warm loyal friendship with the sisters of Albert de la Ferronays ; two wonderfully gifted girls, one of whom Pauline, became famous as Madam Craven ; the other, Eugénie, the mother of the illustrious Count de Mun.

Through the sisters she became acquainted with their brother. Who would not admire, says Pauline, the touching story of the mutual love of Alexandrine and Albert, of that friendship which changes its nature, of that fraternity which no longer suffices, of that expression, I love you, uttered one beautiful Midsummer's eve on the terrace at Naples, in view of the beautiful bay, with its azure surface, smooth as glass ; under a brilliant star-lit sky, and flower perfumed air. Amid such ideal surroundings to love each other — to love each other, — and at

the same time to speak of God cried Alexandrine ; she might have added to be so tenderly loved by all that the Mother made no difference between her and her own children ; and the children doubted if she had not always been of their family, so great was their affection and love for her.

What a rare combination of intelligence, poetry, virtue, charm, and beauty in that family circle ; in one of those happy evenings Eugenie exclaimed — O but life is beautiful ! — What then must Heaven be ! -- Death is best of all since it opens the way to heaven.

This ideal happiness could not last. Alexandrine was a protestant, and Albert her husband on their nuptial morning had prayed “ My God, I offer Thee my life for her conversion ; ” she in her Lutheran idiom had said, “ My God, I give you the sacrifice of my happiness in this world to obtain light concerning the true religion.

Our Lord could not fail to hear and answer such unselfish and noble petitions. Ten days after their wedding the wife perceived blood on her husband’s handkerchief. God had accepted his sacrifice. Two months after she entered the Catholic Church, having made her confession and abjuration of heresy to the Abbey Gerbert.

Alas ! in the midst of these supernatural joys, the husband declined rapidly, he grew weaker daily, his eyes gradually losing thier brilliancy, his life slowly wasting away. He eagerly desired the supreme happiness of receiving Holy Communion with his wife ; but he was on his death-bed, unable to go to Church. Abbey Gerbert had a heavenly inspiration, he erected an altar opposite the dying man’s bed, decked with the souvenirs of their wedding, at midnight he offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and gave the husband and wife the same Host divided in two. Let him describe the touching scene himself.

It was a holy and consoling thing desired by angels and men, that those two souls should receive their communion, or, rather-that this communion, single yet united should be received, in the same place, at the same hour, side by side, as on the eve of a journey which separates we partake of a common family repast.

It was just to him who had given his life to obtain faith for his wife, it was just he should see with his last

look the God of the Eucharist take possession that he might say, Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace since my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which is neither hers nor mine, but ours, O my God.

The sick man could not go to the Church to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, the sacrifice comes to him, and by a merciful dispensation, his funeral chamber is transformed into a sanctuary.

Before the bed on which the dying man lay, was an altar, surmounted by a crucifix where the mystery of Christ dying was to be renewed. Flowers and ornaments decorated, as a first-communion day is always a feast day. The laces attached to the altar-cloth recalled another day, they had been used in another ceremony, and then carefully laid away, to-day they reappeared as if to tell us the joys of this world are of very frail tissue, and our brightest hopes easily shattered.

Suddenly, the room until then dark was brilliantly lighted by the altar candles, as dark death is illuminated for the just, by the rays which God has reserved for his last moments.

It is midnight and the Holy Sacrifice begins...

All the family assisted and with them a friend faithful in all sorrows. To describe the emotions of those present would be impossible, I will not attempt it, even they, themselves, could not utter what passed in their hearts in that solemn hour.

Like lightning flashing from pole to pole, like a day when the sky is half bright half dark ; thus was it with sentiment and prayer struggling for mastery in those grief-stricken hearts ; — from the most spiritual to the most heart-rending thoughts — *Fiat*, with almost a longing “ that this chalice might pass away ; ” generous surrender of the precious life, yet tasting the full bitterness of the awful sacrifice ; Gethsemane. Yes, but the Angel of Gethsemane, in his tender pity, came close to each sorrowing heart, imparting strength to utter “ Thy will not mine, ” and courage to leave the dear life safe in His Master’s keeping, convinced God’s care is more than the dearest earthly solicitude, God’s happiness far outweighs the dearest earthly happiness.

All contrasts were united and represented in that sacred


room. The decorated altar which seemed like a waiting bier, the flowers typifying after death, eternal spring-time, the nurse with her dark robes ; the white garments of the First Communicant, the spouse of God, so soon to be exchanged for mourning, the first and last Communion, together ; the tears and thanksgiving in each heart ; the Sacred Host divided for the husband and wife, double viaticum, viaticum of death for him, viaticum of sorrow for her. All the family in profound silence save for the mournful sobbing which could not be repressed — truly, the shadow of death enveloped all, only the dying man his head slightly raised on his pillows dominated calm and serene, all those heads bowed in grief.

No, I cannot describe all I felt and saw.

I have read learned meditations on the future world, I have interrogated wise men on the secrets of death ; but the lights which I received were very obscure compared to the revelations which flooded my soul that solemn and holy night. Never have I felt so vividly on this side of the tomb, what must be beyond ; never did the veil which separates the two worlds seem so transparent, never had I the same intuition of our immortality. " Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord. "



THE SON OF MAN


 ALSO have a heart as well as you." Our Lord does quite simply what some of us are too proud to do. He owns to the yearning felt by every human heart for the sympathy of mankind. He speaks plainly of His desire to share His joys and sorrows with His friends, and is at no pains to conceal His need of their support, His gratitude for their devotedness, His distress at their unfaithfulness and desertion. " Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me may be with Me : that they may see My glory." " You are they who have con-

tinued with Me in My temptations." " My soul is sorrowful even unto death : stay you here, and watch with Me.... Could you not watch one hour with Me ? " " The hour cometh... that you shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone. "

He comes to a weak woman for her compassion and her help. He asks her to spread abroad among His friends the words in which He unburdened His heart to her, and beg them to come and bear Him company in His life of solitude and neglect. To each one of us He says from the tabernacle : " Stay you here, and watch with Me... Could you not watch one hour with Me ? " Or if not one hour, one quarter ?

Stay with Me because I am going to offer My morning sacrifice, and men are too busy to assist at the oblation of Myself for them.

Stay with Me for a few moments at midday, when the glare of the world and its rush and its din are fiercest. Turn off the crowded pavement into the quiet church. " Come apart... and rest a little. "

Stay with Me because it is towards evening and the day is now far spent. There will be no more visitors for Me to-day, none through the long hours of the night. Stay with Me because it is towards evening.

O Lover of men, so lonely, so forsaken, if Your object in staying with us day and night was to win our love, have You not failed ? Has it been worth Your while to work miracle after miracle to produce Your Real Presence upon the altar ? Have I made it worth Your while to be there *for me* ? Jesus, dear Jesus, I bury my face in my hands ; I know of no heart more ungrateful, more callous than my own. I have been miserably unmindful of Your Presence here *for me*. I have let self, pleasure, troubles even — anything and everything furnish an excuse for keeping away from You and neglecting. You in that sacramental life which is lived here *for me*.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

First Quarter of an Hour.

Five Minutes. — Place yourself in the presence of Jesus. He is your God, all-powerful and all-loving; and on the Altar He demands of you adoration, respect, love. Is not this just. O Lord Jesus-Christ, Son of God and Son of Mary, Thou art here! I believe it; I know it by the delightful sweetness that fills my heart; but even did I feel nothing—even didst Thou hide Thyself from my soul, as Thou now hidest Thyself from my sight, — still, would I believe because Thou hast said Thou art here, and Thou canst not deceive. O my God, I adore Thee! I prostrate myself before Thee in sentiments of the most profound reverence. Recite the Lord's prayer, and *Hail Mary* in a spirit of adoration.

Five Minutes. — Consider your happiness in being admitted thus to the presence of Jesus-Christ. How many pious invalids are, at this moment, sighing to be near Him, but are unable to come hither. How many obliged to toil unceasingly for others, long for the happiness you now enjoy. Oh! thank Jesus fervently for the privilege He has granted you. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* in a spirit of gratitude.

Five Minutes. — Consider the boundless liberality of Jesus, who opens to you now the infinite treasures of His Divine Heart. You are poor — come and enrich yourself. You are sick — come and be cured. You are troubled and anxious — come and find peace. You are trembling and guilty — come and be forgiven. Oh, how happy I am, my God, how happy I am! I come to spend one hour with Thee, and Thou canst send me hence a saint. My heart is ready, O Jesus! Come and dwell therein and fill it with Thy grace. Mary, Mother! help me to preserve the precious treasures I am now receiving. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to obtain confidence and fervor.

Second Quarter of an Hour.

Five Minutes. — Speak to Jesus in the Tabernacle. compassionate His sufferings. Listen to what He says to Thee : — I suffer for Thee, my child. Thy sins deserve punishment, and that punishment I have taken upon Me. If thou art happy in the possession of health, of loving parents, of many other blessings, it is to me thou owest it all.

What do I suffer? The neglect of those who never visit Me, or grow quickly weary of praying to Me ; the insults of others who deny me before men ; the blasphemies of others who are leagued with my enemies against me. O dear child, console Me ! Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* with the desire to console Jesus.

Five Minutes. — The best means of consoling Jesus is to become holy and pleasing to Him. Tell Him that you desire this sincerely. Yes, my Jesus, I desire, from this moment, to be entirely thine. The days of my past life have only served to increase my faults, strengthen my evil habits and leave Thee suffering and sorrowful. But now, I wish to please Thee. My God, inspire me what to do. O Mary, help me to amend my life. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for this intention.

Five Minutes. — Consider seriously in the presence of Jesus-Christ what means you must adopt in order to amend your life — to become a saint. Is it to avoid the occasions of sin? To practise greater recollection? To receive the Sacraments more frequently and more devoutly? To sacrifice, for the love of God, something very dear to you? Tell Him that you resolve firmly to refuse Him nothing. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to beg the protection of Mary, and strength to put your resolutions in practice.

Third Quarter of an Hour.

Five Minutes. — Listen to Jesus : My child, since Thou wishest to console me, to amend thy life, to become a saint, begin today by accepting, in expiation of thy sins and in reparation for the outrages committed against Me, all the trials I shall send thee. If they seem hard to bear

OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

say with Me. "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me," but always add, "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done; " then submit, adoring and blessing My Divine Will." Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* in a spirit of conformity to the will of God.

Five Minutes. — Listen again to Jesus: My child, if Thou wishest to expiate thy sins and to repair the outrages committed against Me; thou must become animated with a lively faith and a profound reverence towards Me in My Eucharistic dwelling. Everything around the Altar speaks of this.

The lamp, whose gentle light is never extinguished, tells thee that I am here and that I see thee.

The Sanctuary, enclosed and silent, reminds thee of My sanctity and My union with God.

The Tabernacle, reveals to thee My love for a life hidden and unknown.

The Spotless Cleanliness of the Sacred Vessels shows thee the purity I look for in they soul. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to obtaiu the spirit of faith.

Five Minutes. — Listen once more to Jesus: Since thou wishest to expiate thy sins and to make reparation for the outrages committed against Me, try to gain souls for Me. There are at this moment, souls, beloved souls, blaspheming, dying, and about to be buried in hell. My child, my child, thou canst detain them still on earth, thou canst obtain for them one grace more, and thus win them back to Me. Pray, suffer, expiate, ask pardon for them. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for souls at the point of death.

Fourth Quarter of an Hour.

Five Minutes. — My God, I sincerely desire to do all that Thou askest of me. Prostrate at Thy feet, permit me to tell Thee of my loving resolve to serve Thee faithfully for the rest of my life. In Thy presence, I will now renew with true sincerity, the promises made for me at baptism: "I renounce the devil with all his works, the world with all its pomps, the flesh with all its inordinate desires. Never suffer me to be separated from Thee!" Repeat this protestation several times, and then

recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to obtain strength to keep your good resolutions.

Five Minutes. — My God, there are two graces which I beg of Thee to give me, in order that I may keep my good resolutions. The first is a great devotion to Holy Communion. Grant that I may love Thee like St. Theresa, who, to receive Thee in Holy Communion, braved storms and dangers, saying to those who desired her to be more careful of her health: "Let me, let me go to Holy Communion! I cannot live without my Jesus!"

That I may love Thee like St. Francis of Sales, who could tell by the beating of his heart when the Tabernacle was opened.

That I may love Thee like that holy child, who, overflowing with joy on the eve of Holy Communion, replied to those who questioned her: "To-morrow, to-morrow, I am to receive my God."

That I may love Thee like that other holy child, whose whole life was spent in preparation for, and in thanksgiving after Holy Communion: "This act of self-denial," she would say, "is to adorn the dwelling of Jesus; this duty well-performed, to diffuse a sweet perfume therein; this time of silence, sacredly kept, to decorate it with flowers; these acts of charity are to thank Him for coming to me, and to console His Sacred Heart so often wounded in this Sacrament of His love." Happy child, who lived but for Jesus, and who now reaps the reward of her fervor! Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to obtain devotion to the Holy Eucharist.

Five Minutes. — The second grace I beg of Thee, O My God, is devotion to the Blessed Virgin-Mary and the Eucharistie cannot be separated; we cannot love the Eucharist without loving Mary, the Mother of Jesus; we cannot be devout to Mary without feeling drawn to frequent Communion. O Jesus! grant that I may love Thy holy Mother as Thou didst love her.

O Jesus! grant that I may please Thy holy Mother as Thou didst please her.

O Jesus! grant that I may be docile to her words, her commands, her desires, even as Thou wert Thyself. She is my Mother, O my Jesus, as well as Thine, for Thou

gavest her to me. Oh say to her, once more, ere I leave Thy holy presence, what Thon saidst to her on Calvary, "Mother, behold thy child!" Recite an Our Father and Hail Mary to thank the Blessd Virgin for having adopted you as her child. Recommend to Our Lord Jesus-Christ the Church, our Holy Father the Pope, your parents, relations and friends, and your own particular intentions. Beg our Lord's blessing, and withdraw in silence and recollection.



OUR Lord knew that He was speaking to a burden-bearing world when he bade the "heavy-laden" come unto Him. He saw and understood how heavy and grievous are the burdens which crush hope out of humanity, and He was very tender and compassionate.

Sin is folly and makes burdens; everybody knows that; but it is equally true that everybody sins. It is, therefore, no consolation to any one to know that all his neighbors are burden-bearers like himself. There is supposed to be truth in the adage, "misery loves company;" but, if misery does love company, it is because of the sympathy it craves. Sympathy is inexpressibly sweet to the soul bowed down. It is because of the infinite sympathy of Jesus for suffering and sorrowing man that the world opens its heart to hear of Him, and weeps at the sad sweet story of His life. He knew how to sympathize with the burdenbearing, because He Himself bore burdens. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," "in all points tempted like as we are," He was not as one who cannot be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

This loving, feeling, sympathizing Christ did not offer to take all our burdens away. He did not abolish labor or disease or death, which bring troubles and sorrows, and disappointments and sufferings; He did not even banish sin, the source of all our woes, from the world. But He showed us how to lighten our burdens and how to bear them.



The Mass of Deliverance



HAT horrible preparations, sister, " said in a low voice, a young girl, closely bound to a strong thick tree, addressing her sister tied in a similar manner to the dried stump of an oak dying from old age in a North American forest.

" Like you, my heart is, full of fear I am suffering awful agony, " answered the other captive.

They were two young Indian maidens, daughters of the great chief of the Sioux, who had been taken prisoners by the Hawks. — " How our parents loved us " whispered the first speaker. " How great will be their grief. They know only too well the fate that befalls the prisoners of these cruel Hawks. What would have been their feelings, could they have heard the cries of joy and the abominable menaces with which they received and welcomed us last night. Alas ! Alas ! Sister, let us raise our hearts to that good and kind Jesus of whom the black-robed man told us. May He give us strength to meet the terrible death that awaits us to-morrow. "

Then the young captives wept as if their hearts would break the slightest sound made them shudder with terror and with sad strained eyes they watch the eastern skies for the first glimmer of dawn, the dawn of the day that was to witness their doom.

The women of the tribe after, working until late, attending to the preparations for the horrible feast of the morrow, had retired to rest ; leaving near their victims, the jars that were to receive their blood the sweet smelling herbs chopped ready, and the wood placed for the fire. Two warriors had been named to guard their pri-

soners. But they, feeling certain that the captives could not escape, had laid down near them and fallen asleep.

That same night the old Sioux Chief whose daughters had been taken captive, visited the encampment of another tribe allied to his. That tribe was being christianized by a holy missionary, Father de Smet. The Sioux Chief and his companions asked to be shown to the hut of this holy man.

"What is the matter my children, what has brought you hither?" asked Father de Smet.

"Father, my two daughters, whom you not long ago baptized have fallen into the hands of our ruthless enemies, the Hawks. The Great Spirit, whom you adore, is all-powerful. If you would speak to Him I am sure that He would save my children."

"Yes, He is all-powerful. But neither you nor your warriors have recognized Him as your God, although it is true that your wife and your daughters have been baptized. The God I adore is the only true God. He condemns hatred, murder and theft. It was hatred and a desire for pillage that made you attack the Hawks. You wanted to kill their warriors and they stole your daughters. Your punishment is just. You may reproach yourself for the misfortune that has befallen you."

"Father I know it is through my fault and I beg pardon of the spirit of the black-robed one. Ask Him to give me back my children and I promise you I will be baptized, I and all my warriors."

"Chief, I believe your words are sincere. In a moment I celebrate mass and I will ask my God to grant your request but on condition that in the future you govern your nation better, and will prepare yourselves to receive baptism. Promise Him also that you will not molest any Indian tribes in your neighbourhood."

"We swear," shouted the warriors. "Let the Great Spirit of the black-robed one deliver the daughters of our Chief and all our tribe will recognize your God as our God."

While the holy missionary offered the Sacrifice of the Mass begging our Lord to save the young captives, these poor unfortunates were filled with fear and horror at the thought of the sufferings they were about to endure.

When suddenly without hearing his approach they were astonished to see, a boy, dressed like those of their tribe, close to them. So sweet was his expression and so sympathetic his whole bearing, that they were filled with joy.

“ I have come for you ” said he so softly that they alone heard him. At the same time cutting the ropes that bound them.



“ Follow me ” he then said leading the way.

Their guardians were sleeping heavily and the young girls traversed the camp without disturbing anyone.

The charming child, who acted as their guide, seemed rather to glide than walk upon the earth and they also evidently moved with great rapidity soon leaving the forest occupied by the Hawks far behind them.

In front of them stretched out a vast prairie, separating the territory of the Hawks from the lands of the Sioux. This also was quickly crossed and they found themselves in their own country.

Their guide pointed out the road they should follow and disappeared before they could see what had become of him. "He must be an angel, the Great Spirit has sent to help us" they said and falling on their knees they thanked Him fervently. At the same moment Father de Smet had finished mass.

"It is all-right" he said turning to the Sioux Chief. Rise and return to your tribe. But do not deceive God. The dangers, remember, to which your daughters have been exposed are not altogether dispelled. They will be saved only in as much as you are sincere in your promises.

While the old Chief was making the return journey, his daughters were hastening along the road that their guide had shown them. When they reached a point from whence they could distinguish the camp fires of their tribe their terror vanished and they were able to talk about the mysterious protection which had evidently been given them by God. Weeping with joy they offered up thanks to the Great Spirit. Suddenly one of the maidens raising her eyes was struck with horror.

"Quick lie low sister for I see two Hawk warriors following in our tracks" she called at the same time dragging her toward a thick bush and under its dense branches they crept. They had barely replaced the branches to escape detection when they heard the warriors draw near. They were the two Hawk Indians, who had been named to guard the captives. No doubt as soon as they had discovered their escape had started in pursuit.

"These woods," the girls heard them say, "are so full of tracks of women and children that it will be almost impossible to detect those of the fugitives. We are quite near the Sioux encampment. It will be more prudent to remain where we are."

They remained a short time then returned towards the thick woods from whence they had come.

The young girls did not venture from their retreat until they were certain that their enemies were at a safe distance. When they did start out they commended them-

selves to the protection of the good God who had saved them.

As the Chief, on his return, was describing to his tribe his visit to the holy missionary, cries of joy interrupted his recital. It was the cries of welcome to the young girls saved by the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The wonderful deliverance of the young captives affected the whole tribe in a remarkable manner. They at once recognized the great power of God. "Let us fall on our knees," said the old Chief, "and adore and thank Him.

A few days later, they all received baptism. To the holy Sacrifice of the Mass that had saved the young girls the Sioux tribe owed its conversion.



Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All
 How can I love Thee as I ought ?
 And how revere this wondrous gift,
 So far surpassing hope or thought ?
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
 Oh ! make us love Thee more and more.

Within Thy Sacred Heart, dear Lord !
 My anxious thoughts shall rest ;
 I neither ask for life nor death ;
 Thou knowest what is best.
 Say only Thou hast pardoned me ;
 Say only I am Thine ;
 In all things else dispose of me ;
 Thy holy will is mine !

Ah ! why is not my love for Thee
 Unbounded, past control ?
 Alas ! my heart obeyeth not
 The impulse of my soul !

Ah, Jesus ! if love's trusting prayer
 Seem not too bold to Thee,
 Place Thy own Heart within my breast ;
 Love Thou Thyself for me !



Perseverance in Prayer.

MANY people complain that their prayers are not heard, says a Paulist Father. Again and again they have made some special requests for temporal, or it may be even for spiritual, blessings, and nothing seems to have come of these petitions. Others get what they ask for, but they are not so favored ; and they almost make up their minds that it is of no use for them to pray. They think, perhaps, that they are too great sinners for God to hear them ; or that they do not know how to pray right ; or they are even tempted to believe that prayer is a mistake altogether : that God's will is not moved by it ; that, if any one does seem to get anything by it, it is only by chance and would have come without it just as well.

Now what can be the reason of the failure of these good people in prayer? Is it, perhaps, because what they asked was really an evil for them, and so God could not in mercy grant it, but had to give them something better instead, which they had not noticed? Or is it that they did not strive to do their best to win what they wanted also by their own exertions as well as by prayer, that they would not put their own shoulder to the wheel? If it was some virtue, such as charity or patience, that they were asking for, and meanwhile took no real pains to cultivate and practise it, no wonder that God would not give it to them. Or, lastly, is the reason for their disappointment that they were praying for others whose will was obstinately set against their prayers? A mother prays for her son and her prayers are heard, though they may not seem to be. Graces are granted to him, but he resists them. God has not promised to send them in such a tor-

rent as to sweep away and break down all opposition, though He may yet do so if she will only persevere. Persevere! Ah! that word suggests what may be the real difficulty, the true reason for the seeming uselessness of so many good prayers. They are good as far as they go, but there are not enough of them. The effect that is to come of them is to come all at once; it is like the fall of a tree in the woods under the blows of an axe: the tree will come down, but not at the first blow, the second, the tenth, or perhaps even the hundredth stroke. Our Lord has given us to understand the importance of persevering in prayer very plainly when He represents in the gospel the parable of a man who had gone to bed and is roused at midnight by a friend who wants to borrow some bread to set before an unexpected guest. He at first tells the disturber to leave him alone; he says he cannot be bothered to get up at such an inconvenient time; he pretends to drop off asleep, and keeps his friend outside knocking and pounding for so long a time that he almost gives it up as useless. "Yet," says our Lord, "if he shall continue knocking, I say to you, although he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."



Jesu ! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize will be ;
 Jesu ! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.



The life of Jesus Christ in the most Holy Sacrament is an interior and hidden life, although he dwells in the midst of creatures; a life most pure and holy, though exposed to the impiety of sinners; it is a life, noble, excellent and divine. Such should be your life, if you would live according to His Spirit. NOUET.





Through the pure Heart of Mary



“RIDICULOUS! Such nonsense!” exclaimed Bertha Allan, throwing from her the book she has reading, with an unmistakable air of disgust.

“What’s the matter?” queried her cousin looking up from his paper. “What has happened to ruffle your Serene Highness? Didn’t the post man call? Has the last novel proved more than usually insipid? or worse than all — Has that autocrat of womankind —

the dressmaker, — disappointed?”

Now, Rob don’t tease, pleaded Bertha, her fair face crimson at having spoken her thoughts aloud. You know very well I scarcely ever receive a letter. Who in the wide world, she continued pathetically, is there to write to poor me? as for novels — here a scornful toss of the girlish head finished the sentence.

But what about the dressmaker? Oh! as far as she is concerned I find no fault, as I hold, as you know, that important position myself.

Well, if it was not the butcher, the baker, nor the candlestick-maker, who or what calls for such energetic disapproval? Honest, now, Bertha, you had better confess, continued Rob in a mocking tone, his clear grey eyes full of boyish fun. He dearly loved to tease this demure little cousin, she was so solemn and took everything so literally. Well, then, if you will have it, please remember you compelled me to answer you. I do not like the way you have of putting the Virgin Mary in every

possible place of honor in your church ; its Mary here and Madonna there, until I verily believe you have no place for Christ, much as you would try to convince me that the contrary is the case. No ! no ! do not interrupt me, she said as Rob made an effort to speak. You cannot deny it. I have been here a year, and during that time you have had festival after festival in honor of the Virgin Mary.

Blessed Virgin, interposed Rob, delighted that he had at last broken what he termed her icy calm.

You may call her that, I never will retorted Bertha now thoroughly angry. At Easter she monopolized all attention, then the month of May, and what not and I suppose Christmas will tell the same old story. Look at your devotion to the Sacred Heart. I imagined it was pure, but no, it seems all must come through her, and here she snatched from the table the little messenger she had discarded, and rapidly turning the leaves read aloud the general intention : " Oh ! Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, etc.

There, now can you deny that ? demanded Bertha in tones of angry scorn.

To say, Rob was astonished at this outburst on the part of his cousin would be no more than the truth. He never dreamt that under that quiet exterior dwelt such a hatred of all he held in reverence. Once or twice before he had observed something of her dislike for Catholicity, but soon forgot all about it, so at the present time he was dumbfounded at the storm he had raised. Nevertheless his love of fun got the better of his indignation, and in a would be soothing tone that was exasperating in the extreme, he remarked :

Never mind Bertha dear, some day you will be sorry for all this. Some day when you are a Catholic yourself. I ! a Catholic !! and the genuine look of horror on the girl's face set Rob off in a fit of laughter that only subsided when a white hand was placed on his arm and his mother's voice said half sorrowfully :

My boy, will you never learn to control the spirit of tormenting that possesses you ? Then looking up and seeing traces of tears and vexation on Bertha's face, she added : I hope you have not been playing any practical joke.

On the contrary mother, he answered, gravely casting the meanwhile a roguish glance at the crimson face of his cousin. Bertha and I have been having a quiet little discussion; the fact is, some of the devotions of Holy Church are not to her taste, — indeed, do not meet with her approval, so she has kindly consented to reconstruct the whole affair; after this we will have christinas without a Madonna and Easter without a...

Robert that will do; and Robert Seaton knew when his mother spoke in that particular tone that he had gone far enough. Yet he could not resist saying as he left the room:

What a pity you could not convert her, mother she would make such an earnest, sedate and — pugnacious little Catholic.

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A few weeks later Bertha sat watching the moonbeams play hide and seek in wind-stirred leaves of the honey suckle that shaded the open window, a delicious fragrance filled the room. Fantastic shadows flitted to and fro; now a silvery ray would creep up and crown the Madonna on the wall opposite, or light up in tender radiance the face of the Babe Divine, or an elfin blossom would detach itself from its leafy companions and peer shyly into the room, as if it too would nestle near that holy face. It seemed to Bertha as if all this loving attention was to make up for her coldness and contempt.

Poor Bertha! Her thoughts were anything but pleasant; ever since that discussion she had felt miserable and ill at ease.

Rob's remark about "Christmas without a Madonna," and her own ungracious retort.

You may call her Blessed; I never will, cling to her memory like spectres of evil. Why had she been so rude and so intolerant. Her cheeks burned with shame every time she recalled the occasion.

Alas! for all her plans! when a year previous she an orphan, had been received with love and tenderness by Rob and his mother, she had vowed in the gratitude and enthusiasm of her heart to repay their care a thousand fold, and what better way than to show them the errors

of their belief? How many times had she pictured herself gradually winning them from their errors, and leading them into the light of a "free Gospel," and now after a year they were as firm in their belief as ever, and only she herself was miserable and disturbed.

Her Bible though she read it diligently, brought her no consolation. It even seemed to conspire against her peace of mind. Her thoughts would wander to her attempts to convert her relatives; how once in a spirit of missionary zeal she left it open on Rob's desk, only to have it returned with the passage marked: "All generations shall call me Blessed!"

She closed the Holy Volume with an exclamation of impatience. Was everything going wrong? Would she never be at peace again? She could hear the Seatons at evening prayer in the adjoining apartment. As she listened to the murmur of their voices, gradually the room and its contents faded from her view, and she found herself enveloped in darkness, so terrible, so intense, she could almost feel its inky folds.

In an agony of fear, of she knew not what, she tried to call out — to move — but found it impossible. Suddenly, to her intense relief, the place was illumined as if with a myriad of lamps. When her eyes became accustomed to the light, Bertha saw in the distance a Lady, of celestial beauty, seated on a throne of rainbow-tinted clouds, in her arms she held a beautiful child, whose face was turned to hers in unalterable love. A steady stream of light poured from the child's heart into the mother's, whence it re-issued in effulgent rays.

Turning her head in Bertha's direction the Lady's eyes rested on her in mingled pity and grief. Oh! the reproach in those sorrowful eyes! How Bertha wished that the ground would open and hide her from them; then an irresistible impulse caused her to glance at the child, who, with a tender, loving smile on His countenance, reached out His dimpled baby hand and gently drew Bertha under the protecting fold of His Mother's mantle. What rest! What relief! If it could only last forever, — and with a start she awoke to find she had dozed and had been dreaming. It seemed to her like a lifetime, but was in reality but a moment.

The moonlight still made shadows in the room, she could hear her relatives at their prayers. "Mystical Rose," came in Mrs. Seaton's kindly tone, "pray for us" responded Rob. "Tower of Ivory." Why! it was poetry. "House of God," "Ark of the Covenant." How blind she had been. "Comfortress of the afflicted;" and Bertha could resist no longer, falling on her knees she whispered in lowly sweet submission; "Mother of Christ, teach me — help me." So absorbed were the Seaton's in their devotions that they did not see a slight little figure glide in and kneel beside them, nor were they aware of her presence until Bertha, in an effort to control her voice and make the responses burst into a passion of tears. In a moment Mrs. Seaton's kind arms were around her, while Rob quickly slipped away.

Years after, in speaking of her conversion, Bertha remarked: "Wasn't it strange, auntie dear, that my first doubts came on that day that I so nearly quarrelled with Rob about the titles of our Lady."

No, no, not strange at all, dear, when you know all. It was the first Friday of July, month of the Precious Blood. That very morning I had recommended you to the prayers of the Holy League, and — Mrs. Seaton's eyes were misty with happy grateful tears, "the Sacred Heart heard our prayers and granted our request." "Through the pure heart of Mary" reverently added Bertha Allen.



There are very few men who can imagine what God would make of them if they gave themselves to Him without reserve.

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Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general goodwill and respect of men.



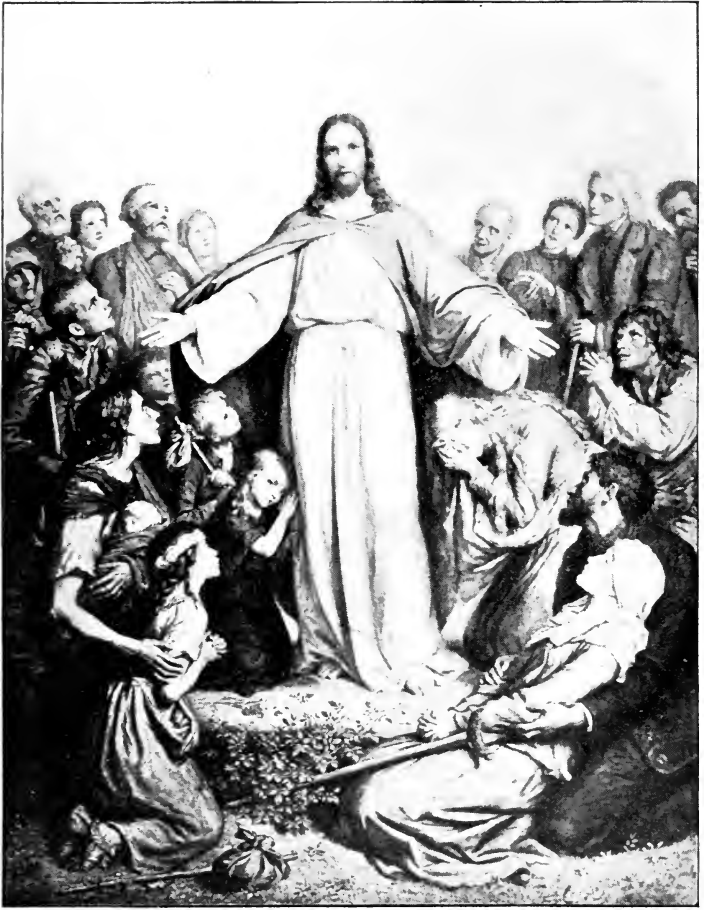
Mary, the Mother of the Lord

Standing in the temple door,
 Sunshine, streaming to the floor,
 Falls across thy stainless veil,
 Lingers on thy forehead pale,
 Thee nor sun nor star can brighten,
 Thee no mortal flame enlighten,
 All the light of highest heaven
 To thine inmost soul is given ;
 Thee beloved, by Thine adored —
 Mary, Mother of the Lord !

Maiden dream of mother love
 Broods thy drooping eyes above,
 Maiden hands with mother grasp
 Hold thy doves in tender clasp,
 Awe and glory in thy face
 Veil the woman's shrinking grace,
 Calm as angels wrapt in prayer
 Blessed more than seraphs are,
 Yet a woman, fair and weak,
 Bringing up thine offerings meek,
 Love fulfilling Law's behest,
 Sacrifices on thy breast,
 On thy lips, Love's sweetest word —
 Mary " Mother " of the Lord !

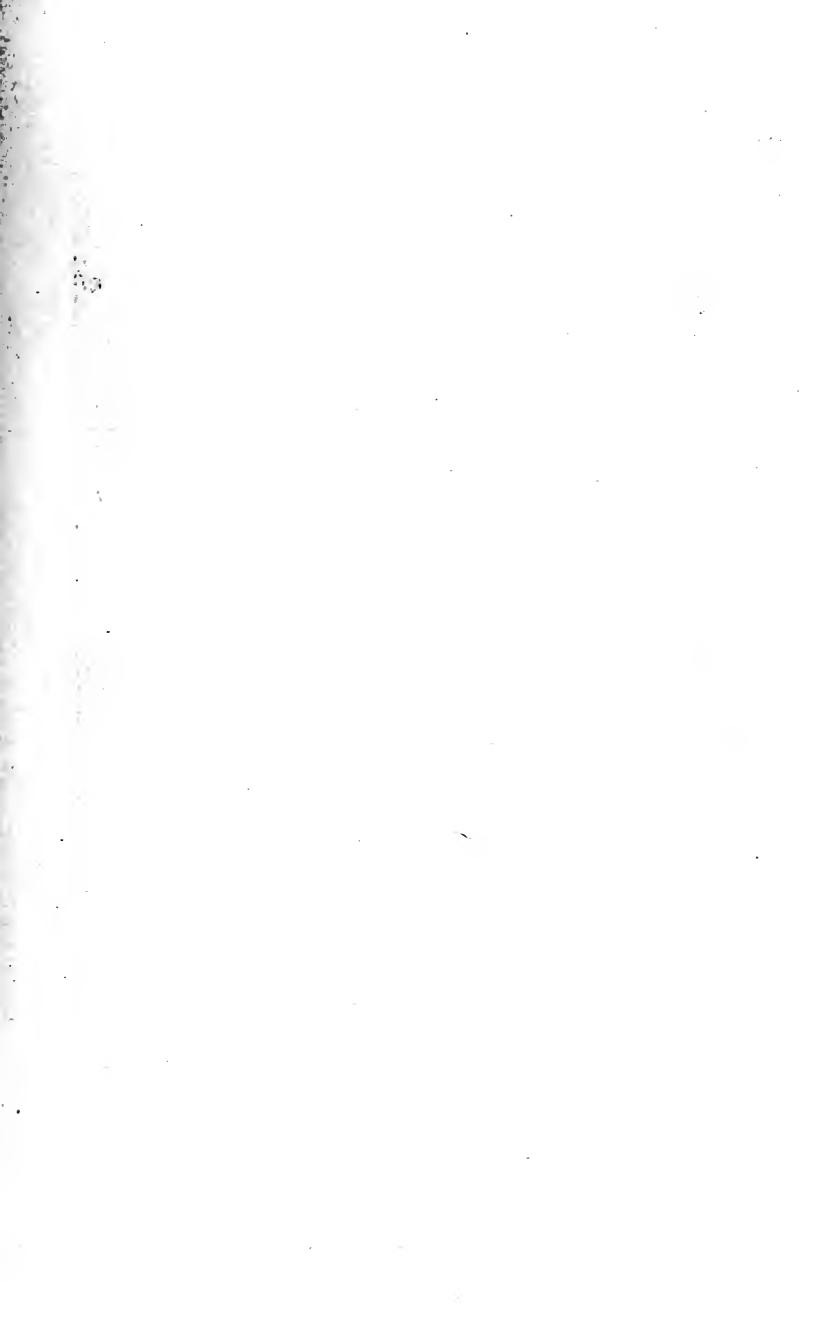
Judah's crown thy forehead wears,
 Judah's curse thy sad heart bears ;
 Through thy soul the sword is driven
 When thy keenest joy is given ;
 Deep and dark the Cross's shade
 On thy dark, deep eyes is laid ;
 On thy sweet and pensive lips
 Rapture glows through grief's eclipse,
 Stilled with mystery's silent spell,
 Thrilled with thoughts no speech may tell.
 Past the sense of human sadness,
 Past the dreams of human gladness,
 On thy heart the Living Word,
 In thy home the Babe adored ;
 Hail ! thou Mother of the Lord.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.



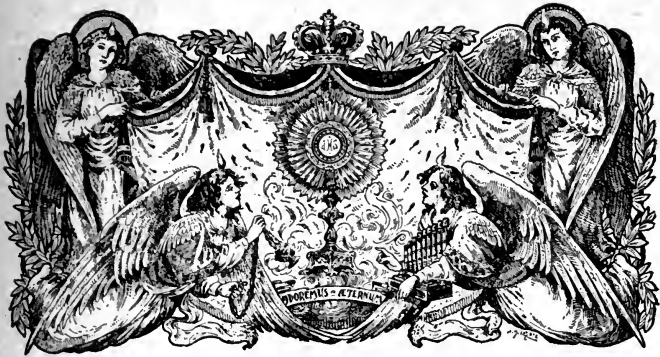
THE CONSOLING CHRIST
After a painting by Carl Müller








MARTHA AND MARY
After a painting by Dietrich



O HOUSE OF GOLD

The Ciborium wherein rests our Eucharistic God.

 HOUSE of Gold ! In temple dim
Whose peace draws weary souls to Him,
The thorn-crowned Christ, thou hast a home
Beneath the Tabernacle's dome ;
Around the spot, their love outpouring,
Angelic hosts are now adoring.

O House of Gold ! Before thee sways
The crimson light, its quiv'ring rays
E'er pierce the gloom, like Bethl'em's star
That led the Wise Men from afar ;
With longing deep beyond earth's measure
My soul cries out : " Show me thy Treasure ! "

O House of Gold ! My fervent prayer
Is heard and granted, — opens there
The little door, unveiled, behold !
The Mystery thou dost enfold ;
In answer to my heart's appealing
To me Christ is Himself revealing.

O House of Gold ! How sweet and clear
 His words fall on enraptured ear :
 " My child beloved come to Me
 That I may give myself to Thee ;
 My heart with love of Thee is burning,
 To dwell in Thee, its fondest yearning. "

O House of Gold ! what wonder this !
 My spirit thrilled with perfect bliss
 Can find no voice wherewith to say
 A welcome meet for Him to-day ;
 And yet he comes ! His love caressing
 My trembling soul with every blessing.

O House of Gold, He is all mine !
 A palace for the King divine
 This heart unworthy, — may it be
 A home for Him, always, like thee
 Through life till death my sweetest pleasure
 To guard my Sacramental Treasure.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA !

O GOD Benignant ! smiling high
 Above our trembling, troubled hearts :
 O Radiant Whiteness ' Jesus Fair !
 Thy blessed, shining Presence parts
 The shadows gathered o'er our way ;
 Thou breathest o'er us Thy " Peace, be still ! "
 And unrest and rebellion die
 In glad surrender to Thy will.

Mary Kavanagh.

MAKE SUNSHINE wherever you can. Lift the curtains. Let in the light. The world is dark enough. Cheering words, words of counsel, words of peace, mildness, meekness ; acts of simple love for each other, sympathetic helps over every rough place that our neighbor may be compelled to walk, are blessed ministries in our pilgrimage, beneficial alike to giver and receiver.

God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for every thing he wants us to do.
Robertson.



The Blessed Sacrament

JESUS veiled, in His own great mystery of love, offered by our priests, dwelling on our altars, feeding our souls, this is the sacred and venerable truth which we are now about to consider. The wisdom of the cherubim cannot fathom the depths of this adorable Sacrament, neither can the burning love of the Seraphim adequately praise the inventions of compassion which are contained therein. It is our daily Sacrifice, and our perpetual Food, and our constant adoration : and the more we know of it the greater will be our love of that most dear Lord whose veiled Presence we possess therein ; and to know Jesus a little more and then to love Him a little more, let the little be ever so little, — is it not worth a long life of sadness and care ? Jesus veiled ! let us kneel down before Him in adoring awe, while our Mother teaches us His beauty, and His sweetness, and His goodness, and His nearness. When we think we know Him we shall not know the half, and when we speak of Him we shall stammer as children do and when our hearts are hot with love of Him, they will be cold in comparison of the love which is His due.

Let us suppose it to be the Feast of *Corpus Christi* We have risen with one glad thought uppermost in our minds. It gives a colour to everything round about us It is health to us even if we are not well, and sunshine though the skies be dull. At first there is something of disappointment to us, when we see our dear country wearing the same toilsome look of common-place labour and ordinary traffic. We feel there is something wrong, something out of harmony in this ; but somehow our very disappointment causes us to feel more touchingly the gift of Faith, and the sense of our own unworthiness

which makes it such a wonder that God should have elected us to so great a gift. O sweet Sacrament of Love ! We belong to Thee, for Thou art our Living Love Himself. Thou art our well of life, for in Thee is the Divine Life Himself, immeasurable compassionate, eternal. To-day is Thy day, and on it there shall not be a single thought, a single hope, a single wish, which shall not be all for Thee !

Nay, the whole theology of the grand dogma of the Eucharist is nothing less than angelic music made audible to mortal ears ; and when our souls are attuned to it we shall the better understand the sweet secrets which it reveals to our delighted minds.

O the joy of the immense glory the church is sending up to God this hour : verily ! As if the world was all un-fallen still ; We think, and as we think, the thoughts are like so many successive tide-waves filling our whole souls with the fulness of delight, of all the thousands of masses which are being said or sung the whole world over, and all rising with one note of blissful acclamation from grateful creatures to the Majesty of our merciful Creator. How many glorious processions, with the sun upon their banners, are now winding their way round the squares of mighty cities, through the flower strewn streets of Christian villages, through the antique cloisters of the glorious cathedral or through the grounds of the devout seminary, where the various colours of the faces and the different languages of the people are only so many fresh tokens of the unity of that faith, which they are all exultingly professing in the single voice of the magnificent ritual of Rome. Upon how many altars of various architecture, amid sweet flowers and starry lights, amid clouds of humble incense and the tumult of thrilling song, before thousands of prostrate worshippers is the Blessed Sacrament raised for exposition, or taken down for benediction ! And how many blessed acts of faith and love, of triumph and of reparation, do not each of these things surely represent ? The world over, the summer air is filled with the voice of song. The gardens are shorn of their fairest blossoms to be flung beneath the feet of the Sacramental God. The steeples are reeling with the clang of bells ; the cannon are booming in the gorges of the

Andes and the Apennines ; the pomp of royal or republican armies salutes the King of Kings. The Pope on his throne and the school-girl in her village, cloistered nuns and sequestered hermits, bishops and dignitaries and preachers, emperors and kings and princes, all are engrossed to-day with the Blessed Sacrament. Joy so abounds that men rejoice they know not why, and their joy overflows on sad hearts, and the poor and the imprisoned and the wandering and the orphaned ; millions have made their preparation for Communion, and the least fervent of them all did something for God he would not else have done. The same millions communicated, and think of all that Jesus did in them, and with them, and for them, while the sacramental union lasted ! The same millions made there thanksgiving, and what a choir of praise was there. Who can tell the vocation begun or achieved to-day, the conversions suggested or effected, the first blows given to a sinful habit or the crowning virtue to a devout resolve. There has been a vast and busy and populous empire of interior acts open to the eye of God to-day, so beautiful, so glorious, so religious, so acceptable, that the feast of the outer world has been the poorest possible expression of the finer feast of the world of spirit. And what is it all but triumph, the triumph of our hidden Lord ?

FABER.

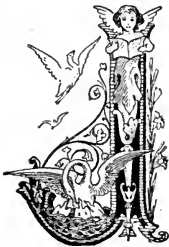
PATIENCE

It rests with us to meet with equal mind both Southern breeze and Northern blast, and here it is that character, another heavenly gift, must help us up the hill. Nearly every trouble in life takes its real sting from the view we happen to take of it, and fortune sometimes sends a blessing in disguise. We turn away and try to escape our sentence, but finally decide to make the best of what we think a cruel blow. It is not until long after that we reverently kiss the rod which smote us and remember with gratitude the bitter draft we were forced to drink. Had it not been for such and such a lash from the whip of fate, which left us breathless, bleeding and exhausted at the time, we might never have been able to help others in their distress with a word of encouragement and love, spoken from knowledge and experience of pain.

Susan, Countess of Malmesbury.



The Voyage of Saint Louis



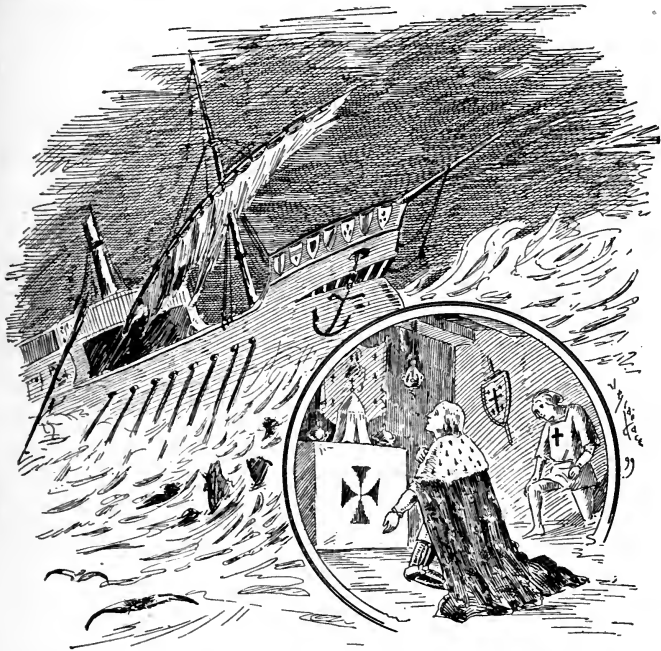
ESUS slept as if unconscious of danger, until awakened by a loud cry, " Lord, save us or we perish " ; instantly He commanded the winds and the waves and there arose a great calm, which swayed, not only the elements, but the very souls of those who had uttered that cry of fear. How often since then, in every age and clime, has not the same cry ascended from anguish stricken hearts invariably winning the same answer, for the gentle, tender mercy of the Master, is the same, yesterday, to day and forever.

Another instance of the answered cry is found in the voyage of Saint Louis, a fervent christian king, a fearless warrior, and an intrepid knight ; when on his return from the Holy Land, his ship was twice threatened with destruction. He sailed from St Jean-d'Acrc the twenty first of April in the year 1254, accompanied by his wife Queen Marguerite, and their three children, two of whom were born during the expedition.

The king when equipping his fleet ardently desired that the Blessed Sacrament should accompany him on his long journey, in order to satisfy his own devotion, and to minister to the spiritual needs of his numerous crew. He asked permission, and intense was his joy at the granted privilege. He built a rich Tabernacle in the foremost part of his ship, ornamented it with cloth of silk and gold ; precious relics gathered by him during his extended tour, and of great value, were also placed in the chapel, the Divine office was recited daily ; the Blessed Sacrament

was guarded night and day by ecclesiastics, the king himself paying frequent and long visits to his honored guest.

Sails unfurled, the ship was bravely and swiftly steering for home, surrounded by all the consolations which form the happiness of religious communities ; but neither the inconstant sea, nor life, which resembles the sea in its various moods and swift changes, is long favored by peace and calm. A thick fog suddenly arose preventing the sai-



lors distinguishing the sea-coast, which they believed far away, working under this illusion all canvas was spread, to take full advantage of the wind, in order to reach home before night.

This rigging was fatal, the ship wrongly directed, veered from its course, struck a rock and rebounded with such a shock that the crew thought themselves lost and the ship split open. Simultaneously from every heart went up the cry, " Lord help us, save us or we perish "

the sailors were stupefied with fear, the queen and her children overcome with sorrow and anxiety. The king left the terror-stricken crew, and with unbounded confidence, went and prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, begging help in their awful danger. His example influenced others, who came and united their prayers to his. — The Ship was saved. — Once again Christ commanded the waters and the rocks, and the ship which bore the master of the clements righted itself at His command, as if nothing had happened. The cries of anguish and fear were succeeded by hymns of joy and thanksgiving.

The king ordered the ship anchored, and a minute examination, only disclosed slight damage easy to repair. Dawn found Saint Louis still prostrate in thanksgiving at the foot of the altar.

Day-light showed greater damage suffered by the ship, in consequence of which the pilot advised the king to leave the vessel for another in his fleet ; saying there was every danger.

God forbid I should consent replied the king. If I yield to this fear, the five or six hundred who are in this ship, would have the same right to avoid the danger as myself, as doubtless each one values his own life as much as I do mine. If I leave the ship all will do likewise. No, I prefer placing my life and those dear to me in God's keeping.

God rewarded his generous confidence and the ship carried the crew safely to France : but not without encountering fresh dangers. A storm arose and the allready damaged ship was nearly wrecked. Saint Louis with his accustomed confidence prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, with his arms extended in the form of a cross, resigned to die if it were God's will ; the queen shared her husband's resignation and when asked if her sleeping children should be awakened calmly answered, no, let them go asleep to Jesus, who has said " Suffer the little ones to come unto me. " Such heroic resignation was rewarded. The storm ceased, calm returned, the ship reached home safely. Those miraculous deliverances inspired in the crew a sovereign respect and unlimited confidence in the Blessed Eucharist.





AN APPEAL

➤ To the Friends of the Blessed Sacrament ◀

IT is a source of great consolation for us to mark the constantly increasing circulation of the *Sentinel*, and its powerful influence in fostering love and devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist.

This publication responds to the ardent desire with which our Eucharistic vocation has inflamed our hearts : To make Jesus known and loved in the Blessed Sacrament.

As our voice is rarely heard beyond the portals of our own sanctuary, and our duty of adoration keeps us constantly loving prisoners, at the foot of the Tabernacle, we resort to the voice of the press to propagate this Eucharistic appeal and thus cooperate with God's will in our regard.

Leo XIII in his Encyclical says " Jesus wishes to reign in the Eucharist. " Our humble little *Sentinel* will be one of his heralds crying to all : " He is There " !... Adore Him !... Love Him !... Receive Him !...

We ask all truly christian hearts to help us in this apostleship, by enlisting new subscriptions for our pious publication. If each one would make a slight effort, we are sure, success would surpass our most sanguine hopes.

As a special inducement for subscriptions to the *Sentinel*, we offer, during this month, the fol-

lowing valuable premiums.

1. For *each new* subscription, or *two renewals* : two lovely silvered or gilt ostensoriums, medallion shape, a truly artistic jewel of piety.

2. For *five new* subscriptions, a dainty gilt-edged prayer book of 300 pages, and six medallion ostensoriums.

For *five renewals*, the same book, and two medallion ostensoriums.

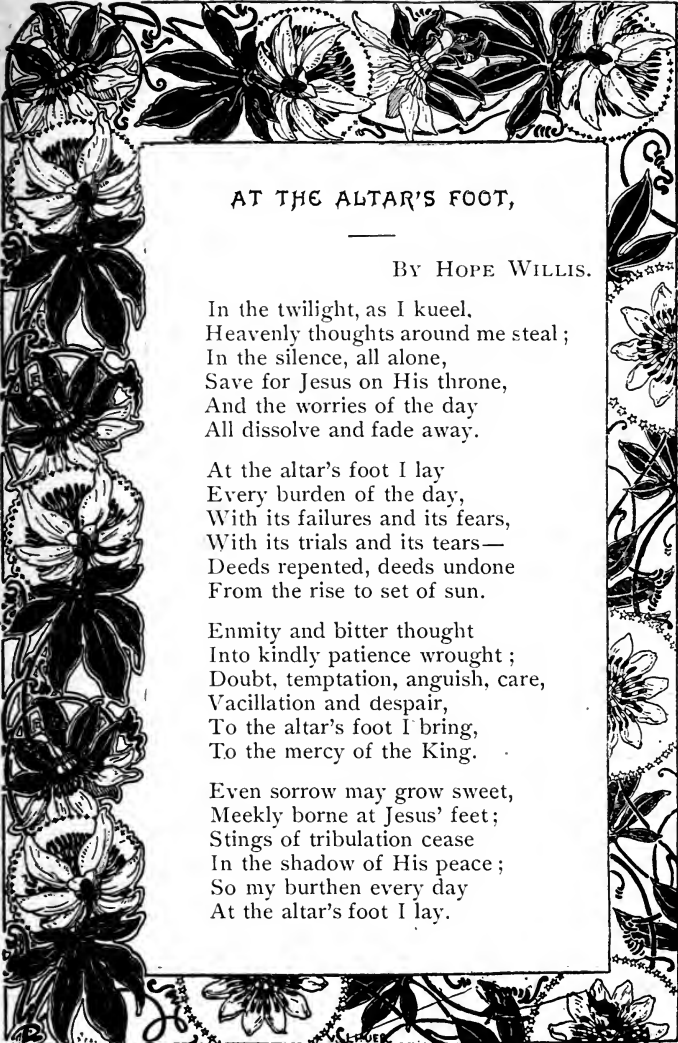
3. For *ten new* subscriptions, a lovely prayer book, containing 600 pages, gilt-edged and enriched with many really artistic half tone illustrations, twelve medallion ostensoriums, and a year's gratuitous subscription.

For *ten renewals*, the same beautifully bound prayer book, and four medallion ostensoriums.

The liberality of our premiums shows our ardent wish to leave nothing undone to spread, and extend in all hearts and homes, the Eucharistic reign of Jesus.

Nevertheless we are convinced, the premium most valued by our promoters and readers will be the assurance of our fervent prayers, which we will offer in their behalf, day and night, before the Eucharistic Throne, where Jesus is perpetually exposed ; and that by their zeal, they will draw down on themselves and families, the most precious graces and blessings, which Jesus so liberally dispenses from His Throne of Love.





AT THE ALTAR'S FOOT,

—
BY HOPE WILLIS.

In the twilight, as I kneel,
Heavenly thoughts around me steal ;
In the silence, all alone,
Save for Jesus on His throne,
And the worries of the day
All dissolve and fade away.

At the altar's foot I lay
Every burden of the day,
With its failures and its fears,
With its trials and its tears—
Deeds repented, deeds undone
From the rise to set of sun.

Enmity and bitter thought
Into kindly patience wrought ;
Doubt, temptation, anguish, care,
Vacillation and despair,
To the altar's foot I bring,
To the mercy of the King.

Even sorrow may grow sweet,
Meekly borne at Jesus' feet ;
Stings of tribulation cease
In the shadow of His peace ;
So my burthen every day
At the altar's foot I lay.



Eucharistic Thoughts

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL S. J.

I

A SAINTLY and exquisitely gifted frenchwoman, whose letters and journals, meant for no eyes but her own and her brother's, have nevertheless made her already a classic in the literature of her country—this Eugenia de Guérin writes somewhere in her journal: "Oh, quel don ! Que dire de l'Eucharistie ? Je n'en sais rien. On adore, on possède, on vit, on aime ; l'âme sans parole se perd dans un abîme de bonheur."

"Oh what a gift ! What can be said of the Eucharist ? We adore, we possess, we live, we love ; the soul speechless, loses itself in an abyss of happiness."

That beautiful soul passed out of this world many years ago : but the same devout joy she felt in her country chapel in Southern France is, thank God, felt at this moment, by many a beautiful and holy soul in convent chapel or in public church in thousands and thousands of places, all over the world. With these pure and fervent souls I now unite my poor tribute of praise and prayer. O Lord, infuse Thy love into my heart that I may adore Thee under this sacramental disguise as I hope to adore Thee in Thy heavenly beauty and majesty for ever.

II

I wish I could feel now here at Thy feet, O Lord, the most burning love, the most vivid faith, the firmest hope, and the truest contrition that ever any heart felt before Thy tabernacle. But this would be the purest happiness, this would be heaven on earth, no matter what sweet

sadness might accompany such holy feelings ; and I, being what I am, and having been what I have been — how could I dare to expect such grace and happiness ? But at least I can be happy in the thought that there are many innocent and penitent hearts feeling this happiness at this moment in many a nook of this sinful earth ; and I can bless God with all my heart for the countless acts of faith and love that are now being made before many tabernacles over all His Church.

III

What is told of many of God's saints is not true of canonized saints alone ; there are even mortal creatures like ourselves whose presence is a sort of vicarious presence of God — whose voice, whose look, whose smile, whose very neighborhood, nay the mere thought of them, the remembrance that such beings exist, tend to purify refine and elevate the soul and to make what is vile and ignoble impossible, even in secret thought. And if this is true of some of God's poor creatures still on their probation, how much more is it true of the glorious company of heavenly citizens — of St. Agnes, St. Aloysius, and so many others of the special patrons of purity ! And what are all these to their Mother and their Queen, the Virgin of Virgins Mary Immaculate ? But if the Sun of Justice thus communicates His divine influence to His creatures and most of all to her who is "fair as the moon" — if her borrowed light, the moonlight of her smile, puts to flight unholy thoughts and all the demons of darkness, how transcendently must all this hold good of our Saviour Jesus Christ Himself, the Incarnate God of Purity ! Nay, all this would have been true if God had never become incarnate, if Jehovah had never made Himself our Emmanuel, if God had remained (or had seemed to remain) far away. But he has not remained far away. He has drawn near to us, very near, nearer than He was to the favored disciples in the Garden when He withdrew from them a stone's throw, and even this was not enough for the incomprehensible yearning of our Saviour's love : He comes nearer still, and not content with abiding in the tabernacle of our altars, He makes our very hearts His tabernacle.

IV

From how many sins and miseries has Jesus preserved us through the means of this sacrament from our first Communion — how many years back in the past? From how many dangers will this sacrament continue to preserve us, on till our last viaticum — how many years (or days) forward in the future? And the sacrament of purification which prepares for the sacrament of union—how many sins have been pardoned, and how many sins that we might have committed have been prevented, through the thrice blessed influence of the tribunal of penance, from the first trembling but happy confessions of our childhood long ago, and by the watchfulness and self-restraint which, please God, have linked confession with confession ever since, on to the last absolution to be received, as we pray and hope, with the most perfect dispositions on our deathbed which we think to be far away, as many a one has thought to whom death in reality was very near.

May the Food, which makes the young heart chaste, strengthen us in our dying hour and in the strength of that Food may we reach safely the judgement—seat of our Eucharistic Lord Himself. Whose Merciful Heart will then yearn (may Its yearnings be satisfied !) to give His blessed Mother to us for ever as our nursing Mother.


It does not follow that people forget because they cease to mourn as one refusing to be comforted. Remembrance may live under smiles as well as under tears. Indeed, the truest, the sweetest and the deepest hearts are those which remember in this way — which, with a cheerful spirit, go to meet all fair and pleasant gifts of God, and yet carry in sunshine or in shadow the tender memory of some buried past.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath. For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

— *Thomas A Kempis.*

The soul that meditates for a quarter of an hour every day cannot be lost. *St Theresa.*

Saints did not do hard things because they were saints, but doing the hard things made them saints.





SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament



Act of Preparation.

O my God, I believe Thou art here, really and truly present in the Sacrament of The love. How good Thou art Lord Jesus to allow me to approach Thee, to spend an hour at Thy feet!

Be recollected, oh my soul! guard thy senses; banish distractions and preoccupations, and listen to Thy King, hidden, but living in the Sacred Host.

O Holy Ghost, enlighten my mind, inflame my heart! Immaculate Virgin, Mother of Jesus and my own sweet Mother, lend me your heart with which to love your Divine Son! My good Angel guardian watch over me! My dear patron saint pray for me! Pause an instant from your particular intention and offer the indulgences of the hour for the souls in purgatory.

I. — Adoration

O my God, one God in three persons, I adore Thee... I recognize Thy rights of Creator and Sovereign Master, and my duties of absolute dependance on Thine Infinite Majesty. Thou art my Father, I am Thy child: Thou art my Master, I am Thy servant, Thou art my King, I am Thy subject. What obligations emanating from those glorious titles... Infinite in grandeur in wisdom, in power, in perfection, Thou dost merit my respect, my adoration

and my love! O God sovereignly independent Thou art the absolute Master of my being and of all events! On Thee Lord depend life, health, individuals, families and nations... I adore Thee, I humble myself at Thy feet, and I love Thee with my whole heart. I wish what Thou wishest or permittest, I submit unreservedly to the decrees of Thy loving paternal Providence.

Divine Jesus hidden in the Holy Eucharist allow me to unite my unworthy adorations, to Thine, so profound and continuous.

Nations recognize your God and King, unite with us in singing a hymn of love to the glory of the Thrice Holy God...

Practice. — Make an act of faith, hope, love, adoration and abandonment to Divine Providence.

By faith we give God our intelligence; by hope, our future; by love our heart; by adoration, our being, by abandonment, our will.

Prayer. — Psalm 116 — *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes... Gloria in Excelsis.*

Ejaculation. — My God and my all!

Virtues. — Faith, purity of intention, love of complacency in the Divine perfections.

Lecture: — Imitation, Book II, chap I. Book III chap. IV.

II. — Thanksgiving

O my God, I thank Thee, for the numberless graces and benefits Thou hast bestowed on me both in the natural and supernatural order. — Creation, preservation, health, education. — The Incarnation, Redemption, Faith, the Sacraments and above all the Blessed Eucharist, earth's sweetest treasure. I thank Thee for graces particular to every age and state of life, and for Thy eternal promises...

How render Thee adequate thanksgiving for Thine excellent gifts? My dear Benefactor, how can I thank Thee? I am nothing, I have nothing, I can do nothing! Thou dost say, "My child, give me Thy heart. Yes, Lord, I give Thee my heart in loving gratitude, in grateful love, and with the help of Thy holy grace, I will be faithful to Thee for ever..."

Eternal Father, Benefactor of the human race, receive the incessant thanksgivings offered to Thee by Thy Divine Son in His Sacrament of love.

O Mary, my dear Mother, I unite my thanksgiving to yours and I sing your hymn of love to offer thanksgiving with you and by you to my Divine Benefactor.

Practice. — Make repeated acts of love and thanksgiving.

Prayer. — Magnificat.

Ejaculation. — Thanksgiving be to Thee O Lord, for all Thy mercies and benefits.

Lecture. — Imitation Book II, chap. IX.

Virtues. — Meekness, joy and grateful love.

III. — Reparation

My God humbly prostrate at Thy feet. I beg and implore pardon and offer reparation for the iniquities of the whole world... Thou art offended unceasingly by nations, families, and society... Pardon and mercy, O my God !... Lord I ask pardon for the abominations and sacrileges committed against Thee in the Sacrament of Thy love, and which afflict Thy Heart so sorely... I ask pardon, my Divine Saviour, for my numberless sins and those of which I have been the cause... Pardon, my God, for the sins of childhood, of youth, of maturity of all my life... Pardon, Lord Jesus, for the sins of my parents, relations and friends... Remember, Divine Jesus, Thou hast suffered and died for us... Have mercy on us... Eternal Father, grant us pardon and mercy ! Look not on our sins, but on the face of Thy Divine Son... He offers Thee for us, His blood, His wounds, His passion and death... God the Holy Ghost have mercy on us, touch our heart with Thy Divine unction giving us the grace and happiness of true contrition !...

Practice. — Make acts of contrition firm-purpose and love. Offer reparation in union with the Heart of Jesus.

Prayer. — Psalm 50... *Miserere mei Deus*... adding three times *Parce Domine, parce populo tuo ; ne in acternum isarcaris nobis.*

Ejaculation. — My Jesus, mercy.

Virtues. — Humility, mortification and penitent love.

Lecture. — Imitation, Book I. chap. II. Book III, chap. XXX.

IV. — Prayer

O my God, I approach Thy throne of grace and mercy with confidence and love; asking Thee to bestow on me the natural and supernatural graces of which I stand so much in need. Divine Jesus grant me the grace to lead a truly christian life, the strength to subdue my passions, to conquer self and sin, final perseverance which will introduce me to heaven; especially Lord, do I ask a lively faith, an ardent love, love strong, generous, and self-sacrificing, so that I may devote my life to Thee in the Sacrament of Thy love.

Divine Saviour, bless the Church, Thy Spouse and our tender Mother; bless the Bishops, the Clergy, the diocese. My God bless my parents, my relations, my friends and my enemies, grant eternal rest to the souls of the faithful departed.

O my Divine King, for the interests of Thy glory, listen to my prayer! Make Thyself known, O Lord, to all! Thou art the way, the truth and the life of nations as well as of individuals. Oh! that all nations and individuals would know Thee, and love Thee, and serve Thee, as their King, their Benefactor and their God. Take precedent, O Lord, in our thoughts, in our lives, in our desires, in our works! — Thus will we possess peace and joy, fore-taste of eternal beatitude; thus will we console Thy Sacred Heart.

O Jesus, living in the Sacred Host with Thee and through Thee, I ask those graces of Thy Heavenly Father Amen.

Pratice. — Recommend to our Lord the pressing needs of the Church, the conversion of sinners, the perseverance of the just, agonizing souls, the souls in purgatory.

Prayer. — Recite the Our Father several times.

Ejæulation. — O my God, bless Thy child! Protect Thy Church.

Virtues. — Faith, resignation, loving confidence.

Lecture. — Imitation, Book III, chap. XI. Book IV, chap. XVI.





ALONE BEFORE THE TABERNACLE



SILENT and still the heavenly host
 Prostrate in love and fear :
 And we — for whom Thou art hidden thus —
 Not one is kneeling here !

Alone in the day : and crowds rush past,
 Like a stream in noisy glee ;
 Yet none of them stay their steps, to come
 And waft a prayer to Thee.

Alone in the night : the weary world
 Is sleeping its toils away ;
 While the rich and great, in idle ease,
 Are gathered to feast and play.

Not one of them here to visit Thee,
 To draw from Thy Sacred Heart
 Those words so tender, loving, dear,
 Which bid us in peace depart.

None of them dream of the floods of joy,
 So tender, so full, so sweet,
 Which flow when we weep, as wept of old
 The sinner at Jesus' feet.

Draw us O Lord ! with the chords of love ;
 Draw us, until we rest
 In the twilight dim, before Thy throne,
 Sharing the watch of the blest.

Heavy and dull, we are clothed in clay,
 Oh ! scatter Thy holy fire ;
 Light up our hearts from Thy heart of flame,
 Our souls with love inspire.

Then shall we come with ardor and joy,
 Then shall we kneel and pray,
 With angels who keep their vigils blest
 At Thine altar, night and day.



O SALUTARIS

HERMANN,

Tempo: (♩ = 44)

f *p* *Avec expression*

f *p* *Adagio.*

O salutaris hos-ti-a, Quae coe-li, quae coe-li pandis
 O salutaris hos-ti-a, Quae coe-li, quae coe-li pandis
 O salutaris hos-ti-a, Quae coe-li, quae coe-li pandis

p *f* *p*

os-tium, Bel-la premunt hos-ti-li-a; Da robur, fer auxi-li-
 os-tium, Bel-la premunt hos-ti-li-a; Da robur, fer auxi-li-
 os-tium, Bel-la premunt hos-ti-li-a; Da robur, fer auxi-li-

f *p*

-um. Da ro-bur, Fer au-
 -um. Da ro-bur, Fer au-
 -um. *Crescendo* *Marqué* Bel-la premunt hos-ti-li-a, Bella premunt hos-ti-

pp *Très doux*

-xi-tium. O sa-lu-ta-ris hos-ti-a, Quae coe-li pandis
 -xi-tium. *pp* *Très doux* O sa-lu-ta-ris hos-ti-a, Quae
 -xi-tium. *pp* *Très doux* O sa-lu-ta-ris hos-ti-a, Quae

- - li-a O sa-lu-ta-ris hos-ti-a, Quae

Crescendo *f*

os - tum, Bel - la bella premunt hos - ti - li - a, Da ro - bur, da ro - bur, fer au -

Crescendo *f*

coe - li pan - dis os - tum, Da ro - bur, da ro - bur, fer au -

Crescendo *f*

coe - li pan - dis os - tum, Da ro - bur, da ro - bur, fer au -

p *pp* *Avec tendresse* *Très doux*

- xi - lium O saluta - ris hos - ti - a, Quae coeli pan - dis -

p *pp*

xi - lium O saluta - ris hos ti - a, Quae coe - li

p *pp*

- xi - lium O sa - lu - ta - ris hos - ti - a, Quae coe - li

f *f*

os - tum, Bel - la premunt hos - ti - li - a, Da ro - bur, da

f *f*

pan - dis os - tum, Bel - la premunt hos - ti - li - a, Da ro - bur, da

f *f*

pan - dis os - tum, Bel - la premunt hos - ti - li - a, Da ro - bur, da

Très fort *sf* *p* *Rallent* *lour* *<<*

robur, fer au - xi - li - um, A - men A - men

Très fort *sf* *p* *lour* *<<*

robur, fer au - xi - li - um, A - men A - men

Très fort *sf* *p* *lour* *<<*

robur, fer au - xi - li - um, A - men A - men





He beholds thee wherever thou art. He calls thee by thy name. He sees thee. He understands thee. He knows all thy own peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy weakness, thy strength. He views thee in the day of rejoicing and thy day of sorrow. He notes thy very countenance. He hears thy voice, the beatings of thy heart, thy very breathing. Thou dost not love thyself better than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it. And — He is God. ”

Cardinal NEWMAN.

~~~~~  
SEEK for self the hardest portion ;  
Work forever 'neath God's eyes.  
Courage ! Virtue springs from struggle ;  
Peace is born of sacrifice.

Die to self at every moment ;  
Love to be despised, unknown,  
Find no rest in human comfort,  
But in God and God alone.

Let there be no petty striving  
After human praise or fame ;  
To the glory of our Saviour  
Sacrifice each selfish aim.

Pass a grievance by unheeded ;  
Keep but heaven's goal in view ;  
Then in peaceful, sweet communings,  
God will always be with you.

*—A Sister of the Precious Blood in Guidon.*

~~~~~  
Prayer is the key of heaven. *St Augustine.*

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.
La Rochefoucauld.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY for others should be constantly manifested in our lives and revealed by our actions. We ought ever to remember that as there are many flowers that never open but when the sun shines on them, so there are many hearts that are closed until kindness leads their good qualities to light.

BE kind! 'tis but a heart throb,
The choosing of a word,
The loosening of a sweet smile,
A feeling inly stirred ;
But what a golden treasure
It seems to stricken souls !
What a jeweled measure
Of heaven-paying tolls !

Be kind ! 'tis but a violet
You pluck from out the field,
Yet given to a poor child,
What fragrance it shall yield !
Low-hidden in his heart's nook,
How oft 'twill feast his eyes,
And written in his heart's book,
Seem memory's fairest prize.

Be kind ! 'tis but a hand-shake,
Given to despair ;
A friendly like direction,
Not preaching to beware.
Yet it may serve to strengthen
A spirit easily bent ;
And greatly it may lengthen
The line of life's content.

Be kind ! yet seem not kindly ;
Let nature be the rule ;
To patronize were blindly
To play the friendly fool ;
But let your kindness falling,
Just feel like friendship's rain,
That drops at sorrow's calling,
To soothe the lips of pain.

—*Thomas J. Moore.*

But a life of prayer is the only true prayer. It is a life of incessant progress in sanctity. *Father Faber.*



A Story of Grace Versus Nature



HERE is a tradition current in Spain, which is one of the least singular of the tales afloat about the great painters. One day Rubens was in the neighborhood of Madrid, and, visiting a monastery of very austere observance, remarked, not without surprise, in the humble and poor choir, a painting exhibiting admirable talent.

This picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens summoning his scholars, showed them the picture, and asked their opinion concerning it. All agreed it was a work of exceeding genius.

“ Who can be the author of this work ? ” asked Vandyck, the cherished pupil of Rubens.

“ There is a name at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully rubbed out, ” replied Van Thueden.

Rubens begged the favor of an interview with the prior, and asked the name of the artist whose production he admired so much.

“ The painter is no longer of this world ” replied the Abbot.

“ Dead ” cried Rubens “ Dead ” ! And no one knows his name, no one ever hinted it to me, no one ever told me his name — which should be immortal — a name before which my own would have paled. And yet, “ my father, ” said the artist with a flush of pride “ I am Paul Rubens. ”

At the sound of that name, the pale face of the prior was animated by a singular warmth. His eyes flashed, and he looked at Rubens with a strange glad look — a faint glimmer of pride flashed across his face, but it lasted only an instant. The monk then looked down, crossed his

arms, which for a moment he had raised to heaven under a sudden impulse of enthusiasm.

“ The artist is not of this world ” he repeated.

“ His name, my father, his name that I may let the whole world know it that I may render unto him the glory which is his due. ”

The monk trembled in every limb ; a cold sweat broke out upon his body, a faint color tinged his wan cheeks, his lips were tightly compressed like one not wishing to reveal a mystery, of which he knew the secret.

“ His name, his name ” cried Rubens.

The monk only shook his head.

“ Listen to me brother, you have not understood my meaning. I said to you the artist was not of this world ; I did not say he was dead. ”

“ You say he lives, cried the artists in chorus. “ Give forth his name. ”

He has renounced the world — he is in a cloister, he is a monk.

A monk, my father, a monk ? Oh, tell me in what convent. He must come out of it. When God stamps a man with the seal of genius, this man should not be buried in obscurity. God gives such a man a sublime mission, and he must accomplish his destiny. Tell me in what cloister he is concealed and I will tear him from it, telling him of the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will have him commanded by the Pope to return to the world and resume his brushes. The Pope loves me, my father, and will hearken to my words.

“ I will disclose neither his name nor the cloister which has opened its shelter to him, ” replied the monk in a firm tone.

“ The Pope will command you ” retorted Rubens exasperated.

“ Listen to me replied the monk, listen to me in the name of God. Do you think that this unknown artist, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune fame and glory, did not first struggle firmly against such a resolution ? Think you brother, that he must not have felt bitter deception, great sorrow before he became convinced that all was vanity and affliction of spirit, save only to love and serve God alone. Let him die in peace in

that shelter he has found from the world and its sorrows. Your efforts, moreover, will be in vain — he will triumphantly reject your advances, for God will still be-friend him, God who, in His mercy has deigned to appear to him, and will not drive him from His presence. ”

“ But, my father, he renounces immortality. ”

“ Immortality is nothing in presence of eternity. ”

The monk refused to carry on the conversation.

Rubens departed with his pupils, silent and sad. The monk went back to his cell, and kneeling down on the straw mat which served him as a bed, prayed long and fervently.

Then he collected his brushes, pencils, colors and easel, which were scattered about his cell and cast them through the window into the river which flowed beneath.

When they had disappeared, he knelt down again and prayed with excessive fervor — “ For Thy dear sake, My Jesus. ”

The author of the master-piece was never known.

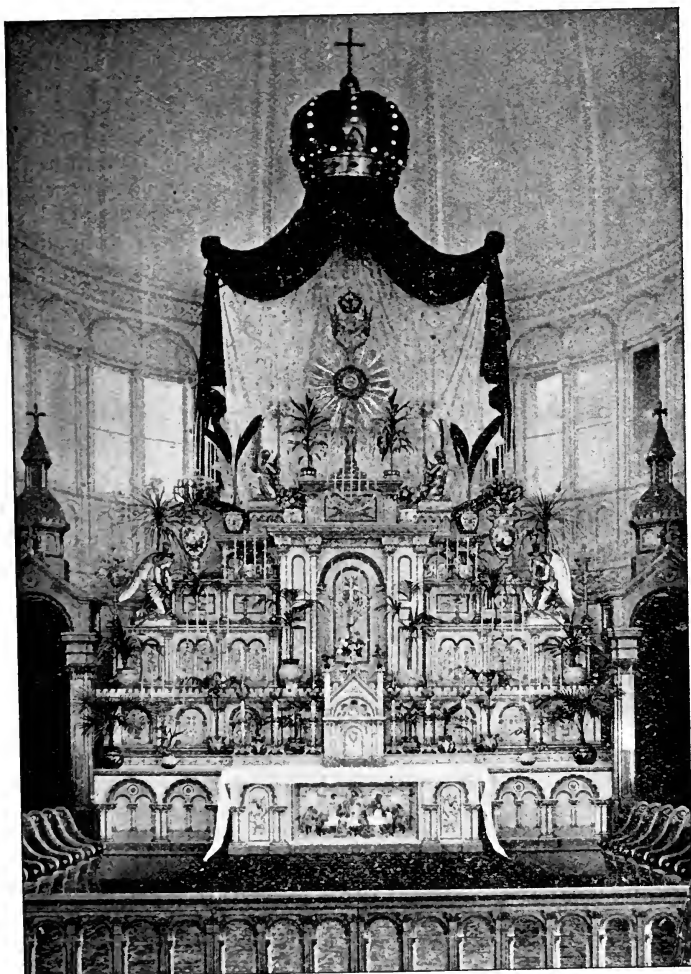
A WORD to me ? A word for me apart
 No other ear to hearken, heart to heart ?
 A word Thy hidden pleasure to impart ?
 O Master, say it !

Is it a word of love entreating mine—
 Poor recompense indeed for love divine,
 Yet precious to that human heart of Thine ?
 Dear Master, say it !

A word to cast aside my craven fears,
 To bravely bear my cross, these many years
 Dragged after Thee with protest and with tears ?
 O Master, say it !

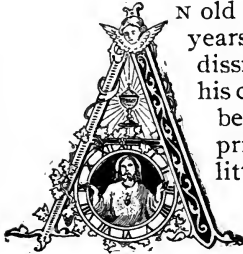
Perchance a dreaded word, not once or twice
 But often suing for a gift of price ;
 Can I invite the call to sacrifice ?
 Yes, Master, say it !

One tender word to Thomas brought belief,
 One pitying word, Thy kingdom to the thief,
 One only word would bring my soul relief—
 O Master, say it !



Throne of the Perpetual Exposition
CHURCH OF THE FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
MONTREAL.

The Tenderest of mothers



N old soldier who for more than forty years had led a life of irreligion and dissipation, and who was not known by his companions or neighbors ever to have been a Catholic, suddenly stopped the priest one day as he was passing the little cottage where he lived, and surprised the good man by telling him he wanted to go to confession.

“But are you a Catholic?” inquired the priest.

“Yes, Father,” was the reply, — “that is to say, I was once a Catholic.”

“Certainly you may come to confession whenever you wish,” said the priest. “But I am curious to know what has impelled you to this step. It can hardly be fear of immediate death, for you look as well and hearty as ever I saw you.”

“I never was better in my life,” replied the man. “For the past fortnight I have been feeling unusually well. But something has taken hold of me, father: a vague unrest which I can not describe. For several days I have been saying to myself that the next time I saw you I would ask if I might not be permitted to go to confession.”

“And afterward?” queried the priest. “You intend to lead a good christian life to the end of your days, I hope?”

“That is my intention,” responded the soldier, — “with God’s help, Father.”

“With God’s help, of course,” observed the priest. “Without His help we can do nothing. I am rejoiced at your good dispositions, my friend; and you may come this evening at seven o’clock.”

“Very well, Father. But you will help me, I hope. I have forgotten all about confession, and I do not know any prayers.”

“No prayers at all? — not the Our Father?”

“ I have forgotten it.”

“ Or the Haily Mary ? ”

“ I have forgotten that also.”

“ Well, well ! But you must have said some prayer now and then to have received the grace which Almighty God is working in your soul.”

“ No, I have never said any prayer, because, as I told you, I do not know any. But there are a couple of little verses my mother taught me more than fifty years ago. Often at night when I am in bed they come into my mind — a matter of habit, you see, — and frequently I have fallen asleep while murmuring them to myself.”

“ Will you say them for me now ? ” asked the priest, quietly.

“ I would like to hear them.”

The old man began, without the least trace of self-consciousness :

“ I put my trust forever,
O Mary pure, in thee !
Then show thyself a mother,
And daily succor me.

“ And when death’s hand shall touch me,
Thy pity I implore ;
Oh, lead me, dearest Mother,
To God — for evermore ! ”

“ My dear friend, don’t you know,” said the priest, “ that, though you may have been entirely unconscious of it yourself, the Blessed Mother of God, whom none have ever invoked in vain, has always had you in her keeping ? ”

You have great cause for gratitude. Come to me this evening ; it will not take long to restore to your memory the ‘ Our Father,’ the ‘ Hail Mary,’ and the act of contrition.

As the priest pursued his homeward walk he said to himself : “ I believe, in spite of his apparent good health, that the hand of death has touched him.” And so it proved. The old man made a good confession, and received Holy Communion the next morning. The following day he was found dead in his bed.

Putnam... nam... om... oum !...

(Episode of the persecution of the religious institutions in France.)

ON the outer boulevard, of the little town, about forty years ago, the Fathers of St. Joseph erected a modest convent. It was perched on a broad terrace, protected, so at least they thought, by a high hedge, from the inquisitive gaze of the passers by.

Nothing disturbs the monotony of this peaceful suburb. In the morning, the whistle of the kitchen gardener awakes the sparrows huddled in rows upon the branches flocks of children run noisily to school and a few women generally of a ripe age, glide silently to mass at the convent.

At twilight on fine days, the boulevard becomes the rendezvous of the swells of the neighbourhood rich ohop. heepers, officers, civil, functionaries, etc.

Their conversation is not very animated, for one must be cautious in these days. Every evening under the spreading chestnut trees monsieur Tribouillot, his wife and his little terrier stroll quietly along on their little fat legs for Azor must have his airing.

Monsieur is a retired police officer. He wears whiskers and white gaiters 'à la Felix Faure' He is man who looks as if he had swallowed a sword, he is so stiff and uneasy. His dog is rough and unkenpt and is followed by his wife a fat jewess with an apoplectic face a troubled, astounded expression and a harsh grating voice. From time to time they stop under the pretext of allowing Azor to relieve himself.

An autumn evening.

The Tribouillot family are alone on the promenade. Through the leafless hedge can be seen the convent windows. Suddenly one of the blinds is slowly pushed open and a human shadow appears. The hand of the shadow is thrust forward and places something carefully on the outside window ledge.

Then again another object, then a third and a fourth all are put in a line and look alike. The hand belongs to Brother Pancreas, with whom you might sympathize, if you have ever suffered from corns. His feet were simply covered with them. He had tried on all the old slippers of the house in the hopes of walking with greater ease but in vain, he still continued to roll along as if on eggs, sighing and groaning as he went up and down stairs. As a consequence he would be told, oh ! trials of trials " Brother Pancreas, be more modest, you scandalize the novices."

Now it so happened that on the morning of that day the chemist's wife who was devoted to the good Fathers, took pity on Brother Pancreas and sent him through his superior, four bottles of corn cure, one more infallible than the other.

In the evening Brother Pancreas hurried up to his cell. Pitching one of his old slippers under his bed and the other one towards the grate he seated himself bare footed on his table, with his strong teeth, he extracted the corns from the four bottles.

"*Holloways corn-cure... Put nam's corn-cure... Sovereign corn-cure... May God and St. Joseph bless her!*"

The operation over. The brother found that the odor of the strong drugs made his cell unbearable yet wishing to keep the wonderful cures near at hand, he placed them on the stone ledge of his window.

At the same moment Azor must have stopped, for Tribouillet, whose nose was always bent upwards noticed the light in the Brother's window but as his sight was not very good he drew his wife's attention to it, by a gesture. They were an illminded pair.

"They are little bottles, evidently perfumery."

"Ah! yes, no doubt they are the receipts of the monastery" said he with an ugly laugh, "put up for the habitués of the place who come here very early." eh! eh! eh!"

"O! la! la! It is exasperating," cried Sarah, Then she began to rage in a loud voice, shaking her fat fist in the direction of the convent.

Azor hoving recovered from his momentary indisposition hearing the loud tones of his mistress tried to imitate her, by barking at the stars.

"Stop that" shouted Trubouillot authoritatively to the two companions of his existence. "I have an idea. Those monks well hear from me."

Brother Pancreas was ignorant of all this nocturnal uproar. Rolled up to his ears in his bed clothes and rocked in the arms of a kind hope, he was dreaming that he was being carried through the air, his corns were gone and he kept repeating: "Holloway, Putnam... nam... om... oum..." and innocently snoring.

The second day after his superior was astonished to receive an official envelope containing the following.

Nov. 10, 1902.

SIR :

From information received we are forced to believe that your convent has as an annex a perfumery establishment. In your authorisation papers you neglected to mention it.

Such an exposure obliges me to immediately reject the above mentioned papers.

Yours etc.

The worthy religious was dumb founded, which was worse, the crying injustice of the procedure or the lying allegation.

Then a memory of his youth came to him he recalled the name of his elder sisters toilet perfumery "No doubt" he exclaimed ironically "we will furnish old Mde X. with Trefle Incarnat," or the austere President of the confraternity of a happy death with "bouquet de jouvence!"

A knock at the door.

"Well, do you feel better Brother Pancreas?"

"What I feel, Father, is that those remedies smelled abominably, I have put them on the outer ledge of my window."

On the window ledge? Now I understand how they came to think we kept a perfumery depot."

"A perfumery depot?... I do not understand.



REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS

M. W. A. Cunningham, Ill. — A man addicted to drink. — A woman given to drink and who has not made her Easter duty. — A person in ill health. — Health for a father. — A young man for a good situation. — Two young girls for success. — A priest for having better health. — Miss Hogan and her intentions. — Mrs J. Vincent for the conversion of two persons.

Let us pray for our beloved deceased.

C. Lassonde, died in January. — Miss C. O. Hutty, died in May. — Miss Maria Nichol, died in May. — Miss Leo Mary Smith. — Miss Mary Toy. — Miss Elmire Drummond, one of our subscribers, died on the 8th of June.

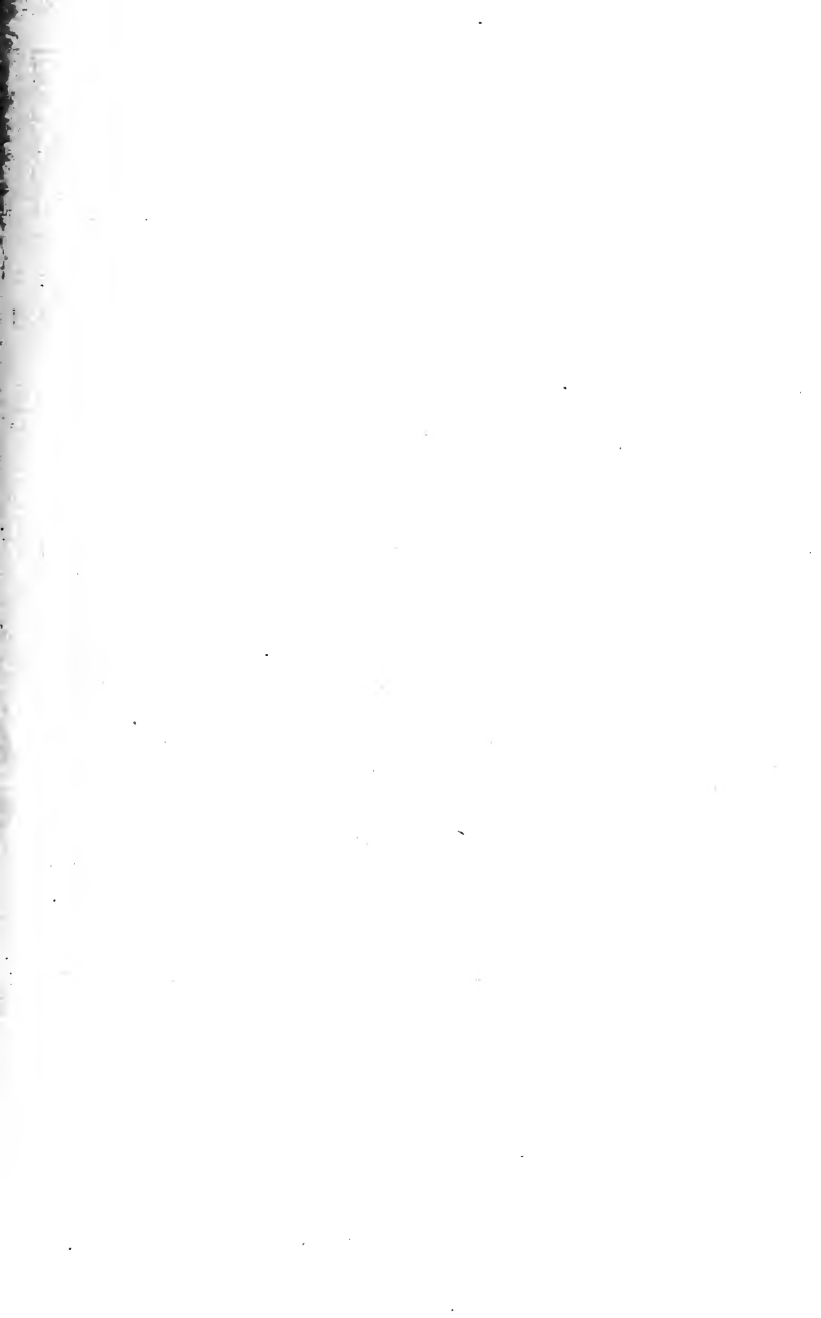
R. I. P.





MARY MAGDALEN AT THE FOOT OF CROSS










IF THOU WERT THERE


 OH ! Lord, if Thou wert standing here
 And I could bear the sight—
 Could feel Thy presence, oh ! so near,
 And view Thy robes of light ;
 And then if Thou shouldst say to me :
 “ I am the Lord thy God,
 Who once the road to Calvary
 For thy redemption trod ”—
 What should I do ? No more, sweet Lord !
 Than I would fain do now :
 Body and soul with one accord
 Adoringly to bow ;
 And, clinging to Thy garment's hem,
 Thy radiant Wounds to kiss—
 Deeming a monarch's diadem
 Mere dross compared to this.
 No other proof I ask, dear Lord !
 Than Thine own words of yore :
 “ This is My Body, this My Blood ”—
 Oh ! who could wish for more ?
 Where gleams the ruddy altar light
 Within its cup of gold,
 Another Thabor dear and bright,
 Awe-stricken, I behold.
 For Thou art here ; and I may dare
 To come before Thy face
 And offer Thee my worthless prayer
 In this Thy dwelling-place.
 Sweet Jesus, warm my frozen heart,
 My love for Thee increase ;
 And say to me, ere I depart :
 “ My child, go thou in peace. ”

ANGELIQUE DE LANDE, *in the Ave Maria.*



Presence of the Holy Sacrament in our Churches

“ Indeed, the Lord is in this place.” Gen ; XXVIII. 16.

The Lord is with us ; the Incarnate word, the Son of God made man for us, personally resides, body and soul, in our city and, perhaps, in our house. What a favor ! what a miracle of love ! A loving heart cannot be separated from the object of its affections, and so it was with the heart of Jesus. Yes, He is with us, this God of love ! We possess in our churches that Lord of heaven and earth before whom the hosts of heaven cast themselves down in humble adoration, and who yet wished to be our guest, and to prove that His delight is to be with the children of men.

But as a consequence of this singular gift, how worthy of respect are our churches, and how dear to us should the sanctuaries be wherein He resides ! No there is nothing greater, nothing more deserving of veneration, nothing to be compared to them !

Fleeing from the anger of Esau, Jacob in a dream saw a mysterious ladder reaching from earth to heaven and by which angels ascended and descended and above Him appeared the Lord who recalled to him the promises made to Abraham saying : “ The land wherein thou sleepest I will give to Thee and to thy seed.” In our Churches the Lord dwells with His angels, who are going from us to Him, and returning from Him to us. Here are truly the house of God and the gate of heaven, for the God of Abraham here shows himself to His servants, and encourages, strengthens, and blesses them.

Here the heart of the adorable Emmanuel burns without being consumed, and a voice issues from the bosom of that mysterious flame, inviting us to approach with

sentiments of the most profound adoration. Here is the mountain of God where the sovereign master makes known to us His commands, clothes us with His mission, and furnishes us with the means of fulfilling it. There are not on this mountain the lightnings and thunders of Sinai ; the Lord shows Himself as the most gentle of fathers and loving of mothers.

Here is the new ark of the covenant containing, instead of the tables of the law, the divine Lawgiver Himself.

Here is the Lord seated upon the cherubin, delivering His oracles, offering Himself in sacrifice, being a luminous cloud for us that guides our steps securely in the desert of life.

Here is the King of Kings, the true Solomon, the Prince of peace, the Messiah so long expected !

How great, then, is the glory of our churches ! Does not the Lord say of each of them : " I have chosen and have sanctified this place that my name may be there forever, and my eyes and my heart may remain there perpetually." It is here that I dwell, and when any one who wishes to be my disciple says to me, " master where dwellest Thou," it is to this place I will lead him, saying, " come and see." Christian churches sanctuaries of the adorable Eucharist, abode of happiness to the faithful soul, how is it possible to express your greatness, and your titles to our affection ! Nothing was as dear to our fathers as the holy land — those spots where our Saviour was born, where He wrought His miracles taught His doctrine, suffered, and died. They shed tears at the very thought of the humble house at Nazareth, the grotto at Bethlehem, the room of the last supper, and Calvary ; and if able to go thither, the enthusiasm of their piety knew no bounds.

But are not our churches all this at once. Does not the Son of God come down from heaven and become incarnate there in the hands of the priest. Does He not here renew His birth, His life, His death, and burial. Yes, we possess truly in our sanctuaries the Divine child, the Teacher of nations, the Lamb sacrificed for the redemption of the world, and there He instructs us, feeds us with Himself, and continues to shed His blood for us.

.. Ah ! who can call to mind those wonders, and not be penetrated to the depth of his soul with the conviction that our churches are monuments of a divine order worthy of all the veneration of angels and men ?

BROTHER PHILIPPE

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THE ANGEL AND THE SOUL

UNTO my soul an Angel said, one day :
 “ If thou the glory of my Heaven could'st know,
 If thou couldst see the flames of purest ray
 That the Eternal on my brow doth throw ! ”
 Then to the Angel I my answer made :
 “ Thou see'st the glory of the Lord above,
 But of our God on lowly altar laid,
 Know'st thou the love ? ”

Rejoined the Angel : “ Oh ! if thou but knew
 The joy of gazing on God's face so fair !
 For me each day my Heaven begins anew,
 Each day new happiness is mine to share. ”
 I answered : “ Ah ! *thy* heart has never strayed,
 Within God's loving arms securely kept.
 Before the altar broken-hearted laid,
 Hast thou e'er wept ? ”

The Angel then would speak to me once more :
 “ Know'st thou (said he) my nourishment Divine ?
 To love and serve the God Whom I adore,
 With Him united—lo ! this feast is mine. ”
 But to the radiant Angel I replied ;
 “ Thou on the Deity indeed art fed,
 Yet not for thee the Lord of Life doth hide
 'Neath humble bread. ”

O Cherub from the fatherland above !
 Our God so good let our joint praises greet :
 Heaven, Heaven for thee—for me this pledge of love ;
 The portion of us each is very sweet.
 The Father's door for me one day will ope,
 But here all good lies near the altar-throne.
 Behold my lot : thy happiness I hope—
 I love my own !

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## The Sanctuary Lamp



VENERABLE Father Eymard, in speaking of the efficacy of the oil burned in the Sanctuary lamp, uses the following beautiful words: " You have our Lord Jesus-Christ to heal your body, He is the precious ointment cleansing every wound. Does not a virtue escape from His Sacred Humanity healing every weakness? In His mortal life His very touch cured and comforted, though His humanity is now veiled, His power has not diminished, His contact not less efficacious. I can truthfully attest, that this little lamp which burns before our Lord, has never failed to cure those who, in their infirmities, were anointed with its oil typical of faith and love. "

Numberless examples verify the truth of these words. We read in the life of St. Didier, Bishop of Vienna, martyred in 612. " A great number of sick were healed by the Saint, after being anointed with the oil of the Sanctuary lamp, which lamp burned for years without being extinguished, or the oil being replenished. "

A miracle of more recent date is chronicled in the Arch Bishopric of Saragosse, and published under the testimony of eyes witnesses. In the year 1638, an unfortunate young man, only nineteen years of age, son of a poor labourer met with a painful accident, he fell and broke his leg; remedies and scientific hospital treatment failed to heal the wound, which soon developed symptoms of gangrene, to prevent which amputation four inches above

the knee was considered imperative. The unfortunate man thus becoming a cripple in the spring of life, in the full vigor of his youth and strength, not wishing to burden his parents with his support on account of their extreme poverty, resolved to earn his daily bread by the humiliating task of begging.

He accepted this hard trial and its accompanying miseries, with complete resignation for the love of the cross of Christ and the expiation of his sins. He had a special love and devotion for the Blessed Eucharist, and to gratify which, instead of going into the public squares to beg, or from door to door, he installed himself in the Cathedral porch. In the less frequented hours, entering the church, bringing his maimed limb, his sorrow and his tears to the Divine Consoler, never departing without a blessing of strength courage and patient resignation.

During his visits to the Blessed Sacrament, his eyes frequently rested on the glimmering light of the little golden lamp, which bore Jesus company day and night. He envied its destiny, and longed to spend his life, like it, before the altar, in loving adoration, in faithful watchful service. It is impossible thought he, to be so constantly with Jesus, without sharing His powerful influence. Thus thinking, he obtained some of the oil of the lamp, from the rector, and never went to rest at night, without first anointing his mutilated limb, asking Jesus with great faith, to protect and succour him ; cure him, if it were His blessed will.

Piety and love so sincere and earnest, touched the heart so good and merciful residing behind the golden door. The twenty-ninth of March in the year 1640, the cripple returned to his parent's home, and being overcome by an excessive weakness in his limbs was carried to his bed, before taking his enforced rest, he anointed his mutilated limb, offering a fervent prayer to our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist. He fell into a deep sound sleep ; his parents becoming anxious at his prolonged sleep went to arouse him. Imagine, if you can, their joy and astonishment when their son awoke and stood before them, no longer a cripple, his two limbs as sound and perfect as before his accident. The young man could scarcely believe his happiness, thinking it must be a dream ; realizing the



glad truth, he fell on his knees and with tears of joy thanked Jesus in the Eucharist, who had so nobly rewarded his faith.

The cripple walked joyfully through the streets of his native city, publicly acknowledging his gratitude to God for his miraculous cure. He went to show himself to the Surgeon, who had performed the amputation two years previously ; his astonishment can be better imagined than described, after thoroughly investigating the case for himself, and listening to all particulars, he gladly accompanied the young man to the Archbishop's to testify that he had amputated the limb, two years previously, and that to-day by a miracle, the limb is restored to its normal condition.

At the Archbishop's instigation, a learned discussion followed, in which Doctors from three faculties argued the case, all even the most sceptical being forced to admit the cure was miraculous.

The King of Spain, Philipp IV, hearing of the miracle, came to Saragosse to interview the miraculously cured man.

An annual feast was established in the Church of Saragosse in commemoration of this miracle, and was observed with great piety and devotion by the inhabitants of city and country. The Cardinal of Retz relates in his *Mémoires* that being in Saragosse on the anniversary, he was edified by the faith and devotion of the immense concourse of people gathered to celebrate the feast.

The young man did not return to his farm life ; longing to return much where much had been given him, he consecrated himself, in religion, to God's service. His dearest occupation was the care of the Sanctuary lamps which had become very numerous since his miraculous cure ; each one desiring themselves and families represented before the God of the Eucharist, by a burning lamp ; and using with faith and love the precious oil which had worked such a wonderful miracle.





— OBITUARY —

His Holiness Leo XIII.

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*Mourning prevails throughout the entire Catholic world. Leo XIII the great and good pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, has gone to the Fatherland for which he longed. A luminous sweet strength seemed to clothe the fragile aged pontiff with incomparable Majesty, making one feel and realize that his vast intelligence, his great moral powers were truly super-human.*

*Leo XIII is dead. Pneumonia attacked him on Saturday, July 4th, Sunday he received Holy Communion as Viaticum, The following day, Monday, the death struggle began; but with faith and hope in his heart, and poetry on his lips, he writes thus of himself. . . " The fatal hour approaches Leo. Thy neary race is run, thou nearest the goal. . . The keys of sovereignty weight very heavily. . . Meditate on what thou hast done during the past years. . . Christ is there awaiting thee."*

*On this noble tomb so recently closed we place the homage best suited to our works; deeps respect, sincere admiration, undying gratitude for the impetus Leo XIII has given to our Eucharistic works.*

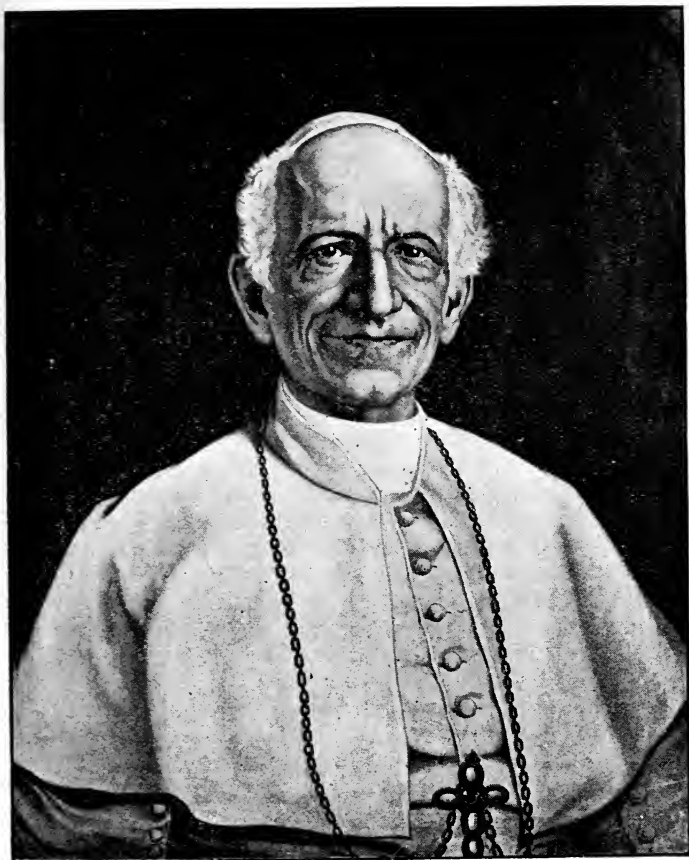
*It was under his patronage that our congresses were convened; he invariably being represented. He approved the Constitutions of the Congrégation of the Blessed Sacrament in the year 1895. His Nuncios have always showed our houses of adoration special marks of favor.*

*On the 28th of November, 1897, he named St Pascal Baylon patron of Eucharistic works.*

*On the 28th of May, he published his Encyclical. " The admirable charity of our God," on the fruits of the Eucharist.*

*In gratitude to Leo XII for all he has done for our cherished devotion, we ask our readers to pray for his soul, and to offer Holy Communion for his eternal rest. . .*

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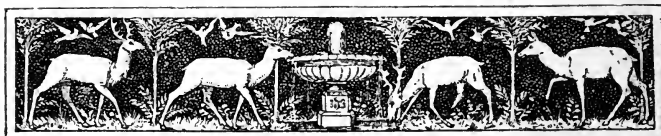
Leo XIII. March 2, 1810 — July 20, 1903.

O peerless soul! White Shepherd! Lion leader without stain!  
Three hundred millions of thy flock, who suffered in thy pain,  
With other millions drawn by thy great heart's allwinning love.  
Weep o'er thy bier and pray for thee to Him who rules above.

O fearless heart, that met the King of Terrors with a smile;  
Stern foe of wrong, brave friend of right, staunch hero free from  
guile,

Be to us wanderers through the night a brightly guiding star;  
Help our tired feet to follow thee, though weakly and afar.

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## A Mystery of Grace

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**I**T had been sultry all day, and the low rumble of distant thunder was ominous. From a veranda which overlooked the Potomac, Captain John Carlton was watching the first approaching shower, and the lowering clouds that folded themselves about the neighboring hills. Soon large drops began to fall, and the stately row of hemlocks that guarded the way from the mansion to the road waved wildly, and shook the wet from their limbs, as the gusts of wind passed down the line.

President Lincoln had just issued his first call for volunteers, and Captain Carlton, favoring the cause of the North, had been among the foremost to respond. He was going to leave his mother and little sister Lucy that very night and a glow was over every body and everything. When evening came the storm had spent itself, and the captain, after bidding his mother and sister an affectionate farewell departed.

Years rolled by and Lucy grew to womanhood. A fairer creature there never was in all the country round ; always cheerful, always bright, and possessing one of the happiest of natures. Having received her education at home, she had been well instructed in the teachings of the Episcopal belief, and it was a joy to her mother, and a source of consternation to her many friends and admirers, when one day she announced her wish to join the Episcopal sisterhood.

Her first year in the community was a happy one. But a time came when there seemed to be something wanting to make her happiness complete. An indescribable something, she knew not what ; but the ways of God

are great, and He knew, and it was pleasing to Him that after a year of unrest she should again return to her own.

Again she entered society and mingled with her friends, many of them told her openly that they knew she would return.

Among her many friends the one who was most dear to her was Agnes Raymond, a Catholic. They were together very often after her return home, and on one of her visits to Agnes, Lucy opened at random a volume of Cardinal Newman's works, the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and read these words : " From the time I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate, for I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever." Can this be true ? she thought and read on : " I have been in perfect peace and never had one doubt."

On her way home Lucy pondered on those words : " no anxiety of heart, perfect peace, never had one doubt," and wondered if there could be such " happiness " in this life. The seed of inquiry had fallen on good ground and had taken root deep down in her heart.

## II\*

One beautiful sunny morning in May when Father Harkins was in his garden, gathering a bunch of early roses for the Blessed Virgin's altar, Lucy approached saying : Father Harkins, I want to be a Catholic, and have come to be instructed."

" But, my child —" Father Harkins began.

" There is no but about it, father ; I am in earnest and want to learn the great truths of your faith, and.—"

" But tell me," broke in the astonished priest, " what has been the cause of this most sudden and unexpected change in your ideas ?"

" Unexpected it is, I admit," Lucy replied, " but it is not sudden. For two years past I have been turning this question over in my mind as a result of my having read by chance a passage from Newman. After that I read all his works, and at last am convinced that I have been only an imitator, and wish to embrace the truth."

“All right, my little catechumen,” he added; “God’s holy will be done. Let us have our first lesson this morning.”

From that day forth the instructions went on regularly, and often the old priest was surprised how readily his young pupil accepted the teachings of Holy Mother Church. In due time the sunshine of God’s grace dispersed all clouds, penetrated the very depths of her soul, and warmed her heart; and on the feast of our Blessed Mother’s Nativity she became a member of the true fold of Christ and made her first communion.

The mother seeing her daughter’s happiness was resigned, and even began to question within herself what it was that made her child so completely happy. It may have been her daughter’s prayers, or it may have been the voice of God speaking directly to her soul; for when told she was dying, Mrs. Carlton asked for father Harkins. The good priest came to her, and having heard from her own lips that she desired to die a Catholic, he prepared her for death. When she had made her confession, she sent for Lucy, she wished to tell her something of importance; but all Lucy could catch from her mother’s words were, “Your brother John, — the war, — Catholic,” for Mrs. Carlton died almost immediately after Father Harkins had left her.

Now Lucy was alone. Many valuable documents were brought to her by the family lawyer; among other things a package of letters, many of which had been written by her brother to her mother just two weeks after his departure in the spring of 1861. What a revelation was in store for her! Now she was to learn Father Harkin’s secret and what it was that her mother had wished to make known to her. It was a loving letter, and stated briefly that should anything befall him he wished her to know that only a month before leaving home he had been received by Father Harkins into the Roman Catholic Church. He wrote that it was his earnest prayer that some day she and his sister Lucy would also become members of the one true fold of Jesus Christ. What a mystery of grace. God in His mercy had watched over them, and in His own way had led them step by step to the threshold of His sanctuary.

Just as Lucy finished reading her brother's letter, who had been killed in the battle of Gettysburg, Father Harkins was announced. Lucy ran to meet him and put the letter into his hands, saying : " O Father ! read this, read this ; are not the ways of God wonderful ? As Father Harkin's read the letter the tears began to roll down his wrinkled cheeks. When he had finished it he said : " My call this morning is useless ; it was to tell you what you have read I came."

" Not useless, Father," Lucy replied, " for you are just in time to rejoice with me ; but tell me, why did you not let me know about my brother's conversion before ?"

The old priest sat down and told her that at the time of her brother's conversion, Mrs. Carlton was bitterly opposed to Catholicism, and that he promised Captain Carlton not to say anything about his conversion to his mother or sister unless they entered the church.

" It is but a week since your good mother became a Catholic," he added ; " and this is the first opportunity I have had since, of speaking with you. I did not know of this letter before ; now you know all, let us be deeply grateful for this mystery of Grace."



## Parent and Child in Home Life

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ONE of the most important requisites of home life, and one perhaps most frequently overlooked, is the intimacy that should exist between parent and child. This is indeed the foundation on which all good influences may be most securely laid. The control which is obtained through force, or fear, or bare authority, has nothing abiding in it. But the influence at work where real sympathy and friendship exist between parents and children will abide long after the relationship itself is severed, and will enter as a powerful factor into the whole life. This ought to be one of the good features of our Catholic homes.





## TRIUMPH

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**T**HE Blessed Sacrament is the triumph of the Church over the world, of spirit over matter, of grace over nature, of faith over sight. Now I will say more. The Blessed Sacrament is everything to us.

If we wish to be all for Jesus, there is our way, there is Himself. If we desire to see how Jesus is all for us, or which is another thing, how He is all in all to us, the Blessed Sacrament is at once that double revelation. All the doctrines of the Church, creation, Incarnation, grace, sacraments, run up into the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, and are magnificently developed there. All the art and ceremonial, the liturgical wisdom and the rubrical majesty of the Church are grouped around the Blessed Sacrament. All devotions are united and satisfied in this one. All mysteries gravitate to this, touch upon it and are crowned by it. Nowhere are the marvellous perfections of the Invisible God so copied to the life and displayed to His creatures. All the mysteries of the Incarnation are gathered into one in the Blessed Sacrament.

The Church can never triumph except in what crowns, completes, and satisfies the vast nature of an immortal soul ; but was ever triumph like to this ? It is the triumph of création, the triumph of Redemption, the triumph of the Holy and Undivided Trinity.

O what unfathomable sweetness there is in Jesus. Everything that leads to Him, that stands in sight of Him, that in any way belongs to Him, or after the most indirect fashion can be coupled with Him, how sweet it is, how soul-soothing and soul-satisfying even though it be not Himself.

Ah ! then the Blessed Sacrament is not one thing out of many, but it is all things, and all in one, and all better than they are in themselves, and all ours and for us, and — it is Jesus !

FABER.

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## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

### An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

#### I. — Adoration.

##### *Christian Virtues : — Hope.*

Adore Jesus Christ in the Eucharist as the solid foundation of our hope, promising us the eternal possession of God in everlasting life.

Hope in its supremacy is God expected waited for, as our end in eternity.

1. What is eternal life but the intimate, personal and living possession of God? It is God, Himself, God alone, Source of joy, happiness of the elect. The angel and saints are fed at a delicious banquet, the Divinity without shadows, without veils; happiness and joy of which we hope to partake in heaven. On earth in the Sacred Host we already possess the adorable object of our eternal felicity. He is hidden by the veil of the Sacramental Species, nevertheless we can receive Him, enthroned Him in our hearts, contemplate Him by the eyes of Faith.

2. Why do we hope for the ineffable joys of eternal life? Because God is good, goodness itself, because He loves us, and has already given us a thousand proofs of His love. The eucharistic soul who has tasted the sweetness of the adorable sacrament, testimony of God's love for her filled with a firm hope, reasons thus, since God is so good to me now, how much better will He not be in eternity?

3. Our hope is founded on His solemn promises, He wished to accentuate those promises by pledges of what He reserves for us in eternity. Undoubtedly, the most precious pledge He has left us is the Eucharist, which on earth, gives us, the possession and the substance of our eternal beatitude ; Jesus Christ, our God.

Admire in the Eucharist the strong pledge of our hope, and offer Jesus worship of absolute unlimited confidence in His Divine promises.

## II. — Thanksgiving

Hope is relying on God's promises and trusting by His grace to acquire eternal life.

What thanksgiving do we not owe the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Jesus Christ, that is to say Jesus-Christ become source of grace means of sanctification and salvation, and thus the cause of our hope.

All the Sacraments are grace-giving-channels, helping us to win heaven ; the Eucharist surpasses all being universal, substantial and final ; substantial, containing Jesus Christ ; universal, sufficient for all necessities ; final, the natural end and perfection of all.

2. By Holy Communion which is for our soul the growth and development of all virtues ; we also receive the grace of hope. This beautiful virtue blossoming under the influence of the Sun of Eternal Love, and transplanted into our soul by Baptism, when watered by the Precious Blood, in the Eucharist ; this supernatural flower receives new life and vigor. The Eucharist combats vices opposed to hope, pusillanimity and diffidence, by showing us a God so good, so merciful, and condescending ; it combats proud presumption, ever sufficient unto itself, by showing "without the God of the Eucharist, you can do nothing."

3. Despite so many aids and graces, life at times seems very sad, we grow faint hearted and weary, and heaven seems so far away, so difficult of attainment ; to sustain our courage in dark days and hours, God has placed oasis in this desert, which are each one of our communions. Mass, Benediction, our visits to the Blessed Sacrament where our souls are refreshed, consoled, encouraged and fortified by a fore-taste of eternal joys.

O Eucharistic Jesus, I thank Thee, I love Thee, I hope in Thy love for all eternity.

### III. — Reparation.

One of the greatest faults committed against the Eucharist is diffidence, want of confidence in God's goodness. This is why we so seldom address our prayers directly to Jesus in the Sacred Host for necessary graces, apparently having more confidence in the saints. Cruel injustice to the heart of Jesus. Truly, a sad spectacle in His eyes, those prayers of ours so cold, lacking the loving fervent confidence which should buoy them up and render them meritorious. A child lacking confidence in its mother, clearly proves its lack of love for that mother ; in like manner we can test our love for Jesus in the Eucharist, by the amount of our hope and confidence in Him.

2. We have not practical hope in Jesus in the Eucharist, when we grow discouraged, at our trials and difficulties, or when our prayers do not bring immediate assistance. We forget the struggle will never surpass our strength, that in every trial or sorrow, Jesus is there in His Eucharist, watching over us, stretching out His arms in loving consolation ; even though we should not sensibly feel His help. Discouragement impeaches the goodness of our Lord, or the efficacy of His adorable Sacrament.

3. Presumption causes us to sin against hope ; when we abstain from Holy Communion, as if it were not necessary to our sanctification, to our salvation, as if the graces and merits acquired by our good works were sufficient for our salvation. Do we forget all our help must come from Him, who said after the Eucharistic Supper, " Without me, you can do nothing."

4. We counteract the efficacy of the Eucharist by our want of cooperation, presumption leading us to approach the " Holy of Holies " without sufficient preparation, without fervent thanksgiving thus rendering its action on our hearts almost null.

5. There are hearts rash enough to abuse of the confidence of the goodness of Jesus in the Sacred Host, daring to receive this Sacrament of purity with a soiled conscience, a soul dead and corrupted by sin, bringing to the sacrament of love, a heart ulcerated with hatred.

Lord for those who lack confidence in the Eucharist,

and for those who abuse of that confidence, we ask pardon and offer loving reparation.

#### IV. — Prayer

Let us lean our prayers firmly on those foundations of hope in the Blessed Eucharist and ask of Jesus confidence in His Sacrament of love.

1. An unshakable confidence ; — Believing in its solid foundations, its base is the infinite love which God shows us, the numberless and unceasing benefits He bestows on us, His solemn promise to give us Himself in eternal life, promise verified in the precious pledge of the Eucharist, in which only the frail partition of the Sacred Species separates earth from heaven.

2. A universal confidence ; — Leading us to the Eucharist in all needs and dangers, as a child to its mother. The Eucharist is an inexhaustible treasury containing every grace, every virtue, every remedy. Why then do so many souls languish and faint so close to the Tabernacle ?

3. An humble confidence ; — Acknowledging our unworthiness. “ Lord I am not worthy, let not my unworthiness put a bar to Thy mercy and goodness ”. My very unworthiness brings me to Thee, to be cleansed, purified and sanctified. The Eucharist is the Sacrament of the humble and poor, Lord as the poorest of all, I remain at the door of Thy sanctuary, expecting all from Thee.

4. An active confidence ; — Trusting for, expecting all help from Jesus-Christ but knowing how to put that help in practice. “ Help yourself, and the Blessed Eucharist will help you ”. Daily drawing from Holy Communion the necessary activity and courage for the day's work.

Lord Jesus-Christ hear my prayer ! Give me a firm, universal, humble and active hope. I hope for this and all other graces from Thy goodness ; and I know my confidence in Thee will never be confounded.




## To Joan in Heaven

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

*And all the priests and friars in the realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.*

*No longer on St. Denis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.*

—SHAKESPEARE, Henry VI, Act I, Scene 6.


 HE lips that curse to-day the hero's fall  
 To-morrow vote him laurels and applause ;  
 Impartial Time doth justice unto all,  
 No blindfold goddess she, of erring laws.  
 Four hundred years of slander shrink dismayed  
 Beneath the shrivelling fervor of her glance,  
 And lo ! with praise of thee, O shepherd maid !  
 Resound the stately sanctuaries of France.

For what is death, that men should fear to lose  
 The labored drawing of a little breath ?  
 Or what is life, that coward men should choose  
 Its lease of pain before heroic death ?  
 Thy country grovelled 'neath the tyrant's yoke,  
 The Vision called, the Heavenly voices spoke,  
 And faring forth without or doubt or pause  
 'Twas thine to crown with victory her cause.  
 Yet, oh, 'twas sweet amid the morning dews  
 To range a-forest with thy lambs and ewes ;  
 To watch the punctual miracle of spring  
 And all the mystery of the blossoming  
 Of violets, and claim sweet sisterhood  
 With finch and linnnet and the winged brood  
 Of tuneful things in old Domremy's wood ;  
 Or, when the wind, musician weird, awoke  
 The pealing organs of the pine and oak,  
 There awed in trance of reverence to hear  
 The waft of angel pinions hovering near.  
 And sweeter far were distaff to thy hand  
 Than gauntlet or the grip of battle-brand,

And homelier were the feel of woven stuff  
 To thy soft breast than iron corselet rough.  
 But oh, when Conscience, like a clarion, spoke,  
 And on thy soul the voice of duty broke,  
 Obedient, in meek, unquestioning faith,  
 To rise and leave all these and march to death,  
 This—surely this—were sweet for country's sake ;  
 Yea, welcome e'en the dungeon and the stake.  
 Or through the fierce Gethsemany of fire  
 To snatch the martyr's laurel from the pyre.  
 But oh, to fall and have his country doubt

His innocence ; or, worse,  
 When flash the flames, above his murderers' shout  
 To catch his country's curse,  
 This is the patriot's crowning pang,  
 More poignant than the poisonous foeman's fang.  
 Yet not in vain

Didst thou the bitter dregs of anguish drain,  
 And pledge to Christ and France thy virgin veins.  
 Where now are grasping England's chains ?  
 No smallest link upon thy land remains ;  
 Gone with thy judges and thy murderers,  
 And *they* were hers.

Yea, many a cause and many a leader since  
 Have bowed the head to Death, the sov'reign prince.  
 And where they rose shall others yet arise  
 And with ephemeral fancies snare men's eyes.  
 And have their little day and pass again.

New hours demand new men,  
 And wise is he indeed  
 Who secs and shapes new ends to meet new need.  
 But all shall be as grass of yesterday,  
 While France is greater far than they ;  
 And France remains and suppliant seeks thine aid  
 With hands outstretched to thee, O Martyr Maid !

For ancient feuds, old passions and old hates  
 Watch at her walls and prowl about her gates.  
 And deadlier foes and subtler shapes of sin  
 Lurk at her hearth and plot her ruin within.  
 Sons recreant, devising blight and curse,  
 With wiles insidious would her heart divorce

From all that made her glorious and great  
And raised her lo her proud estate—  
From truth and honor, and her wise belief  
In justice, of all virtues chief.  
For, walking humbly in the eyes of God,  
France aye held Empire's rod ;  
And kneeling, reverent, at Our Lady's feet  
And drawing thence all heavenly virtue sweet,  
France aye has been the France of high renown,  
Sceptered with love and wearing honor's crown.

From that bright place of glory thou hast won,  
Rapt in the vision of the Sire and Son,  
In this dark hour that menaces thy land,  
Above her hearthstones stretch protecting hand ?  
'Gainst impious men who forth from school and shrine  
Would scourge thy Christ and in the fields of France,  
Would raze thy Christ's sweet empery divine,  
Oh, gird thee now with new deliverance !  
Thy virtues emulating and thy fame  
By hearths that burn with Chastity's pure flame,  
The maids and matrons of thy land beseech  
Thee o'er their homes thy shield of love to reach.  
For blest that land and armor'd against ill  
Where civic virtues wait on woman's will,  
Where reverent manhood worships wife or maid  
Queen-like in holy purity arrayed.  
She, fenced around by chivalry, perchance  
May suffer, but she cannot suffer long,  
Nor, wronged, be victim of enduring wrong.  
Such happy land in France.  
And, lifting high thruth's oriflamme, behold  
Her phalanx'd daughters, God-inspired, stand,  
As thou 'gainst tyrant England didst of old,  
To drive dishonor from their honored land.  
And, patient long and kindling slow  
To wrath, their hearts for Christ aglow,  
About His altars menaced by the law,  
At woman's 'hest her sons devoted draw.  
While these love virtue, oh, she cannot fall,  
Mother of Chivalry, beloved Gaul.

For not in spoil of sea or soil  
 Or ships on ocean waters  
 A nation thrives, but in the lives  
 Of noble sons and daughters.  
 While these shall last, in honor fast,  
 The happy land shall flourish.  
 Nor foes prevail, but w<sup>h</sup>en they fail  
 Then laws end peop<sup>l</sup>e perish.

But thou above thine ancient land  
 Wilt stretch in patronage thy hand.  
 For howsoe'r disguise in snowy fleece,  
 Christ's watchdogs lulling into perilous peace,  
 The wolves of Hell upon Christ's fold would prey,  
 And shepherds false would lead astray  
 Christ's lambs in error's devious way,  
 The heart of France, as in her ardent youth,  
 Throbs still for Christ and Truth.  
 And from a thousand shrines thy people's love  
 Like incense rises to thy feet above,  
 To ward from harm thy France.

Thy country's sin, the insult and the shame,  
 The scaffold's doom, the faggot and the flame—  
 All these shall pass and be remembered not ;  
 Fair Charity with kindly tears shall blot  
 From France's shield the black, corroding stain,  
 Caught from thy blood, O Lily of Lorraine !  
 Thy land, so fair, of life shall be bereft  
 Nor smallest trace be left  
 To after years to tell  
 That Freedom once had here her choicest citadel ;  
 The hero's heart shall lose its thirst for fame  
 And truth be dead and virtue but a name,  
 Ere men shall cease to honor thee who gave  
 To France, to Liberty, to Truth—  
 In battle's bloodiest breaches undismayed,  
 'Neath insult meek, in persecution brave—  
 Thy love, thy life, thy stainless youth,  
 O Virgin, Patriot and Martyr Maid !





## Cor dulce, Cor amabile.

M. M.  $\text{♩} = 80$ . P. Piel

Cantus. *mf*

Altus.

1. Cor dul - ce, Cor a - má - bi - le, A - mó - re  
2. Vin - dex re - is i - rá - - - sci - tur De - us, sed,

Tenor. *mf*

3. Gran - di re - clú - sum vúl - - ne - re A - mor de  
4. Quos a - blu - i - sti sán - - gui - ne Ve - nis a -

Bassus *mf*

5. Je - su Pa - tris Cor ú - - ni - cum, Pú - ris a -

1. nos - tri sau - ci - um, A - mó - re nos tri ián - gui - dum, Fac  
2. ut te ré - spi - cit, Pla - cá - tus i - ras ab - ji - cit, Et

3. dit te pér - vi - um, A - mor re - clú - sit ó - sti - um, Hor -  
4. pér - tis ó - mni - bus, Nos in - ti - mis re - cés - si - bus Se -

5. mé - cum mé - ni - ti - bus, Pú - ris a - má - dum Cor - di - bus, In

1. sis mi - hi pla - cá - bi - le. A - - - - - men.  
2. ful - men ó - bli - vi - sci - tur. *cresc.*

3. tá - tur et per - vá - de - re. A - - - - - men.  
4. mel re - cép - tos Cón - ti - ne. *cresc.*

5. Cor - de reg - nes ó - mni - um. A - - - - - men. *cresc.*



## Frequent Communion

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**L**ORD, *give us always this bread.*" St. John, VI, 34. It is the intention of Jesus Christ that we should communicate frequently, —an intention He has manifested by instituting the Holy Eucharist under the form of food, and by selecting bread and wine as the remote matter of it, which are the ordinary nourishment of mankind. He gives us to understand that it is a food we should make use of, not rarely as we do remedies, but frequently as we do bread and wine which we take every day ; and that the physical taking of food being an habitual act for the life of the body, Communion should be an ordinary and frequent act of the Christian life.

He requires us to say in the *Pater Noster* : " give us this day our daily bread : " the doctors of the Church agree that this means, in the first place, the Eucharistic bread.

O Jesus ! who can look at Thy Heart or recall Thy words, without comprehending why Thou urgest us to receive Thee very frequently ? Ah ! when I hear Thee say, " I am the bread of life... My flesh is meat indeed ; and my blood is drink indeed..." " Come to me, all you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you "... " With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer..." can I still doubt that Thou desirest to be our habitual food ?

In the early ages, the faithful communicated every day : yet the Church has never said anything against that custom ; on the contrary, she has not ceased to recommend it.

She has frequent communion so much at heart that,

by the Sacred Council of Trent, she goes so far as to entreat the faithful by the bowels of the Divine Mercy, to believe the sacred mysteries of the body and blood of Jesus Christ with such constancy and firmness of faith, and to revere them with so profound a respect, and such piety and devotion of heart, that they may be in a state to frequently receive that supersubstantial bread. Finally, invoking the testimony of all christian ages, and of the fathers of the Church, she formally expresses the wish to see all the faithful communicate sacramentally every time they assist at the holy sacrifice of the mass.

“Behold the Church which is the same at all times,” says Fenelon, on this subject.” Nothing in her grows old, the same spirit always animates her; she invites all her children to frequent communion.

Let us quote some expressions of her holy doctors: — “The Holy Eucharist,” says St. Ambrose, “is our daily bread: receive it every day, if allowed, so that every day it may be profitable to you. The remedy for sin is in the adorable Eucharist, and since I do not cease to sin, I should not cease to take that divine Nourishment.”

“The Holy Eucharist,” says St. Augustine, “is our daily bread, that which we need to sustain us in this life. Take that divine food as often as you are benefited by it; and if every day, take it every day.”

“In the Lord’s prayer,” says St. Jerome, “we ask for the living bread which came down from heaven, so that we may merit to receive every day in this life, the substantial bread which we shall receive in the next.”

St. Liguori says: “I am of the opinion of those who recommend frequent communion, for such seems to me not only the primitive custom of the faithful, but the sentiment of the holy fathers and the whole Church.”

Generally speaking, frequent communion has been the constant and universal practice of the saints. Their hearts were consumed with the desire of receiving Jesus Christ, and they partook as frequently as possible of His sacred banquet. When they were deprived of it, they lamented as being subjected to a most painful privation. It was because they knew how great is the necessity of this heavenly bread for the nourishment of our soul, and how quickly, when deprived of it, it falls into tepidity, relaxa-

tion, and sin.

Let us recall to mind what was the conduct of St. Francis of Assisium, St. Philip Neri, St. Theresa, St. Magdalene of Pazzi, and the Blessed Margaret, on that subject.

Ah! like those seraphic souls, let us be convinced that we cannot cause more joy to the heart of Jesus than by receiving Him, and with fruit, in the blessed sacrament. Moreover, is it not in accordance with the spirit of our vocation?

The dispositions necessary for frequent communion are—the state of grace—the only condition absolutely indispensable—the will to correct venial sins, and a true desire to receive the body of our Lord.

Imperfect, weak, infirm, I shall approach to the holy table as often as I can, and by nourishing myself with beauty, goodness and purity itself in that holy sacrament, my soul shall become beautiful, good, and pure, and will merit favor in the eyes of the Lord.

BROTHER PHILIPPE,

## The first hour to God

**T**HOMAS MORE, chancellor of England, who confessed to martyrdom the Catholic faith showed himself faithful in attending holy mass every day: He said: "I give to God the first hour of the day; the rest belongs to the king, or to those who claim my services."

### An act of faith

The colonel d'Armonville, de Guiscard, (Oise) during his last sickness, had just received the last sacraments; the ceremony over, he rises on his couch, takes his hat and sword near his bed and asks for his coat, Those near him, believing him delirious, requested him to keep quiet, but he persisted in his idea: "It is the least said he, that when my God gratifies me with the honor of coming to my home that I should escort Him to the door."

He effectively dressed and escorted, sword in hand, to the door of the street, the priest who had brought him the Holy Viaticum and Extreme-Unction.



## Heroism Rewarded

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A terrible fight was going on a mile or two from the village of Hooties. The air resounded with the noise of the rifles; cannon awakened the echoes, and in the distance could be seen dark, heavy columns of smoke and powder. The curé knelt before the altar praying for his people. Around him, pale with fright the villagers were begging God to protect them.

Two young lads stealing from bush to bush, and softly approaching the ranks, fired on the Prussians. "Fire two loads in pursuit!" said the officer.

Then a detachment of German soldiers galloped toward the village. There they arrested six of the inhabitants, the first they met, and took them before the major. "You are the highest in authority," said the commanding officer to this official. I come, then, to tell you that some one has fired on his Majesty's troops near your village. Being nearest to the scene of the crime you are held responsible. You must hand over the guilty ones or else six of the inhabitants of the village will be shot as an example. I will wait until to morrow at eleven o'clock. The execution must take place at noon. In the mean time your village is under martial law and I will guard the prisoners."

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the poor village people. The women uttered the most lamentable cries. The people met together and it was resolved with sighs and tears, to let fate decide who should be the victims by drawing lots. Those who had fired on the Germans did not belong to the community; they came from a distance, following the Prussian column.

The day was spent in discussion, lamentation, and sorrow. The mayor, the curé, and two old men bent with

the weight of more than eighty years, vainly begged the Prussian officer for mercy. The women came weeping. All was in vain.

The six unhappy men designated were delivered to



him at five o'clock that evening and confined in the hall of the school room, on the ground floor of the major's house. The Prussian officer authorized the curé to carry

to the men the consolations of religion. Their hands were tied behind their backs, and the same rope tied their legs together. They were so prostrated they could scarcely understand what the curé said. Two of them had fainted. At one end of the line, with his head raised and his brow apparently unruffled, stood a man of about forty years of age, the father of five motherless children, whose only support he was. He wept over his children, whom he was about to leave to poverty perhaps to starvation.

All the efforts of the curé were unable to bring peace to this crushed spirit. Finally he went out and walked slowly to the guard-house where the officer was quartered. The latter was smoking a large porcelain pipe. He continued to smoke and listened to the curé without interrupting him.

"Captain," said the curé, six hostages are in your hands who within a few hours are to be shot down. Not one of them has fired upon your troops. The guilty ones have escaped, and your intention is to give an example that will serve as a warning to the inhabitants of other localities. It makes little difference to you whether you shoot one or another. I would say, though, the better known the victim the stronger would be the warning. So I come to ask you as a favor to let me take the place of a father whose death would leave five little children in misery. He and I are both innocent, but my death will be less regretted than his."

"Just as you please," said the officer.

Four soldiers led the curé to prison; he was tied hand and foot with the other victims. The peasant whose place he took, the father of the five children, embraced his benefactor.

We will not try to paint the anguish of that night. When daybreak came the curé had revived the courage of his companions in misery.

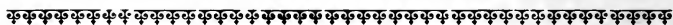
The poor fellows, at first stupefied with fear, had now become, at the voice of the priest, glorious martyrs who were supported by Christian faith and the hope of a better life. At eleven o'clock a military escort halted at the door and the prisoners were marched out. The curé at their head recited aloud the office of the Dead. Along the road knelt the villagers waiting to get a last look at their

pastor. They had come to the place of execution when a major in the Prussian army, who happened to be passing with an order, stopped.

The sight of the priest attracted his attention. The captain explained. The major ordered the execution delayed and reported to the general-in-chief. The general ordered the curé brought before him. The explanation was short. The general was a noble-hearted man. He said to the curé: "Sir, I do not wish your death. Go, and tell your parishoners that for your sake I show mercy to all." When the curé was gone, the Prussian general said to the officers who had witnessed the scene:

"If every Frenchman had a heart like this simple priest, we would not stay long on this side of the Rhine."

VIRGINIA McSHERRY.



"O everlasting kingdom," said St. Augustine, "kingdom of endless ages, whereupon rests the untroubled light and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, where the souls of the Saints are in rest, and everlasting joy is about them, and sorrow and sighing have fled away. When shall I come and appear before God?"



### THE MOST EXCELLENT WORK OF MERCY

To assist the souls in purgatory is to perform all the most excellent of the works of mercy together. It is to visit the sick, it is to give drink to those who thirst for the vision of God; it is to feed the hungry, to ransom prisoners, to clothe the naked, to procure for poor exiles the hospitality of the heavenly Jerusalem; it is to comfort the afflicted, to instruct the ignorant — in fine, to practice all works of mercy in one. — *St. Francis de Sales.*



The Heart of Christ hungers for the love that we in our coldness and blindness deny. The love of the Sacred Heart for sinners is beyond the comprehension of our little minds. Day after we spend in utter forgetfulness of that Divine Heart which follows us even to the paths of sin, and urges us to return to Him Who is our friend unchanging and unchangeable.





## ❖ ANGLICANS HONOR MARY ❖

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THE *Angelus* is an Anglican paper published in the city of Chicago. The editor of the periodical takes offence at a criticism made by some one of its readers in reference to the Catholic tone displayed in many of its articles. The particular objection alluded to by the correspondent is the various commemorations of the Mother of God. It is surprising to find non-Catholics manifesting devotion for the spotless Mother of the Redeemer, yet judging from the following answer of the editor of the *Angelus* to his correspondent we are inclined to be edified and to believe that such souls are not far from the kingdom of God, and that the day is not distant when they will properly embrace the tenets of the old faith by becoming members of the one true church. Here are the words of the editor of the *Angelus* with which he defends himself for honoring Mary in its coluums :

“ We are sorry that our correspondent should object to various commemorations of our Blessed Lady which have appeared in the *Angelus* calender from time to time. Nothing so isolates the Anglican communion from the rest of Catholic Christendom as the lack of devotion to Our Lady, which unfortunately characterizes so many Anglicans. Finally, doubtless nothing so retards the progress of the Catholic revival in the Anglican communion as the neglect on the part of even advanced High Churchmen to secure by invocation of Our Lady those inestimable blessings which would surely flow from the special exercise by the Mother of God of her strictly subordinate and derived, but non the less important, intercessory function. It is for the purpose of suggesting special devotions to her that we notice so many of her commemorations in our calender.

“ We strongly incline to the belief that not a few of th

miracles effected at Lourdes are miracles worked by Our Divine Lord at the intercession of our Blessed Lady, and in response to the prayers of faithful Catholics. We think it not at all unlikely that the Queen of Heaven, Our Lady of perpetual mercy, Our Mother of Sweet Grace, did actually appear to the blessed Bernadette and announce to her, "I am the Immaculate Conception." At any rate we wish we could see manifested by equal large numbers of persons in the Anglican Church the same supernatural faith which is shown by the pilgrims at the shrine of our Lady of Lourdes. Perhaps if we had here in America a Lourdes grotto we should be without Christian Science temples and if we had a blessed Bernadette we should be without a Mrs. Eddy and a blasphemous Dowie.

## HE UNDERSTANDS

*sure!*

IT is impossible for anyone to be perfectly understood by his fellowmen. However near and dear our friends and loved ones may be to us, they being unable to see into our hearts, are unaware of the high, and, alas! sometimes low flames of our thought. There are heights of aspiration in every life that can only be fully appreciated by our Maker.

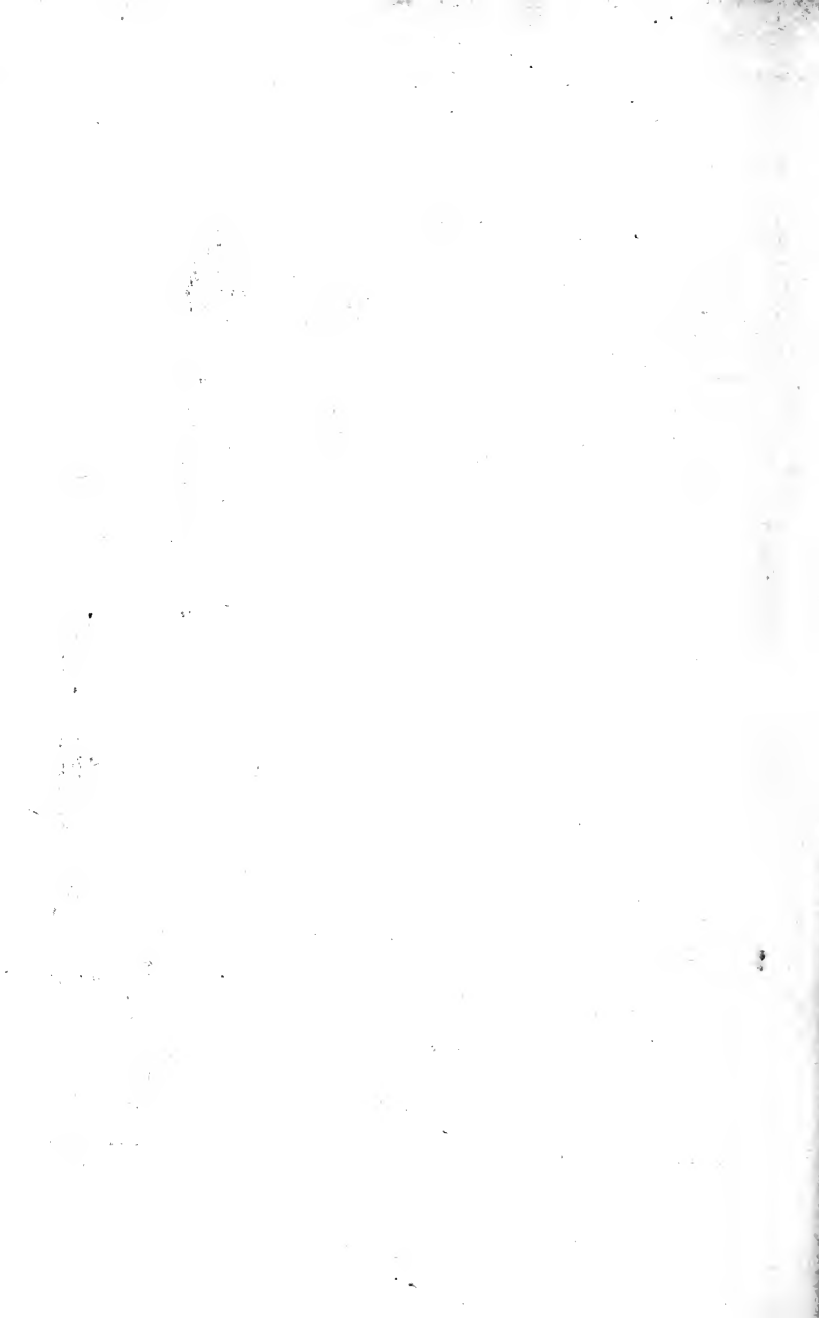
The thought that God knows the innermost recesses of the heart, while it cannot fail to be terrible to the sinful man, should be one of the most productive sources of encouragement to the Christian. *He understands* Yes, all yearnings for a better life, all the battles with sin fought in the seclusion of our hearts, all the temptations and trials, and anxieties that press upon us on every side, *He understands*. Is it not a comforting thought? We all long at times for some one who can fully sympathize with us, but, failing to appreciate our motives, our best friends are unable to offer the aid that we so much need.

He knows every thought that passes through the mind, and with infinite compassion delights to give us credit for whatever good is in us. *He understands*. May these two words be a source of inspiration and encouragement in every trouble.





**MATER DOLOROSA**  
After a painting by Ploekhorst







The Guardian Angel



## To the Blessed Mother

---

H ! what shall I call thee, my mother,  
 That men have not named thee before,  
 To add to thy titles another  
 Enriching thy litany's store ?  
 By the care thou didst give the Most Holy,  
 When forced o'er the desert to roam,  
 By the rev'rence of Joseph, the lowly,  
 Be Queen of the Catholic home !

Thou knowest not, woman, thy power,  
 If striving to widen the sway,  
 Thou barterest modesty's dower  
 To mingle a voice in the fray !  
 When men with their laurels have decked thee,  
 What gain, if the conscience cries : " Cease !"  
 Thy children no longer respect thee,  
 Thy husband seeks elsewhere for peace ?

Though fame should be thine for the asking,  
 Oh say, would the guerdon be great,  
 If while in its flattery basking,  
 The Bridegroom should whisper : " Too late"  
 And pass to the feast in His beauty,  
 Whilst thou in the darkness should stand  
 Unfaithful to promptings of duty,  
 The lamp still untrimmed in thy hand

By mem'ries of Nazareth humble,  
 O Mary, be ever our guide,  
 Lest we on life's journey should stumble  
 Through weariness, weakness or pride !  
 And pray that henceforth all our actions  
 Be cleansed from hypocrisy's dross,  
 And teach us in spite of attractions  
 To choose the highway of the Cross.

Thine image in fair and foul weather  
 Should smile on the hearth from our walls,  
 Thy rosary bring us together,  
 When night in its loneliness falls !  
 Thy name with its grand benediction,  
 The eldest of daughters should bless,  
 That so, in our deepest affliction  
 Our mother may heal our distress.

— ANON.



### Quid Retribuam Domino ?

*“What will I give back to the Lord for all that He has  
 given to me ? I will take the chalice of salvation and  
 call upon the name of the Lord.”*

O Lord, we bring Thee gifts already Thine !  
 Thy hands have stored each bending ear with grain,  
 And sent the rich, fruit-teeming juice amain  
 Through every branch and tendril of the vine ;

Yet, when we offer Thee this Bread and Wine,  
 As gifts Thou takest Thy good things back again,  
 And in exchange, O what exchange ! dost deign  
 To give us Thine own Flesh and Blood divine !

And so, though these our hearts belong to Thee —  
 Alas, Creator, injured in our care ! —  
 Thou dost accept them and enkindle there  
 Faith that through every veil of sense can see,  
 And Hope that meets its death in vision fair,  
 And Love that lives and reigns eternally !





# The Triumph of the Church

✠ by the Eucharist ✠

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EO XIII has often raised his voice in lamentation over the actual unhappiness of Spouse of Christ ; “ and the voice of the lion, as the Scripture says, has shaken the depths of the desert, and awakened the slumbering children of man. ”

This Spouse of Christ has seen herself attacked by numerous enemies ; like the woman of the Apocalypse, who, when she gave birth to children, elect for heaven, saw the infernal dragon approach to devour these children. The Pope watch-

ful guardian, has recalled the army of the faithful to the combat ; his voice has resounded throughout the world like a clarion cry of victory, when he says, “ Union, strength and prayer against satan and his agents.

In their writings they insult God, His Son Jesus-Christ, His consecrated ministers ; they undermine the foundations of divine truths and endeavor to extinguish the eternal light of faith, under the darkness of their ignorance and blindness.

Against the temples of ivory built for the Church, by the purity of her virgins, the holiness of her priests and pontiffs, they have spread a flood of filth and corruption to cover this virginal brilliancy. When seduction was powerless, as it ever will be where the God of purity reigns, they circulated calumny and detraction to attain their vile ends.

Those enemies of the Church united in a formidable league, as secret and dark, as the hell, from which it originated ; this society sends her votaries to every city

and country, to every village and hamlet, hoping to exterminate every soul and community living the life of Christ.

Sovereigns proudly rebelling against the authority of the Church, taunt her, you are not our guide, our head, you are not even our equal, you are a slave, and even go so far as to menace her with captivity's chains.

Nothing can stop the fury and madness of those miserable wretches, guided by the spirit of lucifer. When neither revolution, nor riot, nor sedition, could conquer or dethrone the Tabernacle, verifying the words of the God who resides therein : " So, I am with you all days, even until the end of time ;" then in satanic hatred, they seized in sacriligious robbery, the sacred Ciborium and inflicted outrages upon the pure white Hosts, wherein was hidden their God and their Judge.

The Pontiff supreme guide of the army of christians was not spared ; they have bound him, imprisoned him, but even in chains they cannot prevent his voice vibrating over the world, directing God's combatants with divine intuition.

Where is the child, who seeing her mother suffering, or in danger would not run to her assistance, and if necessary shed her blood for her ?

The Church is our mother, having given us the life of grace and never ceasing by her multiplied and foreseeing tenderness, to develop this life in us ; let us then unite our efforts to defend her, to help her, by fervent prayer before the Blessed Eucharist, where we will perfectly fulfill the conditions of victory, union, strength and prayer.

The strength of an army, is in its union. The rallying point of union, for the members of the militant Church, is the temple of Jesus-Christ, and in that temple the divine Sacrament. Saint Paul exhorting the first christians said : " Know that we are a single armed body, and as one man, we who have eaten the same Bread and drank the same Chalice. "

When paganism is expiring in degeneration and vile-ness, we hear Saint Augustin singing his hymn of victory to the Blessed Eucharist : O adorable sign of unity ! O link of fraternal union ! "

Strength, courage, energy to bear great hardships, intrepidity in face of danger, are the requisites to make a hero of a soldier. What nature gives to a few, grace offers to all christians, and the Eucharist is the source where those soldiers of Christ are strengthened and disciplined for the battle of life.

Human intelligence might well question — how can those frail species, which are so carefully guarded, contain the principle of strength and courage. Yes — but the spirit of faith teaches and shows us how it was prefigured and announced in the old Testament, by that bread, cooked under the ashes, which Gédéon saw coming down the mountain and changing into a formidable sword, overthrowing the bulwarks and tents of the Madianites, reducing their camp to ruins, and exterminating their powerful army. Christian soul, receive into your heart, the humble bread, cooked at the fire of Jesus love, it is the formidable sword which will repulse the most furious attacks directed against your soul or the Church.

When the Israelites saw the enemy rush upon their camp, they cried out so long and so powerfully to Jehovah that those great cries alone were sufficient to rout the enemy.

Our Pontiff and chief perceiving the numerous evils falling on the people of Christ, ordains, that all together, we cry to heaven for help by the sublime cry of the Rosary.

And when in that prayer, we call on the adorable name of Jesus, which resounds and moves all in heaven, on earth, and in hell; joined to the powerful name of Mary, "terrible as an army in battle," consternation spreads in the infernal camp and our enemies recoil in affright.

That those cries, clear and strong, may have full effect they must resound in the temple, in presence of Jesus-Christ.

The Church has established the devotion of the "Forty-Hours," in order that prayer before the Blessed Sacrament unveiled and solemnly exposed may deliver the city of God, from the numerous snares of its enemies.

That is why Leo XIII calls us to prayer in a special manner during this month, and he desires, as much as

possible, those prayers be offered before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

Let us unite ourselves around the Eucharist ; pray and strengthen ourselves at its living-waters, and victory will surely be ours. Then shall those words of Pius IX be realized. " The Blessed Eucharist is the great comfort of the Church in modern times.



## ROSARY DREAMS

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WHAT tranquil dreams flit thro' my brain  
 As I prayerfully count on my endless chain  
 And think o'er the mysteries in each decade,  
 From the joyful scenes of the Virgin Mary  
 And the life of Christ the Saviour.

What anguished dreams of suff'ring deeds  
 The Passion reveals on the rosary beads,  
 When I ponder the sorrowful mysteries in dread,  
 From the crowing of thorns and the cross where he bled  
 To the tomb of the God Redeemer !

What wondrous dreams I now behold !  
 Christ's victory o'er death the decades unfold  
 To His glorious ascent ; then the Paraclete-dove  
 And the blessed assumption and crowning above  
 Of Mary the Mother of God.



## A Child's Prayer Before Leaving the Church

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DEAR Jesus, I am going away for a time but I trust not without Thee. Thou art with me by Thy grace. I will never leave Thee by mortal sin. I do not fear to do so, though I am so weak, because I have such hope in Thee. But if You do not help me I will grieve Thee, so take care of me, that I may not pain Thee.  
 Amen.

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## For the Sake of a Rosary



THE incident, which I am now about to relate, and which is strictly true, occurred a good many years ago, when I was assistant priest in an unpretending village in South Germany.

It was one night in the month of October, that at the close of a tiring day I laid my weary head upon the pillow with the prayer that God in His Mercy would grant "patience, rest and kind relief" to all the sick and suffering. Let me add that I wished that our house-bell might rest serenely that night.

It was a cold night, but I soon fell fast asleep. Suddenly I was startled by a shrill sound. Was I dreaming or was that the night bell? I listened a few seconds, holding my breath. No, I was not mistaken: there it was again, louder than before. Throwing on my clothes, I drew aside the curtain and flung the window open.

"Who is there?" I cried. No answer came. "Who is there?" I inquired again.

A hoarse voice, quite unfamiliar to my ear inquired in reply:

"Are you the priest of this place?"

"I am not the pastor: I am his curate. What do you want?"

The answer came up from below:

The wife of the station-master at W— has sent me to beg you to come to the station immediately. A passenger was run over by the last train, the Dr. says his injuries are fatal. If you make haste, perhaps you will find him still alive."

I thanked and praised the man for taking the trouble to come so far on such a cold dark night, and asked him to tell them at the station I would be there directly. As

I hurried down stairs the light I was carrying fell on the countenance of the Mother of Dolors : her statue stood there. I fancied I saw the tears which filled her eyes.

I went into the church to take the Blessed Sacrament ; the key grated as it turned in the lock. How still and peaceful it was in the church, while the wind howled outside and rustled among the dry leaves ! There was the red light of the sanctuary lamp. " My God, I adore Thee ! Come, Lord Jesus, Thou Son of David ! Behold, a soul whom Thou lovest is sick ! "

With pyx containing the Bread of life carefully hidden in my breast, I trudged oward. Arrived at the station, I saw, on the floor, strenched out on a bed of straw, a man, whose legs were swathed in linen bandages. I shuddered as the dark stains on the boards met my eyes. Nothing had been prepared for my coming ; so I cleared a space on the table whereon to deposit the burse containing the pyx, and then bent down to the sufferer. He was a young man not over thirty. As I gazed at his livid features a convulsive twitch, as of pain, suddenly passed over them.

" Can you hear me, my friend ? Can you see me ? I am close beside you, — a priest. Can you hear what I say ? "

There was no sign of life. I took his hand and gently pressed it ; I passed my hand over his cold face, damp with the sweat of death ; again I spoke : " Say my child, shall we pray ? say in your heart : My Jesus mercy ! "

His lips quivered. I caught a sound — a half — articulate cry for " water ! "

Thank God he was coming to. I filled a glass and held it to his lips. Consciousness had now fully returned.

" My legs, " he murmured, and presently : " My poor mother ! " he ejaculated.

His confession was made in the best dispositions. To my joy I found he could swallow easily ; and reverently I placed the Sacred Host upon his tongue.

Thus, in the dead of night, Our Lord, the Good Samaritan, came to this unfortunate traveller, who lay dying in that lonely place, and took possession of his heart. I administered Extreme Unction to the sufferer ; but he soon relapsed into a state of coma from exhaustion. I had done all I could, and I comforted myself with the thought

that he had made his peace with God ; so I called in the men who were quietly waiting outside. " Did the dying man ask for a priest ? " I inquired. " How could he, " interposed the young man. " Why he was totally unconscious when we got him from under the wheels ; and unless he came to while you were here, he has been in a faint ever since ; but having the rosary in his pocket when we searched him, we concluded he must be a Catholic, and so sent for you." " What a singular chance ! " the children of this world would say ; but I saw in it the gracious interposition of Divine Providence and of the Mother of God. Why have I related this incident ? To show the importance of carrying a rosary, and to afford a fresh example of the faithful and untiring care, wherewith Our Lady watches over the salvation of her children.

To finish my narrative, I will add the injured man never regained consciousness. About two o'clock he died.

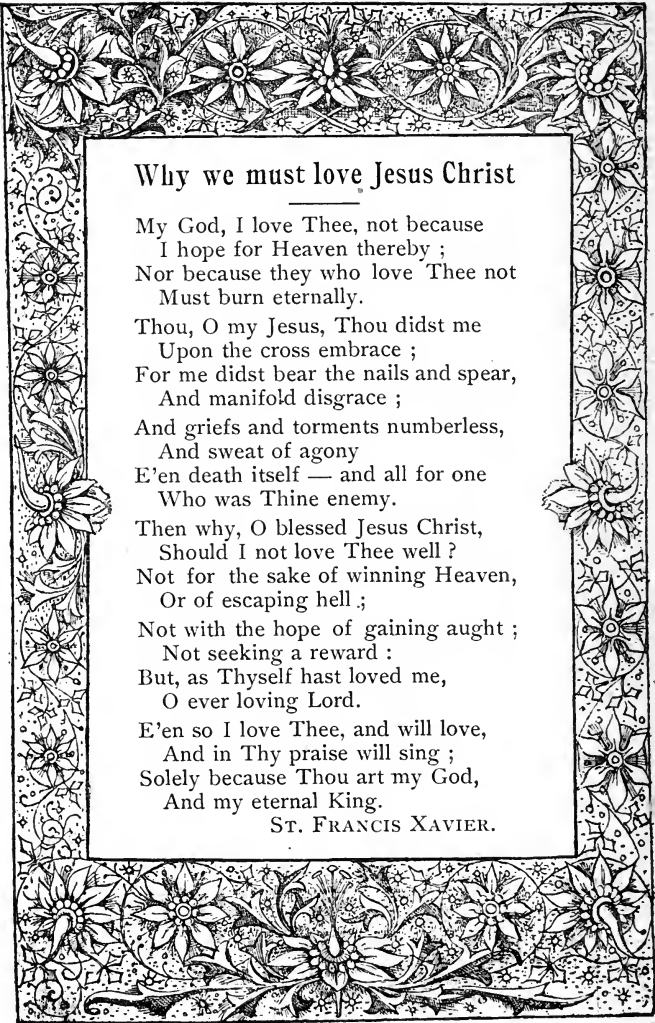
Thus I witnessed the departure of this young man, a stranger to me, whose identity I never learned. He expired fortified with the last Sacraments and all the consolations of our holy religion, — the reward of devotion to the rosary.

Instinctively I felt in my pockets to see if my beads were there. Before very long I found myself at the presbytery. As I stepped into my little room, which felt snug and warm after the cold air without, and laid the burse and stole down on my prie-Dieu, the words : " From sudden and unprovided death, O Lord deliver us, " escaped my lips.

The next morning when I was at last roused from a heavy slumber, and the events of the night crowded in upon my thoughts, I fancied at first it was all a dream. But no : it was stern reality, as the stains of blood upon my clothes too surely proved. So I said the *De Profundis* for the soul of the departed, and gave heartfelt thanks to our ever — compassionate Queen — for one more favor received at her hands.

L. R. in *St Anthony's Monthly*.





## Why we must love Jesus Christ

My God, I love Thee, not because  
I hope for Heaven thereby ;  
Nor because they who love Thee not  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace ;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace ;

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony  
E'en death itself — and all for one  
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well ?  
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,  
Or of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught ;  
Not seeking a reward :  
But, as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever loving Lord.

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing ;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.





# THE PRINCESS' CAPRICE

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

**I**N her magnificent boudoir, the Princess Caprice, amazed and baffled, sat with a telegram spread out before her on Christmas Eve. The unexpected had happened, and for once in her life her wayward and imperious will could not by any possibility be done.

A millionaire in her own right, by inheritance from her dead mother, she was the only child of none knew how many times multiplied a millionaire father. Alexandrina Von Vorst Freylinghensen sincerely believed herself to be a princess, with the world at her feet; and she deemed even a ducal coronet too slight a bauble for her small and queenly head.

From childhood her inherited ambitious nature had been fostered in every way by her adoring father, whose one aim was to pile riches on riches until no American should surpass him, and kings themselves should be proud to link their names with his. His one child was gifted with rare beauty, real talent most carefully cultivated, and as strong a pride as his own. Though styled by everyone from her very babyhood the Princess Caprice, because of her varying moods and fancies ever gratified, she was so sweet, so winning a character, though so sadly selfish, that everyone admired her, and not a breath of idle gossip ever dallied with her name. As yet she had never seen any one who seemed to her one half as noble or interesting as her devoted, art-loving, highly-cultured father; and to be with him was her pleasure and her pride.

They had a habit, ever since Alexandrina was ten years old, of going together to the opera on Christmas

Eve. Only they two sat in the box, that night, alone, in all the year; and for his sake she dressed in her queenliest array, and to him she gave her loveliest smiles. And he had promised to be home surely from his southern journey that night; and that night of all nights he "could not" come.

Could not! Astounding words! She rang her bell hastily, and her young French maid appeared, a well-born girl of great refinement, orphaned and poor, the one person who sometimes saw Alexandrina Freylinghensen with her veil of reserve thrown by.

"Pauline!" she cried, "my father cannot come! Nothing is the matter. Nothing shall be the matter! But I must *forget*. What could be the matter, Pauline? Nothing! But I certainly shall not go to the opera, or see any one else to night. This night was always for him. There never was such another father as mine, Pauline, you know."

The color went and came on the delicate cheek of the French girl, and suddenly Alexandrina remembered what her quiet black dress meant. Yet she hurried on:

"He is like a king," she cried. "I shall never care for anyone except a king. I could not! I don't know what it means, Pauline, but nobody could ever content me unless he were a million times nobler and richer and wiser and more splendid than I am. Else, I would despise him! I can say it to you, Pauline, for somehow you always seem to understand me. And I should die without my father, and *you* could live without yours; so you see that I must love mine the most!"

Again Pauline's color went and came, but this time Alexandrina wondered at it. For it was no longer grief that caused those varying shades; and yet surely neither tears, nor pride, were in the brilliant, assured, mysterious look that shone in Pauline's great brown eyes.

"Suppose," she exclaimed, then paused a moment, then impetuously went on, "suppose you had found that king,—what then? Found one who was all you wished—and more—and that could never disappoint?"

"I would give everything," answered Alexandrina. "But that could never be, of course. And, after all, what can you know about it? What do you know? You

are very odd to-night. Pauline De Mostyn ! what do you mean ? ”

“ I mean, ” Pauline said shyly, softly, “ that there is such a king, dear Princess Caprice. If you would only go to see him with me to-night ! ”

“ You are jesting, ” Alexandrina answered. “ You never want to go anywhere except to church. But where would you like to go to-night, Pauline ? Could I take you somewhere that would not seem disloyal to my father since I cannot go with him ? ”

She was not prepared for the rapture in Pauline’s usually calm, collected face. “ Would you go ? ” she exclaimed ecstatically. “ Will you go to the midnight Mass with me ? ”

To give pleasure to someone else on Christmas Eve, since you positively could not please yourself, suddenly appeared not unworthy of the Princess Caprice. “ Where will we go ? ” she asked. “ To the cathedral ? Choose, Pauline ! You shall go wherever you like. ”

And Pauline said : “ I would like so much then to go to old St. Stephen’s. My father and I used to go there—years ago it seems. ”

Alexandrina gave a sharp cry. “ It is no use. Pauline, ” she said, “ I am terribly afraid. If anything has happened to *my* father, my whole world goes ! How can *you* live without your father, and alone, and—not rich ? ”

Pauline faced her now with a look that suddenly filled the Princess Caprice with an amazement she had never felt before. That look was not pride, it was so noble, yet so sweet. Impossible as it seemed, Alexandrina nevertheless felt for a marvelous moment that her French maid was superior to herself and to the world and wealth and time.

“ Suppose, ” said Pauline, “ suppose you had seen the King ; and, after that, that everything else seemed small ? ”

“ Where is He ? ” Alexandrina demanded imperiously, only to be met by eyes as fearless as her own, but far more brilliant, shining with heavenly light.

“ He comes tonight, ” Pauline answered. “ He is King of kings, and He chose to be born in a stable. He had all riches, and He chose to be poor. And He is all beauty

and all love for those who receive Him, He so little and lovely and lowly, and so heavenly dear ! Oh, Princess Caprice ! ”

The voice died in a happy sob.

“ What is it ? What is it ? ” asked Alexandrina, but very gentle now. “ Can I see Him, Pauline ! How can I see Him ? For it is plain that you have something that I have not—I who thought the world was mine ! What shall I do, Pauline ? ”

“ Ask Him, only ask Him, ” Pauline answered. “ I will tell you ! Will you kneel down at his altar ? Do you know a little saying we have, we Catholics ? It is that the first prayer you say before an altar where you never were before will be granted you ! So say tonight : ‘ Show me Thyself, dear Lord, and let me love Thee. ’ Will you just do that ? You want to see the King. Nothing less can satisfy you ! ”

“ It cannot do me any harm certainly, ” Alexandrina answered thoughtfully. “ Yes, Pauline, I will say that, since you ask me. It is strange, but you never asked me for any favor before this. ”

An hour later, they were in the church. Pauline slipped into a confessional, and out again, with the faith and humility of a little child at home in its father’s house. Alexandrina waited patiently. She had been in a hundred Catholic churches and cathedrals abroad ; but, strangely enough, never in one at home. And she had never before entered one so reverently and thoughtfully as now. How large, how quiet, how beautiful, how dingy, how very natural and sweet it seemed ! There was a constant sound of the tread of feet upon the aisles ; people came and went ; so many were poorly clad, so many were well dressed ; but how perfectly composed and peaceful they were, as if, somehow, they all belonged there, and to one another, and to God. It was very nice, wasn’t it ? that they all had one beautiful place to come to and be at peace !

Nobody noticed her at all. It had crossed her mind in her ingrained vanity and self-importance, that Pauline might tell the priest that the great millionaire’s daughter was honoring St. Stephen’s that night, with her presence. Pauline joined her again, however, and a very mean-



## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

### An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

*Christian Virtues : — Charity. The Eucharist,  
Source of Charity*

**I**N this and following meditations, we will consider. Divine love as a virtue, that is to say the love of man for God, and we will see it has its source, its object, its model in the Blessed Eucharist.

#### I. — Adoration.

Adore our Lord Jesus Christ in His Sacrament of love, as the principal source of the love of God in our hearts. Consider how His gentle presence, the precious gifts and graces He communicates to us, and the intimate union He contracts with our souls, contribute in producing this marvellous effect.

Love is not a fruit culled at a distance, its growth requires companionship, sympathy, congeniality. Jesus wishing to gain our hearts for heaven, remains with us, if I might so speak, As a constant loving devoted companion. He is there — very close, behind the little golden door.

How gentle is His presence, how attractive His divine charms, How sweet and consoling His words ! Yes, sweet Saviour, I adore Thee — I love Thee.

2. Gifts are the tokens of love. Love gives not only its heart, but as it were all its possessions ; when these gifts assume vast proportions, they create union impossible to dissolve. Our dear Saviour pleads for the love of our hearts, by making us participants in the riches of His graces and merits in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Look with eyes of faith and you will be astonished, confounded at the prodigality of this Divine Friend. His gifts are infinite, greater than heaven, greater than the universe, and were our souls vast enough they would possess them all in their entirety. How precious they are ; the price of our soul, of our eternity ! O Jesus, I am overcome at the sight of those gifts and graces Thou dost shower on me in Thy Eucharist, at Mass and in Holy communion. Yes, I love Thee, I adore Thee.

3. Union crowns affection. Wordly union is sealed by contracts, agreements as to mutual interests, property, life ; our soul is called to this sovereign happiness of uniting, not only her interests, her work ; but her body soul and very life to Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. "*Sponsabo te mihi in sempiternum,*" " I have chosen Thee as my spouse forever, my heart belongs to thee, give me Thine in return." Divine Saviour, what union, what wonderful condescension ; how hesitate ? Oh Yes, my heart is Thine, I love Thee, I adore Thee.

4. Jesus Christ not only exerts a moral influence on our hearts by drawing it to His love, He acts directly on it ; He attracts it, possesses it, and by the power of the Sacrament of love makes it adhere inseparably to God. Baptism planted in our hearts the germs of Divine love, confirmation strengthened them, Penance renewed the young branch bent or broken by the storm, the Holy Eucharist nourishes and develops them. The Eucharist having emanated from the heart of Jesus, the source of love, what can it produce but love ? O Sacrament of love ! — I love Thee, I adore Thee.

## II. — Thanksgiving

Unceasing, unending should be our *Tè Deum*, our gratitude to the Eucharist source of clarity, for it satisfies an imperious need of every human heart, of every crea-



ted soul, which God alone can fully satisfy in His sacrament of love. God who feeds the birds, who gives dew to the flowers, who provides for the spiritual and temporal interests of man — has not forgotten the heart of man ; its thirst, its ardent longing is to love, and God alone can fill and satiate it. That is why the pure white Host of the Ciborium, which contains Jesus, our God, is given to man, to satisfy his desire for the infinite. Partake of God ! O supreme delight !

Love of God is the most important of our duties. The Divine Master has said “ Love the Lord... behold the first and greatest precept ; ” and the apostle tells us that charity surpasses all other virtues, even the theological virtues of faith and hope. “ *Major autem horum est caritas.* ” Blessed then be this adorable Sacrament which teaches us love of God, fills our hearts with this sacred fire, helps us to discharge the principal and most important of our obligations.

The Eucharist has a special power of producing this love in us. It contains the burning Heart of Jesus, whose love inspired and operated the marvels of His existence. Because He loved us, because He desired our happiness, all His actions were resumed by the Holy Ghost in those words ; “ He went about doing good.” When this heart so tender, so overflowing with love and affection, meets ours in Holy Communion, with what divine fires will He not embrace it. If the words of Jesus so deeply moved the disciples of Emmaus, what transformation will not His soul produce in us, by the infusion of His adorable graces and perfections in their very source. O Blessed Eucharist ! how can we offer thanksgiving for the Divine love with which Thou hast filled us.

### III. — Reparation.

The Eucharist being the source of love ; why is it that souls partaking of it remain lukewarm and weak ? not living the life of love of God which alone causes us to merit and advance in the way of salvation. The cause is easily found, and unhappily very common ; we do not approach often enough to the Eucharist. What sadness for the Good shepherd, to see those sheep, He has brought, with such suffering, back to His sheep fold, to see them faint and expire so close to the source of life. It we feel the weight of the cross, the burden of the heat



and sun in God's service, let us not blame grace, but our own negligence in nourishing ourselves with the substantial bread which God has prepared for us.

Another cause why the Blessed Eucharist does not produce love in our hearts, is, our improper dispositions. We communicate with an indifferant heart, without will to do right, full of affection for venial sin, God is powerless on surch a soul. He comes, He cannot violate His liberty, but what a sad sight such a soul is for Him. We cannot approach fire without feeling its warmth, but, unhappily we approach the burning furnace of ardent love and remain cold and insensible owing to our improper dispositions. Lord Jesus, we ask pardon and offer reparation for our negligencies and infidelities.

#### IV. — Prayer

Let our most ardent desire, our most fervent prayer be that Holy communion may produce its fruits of love in our hearts..

That it may increase charity that sublime virtue, whose growth has no limit. Ever to grow in Gods love, ever to make us love Him more and more, is the special grace of the Eucharist, if we do not place obstacles in its way... Lord purify me that I may love Thee more and more, and that I may place no obstacle to Thy Eucharistic reign in my heart.

May the Eucharist render our love generous and active : — for what is love if it does not give itself, if it does not abandon itself, if it does not work and sacrifice itself for the honor and advantage of the Well-Beloved ; otherwise love would be superficial and selfish. O Jesus Hostie my heart is willing, but my will is weak, feeble, and inconstant, help it, strengthen it, by Thy Eucharist so that I may love Thee in spirit and in truth.

The Blessed Eucharist will produce wonderful effects of Divine love in us, if we prepare ourselves for its reception by repeated fervent acts of love, and multiply those acts during thanksgiving. Let that be our firm resolution.





ly-dressed old woman took her place in the confessional, and nobody appeared to know that the Princess Caprice was near. Quite naturally and simply Pauline led the way up to the high altar and knelt down to say her penance, leaving the astonished Princess to do what she chose. She did not even remind her of her prayer.

The Princess looked about her. Before her the altar towered up very high ; but, higher still, was a great, life-size crucifixion painted upon the wall behind it. Even to Alexandrina's eyes, trained in the highest principles of artistic criticism, and familiar with all the famous European galleries, there was something wonderful in that crucifixion on St. Stephen's wall. What was it ? She had never seen an other precisely like it — it was so calm in its suffering, so glorious, so kingly. That was the crucifixion of a king — a king reigning from the tree of shame and pain.

Alexandrina stood studying it, gravely, carefully, when she heard Pauline whisper : “ We are to have a place in the front pew tonight, Father Rector says.”

After all, did someone know the Princess Caprice was there ? Alexandrina's heart felt a pleasant glow. She would have asked Pauline, but the girl was again on her knees, saying her beads. Perforce Alexandrina looked around and above, once more. An unwonted feeling of loneliness came over her. Who cared for her ? Why was she not happy here like this little Pauline, poor, fatherless, dependent, yet so joyous, so free, so blessed ? And suddenly Alexandrina remembered her promise.

“ Show me Thyself, Lord ! ” she whispered eagerly. “ And let me love Thee ! ”

Show me Thyself ! — but, then, what was He ? Was this the King, white, wounded, thorn-crowned, His throne a cross ? Was this the King, this little Babe in the Crib at the side altar, cradled on straw, between an ox and an ass ? Yet He was a King. Nineteen hundred years had passed away, but here He was reigning over Mary and Joseph then. That was a magnificence of length of days, surely, and an empire that plainly knew no end.

The Mass began. Alexandrina sat as at the opera, but far more deeply interested than it had ever been in Mu-

sic's power before to stir her. Later she knew how Pauline's prayers were all for her that night. But the girl gave no sign of her absorbing, passionate pleading till the bell rang for the consecration ; then she caught Alexandrina's hand !

" He is coming, the King ! " she whispered. " Oh, kneel down now, and ask Him to show you Himself ! "

Alexandrina sank upon her knees. Once, twice, thrice, the bell sounded. She saw the white Host lifted, the chalice raised high, the bended heads, the cloud of incense, the torches' glow. And up from her heart rose again this plea, but a strange, overwhelming faith was it :

" Show me Thyself, dear Lord, and let me love Thee ! Show me my King ! "

No vision, no sensible rapture, no audible voice, came. The gift of the faith was granted her on Christmas night. Jesus Christ Himself was on that altar. As truly as in Bethlehem and on Calvary, He was there, His blessed Body, His precious Blood, His Sacred Heart ; and He loved her, this King of kings, and she loved Him. And the poor were His courtiers, His friends, His brothers and sisters, — nay, more, they were Himself. What was the wealth of a millionaire in the sight of the King of Heaven and Earth ? Truly, as Pauline had said, after one had seen the King, everything of this world was small indeed, a bauble, the merest dross.

She looked up. That King on the great cross, *her* King, had chosen poverty and want and shame and pain. Oh, to follow Him in that pathway, where His royal and wounded feet had trod ! He was literally pouring His graces on her, in answer to the little maid who knelt beside her. Not only but the love He gave her for Him was that love which counts all things dross if it may win Christ, — the love He gave to Paul on the road to fair Damascus, the love He gave to Elizabeth of Hungary and Teresa of Avila, to Francis Xavier and to Stanislaus Kostka. It is His gift, and He grants it to His chosen ones ; and perhaps there would be more of His chosen ones if we only willed.

When Pauline rose up and went forward with the crowds to the altar to communion, it seemed to the Princess Caprice that her heart must break within her. Twice

that night her will had been denied her — she had not seen her father, and she might not receive her Lord. And the proud heart melted into its first conscious act of real humility as she cried once again, not “show me Thyself,” but, “*give* me Thyself, dear Lord ! and let me love *You* forever, and do whatever You may want of me, and will let me do !”

But the strange thing was that she was enamoured of His poverty. Yet was it strange ; or is it we who are strange to think it strange, when He gave all for us ? Again and again she watched, with fascinated gaze, that white form stripped of all things, its face so glorious in its regal grace. Was she not to give all, in order to gain all ? Could she ever again go richly clad, and live in luxury, and spend as she used to spend on self, and, as a Princess Caprice indeed, on whatever she fancied, while He and His children were in cold and want and woe ? Could her Lover and Lord suffer, and she not suffer too ?

The Mass ended, and the people moved eagerly to the Christmas Crib. After a time, Pauline and Alexandrina knelt there too. And there the Infant Jesus completed His work of grace. She saw a small child and a beggar-like old man kneel down in rapt devotion, and then place their humble offering in the box at the Infant's feet. And suddenly the Princess Caprice tore the bracelets from her wrists, and the rings from her white fingers, and the diamonds from her ears, and flung them at Jesus' feet ; and then Pauline knew without words that the answer to her prayers was given. “She lavished the ointment, Father,” she said to an old priest near. “Won't you speak to her, Father ? For I think it is one who loves much, that has come to the Crib to night.”

When, a few days later, Mr. Freylinghensen returned, enraged at the band of determined strikers whose firm stand against him had kept even him at bay, he met for the first time determined opposition from a most unexpected quarter. To his iron will was opposed his daughter's will, firm now as adamant because founded on the eternal rock. Justice and charity were the Christmas gifts she asked of him, and she would not be gainsaid. And when, soon after, he died, and died in the Faith she fearlessly professed, willing to lose everything earthly, and

all human love, rather than to lose it, he left the bulk of his enormous wealth to her. She made of it a great act of restitution and of reparation, and a great act of love.

People called her conversion her latest caprice. They found it, however, an abiding, life-long conviction. The disposal of her wealth, consecrated entirely to the King's service, seemed to her but a necessary consequence of her love for the King of kings. And she and Pauline De Mostyn founded together a new order of Little Sisters and Servants of the Toilers, going in and out among factory and mill-hands, and miners and artisans, and filling their hard lives with the joy and beauty that come from the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth, that earthly palace of the King.

Alexandrina died first ; and Pauline, bending over her, caught the last look of love from the aged eyes. They were old women then in the service of their Lord.

" We have been so happy together, Sister," Pauline exclaimed ; and Alexandrina answered humbly to her superior :

" Thank God, Mother ! It was you who led me to see the King in His beauty. I shall never forget you in His presence. Who made us one in Him."



## God's List'ning Ear

—

My lips are close to God's list-ning ear,  
 What are the words I wish Him to hear ?  
 What is the music He loves the most ?  
 What sweeter than song of heavenly host ?  
 'Tis my heart's own love, — 'tis this from me : —  
 " My God ! My Father ! I Love but Thee ! "  
 A thousand times through the long, long day  
 These simple words may I fondly say,  
 Thus giving a joy to His Sacred Heart,  
 Than which no greater can heaven impart !


Sister Madeleine M. Augustine.





## — THE PRAYER —

---

IVE me, O Lord, a heart of grace,  
A voice of joy, a shining face,  
That I may show where'er I turn  
Thy love within my soul doth burn !  
Though life be sweet and joy be dear,  
Be in my mind a quiet fear ;  
A patient love of pain and care,  
An enemy to dark despair ;

A tenderness for all that stray,  
With strength to help them on the way ;  
A cheerfulness, a heavenly mirth  
Brightening my steps along the earth ;

A calm expectancy of death,  
Who bloweth out our human breath ;  
Who one day cometh in Thy name  
And putteth out our mortal flame.

Press Thou Thy thorns upon my head,  
For I would bleed as Thou hast bleed ;  
Tis meet that I should wounded be  
By that which sorely wounded Thee !

I ask and shrink, yet shrink, and ask :  
I know Thou wilt not set task  
Too hard for hands that Thou hast made  
Too hard for hands that Thou canst aid.

So let me dwell all peacefully,  
Content to live, content to die,  
Rejoicing now, rejoicing then,  
Rejoicing evermore. Amen.

ROSA MUEHOLLAND.





## The Benefits of the Holy Sacrifice

— as exemplified in —

### THE PRISONER'S DELIVERANCE

**T**HE effect of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as we learn from the Council of Trent, is to free our souls from sin, to purify us. Its immediate effect is to efface venial sin, and indirectly it breaks the bonds of mortal sin, by conferring actual graces which lead sinners to repentance and pardon, thus the Blood of the Eucharistic Victim delivers us from the captivity of the devil. Even in temporal things it has worked similar prodigies, such, as to free unhappy prisoners from their chains, and to restore health to those mourning under the weight of their infirmities. We cite an example related by Venerable Bede in his history of England.

A bloody combat had taken place in the North of Trent, the Mercian king, Aelrède, had slain Elbuin, the brother of his rival Egfrid, the king of Northumberland.

Among the victims was a valiant soldier from the vanquished army who fell mortally wounded. He remained a day and night lying among the dead on the battle-field. Finally having recovered somewhat of his strength, he dressed his wounds, as well as he could, arose and with extraordinary energy set out to seek his friends, but he fell into the hands of his enemies and was led by them to Aelrede's lieutenant.

Questioned as to his nationality and fearing to admit that he was one of Elbuin's soldiers, he said he was a poor ploughman who had come to carry provisions to the camp and had been wounded in the discharge of his duty.

Orders were then given that he should be cared for, but as he was not yet wholly free from suspicion, the officer commanded him to be bound every night, lest he should be a spy.

But every night, as soon as his guardians had retired, the chains miraculously fell, as if broken by an invisible and powerful hand. Astonished at this prodigy, the offi-



cer inquired of Quinia what magical art he used to break so often, the chains wherewith he was bound. " I have never practised any magical art ", the prisoner answered, " but in my native land, I have a brother, who is a priest : I presume that believing me slain in battle, he often offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for me, that is the only explanation I can give of the marvel ; doubtless

if my soul had passed into the other life, my brother's prayers would have delivered me and united me to God. "


As he was speaking an officer who was watching him attentively, concluded from his language and distinguished bearing, that he was not what he had represented himself, but undoubtedly a warrior belonging to a noble family ; the officer took him aside, and pressed him to divulge his identity, promising him that no injury should happen to him, as the result of his avowal.

Quinia finally yielded and acknowledged he was a minister of king Elbuins. " I judged rightly not believing you to be a ploughman ", the officer replied, " you deserve death, and I should be revenged for the loss of my relatives and friends who fell in that battle, by the shedding of your blood ; but I will be true to my word and your life will be spared. "

When his wounds were healed he was sold and brought to London. There also every night he was carefully bound that he might not escape ; but again his chains miraculously unloosed. His purchaser frightened at the extraordinary occurrence, offered him his liberty provided he should pay a considerable ransom ; he gladly promised, and was immediately set at liberty.

A few days afterwards he rejoined his brother the Abbot, in the monastery of Tunnacestir, and related in detail the marvellous intervention of Divine Providence in his behalf, then the mystery was fully explained. " I had heard, said the Abbot. that you were among the slain, I went to the battle-field and after long searching I found the corpse of a soldier who perfectly resembled you, I buried him, believing him to be you, and since then, I daily offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of your soul ". Then it was seen according to Quinia's version that the hour of the nightly miraculous deliverance corresponded exactly to the hour wherein the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the repose of his soul.

Venerable Bede concludes by saying that the renown of the mystery spread broadcast, and gave a wonderful impetus to the devout practice of having Masses offered for the living and for the dead.





# ADORO TE SUPPLEX

TRÈS LENT ET SOLENNEL Metr : (♩ = 44).

A - do - ro te sup - plex. la tens De - i -

The first system of musical notation features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'A - do - ro te sup - plex. la tens De - i -' are placed below the notes. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present at the beginning of the second measure.

tas, ..... Quæ sub his fi - gu - ris ve - rè la - ti -

The second system continues the musical notation. The lyrics 'tas, ..... Quæ sub his fi - gu - ris ve - rè la - ti -' are placed below the notes. A 'Crescendo.' marking is above the first measure, and a piano dynamic marking 'p' is above the third measure.

tas! ..... Ti - bi - se cor me - um to - tum sub - ji -

The third system continues the musical notation. The lyrics 'tas! ..... Ti - bi - se cor me - um to - tum sub - ji -' are placed below the notes. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is above the second measure, and another 'p' is above the third measure.

cit ; ..... Qui - a te ..... con - tem - plans to -

The fourth system continues the musical notation. The lyrics 'cit ; ..... Qui - a te ..... con - tem - plans to -' are placed below the notes.

*crescendo.*

tum de - fi - cit ; ..... Qui - a te con - templans

The fifth system continues the musical notation. The lyrics 'tum de - fi - cit ; ..... Qui - a te con - templans' are placed below the notes. A forte dynamic marking 'f' is above the third measure, and a fortissimo dynamic marking 'ff' is above the fourth measure.

*crescendo.*

*dimin. pp*  
 to - tum de - fi - cit,  
*très doux. ritard.*  
 to - tum de - fi - eit.  
*dimin.*  
*très doux. ritard.*

## ✻ ADORO TE SUPPLEX ✻

Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,  
 Sed auditu solo tuto creditur ;  
 Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius,  
 Nil hoc Veritatis verbo verius.  
 Nil hoc verius.

In cruce latebat sola Deitas :  
 At hic latet simul et humanitas :  
 Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,  
 Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.  
 Latro pœnitens.

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor,  
 Deum tamen meum te confiteor ;  
 Fac me tibi semper magis credere,  
 In te spem habere, te diligere.  
 Te diligere.

O memoriale mortis Domini,  
 Panis vivus, vitam præstans homini,  
 Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,  
 Et te illi semper dulce sapere.  
 Dulce sapere.

O fons puritatis, Jesu Domine,  
 Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,  
 Cujus una stilla salvum facere  
 Totum quit ad omni mundum scelere.  
 Salvum facere.

Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,  
 Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio :  
 Ut te revelata cernens facie,  
 Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.  
 Tuæ gloriæ.



## RECOURSE TO THE HEART OF JESUS

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*“ Come to me, all you that labor, and are burdened. ”*

ST. MATH., XI, 28.



LET us have recourse, with the most entire confidence, and on every occasion, to the Heart of Jesus. “ We shall find in that adorable Heart, ” says saint Peter Damian, “ all the arms fit for our defence, all the remedies that our maladies require, the most powerful succor against the assaults of our enemies, the sweetest consolations, the purest delights, and such as are most capable of filling our soul with joy. ”

“ The treasures of blessings and graces which the Heart of Jesus contains, ” says blessed Margaret Mary, “ are infinite. ” Have recourse to that Heart. You will there find the strength necessary not to be disheartened or troubled about anything, not even your failings, for which you ought to humble yourself ; but never be discouraged.

“ Make your abode in that adorable heart ; bring there your uneasiness and sufferings, and all will be there pacified ; you will there find the remedy for all your evils, and your shelter in all necessities

“ If you are an abyss of weakness and misery, the Heart of Jesus is an abyss of mercy and strength ; if you are an abyss of dryness and feebleness, it is an abyss of power and love. If you desire the grace of a happy death, seek it from the Heart which bled for us : if you fear the severities of judgment, have recourse to Him. Yes, in everything, and every where, plunge into that ocean of love and charity ; and, if it is possible, do not depart from it until you are penetrated with the love with which that

Heart is inflamed for God and man. " There are in the Heart of Jesus infinite treasures, graces of light, graces of strength, graces for every situation and for all sorts of persons. It is an inexhaustible source of all the blessings we can desire.

The Heart of Jesus is the refuge of all who are unfortunate, it is particularly so of sinners, who are, in truth, the most unfortunate of men. It shares in all our sufferings and feels them as its own. Let us remember the sentiments of goodness and commiseration that our Saviour manifested at sight of sufferings ; how many acts of His life represent Him healing our sorrows and miseries.

" The Lord is good to those who hope in Him, and who seek Him in the sincerity of their soul. "

Often in our suffering, our sadness, our weakness, we say to ourselves : " Where shall I find a heart to understand mine ? " Why do we not go to the foot of the tabernacle, before that prison of love where He dwells for us who alone is our repose and true joy ? There is a heart which will understand ours, and will be always a consolation to it.

One day when the Blessed Margaret Mary was laying before our divine Saviour her weakness, her powerlessness to fulfill His designs, He said to her : " Put thy will into the wound of my heart, and it will there find the strength to conquer itself " ; to which the holy sister replied : " Carry it far into your heart, O my God, and place it so securely there that it may never depart thence. "

It has been so with all the saints ; their souls were always strengthened and comforted by contact with the Heart of Jesus, with which theirs had the closest union. Like us, in this life of warfare and misery, they were a mark for contradiction, for temptations, for interior trials, infirmities and sickness ; like us, they were often in sadness and tears ; but they had recourse to the Heart of the Divine Master, and that delivered them from their sufferings, or what was better, communicated to them the strength and courage to support them with faith, resignation, and love, and even the desire of suffering still more, so as to have more resemblance to Him.

It was from their relations with the Heart of Jesus, that saint Francis of Assisium, saint Theresa, saint

Francis Xavier, saint Magdalen of Pazzi, and Blessed Margaret Mary drew that love of the Cross which is the sublimity of Christian heroism, and which made them say to their Divine Saviour : " O my crucified love, may I be crucified with You ! Either to suffer, or to die ! Still more suffering ! Yes, to suffer always ! O my Lord, I beseech Thee do not deprive me of the happiness of suffering for you. "

BROTHER PHILIPP.

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### The Sanctuary Lamp

WHILE gleams the golden cross upon the height  
 Of the tall spire that climbs towards the sky,  
 While bends one human knee in reverence, nigh  
 The slender host will burn the ruby light,  
 Whose glow through the long day and silent night,  
 Will soften grief and check the rising sigh  
 And bring relief to wounded hearts that lie  
 Forspent with grievous toilings in the fight.

And gleaming steadfast through the tempest's roar,  
 Calm in the midst of passion's strife and din,  
 It pledges refuge on a happier shore,  
 And refuge from the hopeless wreck of sin —  
 This beacon at the tabernacle door,  
 Weak emblem of the love that burns within.

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### RESIGNATION

COUNT the saddened Rosary of my days  
 On Memory's silver chain, the fair beads strung  
 Glide slowly on along their gleaming ways,  
 Till where the decades end, a cross is hung.

See, e'en the chaplet chants a sermon true,  
 And breathes in minor tones from sorrow wrung  
 A warning, that though life seems fair to view,  
 Somewhere adown its course a cross is hung.

Dear Lord, as we press onward towards the end,  
 With blinded eyes not knowing gold from dross,  
 Be Thou our guide through paths where sorrows blend.  
 Untill we learn to kiss the waiting cross.



## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

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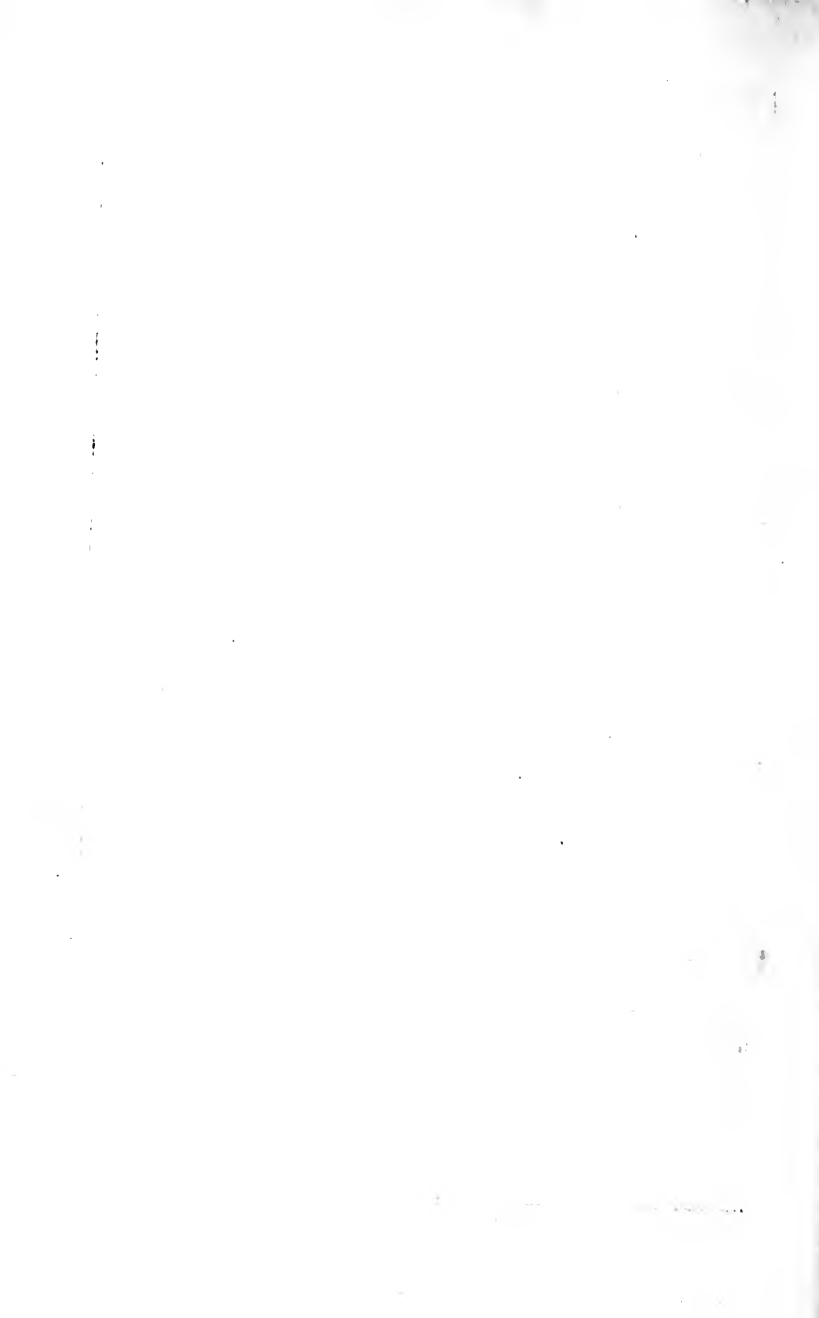
**T**HERE was a party of men in the house of a prominent gentleman in Berlin, the other day. The host, a passionate gatherer of antiquities, was showing his guests a valuable coin, of which he declared, only three pieces still existed in the world. The coin wandered from hand to hand, but failed to return to its proprietor. A search was instituted; but it could not be found. The host tried to comfort his guests, but all comfort was gone. The search was renewed again and again, but with the same fruitless result.

Some one at last proposed that the guests should examine the clothes of one another, suggesting that the coin might have fallen unawares into some one's pocket or might be suspended in the folds of some coat. The proposition was about to be acted upon when one of the guests, pale as chalk, rose and declared sharply that he for one would not submit to being searched. The effect was painful. The air in the room became oppressive, the wine glasses remained untouched, and all eyes were fixed on the man who would not be searched. At length a waiter came in showing the coin, which had been found hidden between two plates.

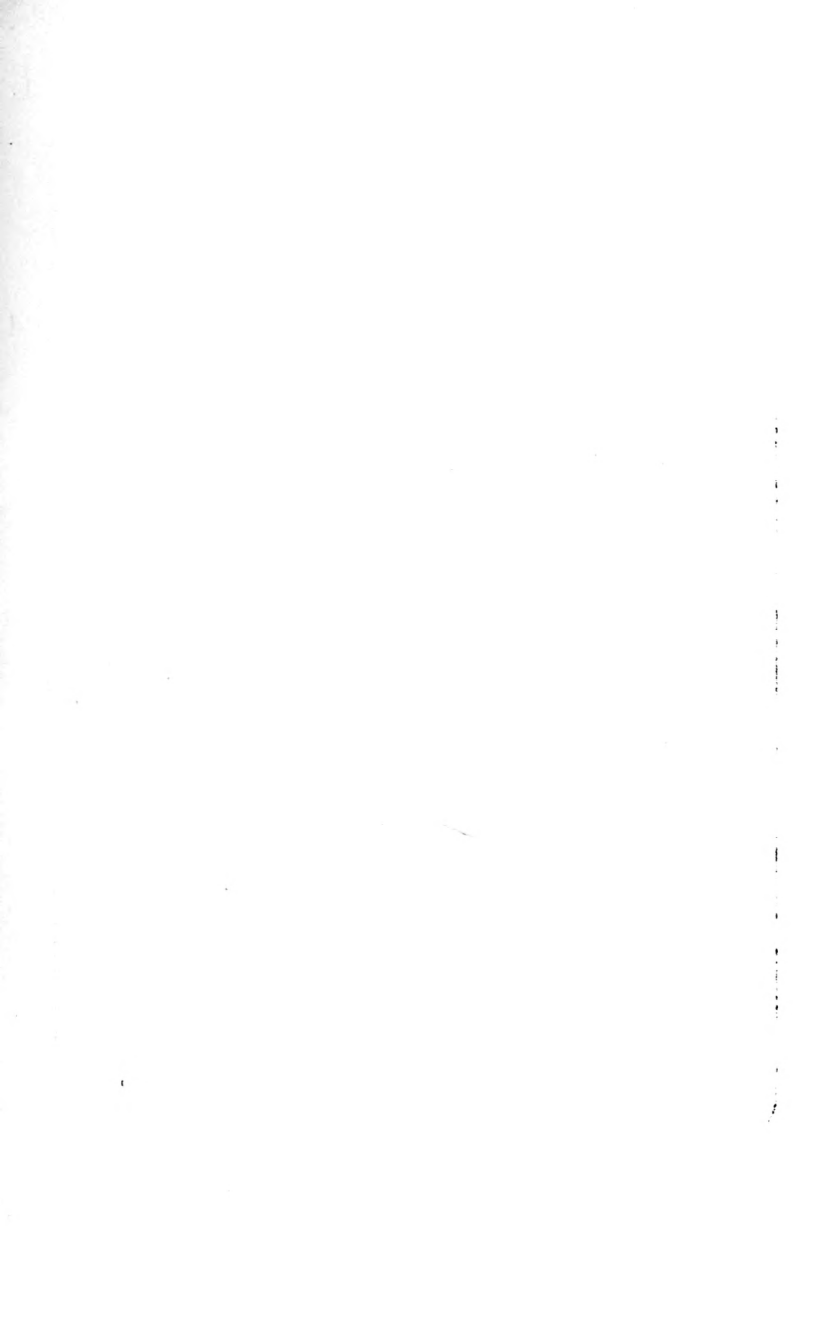
All suspicion vanished, but why did the gentleman object to being searched? The mystery was cleared. The gentleman in question rose and drew out of his pocket a coin precisely similar to the one which the host had shown. Courtesy had prevented his announcing in the first place that he also was in possession of a like coin, and had he been searched, he would have been stamped as the thief. "You can imagine that this half hour has been the most terrible of my life," he said, "and you may think, what would have become of me, had the coin not been found."



THRONE OF THE PERPETUAL EXPOSITION  
of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament New-York









St. Andrew Apostle



### THREE WISHES.

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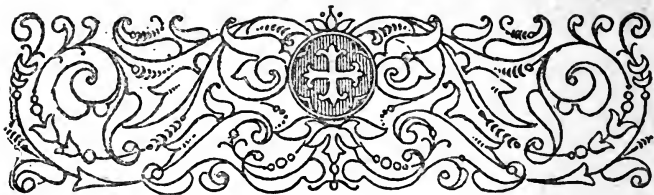
An infant in its cradle slept.  
And in its sleep it smiled —  
And one by one three women knelt  
To kiss the fair-haired child ;  
And each thought of the days to be  
And breathed a prayer half silently.

One poured her love on many lives,  
But knew love's toil and care ;  
Its burdens oft had been to her  
A heavy weight to bear.  
She stooped and murmured lovingly :  
“ Not hardened hands, dear child, for  
thee.”

One had not known the burdened hands,  
But knew the empty heart ;  
At life's rich banquet she had sat,  
An unfed guest, apart.  
“ Oh, not,” she whispered, tenderly,  
“ An empty heart, dear child, for thee.”

And one was old ; she had known care,  
She had known loneliness ;  
She knew God leads us by no path  
His presence cannot bless.  
She smiled and murmured, trustfully,  
“ God's will, God's will, dear child, for  
thee.”

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## Holy Communion as a Means of Helping the Souls in Purgatory

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**D**URING their earthly pilgrimage, our parents and friends, who have preceded us in eternity, had like us, and perhaps often with us, partaken of this divine banquet. The blessed bread which Jesus in His immense love, had given to them, as to us, was for them a pledge of life and immortality. This heavenly viaticum strengthened them in their journey from time to eternity, assuring them of victory in the last combat, and planting in their bodies the germ of immortality, divine flower whose roots are in the glorified body of the risen Lord ; and which will open in glorious blossom in each of the elect, on the last day.

This " Bread of Life, " which was the delight of many of these holy souls, is now beyond their ardent desires, their holy eagerness. This celestial Manna does not fall on the world of fire, they inhabit ; the eternal Communion is the only one they can hope for, and, oh ! with what holy impatience they long and wait for it. The most ardent burning desires of the saints, for whom the Eucharist was the passion of their lives, can give us but an imperfect idea of the vivacity of the ardour with which those poor exiles, sigh after the moment when they will be forever united to this Eucharistic God, who so often, during their earthly life showed them His sweetness and inundated their soul with His chaste delights.

This Eucharistic table which those poor souls cannot approach, we may : The love of our divine Saviour invites us, entreats us to open to Him our hearts, to give Him entrance, that He may communicate to us His life, His strength, that He may fill us with His graces and consolations. In His infinite goodness He wishes we should make the souls of the faithful departed participants in the graces He sheds on us with such profusion ; and that we should offer Holy Communion as a powerful means of helping them.

It is true, Communion imparts personal graces, which cannot be transferred, either to the living or the dead. It is the nourishment of our soul, it sustains, fortifies and makes it advance in virtue, preserves and increases the life of grace, but, as food can only be profitable to those who eat, so, also Holy Communion can only produce all those effects in the communicant.

Communion produces other effects, not less important.

It confers actual graces necessary to do good and avoid evil, effaces venial sin, remits the punishment, or part of the temporal punishment due to sin ; those are personal graces and cannot be transferred ; neither can sanctifying grace, it being a personal gift, residing in the soul which has merited it, and to whom it is granted. Likewise special lights and pious inspirations, which are called actual graces, God giving them specially to us, as the fruit of Holy Communion, and as the perfection of sanctifying grace which that Communion has strengthened and increased in us.

The third effect, which is the remission of venial sin, cannot be applied to the souls in purgatory, because those souls are sinless ; neither can the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin, which is also one of the personal effects of Holy Communion. But there is another view of Holy Communion which can be profitable for, and transferred to the souls in purgatory : it is Communion considered in regard to the communicant, in that view, it is a truly satisfactory work ; which is easy to prove.

Theologians hold two opinions of satisfaction. Some say that the goodness of the work or action, is sufficient to render it satisfactory, even though it be easy to accom-

plish ; otherwise, all the actions which the Blessed Virgin and the Saints performed with such consolation and peace, would not have been satisfactory, neither would the exercise of charity, nor alms giving which fills the soul with heavenly joy, from whence we conclude that even though Holy Communion is the sweetest action we can perform, it is nevertheless a truly satisfactory one.

Other Theologians say the goodness of the work or action is the principle of merit, and its difficulty the principle of satisfaction ; according to their theory, the more holy an action is the more meritorious it is ; the more difficult it is, the more satisfactory it is : but however holy or high an action may be, it is devoid of satisfactory merit if accomplished without difficulty. Those two opinions prove clearly what I wish to illustrate. If the goodness of an action suffices to render it satisfactory ; then, Communion is essentially so, it being the most perfect, the most holy, the most excellent of all actions.

In the second argument, I repeat, Communion is satisfactory, not considered alone in its reception, which is neither difficult nor painful ; but in the actions which precede, accompany and follow it, and by the difficulties which they present making of Communion a truly satisfactory action : who will not admit the difficulty of entering into self and sounding the hidden depths of one's conscience ? Who will not admit the difficulty of bringing to this great action, all the necessary dispositions. Hence holy communion becomes a satisfactory action, which we can offer for those souls.

Besides, when we have the happiness of communicating we are so intimately united to Jesus, that we can truly say with " the Apostle of nations, " I no longer live, but Jesus-Christ lives in me. " Yes, our Lord takes as it were our life, to live in us ; our actions to give them the merit of His. by union with Him. After Communion, our prayers, our thanksgivings are those of our Lord Himself. It is He who prays in us... who asks in us, our sufferings are the fulfilment the continuation of those of His passion, since we are His living members ; our love for God, His love. It is then Jesus increases in our souls the sacred fire which He came to bring on earth, and with which He wishes to see us inflamed. After Holy Communion the

Eternal Father regards us with complacency ; we are pure and beautiful in His eyes, our miseries hidden by the merits of His Well-Beloved Son ; our prayers are sure of being answered, how could God reject a prayer offered by the voice of His Son... Yes, Jesus is one with us... He speaks in us, we speak in Him. He prays in us, we pray through Him. His Father hears Him through our lips, and hearkens to us through His merits.

It is not possible that the heart of God could remain insensible to humble prayers spoken by tongues still reddened by the Blood of Jesus-Christ ; nor that He would not grant the souls for whom they pray, mercy through that same precious blood.

One reason why we should receive Holy Communion frequently, for the souls in purgatory, is, that Communion increases sanctifying grace rendering us more agreeable to God, and giving more merit in His sight to all the works we perform for those souls. Do not refuse to employ a means so efficacious, and so easy of helping those poor souls and obtaining their deliverance. When Jesus abides in us by His Eucharist, we participate in His power, and by our prayers we can open the door of purgatory that the souls who suffer there may be released ; open heaven to give them the happiness and glory thereof.

After Holy Communion, let us offer God a gift surpassing the favor we ask. Offer Him, His Well-Beloved Son.. He is ours.. He has given Himself to us, let us use our treasure in behalf of the poor souls who are dear to us, offer Jesus to His Father for their ransom, the price of their deliverance saying to Him in all confidence, " My God, in begging of Thee to hasten the eternal happiness of my father, my mother, my child, my friend, I ask a great grace ; but in offering Thee, Thy Son Jesus-Christ, I offer Thee infinitely more than I ask. I do not ask Thee, Lord, to forget the rights of Thy justice, since He whom I offer, has safe-guarded them in becoming Himself the victim for our sins. In giving Himself to me in Holy Communion, He has given me His merits, all His Blood. I offer Him to Thee with all His gifts, to obtain the deliverance of those suffering souls, even dearer to Him, than to me... " Communicate frequently for those poor souls so dear to us, and thus hasten the hour

of their eternal Communion, when they will be admitted, to contemplate, in His glory, Jesus, whom we contemplate here below by the light of faith, this Jesus, who after being for us, in His Sacrament, the consolation of our exile, will be one day, we hope, our eternal happiness in heaven.



## An Alms

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Do not say " I would love to give an alms but am too poor. "

Yes, we may be poor but still there is an alms each one of us can give — the *alms of happiness*. I found a few thoughts on this subject the other day in *Golden Sands*, — which I will quote for our little readers :

" What sweeter enjoyment than to confer a little happiness on those who are near us ? What occupation more amiable or easier than to endeavor to make those around us happy ? Each one of us has in the depths of his heart something like a *provision* of happiness we reserve. We cannot always know how to make use of it ourselves, but we can give it *to others* and by such an alms-giving with pure intentions *how easily* we are saved. Has not God promised to render unto us all that we do for others ?

The *little coin of happiness* which even the poorest possesses and with which we can incessantly give alms, is graciousness in receiving a request, a visit, an annoyance sweetly borne. It is the *habitual smile* which naturally escapes from the lips, and sympathetically produces a smile on the lips of others. It is a *service* graciously rendered, sometimes simply asked. It is a *sincere acknowledgment* of a favor in simple words. It is a word of *approbation* given in an affectionate tone to one who has labored with us or for us. Oh ! it is so very little all this. Do not refuse it. God will return it to you. "





## Hymn of Reparation

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**U**PON the altar night and day  
 The Heart of Jesus lies,  
 And night and day throughout the world,  
 Do men Its claims despise ;  
 For by their cold ungrateful lives,  
 They pierce It through and through,  
 And by the scourges of their crimes  
 Its agonies renew.  
 Oh ! draw us close to Thee, sweet Lord !  
 And burning zeal impart,  
 To now repair by praise and prayer  
 The wrongs of Thy dear Heart !  
 Beneath a crown of cruel thorns,  
 Thy Heart is all on fire ;  
 And brightly shines from out its flames  
 The cross of Thy desire.  
 If pure and true must be the soul  
 That fain would hide in Thee, —  
 Oh ! let Thy royal love supply  
 For all our misery !  
 Then draw us close to Thee, sweet Lord !  
 And burning zeal impart,  
 To now repair by praise and prayer  
 The wrongs of Thy dear Heart !  
 We offer Thee our humble gifts  
 (For they are poor and small)  
 Our hearts, our souls, our little lives,  
 Dear Heart ! we give Thee all !  
 And joyous victims we shall be,  
 Consumed before Thy throne,  
 If dead to sin, if dead to self  
 We live to Thee alone !  
 Then draw us closer still to Thee  
 Oh ! Sacred Heart divine.  
 In joy or grief, in life and death.  
 Our hearts are ever Thine !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

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## An Echo from Purgatory

**T**HE month of November, recalling more vividly our dear departed should also recall, the Divine Guest, so often forgotten in our Tabernacle. It is to Him we pray. It is at His sacrifice we assist. It is He whom we receive in order that He may transmit, to those loved ones, who suffer in expiatory flames, awaiting the hour of their deliverance ; our loving petitions on their behalf. The God of the Eucharist. The Divine Messenger who transmits our petitions, is also the all-powerfull Mediator who hears our prayers and renders them meritorious.

Let us then look at Purgatory through the Eucharist. Let us honor this adorable Sacrament, so that its superabundance of grace, light and consolation may descend on this sojourn of expiation.

A visit to the Blessed Sacrament piously made, a Mass devoutly heard, a fervent Communion, are precious helps to those poor souls.

From the depths of their suffering prison they cry to us ; “ You possess Him whom we loved on earth, oh ! ask Him, to pardon our faults, our frailties, to take us home. We have seen Him in His Divine Majesty, as He judged us, you can appease that majesty for us, and render Him propitious to us. From the altar let His blood flow on us, to purify, cleanse and deliver us. ”

He who has ravished our souls with His celestial beauty, and to whom our hearts incessantly tend ; you can embrace Him, give Him welcome in your hearts... Oh ! then remember us, and give us a share in the sweet effusions of the Divine Banquet. ”

“ Oh ! pray for us, Receive Holy Communion for us.. In heaven we will repay your devotedness a hundred-fold. ”

Let us listen to the supplications of our dear departed, during this month multiply our adorations, our masses, our communions, our visits to the Blessed Sacrament. We will find all registered for us in heaven. “ And as we do unto others, so shall it be done unto us. ”

O deplorable custom ! O presumptuous negligence ! It is then in vain the adorable Sacrifice is daily offered on our altars ! In vain we stand at the altar to distribute the " Bread of Life " ! No one approaches to receive. What ! you are among those who could communicate daily, and your culpable negligence causes you no uneasiness. Reflect, I beg of you.... Tell me, what would you think of a guest invited to a banquet and refusing to eat ? Would he not seriously offend his host.

*St John Chrysostome.*



## An Unexpected Retort

THE illustrious Father Lacordaire was dining one day at a hotel in a provincial City. Not far from him sat a commercial traveller, a self-satisfied person who was entirely lacking in the reserve characteristic of culture. It was Friday, a fast day, and the talkative man found the occasion a good one to show the public how superior he was to anything that could be termed old prejudices. After several sarcastic remarks, more or less witty, against fasts, superstitions, and so on, noticing that the priest partook of the scanty fare without a word, he seemed to be annoyed at the slight effect produced by his remarks. Finally he addressed the reverend gentleman as he passed an omelette, the greater part of which he had himself appropriated.

" It is a first principle with me, sir," he said, " to believe nothing I can't understand. Isn't that right. "

" Sir," answered Father Lacordaire courteously, helping himself to the remains of the omelette, " do you understand how heat, which melts iron and lead, harden these eggs ? "

" Upon my word, I don't " said the commercial traveller, quite taken aback by the unexpected question.

" Neither do I," observed the priest pleasantly. " But I am glad, to see that your lack of comprehension does not prevent you from believing in omelettes. "



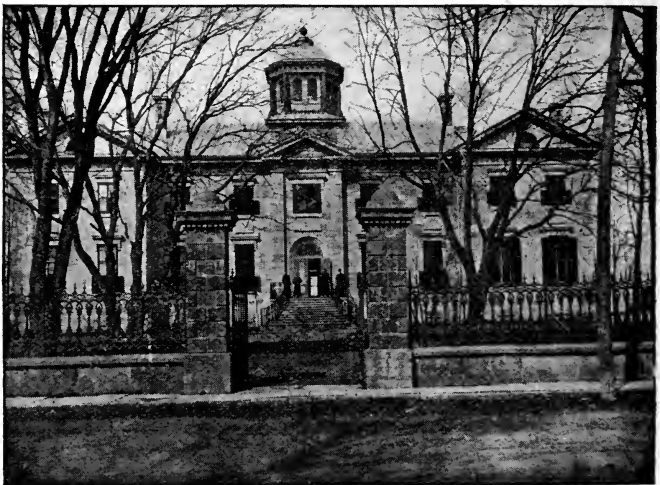


## The Juniorate of the Blessed Sacrament

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**L**AST month, we gave readers of the *Sentinel*, a short notice on the Juniorate of the Blessed Sacrament, situated at Terrebonne in the Province of Quebec. To-day, we think they will be interested in the description of the house where this noble work is carried on.

It was built about fifty years ago. It belonged to the



**Juniorate, front view and main entrance**

“Seigniory” of the country, who in planing its construction intended it for a comfortable roomy home; but through some mistake of the architect, who instead of building according to his original plan, exaggerated it, so, that when the building was finished; it was a large

castle, situated in the centre of the parish. Providence had doubtless His own end in view in allowing this exaggeration of the original plan, and was apparently preparing for His future children a well-equipped educational establishment.

Since the first of September, twenty-five children are domiciled there. They are divided into three classes; in the elementary, French is taught, in the other two, Latin and the regular college course.

On registering as pupils, the children promise, if it be God's will, to enter, later on, the Novitiate of the Con-



THE CHAPEL.

gregation parents giving a written promise to leave their children at liberty to follow their vocation.

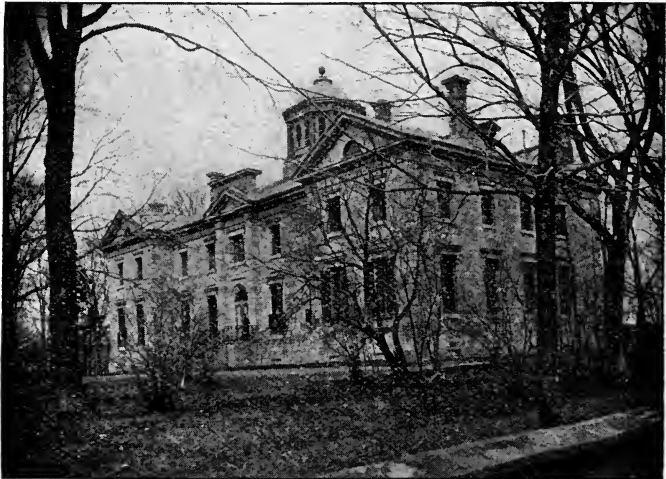
They are thus destined to become priests of the order of the Blessed Sacrament, and the education they receive, at the Juniorate, teaches them to love the life of adoration; which will one day be theirs.

The Juniorate is not a college, neither is it a seminary. The pupils do not enter merely to take a commercial or classical course, but to have the spirit of the Congregation instilled into their youthful hearts and lives, and to

be educated and trained in the science of love and devotion to Eucharist work.

Children are treated as at home They look upon their companions as brothers, loving and respecting each other. They are very happy in this home where they must spend at least four uninterrupted years, broken only by a few weeks vacation each year.

The situation is all that could be desired from a sanitary point, surrounded by beautiful country scenery, and pure fresh air, easy of access to, and of communication with Montreal.



**Juniorate, view from the East.**

The chapel has been decorated with a beautiful royal mantle which overhangs the altar, making this little country chapel resemble our chapels of adoration.

The garret has been transformed into a large, airy, well lighted dormitory.

All the necessary alterations and fixtures are complete, and now it remains to support and carry on the good work, and especially, to pray that the vocations which we cultivate be worthy of the Master whom we all wish to serve in love and humility.

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## Efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Offered for the Souls in Purgatory

**I**N the monastery of Clairvaux, presided over by Saint Bernard, dwelt a monk, lax in the observance of his rule, no lover of solitude. It is not astonishing that among so many golden lives, one should be encountered which shone with less brilliancy... This monk died. His funeral rites were conducted with the customary solemnities. The monks were assembled round his bier chanting psalms and prayers, when one of the aged monks, renowned for his great sanctity, thought he saw a number of devils rejoicing and saying "At last! from this miserable valley (meaning Clairvaux) we have snatched one soul, the first, but it shall be ours."

The following night in a dream the old monk saw the deceased, who appeared to him in awful distress, dejected sad and weeping bitterly. "Yesterday, you saw my anguish," said he, "and the joy of the demons; behold now the punishment to which I am condemned by divine Justice for the sins which I had not sufficiently expiated while on earth." He conducted the monk to a deep wide well, saying, "see where the demons in their rage throw me continually; they draw me out, only to replunge me, without a moment's rest." The monk was filled with sadness at this revelation, which he had cause to believe, was more than a dream. At day-break he informed Saint Bernard of what he had seen and heard, the Saint had had a similar revelation, and had spent part of the night sorrowing over the faults which had offended God so greatly, and deserved such severe punishment. As early as possible, Saint Bernard assembled the community, and publicly related what God had permitted the departed

monk to reveal concerning his suffering state ; the holy abbot profited by the occasion to remind all how important it was to be faithful, even to scrupulosity, in small things, and to guard against the snares employed by the devil, principally against the servants of God living in community. He concluded by asking fervent, ardent prayers, with fasts and discipline ; but especially counseled the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to appease the divine Anger, and obtain mercy for the poor suffering monk...

A few days afterwards, the vision reappeared to the old monk... but wonderfully changed, as it were surrounded with brightness, and full of happiness and joy. " I am very happy," said he, thanks to divine mercy, and the charitable prayers of my confraters," On being asked which work of expiation had procured him most relief he took the old monk by the hand, and led him to the chapel where Mass was being celebrated, " behold the arms which have delivered me, the price of my ransom, the salutary Host which effaces the sins of the world." To such arms to such a power, nothing resists, except, perhaps the hardened heart buried in the depths of its guilt.

The second apparition, with its joyful results, was communicated to the monks, and served to increase if possible, their devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.



The Eucharist is paradise. The delicious garden where Jesus converses with the faithful soul. If I were offered terrestrial paradise, in exchange for my actual condition, I would refuse. Yes despite my miseries, I would refuse, in order to keep the Eucharist.

F. EYMARD.

If your sins are not so as to deserve excommunication, that is to say, if they are not mortal, or if mortal, if you have confessed them ; do not refrain from the daily remedy which is the " Body of the Lord."

ST. AUGUSTIN.





## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

### An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

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#### I. — Adoration.

##### *Christian Virtues : — Charity.*

The virtue of love of God exacts that Our Lord be the supreme object of our heart's tenderness and love ; and that all affection be subordinate to this divine object. The Eucharist being our God, Jésus Christ, the Man-God showing Himself more loving and amiable, naturally, all the devotedness and love of our hearts should center round it.

1. Let us adore in the Sacred Host, God, really and substantially present ; God, who has given us this first and greatest commandment : " Thou shalt love me above all, me, Thy Lord and thy God." This command is absolute, without restriction, everywhere and always God should be loved. It has pleased this God of love and charity, to draw near to man whose love He seeks : The Tabernacle is His home. What conclusion must we draw ? if not, that we must love this God of the Tabernacle with all our mind, with all our heart, with all our strength.

2. Let us adore in the Eucharist, Jesus Christ, the adorable object of His Father's complacency, because in Him resides the Divinity, and which on that account should be the object, of the love and complacency of our hearts. Since the coming of Emanuel, " God with us," the love of man for God, has taken, as it were a new direction : instead of a slow and painful flight towards the inaccessible heights of the Divinity, he has concentrated all on this Man-God, present in the Tabernacle : on this living and substantial God, who is Jesus Christ, residing among us ; and this universal and constant love of man for Jesus, is the most admirable proof of His Divinity. O loving Saviour ! Be always loved ! Be loved everywhere ; but especially in this sacrament of goodness and mercy, which holds Thee present in all ages, until the end of time.

We love Thee Jesus, on account of the beauty of Thy Divinity, Thy perfections, and the love Thou bearest us. In the sacrament where Thou dost manifest Thyself more completely, where Thou dost show us more love, there also, our hearts seek Thee more eagerly, love Thee more ardently. O Eucharistic Veils! faith penetrates your thickness, and discerns under your humble appearances a God, greater and more beautiful than in Creation or Calvary. Thy perfections ravish my soul O Jesus! captivate my intelligence, and fill my heart with a devouring fire, which becomes an immense love, subjugating all by its power. O Eucharist! O centre of my love! I adore Thee.

## II. — Thanksgiving

1. Let us thank our Lord Jesus Christ for having rendered so easy, and as it were so natural, this supernatural, virtue of charity, in giving it, in the Eucharist, an object so amiable, so attractive, so close to us, so easy of access, and by its all powerful magnetism drawing our hearts beneath Its benign influence.

2. Our charity might hesitate in addressing, the powerful and majestic God, who governs the world, commands the waters, makes His thunder resound; our senses might, in very sympathy, instinctively recoil from loving and attaching themselves to the crucified Saviour, but what more attractive, what more loveable, than the radiant Host, shining in the sun of the Monstrance, or hidden in the sweet mystery of the Tabernacle; what heart could withstand Its attractions? What heart could fear Its love and tenderness?

3. This sweet Tabernacle, this brilliant Monstrance are there, close to us, a few steps from where we are kneeling: — Jesus, it is good to be so near Thee, to feel Thy loving and merciful presence so close — but, where my heart is mute, loving thanksgiving swaying its inmost chord, is, the moment, when having received Thee in Holy communion, I feel Thy burning heart on mine: then it is easy to love Thee, to cherish Thee, to swear Thee allegiance, to give Thee my heart, that Thou mayst establish Thy reign therein for ever and ever.

It is not only holy and perfect souls, privileged souls, who are admitted to see so closely, to feel so intensely, Jesus, the amiable object of their love, but all, even little

children in whom grace is not yet developed, as well as sinners, in whom sin has killed that grace. However weak and imperfect the flame of love is in a soul, that soul is invited to approach and unite its feeble love, to the burning fire which consumes the heart of Jesus, drawing from thence "Fountains of living waters."

4. Another quality of this Eucharistic centre of charity, is, that it does not remain insensible and immovable awaiting our homages ; but, like an ardent lover, solicits our hearts. seizes them, captivates them, and finally subjugates them in an invincible manner to Its powerful attractions. O Eucharist ! divine object of Charity, with which I should be consumed, my heart is touched with all Thou hast done to gain my love, in gratitude, I will love Thee forever, love Thee alone.

### III. - Reparation

Sin being hatred of God in action, it is not astonishing it should attack this divine object, the Eucharist, wherever it encounters it, venting all its wrath against the Sacrament, which contains God present among us. But the goodness, the amiability, the attractions of the " God of the Host," the advantages which He offers us, all those things which should increase our love for Him, also, considerably increase the malice of sin.

1. He is there present : Are there not rules to be observed even in the fury of hatred ? Who would dare look his enemy in the face, and say all the evil he thinks of him, all the ill he wishes him. The sinner who makes the Eucharist the object of his hatred, has not the prudence to hide his wrath, he lets escape in the presence of His God, the unclean mass of corruption and anger concealed in his heart.

2. The admirable traits under which the adorable object of our love manifests Himself gives to sin a more hedious ingratitude. A friend should always receive kindly welcome, especially if he comes to us smiling and full of meekness. Every sin, even the most secret is committed before the Eucharist, whose presence extends every where, and in attacking this God of love, sin assumes this character of ingratitude, which is an abomination before God and man.

3. Sin is a slight an injustice, on account of the powerful attractions which this Divine object of our chari-

ty, possesses for our souls. Refusing to love the Eucharist, is ingratitude ; but resisting the sweet and salutary influence by which it draws our hearts from self to Jesus, is odious contempt.

4. To gain our love, Jesus, in the Eucharist, offers us a thousand precious advantages.... peace, joy, happiness, numberless spiritual and temporal favors here below ; eternal reward in heaven. Sinner ! What folly blinds you preventing you seeing the light, what cloud darkens your intelligence preventing you realizing the value of the offered gifts ? In refusing to love the Eucharist, you are encompassing your own ruin and unhappiness in this life ; and sowing to reap in eternity, burning remorse.

#### IV. — Prayer

Let us ask of our Lord, Jesus Christ, in the Eucharist the grace, that He may be the supreme object of our charity. Let us love Jesus in the Eucharist, it is the principal means of rendering our charity more ardent, more active and more constant.

1. More ardent — Our hearts seek intimacy in order to love. We must see, hear, and enjoy the companionship of the beloved. God loved from the heights of heaven, will never have, for us, here below, the charm and attraction which surround His Eucharistic presence : never will we feel more glowing ardent love for Him, than at the foot of the Tabernacle, the home of His earthly love.

2. More active — Love's nutriment is devotion and self-sacrifice. The Eucharist is giving us God to love, gives Him to us for personal service and thus makes our love more active, more generous more real.

3. More constant — In loving the Eucharist our love will be more constant. Heaven is very high, and our eyes very weak to keep them constantly and firmly fixed there : but, this same loving look which we should always have on God, how it rests without effort and with delight on the Tabernacle ; so sweet to contemplate, so captivating and restful to sense, so easy of access, so well-fashioned to win our hearts, and to create, strengthen and develop love in them.



## A PRAYER

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Along a path, to-day all fair,  
To-morrow rough and shadowy,  
I go, with flowers or thorns to wear,  
My Father ! go with me.

When sun and roses deck my way,  
And life is full of melody,  
Lest I should seek but these and stray,  
My Father ! be with me.

And when the storms come chill and fleet,  
While pitfalls, that I may not see,  
Lurk for my weary, stumbling feet,  
My Father ! be with me.

Perchance within the untried years,  
My path may cross Gethsemane ;  
There, 'mid the anguish and the tears,  
My Father ! be with me.

Oh ! when this winding way shall cease,  
Beside the shore of Death's dark sea,  
Bear me to never-ending peace,  
With Thee, my God ! with Thee.

LUCY G. KELLEY.





## I Receive Communion Every Morning

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**A**BOUT the year 1880, an epidemic of smallpox broke out in Prince Edward Island, from which several neighbouring parishes suffered. A temporary hospital was hastily improvised, and voluntary workers solicited to nurse the unfortunate victims.

Dr. Jenkins was the first to offer his services. He was a skilful physician and though a protestant devoted heart and soul to his work ; acknowledging, years after, when the light of grace entered his life, that, he had then offered his services more through ambition, a desire to make himself known, and youthful activity seeking an outlet, than through any higher, or more supernatural motive.

A number of Sisters of the Congregation acted as nurses in the hospital over which the Doctor presided. In daily contact with the Sisters, he saw and admired them at their noble work : dressing the repulsive sores, ever gentle, kind, and untiring in their efforts to give comfort and relief to the poor sufferers ; acting under the most trying circumstances, in the most difficult cases with true motherly sympathy and love. His admiration and praise was enthusiastic and sincere, yet, in all, he judged the Sister's motives by his own, and thought them to be a mixture of ambition and natural activity ; not so the King for whom they sacrificed themselves. In His sight their motives were as pure as their beautiful unselfish lives. The Doctor took particular interest in watching Sister Rosalie, an humble lay sister, whose work consisted in scrubbing, sweeping, etc ; she was always cheerful and obliging and her menial work always perfectly done ; she puzzled him sorely. It seemed to him no purely natural motive could render her work pleasing or agreeable, and

certainly no fame or glory could be derived from it ; so, one day, driven by curiosity, he asked her, what motive actuated her daily life, she replied briefly, " I receive Holy Communion every morning ".... The Doctor was astonished at the answer. A few months after he asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion, and he is now a devoted lover of the Blessed Sacrament, and a fervent follower of the Eucharistic King.

This incident was related by one of the Sisters, who was an eye-witness of the fact.



### Which Loved Best ?

---

**L**OVE you, mother," said little John ;  
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
And left her wood and water to bring.

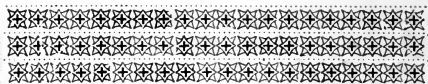
" I love you mother," said rosy Nell ;  
" I love you better than tongue can tell."  
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

" I love you, mother," said little Fan ;  
" To-day I'll help you all I can ;  
How glad I am that school doesn't keep ! "  
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,  
And swept the floor and tidied the room ;  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and happy as child could be.

" I love you, mother," again they said —  
Three little children going to bed.  
Now, do you think that the mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best ?

ANON.



## WAITING

O ! waiting for Jesus !  
 Oh Love ! dost Thou see  
 Thy poor lonely child  
     Longing, yearning for Thee ?  
 All night I've been watching —  
     My angel and I —  
 Oh ! come, gentle Jesus,  
     For daylight is nigh !

Oh ! come, my heart's treasure !  
     Come quickly, I pray !  
 Sweet Lord, art Thou now,  
     Even now, on Thy way  
 Clasped close to the heart  
     Of Thy priest ? Love Divine !  
 I, too, long to clasp Thee  
     Still closer to mine.

The morning has dawned !  
     Spirit-hosts gather round,  
 Their wings softly folded  
     Are bowed to the ground  
 Awaiting Thy coming —  
     Ah, angels so bright !  
 Have you, like poor Mary,  
     Been waiting all night ?



And do you not wonder,  
 That Jesus should come  
 To one *so* unworthy !  
 To seek for a home ? —  
 But oh, when His own  
 Tender pity you see,  
 You too will have pity  
 For little blind me.

Unworthy ! unworthy !  
 Yet shall I not hear  
 My dear Master whisper :  
 “ 'Tis *I*, do not fear ! ”  
 I've labored all night  
 On temptation's dark sea,  
 But the clefts of the Rock  
 My safe harbor shall be.

He comes ! (hush my soul !)  
 With His love and His grace ;  
 The breath of His peace  
 Stealeth over the place ;  
 He comes, my own God !  
 To His child once again,  
 He comes ! and forgotten  
 Are sorrow and pain.





## In this Sacrament Sweet Jesus

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In this Sa - cra - ment, sweet Je - sus, Thou dost give Thy Flesh and

Blood, With Thy soul and God head al so,

As our own most precious food. .... As our own most precious food.

Yes, dear Jesus, I believe it,  
 And Thy presence I adore ;  
 And with all my heart I love Thee,  
 May I love Thee more and more.

Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy,  
 Give Thy Flesh and Blood to me :  
 Comme to me, O dearest Jesus,  
 Come, my soul's true life to be.

Come, that I may live forever,  
 Thou in me and I in Thee ;  
 Living thus I shall not perish,  
 But shall live eternally.



## A Picture of the Sacred Heart

---

**Y**ES, I'll manage it. It's quite in my line ; I'll manage it," with a nod of the close-cropped little head.

Father Esdail looked with some amusement, and no little pity — if she had only known it — at the trim, boyish — looking little Squires of the country English parish where a " Roman Mission " had just been " set up in opposition to the Establishment."

" Yes, I see, I quite understand ; it's a pity you should wait for on uncertainty. Let me see, three feet by three and a half. Thank you, that's it. I'll manage it ; its quite in my line, you know ! "

But what couldn't and what didn't Miss Harriet Hardness of the Park manage. Yes, there is no doubt about it she construed the verb to manage in every tense and every sense.

She managed to pray well ; to sing very well to talk three or four languages, 'as few Englishwomen can, and to paint well.

And what was this to be she asked ? as they stood opposite the vacant place that corresponded with our Lady's altar on the other side. " Oh, the Sacred Heart ; and how was it to be decorated ? "

Father Esdail hoped an artist friend would give them a painting for that.

" Herbert, was it ? " Herbert was a Catholic artist. " No, a Belgian," the Father said, " and," with a smile, " No ? what a pity ! " Then Miss Harry stood back a few steps, examined critically, pondered a moment, then cheerfully volunteered to do the painting herself. " I'll

manage it ; yes, I'll manage it. It's quite in my line you know, and Miss Harry had taken rough measurements before the Father could speak or interfere. " No, no ; it will be a great pleasure, no trouble at all, I assure you." Father Esdail vainly tried to put in a word. So Miss Harry was left to her work.

" Know your subject, love it," the great artist who was her friend had once said. Miss Harry was nothing if not honest ; if she did this picture for the chapel it should be will done.

Miss Harry got up and looked at her bare canvas. She was not in sympathy with her work to-day, she told herself. She would go to Father Esdail first thing in the morning, and borrow every book he had on the subject.

Miss Harry came back with a pile of books next day. " All you can spare me. I like to be en rapport with my work."

She began with a French life of the Blessed Marguerite Mary. She read it all morning before the empty canvas ; she read it in the pony-carriage in the afternoon, she read bits to her mother at afternoon tea, she read it all evening ; read it till light broke through the shutters and curtains, and it was finished.

Then she leaned back in her arm-chair, to think.

Presently she jumped up, the " idea " had come at last : she opened her door quietly, and stole across the passage to the unshuttered studio.

Rapidly, strongly, she sketched her " idea " in ; it would do ! She drew a long breath. — It would do ! Father Esdail would be pleased !

Suddenly a change came over the self-satisfied young face. " Lord, I am not worthy to touch even the hem of Thy garment." Was it her Guardian Angel who whispered those words in Miss Harry's ears just then, and made her almost start. For the first time, perhaps, in all her spoilt young life, Harry Hardness covering her face with her hands made an act of humility...

" No, Father, I am ashamed of myself for even thinking I could undertake such a subject. I am quite unfit in every way." You must forgive me, and let me off my promise."

" And if I refuse ? " Was Father Esdail in earnest ?

Harry looked up. "Yes," the priest said, smiling at the questioning eyes "you are quite right, my child, I am not going to let you off ! you will finish this picture for — God."

So Miss Harry went home to work very soberly and diligently at her big canvas.

"I can only try and do my best," she answered quite humbly, when asked how her picture was getting on.

Miss Harry was changed ! but there are other lessons besides the dawnings of humility to be learned in the school she had entered as pupil. Humility is a good planting ground for the faith, who will deny it ! And faith leads, straight as it can go, to the foot of the Cross ; and to please God, a deeper and truer humility still, and to the love that the Sacred Heart never fails to kindle in these poor mortal hearts that are His clients.

Miss Harry, working diligently at her picture day by day, "pondered all these things in her heart."

Perhaps, never in her life had gentle quiet Mrs. Hardness been so happy as the day Harry, kneeling at her feet, put her arms round her, whispered a confession of all her pride and waywardness and selfishness, and a petition for forgiveness. It was almost like having her a baby again to feel the caressing hands and the soft young cheek against her own. "Please God, Mother, I shall be a better daughter," and then after a little pause she added "Mother, darling, you have guessed ? I must see Father Esdail. And Mrs. Hardness with her little sigh said," yes darling "she never would interfere with her child's conscience. Catholics who hear Miss Hardness's name sometimes ask : " Is that the Miss Hardness who painted that wonderful picture of the Sacred Heart at X — ? For the grain of mustard seed has grown, and the mission is a well-known one nowadays.

ENGLISH MESSENGER.





### How my boy went down.

---

'Tis only the same old story  
 That mothers so often tell,  
 With accents of infinite sadness,  
 Like the tones of a funeral bell ;  
 But I never thought, once, when I heard it,  
 I should learn all its meaning myself ;  
 I thought he'd be true to his mother,  
 I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion !  
 Alas for his youthful pride !  
 Alas ! who are safe when danger  
 Is open on every side ?  
 Oh ! can nothing destroy this great evil ?  
 No bar in its pathway be thrown  
 To save from the terrible maelstrom  
 The thousands of boys going down ?

It was not on the field of battle,  
 It was not with the ship at sea,  
 But a fate far worse than either  
 That stole him away from me.  
 'Twas death in the tempting dram  
 That the reason and senses drown ;  
 He drank the alluring poison,  
 And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,  
 To the depths of disgrace and sin ;  
 Down to a worthless being,  
 From the hope of what might have been.  
 For the brand of a beast besotted  
 He bartered his manhood's crown ;  
 Through the gate of a sinful pleasure  
 My poor, weak boy went down.

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## It is easy and sweet to entertain oneself with God

---

**I**F it be a great mistake, to be full of diffidence when conversing with God ; it would be a still greater error to think that to converse with God is tedious and bitter. No, it is not so. Ask those who really love Him, and they will tell you, that in all the pains and trials of life, they can nowhere find greater or more solid consolation than in conversing lovingly with God.

This does not require of you a continual application of the mind, so as to neglect your employments, and omit your recreations. No nothing more is required than without relinquishing your occupations, you act towards God as you do on certain occasions towards those who love you, and whom you love.

Your God is always nigh to you, even within you : In Him we live, and move, and be. There is no need to wait at the door when we wish to speak to Him : on the contrary, He delights in our treating Him with confidence. Speak to Him of your affairs, of your plans, of your pains, of your fears and of whatever concerns you. Do so, above all, as I have said, with confidence, with an open heart ; because God does not usually speak to the soul that does not speak to Him ; since, not being accustomed to treat with Him, she will hardly understand His voice when He speaks to her. And of this our Lord complains : " Our sister is little... what shall we do to our sister in the day when she is to be spoken to ? Cant. 8. 8. God will have us regard Him as our Lord, almighty and most terrible when we despise His grace ; but on the contrary, when we love Him, He wishes that we treat with Him as with a most loving friend, and that we converse with Him frequently, in a familiar manner, and without restraint.

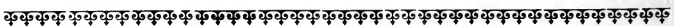
God by His immensity is everywhere ; but there are two places in which more especially He takes up His

abode, one is heaven, where He is present by His glory, which He communicates to the blessed ; the other is on the earth, it is within the humble soul that loves Him : He dwelleth in the high and holy place, and with a contrite and humble spirit.

Friends in this world have their hours to converse together, and their hours when they are separated ; but between God and you, if you wish it there need never be any separation : Thou shalt rest, and thy sleep shall be sweet... for the Lord is at thy side. Prov. 3. You may sleep, and God will place Himself at your side, and will watch continually by you. He remains there ever thinking of you in order that when you awake in the night, He may speak to you by His holy inspirations, and receive from you some act of love, of oblation, or of gratitude, thus keep up with you, even in the hours of rest, His lovely and sweet conversation. And sometimes even while you sleep, He will speak to you, and will make His voice heard, in order that when you awake you may obey it : I will speak to him in a dream ; 12. 6.

He is with you in the morning, to hear from you some word of love and confidence, to be the recipient of your first thoughts, and of all actions which you propose to perform during the day in order to please Him, as also all the pains which you offer willingly to undergo for His love and glory. But as He fails not to present Himself to you the moment you awake, do not, on you part, fail to, at once, turn your regard lovingly towards Him, and to rejoice at hearing from that He is not at a distance from you, as He was when you were in sin, but that He loves you and desires to be loved by you, intimating to you at the same moment His precept of love : Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart.

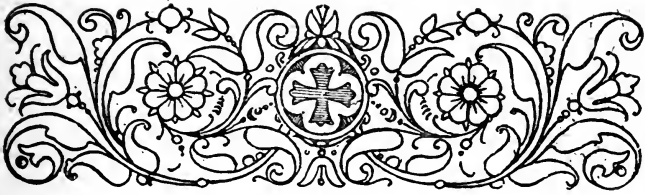
REV. J. MAGINER, C. SS. R.



We can define the Eucharist : Jesus uniting man with God.

F. EYMARD.





## Feast of St. Michael in Montreal's Cenacle

*Religious Profession and Vesture.*

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**T**HE feast of Saint Michael is always solemnly celebrated here ; the reason being that the Archangel was the first, the most courageous witness of the Incarnation, he, knowing that God would one day become man, bowed before hand, to that man, proclaiming Him true God. We also, Religious of the Most Holy Sacrament, and you dear members of the Arch-Confraternity of Adoration, proclaim that the Eucharistic Christ, is true God ; our respectful bearing in His presence, our language, all our lives should assert this belief of our souls.

The professed Priest, that is to say, he who has made a vow to serve Him in Adoration, is the true witness to Jesus in the Eucharist.

Do you promise to devote yourself, your life, and all your possessions to His glory and love ?...

Do you promise to extend Eucharistic worship in as far as lies in your power ?...

Do you promise to observe obedience, poverty and chastity in imitation of the Eucharistic virtues of Jesus Christ ?... Such is the substance of the questions asked by the celebrant at the ceremony of the first vows given to five young professed members, and to one pronouncing his perpetual vows. Many renewed their annual vows.

The greater number were from the diocese of Quebec and Sherbrook, the others from Massachusetts and Montreal. It was truly, Catholic Canada's oblation to the Eucharistic King.

The altar was beautifully decorated, and brilliantly illuminated, Jesus had descended from His habitual throne, and deigned to remain nearer to us, in our midst as of old ; and before the Sacred Host thus exposed the future members of the Congregation advanced successively, promising fidelity, and receiving on their breast the white Ostensorium, their precious badge of royal service ; the choir singing with heart-felt emotion " How sweet and pleasant for brothers to live together in unity " The preacher in a few well chosen words, had, at the beginning of the ceremony commented on the beauty, the nobility of the life embraced and devoted to the service and worship of the Eucharistic King.

About two hundred persons were present, and seemed deeply affected by the impressive ceremony.



## IN CHURCH.

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O Real Presence, palpitant, entire !  
 The very air around this holy place  
 Is filled with Thee. Oppressed, world tired, I come,  
 And kneel to pray for strength to still bear on  
 The heavy burden of this earthly life.  
 O nail-torn Hands, always out-stretched in love ;  
 O sweet, sad Eyes, with pleading, pitying gaze ;  
 O thorn-crowned Head, for my sins anguishbowed ;  
 O Sacred Heart, pierced with ingratitude ;  
 O Consolation for all earthly woes ;  
 O healing Balm for all sin-wounded souls ;  
 O Love undying through eternity !  
 Unworthy of a place near to Thy Heart,  
 I bow with Magdalen low at Thy Feet  
 And with her wash them in repentant tears.

C.





Our Lady of Good Counsel





## Particular Practice

For the month of December: Frequent Assistance at Holy Mass.

**C**HRISTIANS should be eager to assist as often as possible at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, even daily were it in their power. Many act through routine or profound ignorance concerning the Holy Sacrifice. In fact, we see them practically treating this August mystery as an ordinary ceremony which the priests perform every day, and at best, suited to them and to the old people.

Never abandon yourself to such unchristian appreciations of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Be always convinced of its sovereign efficaciousness. It is, in truth, the best of prayers, and the most abundant source of grace; because it is the sacrifice of Jesus: and assistance at Mass is better than all other prayers, or any other practice of devotion.

It is essentially the most perfect of prayers. Who prays at the altar? Is it the celebrant? Undoubtedly he unites his offering to that of the Holy Victim, but he who prays at Holy Mass, is Jesus-Christ Himself, our Mediator, that is to say, the Christian's delegate before the merciful throne of His Father. Impossible for us to express how perfect that prayer is or with what benevolence God the Father receives the requests of His Well-Beloved Son.

When a man has acquired a reputation for sanctity his prayers are eagerly sought after ; and if the Blessed Virgin still lived on earth, her home would always be full of people soliciting her powerful intercession.

And behold our Lord Jesus is there in the Church, His earthly home, waiting until we disclose to Him the favours we wish to obtain from God, and yet His temple is almost deserted.

Let us realize the truth of those words of St Francis of Sales addressed to Saint Chantal : " My child it is much more profitable for you to assist at Mass every day, than to omit it under pretext of attending to your meditation ; because the corporeal presence and immolation of the Saviour, cannot be replaced by His spiritual presence."

However fervent our prayers offered in private may be, whatever power our supplications may possess, never will they attain to the sublimity or efficacy of the prayer of Jesus at Holy Mass.

Assistance at the Holy Sacrifice obtains for us more numerous graces. All Christians know that Mass, being the reproduction of the Sacrifice of the Cross, is the source of all grace in the Church. A cause acts with as much more power as it directly reaches the object on which it operates. The sun renders the plant coming under its rays more beautiful and vigorous, than that which grows in the shade.

When a king invests large sums for the improvement of his states, he works, undoubtedly, for the benefit of all his subjects ; nevertheless how much more favored are those who surround the prince himself and can thus directly address him concerning their wants.

Holy Mass is the application of the merits of the Passion, the solemn distribution of the infinite treasures of Redemption ; happy then, are the Christians who assist at those effusions of the goodness and mercy of Jesus, and who draw abundantly from the superabundant riches of His Heart.

When chivalry reigned in France : Fathers addressing their sons about to take up arms gave them this important advice : " My dear Son, be faithful in assisting at Mass every day." And M. Leo Gauthier who has

made a study of that interesting epoch tells us that this custom was universally observed in all families.

This pious habit does not interfere with our other duties. On the contrary, it renders our conscience more peaceful, our heart more joyous, and our will more determined to accomplish its duty. While stationed at Laghonnat, the famous General de Sonis, of whom Gallifert said : " No one knew better than he how to command and how to obey, " never missed his daily Mass. A member of his staff says : " Every morning at half-past-six or seven, the General goes to Mass, I always accompany him, but we go in silence. "

Ozanam writes : " The best way to economize time, is to lose half-an-hour every morning at Mass. What sources of temptation does it not cut off from the rest of the day, this half-hour conscientiously lost.

La Rochejaquelin expressing this same thought in his military language says : " When I do not assist at my daily Mass, I am always more or less unruly that day. "

Rev. F. Eymard says : " If you assist at Mass every day, it will fill your life with happiness. All your duties will be better performed, and your soul stronger to carry your daily cross. "

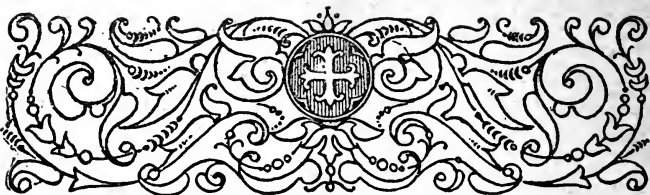
Ah ! if the souls in Purgatory could return. What sacrifices would they not make to assist at one Mass. If we really understood the excellence of the Holy Sacrifice, the advantages, the profit to be derived therefrom, we would not miss a single day without assisting at Holy Mass.

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Seek to mingle gentleness in all your rebukes ; bear with the infirmities of others : make allowances for constitutional frailties ; never say harsh things if kind things will do as well.

Were there anything better or fairer on earth than gentleness, Jesus Christ would have taught it to us ; and yet he has given us only two lessons to learn of him — meekness and humility of heart.





## The Lily of "Mater Admirabilis"

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**T**HE lily gently swaying in the summer breeze, uplifted her graceful form and began her quaint and touching narrative in the following words :

I was born on one the beautiful plains surrounding the City of Nazareth, a City renowned for its lovely blossoms, its very name signifying "City of Flowers." A mild sunbeam had scarcely opened my Calix to the beneficent light of day when thousands of lilies blooming beside me unanimously and enthusiastically exclaimed, "How beautiful she is!" I did not feel any emotion of pride, but raised my heart in thanksgiving to God who had made me so beautiful; begging of Him always to preserve untarnished the whiteness of my petals, and never to allow one of my golden stamens to be snatched away; asking Him to accept and guard, for His greater honor and glory, the sweet perfume exhaled at this moment by my fresh corolla. After admiring, for an instant, the beautiful blue sky, I closed my calix scarcely opened, and my young and tender stem swayed with gladness at the same moment I felt myself uprooted from my bed among the lilies.

I raised my head and found I was under the wing of an angel. "Do not fear, lily of predilection," said he, your mission is admirable, and your life will be immortal. For long years, you will represent the purity of an Immaculate Virgin, and after her death she will cause you to bud in the hearts consecrated to her." At these



words my calix reopened, my stem became more beautiful and deep in my flower heart I felt a tender love for the little Virgin who was to answer to the name of Mary

The angel entered a humble home and placed me close to the crib of a little child, other angels in millions surrounding her and making the air resound with their joyous hymns. I united with them and drew as close as I could to the heart of the little Virgin, so young as yet, and already so agreeable to God...

The child grew and I grew with her. Having attained the age when her parents wished to place her in the Temple, I accompanied her thither and when in her musical voice she consecrated herself to God, she offered me to Him as pledge of her fidelity. Her youth passed calmly and all too quickly in the house of the Lord, where her time was devoted to prayer, to the study of the Scriptures and to unremitting work.

But the moment of sacrifice drew near. Mary was in her fourteenth year. In obedience to the law, she was obliged to leave her cherished solitude to wed the husband God had destined for her. Then she pressed me to her heart, saying: "Dazzling pure white lily remain with me always. You are a thousand times dear to me." I was only too happy to accede to her request, to me it was a noble mission.

One day while Mary was at prayer, I was beside her exhaling my sweetest perfume at the feet of the Eternal; the angel who had raised me up from the vile and despicable earth appeared to her announcing that she should be the Mother of Jesus, the Saviour of the world. Turning to me he went on "Fear not Mary; the lily will be more than ever the emblem of your stainless purity..."

After some months, Jesus was born in the middle of Winter in a cold stable, of which I was the sole ornament. Oh! how I bowed down with joy, with rapture before the Infinitely holy Being, wrapped in swaddling clothes!... The child grew, and His greatest happiness was to draw near often and inhale my sweet perfume, or to sleep under the shade of my white petals.

Alas! this happiness did not last long. Jesus had attained the age of manhood and His time was come to die on the cross for the salvation of men. Mary valiant and

resigned, followed her Divine Son to Calvary and remained close to him plunged in sorrow, yet through her tears at sight of me she smiled faintly. I was standing also, and leaning on the sacred wood trying to catch some drops of the precious Blood, that I might hold them, since He had no tears, the divine roseate blood spilled for those who would profane my noble symbol...

After the Ascension, Mary retired to the house of St. John ; there, she prayed, living with Jesus in the Sacrament of His love. She had placed me close to the Tabernacle where I was becoming more beautiful, more transparent according as the flames of divine love consumed the Heart of the Mother Most Admirable.

Finally in an ecstasy of love she flew to the bosom of the Eternal. I followed her to the tomb where however, her precious remains did not long abide, for the angels came and took this Virginal body up to heaven "Mary" I cried, "O my Queen, I long to follow you in your glory! Severed from you, my petals will fade and lose their celestial perfume!" "My faithful lily, my dearest treasure," replied the Virgin Most Pure, "no, remain on earth for you will bud and blossom in the hearts of children and Virgins. May they guard you with care for the Heart of my Jesus finds Its joy among the lilies."

Thus spoke to me the sweet lily of our Mother Most Admirable, as I knelt beneath her hallowed image, and prayed to Mary to reveal to me one of her secrets of love.

To day, at the voice of Jesus, her divine Son, I understand your pure and simple language, O lily, cherished blossom of the Virgin of the Temple.

In the cup of thy dainty corolla  
Sweet perfume to Mary I raise:  
With thy fragrant aroma commingled  
In Heaven 'twill breathe out her praise.





## The Miraculous Crook

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**I**N the grand duchy of Mecklemburg, to-day a protestant country, but formerly devoutly Catholic stood a famous old monastery, renowned for the learning and sanctity of its monks, but especially through the miracles wrought there, the fame of which attracted numerous pilgrims from all parts of the world : It was the abbey of Doberan, situated on the banks of the Baltic Sea, and in those days the burial place of the dukes and their descendants. We relate one of the miracles which caused this abbey to be so universally renowned.

A poor shepherd named Stephen had for some time been the victim of a most unfortunate fate. Every week he saw his flock decreasing in number, sometimes carried away and devoured by the wolves, sometimes by an epidemic disease breaking out and slaying his choicest lambs. Even the pasturage seemed to have lost its nutritive juices ; the grass on the hill-side no longer strengthened his sickly flock, the brook in the valley no longer quenched its thirst.

One day as Stephen was seated at some distance from his flock, sadly thinking of the ruin which threatened him, he saw a man coming towards him, whom he judged by his long black cloak and white cap to be a dignified sheriff, and who addressed him saying : " You do not know me Stephen, but I have known you for some time. I am aware of all the losses you have sustained those last years. I am sorry for you and come to inform you of a means by which you can put an end to the evils which pursue you. The first time you go to Communion, keep the Host the priest gives you and insert it in your crook ; then go and lead your flock into the valley, fearing no longer either wolf or epidemic."

The shepherd who was a good Christian trembled with horror at this proposition. He knew that to touch the Sacred Host with his profane hands, instead of piously receiving it on his tongue, according to the intention of the Saviour, and the custom of the Church, was to commit an awful sacrilege. Moreover the man who addressed him had a most peculiar bearing, and a look under which the poor shepherd felt himself shuddering. Summoning up his courage he repulsed him, as he would an evil spirit, by making the sign of the cross and invoking his patron saint.

That same night two of his fattest sheep died at his feet, the following day another was drowned and a fourth became the prey of wild beasts. In a word the devil seemed to have sworn the ruin of poor Stephen, as formerly that of the Patriarch Job in the pasturage of Idumee. But Stephen less patient than Job, could not bend his head under the trial which the Lord in his fathomless judgement permitted: Nor had he the resignation to say with Job: "The Lord has given! The Lord has taken away! Blessed be His Holy Will!" Stephen let himself be carried away by despair, and despair is not a cheerful companion.

The fatal idea which the devil had suggested took possession of him, tormenting him night and day until finally yielding, he went to the Church, and after receiving, kept the Sacred Host and inserted it in his crook as he had been advised. As if to verify this audacious advice, from that moment his trials all disappeared and his ill-luck turned into prosperity. His weak sheep became strong and vigorous, his lambs throve wonderfully. Wherever he carried his crook the grass revived, the waters grew limpid and clear, the barren naked rocks were covered with moss and verdure, even the wolves in search of their prey on seeing Stephen with his crook took flight. All nature seemed to feel the impression of the mysterious and invisible presence which accompanied the shepherd's crook.

Alas! material goods are powerless to satisfy us when we possess them contrary to the Divine Will!

Stephen was not happy though he was quickly becoming one of the richest shepherds in the place. He was

continually pursued by remorse preventing him enjoying happiness or rest, and constantly picturing to him the awful crime by which he had gained his present wealth. His neighbors envied him and asked him to tell them the secret of his wonderful prosperity? Their questions only increased his unhappiness; but he hid all under a scornful bearing, and guarded his secret carefully. He could not maintain the same reserve with his wife, witness of



his nightly agony and of the avowals which escaped him in the delirium of his dreams. Her repeated questions had at last compelled him to intrust his secret to her safe keeping, she horrified beyond words, to unburden her mind confided the secret to a reliable friend, and that friend thinking she was in conscience bound disclosed the case to the abbot of the monastery of Doberan.

Filled with holy indignation, the abbot, immediately set out to deliver the August Captive from His unprecedented captivity : The God who for love of men has placed Himself at their mercy and exposed Himself to all kinds of ill-treatment in the Sacrament which hides and enchains His Divine Humanity. Clothed with aube and stole, the abbot followed by his monks went to the shepherd's home.

The moment the pious cortege crossed the threshold of that house profaned by a sacrilege, that house where



the living God was unlawfully detained, it was brilliantly illuminated, and in the midst of the brightness, shining even more brightly, was a heavenly halo, surrounding the crook containing the Sacred Host and resembling a luminous candelabre. The monks filled with admiration and respect carried back to its rightful Tabernacle this ciborium of unusual design. They guarded it with great love and veneration and from that day pilgrims in vast numbers thronged to Doberan to adore the Miraculous Host.

As to Stephen, filled with sorrow and remorse, he condemned himself to severe penance and spent the remaining days of his life in offering reparation by fasts and penitential works. At his last hour, the prior of the cloister, who had witnessed the sincerity of his repentance absolved him from his crime, in the name of the Lord whom he had so sorely wounded in the Sacrament of His love, but whose very love pardoned and pitied as no human love could.

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### The Immaculate Conception and Communion

IF God preserves Mary free from original sin in her Immaculate Conception it is because He wishes to live in her. He wishes to dwell in a pure, holy and perfect habitation. The Eternal Father, the Holy Ghost only purified Mary in order to make her a worthy tabernacle for the Verb of God. Mary must be Immaculate to receive the Verb in her. The Immaculate Conception is Mary's preparation for Communion. Oh ! with what joy the Verb contemplated this dwelling He was preparing for Himself.

Jesus must do the same with us in regard to Holy Communion. He must long for the moment when He will come from His Tabernacle to us ; He must come to us with joy as He did to Mary, and, it will be thus, if we are pure ; He expects that preparation of purity from us ; He exacts it, commands it, it is the only obligatory one.

A great purity as preparation for Communion, such should be for us, the fruit of the Immaculate Conception ; without purity all our other virtues will be worthless ; our Lord will come to us with reluctance, our hearts will only be a prison for Him : Ah ! will He exclaim to the Priest, " where are you placing me ? In a heart which is not Mine, which my enemy occupies. Leave Me, O leave Me in my Tabernacle ! "

O Mary ! lend us your mantle of purity, clothe us with the whiteness, the brilliancy of your Immaculate Conception ; it is a Mother's duty, to clothe her children. Clothed by you, O Mary ! Jesus will welcome us, He will come to us with gladness.

R. F. EYMARD.

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## Our Lady's Expectation

1. Like the dawn-ing of the morn-ing On the mountain's gold en heights, Like the

break-ing of the moon-beams On the gloom of cloud-y nights; Like the

se-cret told by an-gels, Get-ting known up on the earth, - Is the

Moth-er's ex-pec-ta-tion Of Mes-si-ah's speed-y birth

2. Thou wert happy, blessed Mother,  
 With the very bliss of heaven,  
 Since the angel's salutation  
 In thy raptured ear was given ;  
 Since the Ave of that midnight,  
 When thou wast anointed Queen,  
 Like a river overflowing  
 Hath the grace within thee been.
3. And what wonders have been in thee  
 All the day and all the night,  
 While the angels fell before thee,  
 To adore the Light of Light ;  
 While the glory of the Father  
 Hath been in thee as a home,  
 And the scepter of creation  
 Hath been wielded in thy womb.



4. Thou hast waited, Child of David !  
 And thy waiting now is o'er !  
 Thou hast seen him Blessed Mother !  
 And wilt see him evermore !  
 Oh ! His Human Face and Features,  
 They were passing sweet to see ;  
 Thou beholdest them this moment ;  
 Mother, show them now to me !

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## Bethlehem and the Tabernacle

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LONG months had passed since the Archangel Gabriel had announced to the Blessed Virgin the heavenly message.

She knew that the Saviour should be born at Bethlehem, and not at Nazareth where she resided. Without trying to understand how that could be accomplished, she awaited in loving calm the signal which should reveal God's will to her.

About the same time, the Emperor Augustus, prompted by pride, wished to ascertain the exact number of his subjects, and thus unwittingly served the designs of Providence.

Mary and Joseph both belonged to the tribe of Juda, and to the Royal family of David, and in consequence of the Emperor's edict were forced to leave their solitude at Nazareth to go and be inscribed at Bethlehem. It was a long tiresome journey and our travellers arrived foot-sore and weary.

They sought shelter everywhere, but in vain, and at last were obliged to take refuge in an abandoned stable. It was there, my child, that at midnight, the Incarnate Verb, the Son of God, the sweet Child Jesus was born. He appeared to the raptured gaze of His holy Mother, lying in the manger, on a little straw.

She took Him and held Him in her arms, and pressed Him to her heart, calling Him alternately : " My Son ; " " My God." When you hear this Gospel-story of the birth of the sweet Child Jesus, do you not often think, my child, and say to yourself how happy I would have been, if I could have come at that blessed moment, to

offer my homages to the child Jesus, through His blessed Mother. Jesus wishes to satisfy this natural desire, which He Himself has placed in your heart, and so the life of Jesus is continued and daily renewed among us, until the end of time.

The Church, where Jesus is born every day in the hands of the priest, is Bethlehem, for us.

And the Tabernacle — does it not at times resemble the stable of Bethlehem, in its poverty? Jesus, reposes there poor, without glory or pomp, with nothing to make us realize His power, His majesty. There also, as at Bethlehem, the angels are often alone in adoration before Him, with a small number of pious worshippers who try like Mary and Joseph to console Him, by their faith and love, for the forgetfulness of ungrateful men. Do you not wish, dear child, to be among those fervent worshippers?

Come then, and visit this Sacramental Crib, where the sweet Saviour, the child Jesus abides. Try and picture to yourself, the dear little Babe of Bethlehem, there, as He really is, not on straw but in His golden Ciborium, smiling at you, holding out His baby arms to win your love and confidence. He asks you, and surely, my child, you will not have the heart to refuse, He asks you to wipe away His tears, which your sins have caused Him to shed. Come nearer, do not fear, ask His dear Mother to place Him in your hands, and clasping Him close to your heart in holy respect and great love, say to Him with simplicity: My sweet Jesus, I wish to love You; guard me, so that I may never separate from You, do not allow me to offend You by the most trifling wilful fault. Let me be a pure white lily to perfume Your Tabernacle, draw me often to Your sacred Feet that I may keep close to you during life, and that after death, I may bring You to heaven my baptismal innocence.

O sweet Child Jesus! fond lover of children, listen to your child and make of her heart a dwelling-place less cold than the stable of Bethlehem.





## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

### An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

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I am the Immaculate Conception.

### Our Lady of Lourdes.

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#### I. — Adoration.

FIRST QUARTER OF THE HOUR : — “ I am the Immaculate Conception,” spoke the brilliant white vision, to the humble child, kneeling at her feet whose enraptured gaze betrayed confidence and fear.

“ I am the Immaculate Conception ” has been re-echoing ever since by the statue of the Immaculate Virgin with her celestial beauty, her clasped hands, her white veil, her golden diadem ; by the Basilicas of stone, marble and gold erected in her honour ; by the flags of cities and nations deposited in loving homage at her feet ; by the pilgrims thronging in vast numbers to her favored shrine ; by the sick cured, the sinners converted ; by hearts consoled and souls sanctified : Lourdes is a mighty echo resounding throughout the world repeating incessantly : Mary is the Immaculate Conception.

This declaration of the Immaculate Conception brings me to Thy altar, O my God, to adore Thee, to acknowledge and praise Thee, as the author of that incomparable marvel, the Immaculate Conception of Mary ; and of all the wonders which compose it, royal diamond set amid the most precious stones.

Thou alone, O God, the all powerful Father couldst, from all eternity, have chosen this pure child, in the glory of her virginity to be Thy Spouse. Thou alone, O loving Son, couldst't accept her for Thy Mother, preserve her from all stain by the preventive virtue of Thy precious Blood. Thou alone, O God the Holy Ghost couldst't have created this privileged soul, capable of receiving the

plenitude of every created grace, capable of bearing un-created Grace Himself.

I adore Thine infinite love inspirer of this masterpiece; Thy Wisdom which has conceived and ordained it; Thy Power which has wrought it. After the Divine Conception of the Verb in the pure womb of the Immaculate Virgin, nothing is more beautiful, nothing greater, nothing supposes so much love lavished, so many obstacles vanquished, so many foreseen favors, as Thy Immaculate Mother's Conception, O my God.

O Mary perfect adorer, without stain or imperfection; adoration of agreeable odor, always acceptable, infinitely meritorious compensate for the lack of purity, truth and fervor in our adorations. Adorer pleading for those who do not adore, obtain pardon and mercy for them, from the God and Saviour unknown by them.

## II. — Thanksgiving

SECOND QUARTER OF THE HOUR: — "I am the Immaculate Conception!" With her pure countenance glowing with kindness, her eyes raised heavenwards, her hands joined, Mary stood as the image of thanksgiving to God, who had filled her with His grace; as the living thanksgiving, singing to Her Creator, the eternal hymn, "Magnificat," for all benefits received from His infinite goodness.

You are truly living thanksgiving. O Immaculate Virgin; for, by the privilege of your Immaculate Conception, seeing clearly the work accomplished in you by divine goodness, penetrating its abundance, its munificence, you were no sooner created, than without waiting like other children for the dawn of reason, which left them for years in ignorance of their duties to God, you were from the first moment full of supernatural light, swaying towards God on the wings of thanksgiving, to bless and praise Him, to give yourself to your Creator whom you embraced as your supreme end, and towards whom ascended in blessing, all the thoughts, affections, desires, all the actions of your life.

Sing then, O Immaculate Queen, your glorious triumphant hymn of thanksgiving, which neither heaven or earth could hear, before it was uttered by your soul.

Lord, hear and receive, this praise worthy of Thy love;

and we, O Lord, roused from our apathy by the burning accent's of Mary's voice, we thank Thee that Thou hast enriched Mary with the infinite treasures of her Immaculate Conception. "Blessed to the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mother of God."

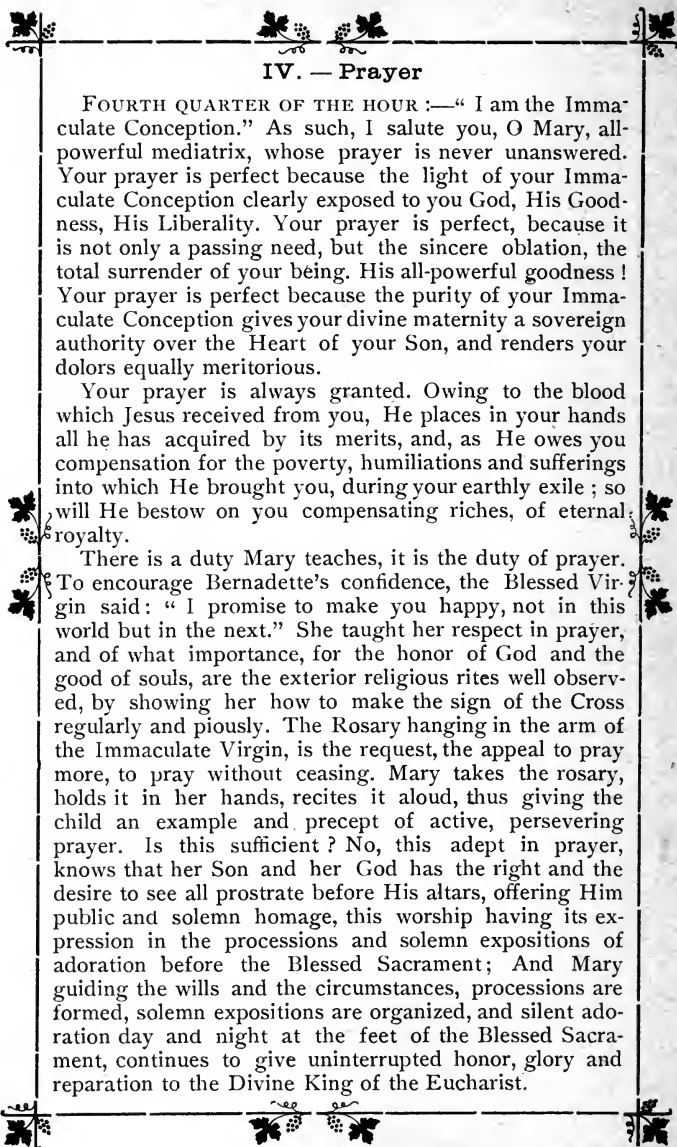
### III. — Reparation

THIRD, QUARTER OF THE HOUR : — "I am the Immaculate Conception," and the gentle Virgin, with sweetly smiling lips, flowing veil as white as snow, cried out with the voice of a prophet announcing divine chastisements to sinner's refusing to be converted : Penance ! Penance ! Asking that reparation be offered by the just, without delay for poor sinners.—How can it be done asked Bernadette of the Virgin ? Pray for sinners," replied the Blessed Virgin and she specified the works of penance, the humiliations which would touch the heart of her divine Son in favor of sinners : "Go and drink of the water of the fountain, and wash therein ;" kneel and kiss the floor !

Did this severe language seem consistent with the sweet vision ? Yes, truly, when we judge things according to Redemption's plan and Christ's views. The Immaculate Conception borders on Calvary, it is the necessary preparation to Mary's immense dolors, and the condition which gives them their redemptive power ; It is natural she should render Jesus, by her personal sufferings, inflamed with love for Him and thirst for His justice, what she received of His dolors.

The Immaculate Virgin can in justice invite sinners' to penance, the just to reparation and propitiation. Let us respond to her appeal. As the living symbol of Divine mercy. Let us approach the salutary fountain, the Sacramental fountain, where the priest purifies the soul by pouring on it the Blood of Jesus. Let us offer with Mary the sacred Chalice filled with the Blood of Jesus and offered by Him at His last supper for the remission of sin.

Pardon and mercy, we beg of Thee, O Christ our Redeemer ! by the purity and tears of Thine Immaculate Mother ! Pardon and mercy, for those who having known and loved Thee, now reject Thee through ingratitude or laxity !



#### IV. — Prayer

FOURTH QUARTER OF THE HOUR :—“ I am the Immaculate Conception.” As such, I salute you, O Mary, all-powerful mediatrix, whose prayer is never unanswered. Your prayer is perfect because the light of your Immaculate Conception clearly exposed to you God, His Goodness, His Liberality. Your prayer is perfect, because it is not only a passing need, but the sincere oblation, the total surrender of your being. His all-powerful goodness ! Your prayer is perfect because the purity of your Immaculate Conception gives your divine maternity a sovereign authority over the Heart of your Son, and renders your dolors equally meritorious.

Your prayer is always granted. Owing to the blood which Jesus received from you, He places in your hands all he has acquired by its merits, and, as He owes you compensation for the poverty, humiliations and sufferings into which He brought you, during your earthly exile ; so will He bestow on you compensating riches, of eternal royalty.

There is a duty Mary teaches, it is the duty of prayer. To encourage Bernadette's confidence, the Blessed Virgin said: “ I promise to make you happy, not in this world but in the next.” She taught her respect in prayer, and of what importance, for the honor of God and the good of souls, are the exterior religious rites well observed, by showing her how to make the sign of the Cross regularly and piously. The Rosary hanging in the arm of the Immaculate Virgin, is the request, the appeal to pray more, to pray without ceasing. Mary takes the rosary, holds it in her hands, recites it aloud, thus giving the child an example and precept of active, persevering prayer. Is this sufficient ? No, this adept in prayer, knows that her Son and her God has the right and the desire to see all prostrate before His altars, offering Him public and solemn homage, this worship having its expression in the processions and solemn expositions of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament ; And Mary guiding the wills and the circumstances, processions are formed, solemn expositions are organized, and silent adoration day and night at the feet of the Blessed Sacrament, continues to give uninterrupted honor, glory and reparation to the Divine King of the Eucharist.



## CHRISTMAS

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Hark ! hark to the chimes in the old church tower  
As they usher in the dark midnight hour !  
And the pealing organ in triumph rings,  
And the choir the angel-chorus sings :

*“ Gloria in Excelsis Deo ! ”*

And when the worshippers kneel to pray,  
As cradled on straw, in the cave He lay  
That Christmas night long ages ago,  
The Babe lies now on the Altar's snow.

*“ Et in terra pax hominibus ! ”*

He makes His home in each loving heart ;  
He bids the poor sinner in peace depart ;  
He seeks for the shepherd, He welcomes the king,  
Peace, peace is the message the angel-bands bring :

*“ Hominibus bonæ voluntatis.”*

Come haste to the manger to welcome your Lord !  
He would be by the hearts of His loved ones adored ;  
To men of good will His peace He will bring,  
And heaven and earth shall in harmony sing :

*“ Gloria in Excelsis Deo et in terra pax homi-  
nibus bonæ voluntatis ! ”*

A. SAN JOSE.





## The Christmas Angel



“PAPA, papa, I’m afraid ! Don’t you hear the wind moaning, the snow lashing the windows ? ”

“ Sleep, darling, sleep ! To-morrow the weather will clear up, and the storm will be far away.”

“ But I can’t go to sleep, Papa : I am suffering.”

The sorrowing father pressed the wasted little hand to his lips ; then, bowed his head, to hide his grief from her eyes. Alas ! for many nights now little Angela had been unable to sleep. A languishing sickness, which she inherited from her mother, kept her bound to bed. A distressing cough racked her breast almost continuously, while the sweat moistened her baby countenance.

Poor child ! and, especially, poor father ! He had none left to him in the world but Angela. How he loved her and surrounded her with his affectionate care ! The heart of the mother who had gone before seemed to have blended with his own, so dearly did he cherish this only child.

He had consulted men of science as to her malady ; had called in the most celebrated physicians, had said to one of them :

“ Save my little daughter, and half my fortune is yours.” The Doctor promised to do his best, but he had been unable to cure the child.

For some days past the disease seemed to be making unusually rapid progress ; Angela’s pallid cheeks showed at times a livid tinge, mysterious presage of death. Her father quitted her side no more. He had abandoned all.



the other important cares of life, and thought now of one thing only — of retarding by a few hours the fatal moment that was to leave him supremely desolate. Yes, supremely so ; for the unfortunate man was without the counterbalancing consolation which divine goodness metes out to the miserable : he lacked faith.

Years ago he had forgotten the road to the Church. Given up entirely to the world and its baubles of fame and honor, he had glided from the condition of doubt to that of absolute negation. The political career to which he had devoted his talents had torn from his heart the last religious chords that still vibrated there. He was now in the prime of manhood. He had seen his young wife leave this world, full of faith and hope ; but her edifying death had not rekindled the extinguished sparks of the religious sentiments of other days. And now God once more forces Himself upon his memory by demanding of him the life of his idolized daughter.

There was a long silence. The clock struck eleven. Then a great sonorous voice rose above the bluster of the storm ; the bells of the neighbouring church pealed their loudest to announce the approach of earth's greatest festival. " Christmas " ! clanged the bells ; " Christmas " ! Christians, awake and throng to the foot of the altar ! Here comes the day blest above all others. The Child Jesus is about to be born. Awake, Christians, and hasten to greet Him."

And the appeal was heard. Lights appeared in the windows of the deserted streets ; dark shadows passed behind the curtains ; preparations were being made to attend Midnight Mass in the college Church.

Angela sighed, and regarded her father with ineffable tenderness.

" Do you hear, Papa ? "

" Yes, darling. Do those bells prevent you from sleeping ? "

" Oh, 'tis not that ! " and the child put her hand to her bosom, which an interior fire seemed to be consuming. Soon she went on : Last year I was not so sick, and the wind did not blow so fiercely. Mamma had not gone to heaven then. It was a beautiful day, Papa. I remember it so well ! " She closed her eyes for a moment

as if to see once more the events of the day that memory brought back to her "Mamma got up very early, and to'd Margaret to dress me for going out. And I was glad, so glad. But it was snowing too. Margaret took me up in her arms and carried me to the church. O papa how beautiful it was ! So many lights and flowers all around the crib. The bells were ringing just as they are now, and the singing was so grand ! The church was full of priests and people ; but mamma and Margaret went away up in front ; and then mamma showed me a little Baby lying on some straw. He was so pretty ! He looked at me and smiled and I loved Him at once. Oh, how I would like to see Him again ! "

" But it is impossible, dear. Don't you hear the wind whistling outside as it whirls the snow about ? "

" It was snowing last year too. "

" Yes, but you did not suffer then. "

The bells ceased. Outside could be heard the tread of passers—by on the crips snow, and now and then the slamming of a street door. Suddenly Angela began again :

" Papa, I'd like very much to know whether the Child Jesus is in the church again this year. "

" Certainly He is there again. "

" How do you know ? "

" Because without doubt, He is there every year. "

" Have you ever seen Him ? "

" Yes. but it was a long time ago. "

" Ah ! if you only would, " said Angela joining her little hands, — " if you only would, papa ! "

" Speak, dear ; speak ! If I would what ? "

" If you would go to the church, so as to tell me whether the little Baby is still there on the straw, and whether there are still pretty flowers all about, and lots of lights, oh so many lights ! "

" But I can not leave you now, darling. Who would watch over you like papa ? "

" You could call Margaret, " said the child beseechingly.

" And would that satisfy you ? "

" Ever so much. Mamma told me that the Infant Jesus was exposed only once a year — at christmas. "

“ And do you know, little one, that this is Christmas ? ”

“ Yes, yes, I know it. ”

“ Very well, ” said the father, with some hesitation. “ I’ll go in the morning. ”

Angela dropped her head, and a tear fell on her wasted cheek.

“ Spoiled darling that you are ! ” Said the father, covering her with kisses. “ Then you wish me to leave you at once ? “ Only to go to the church, ” she murmured through her tears.

The father touched a bell ; Margaret ran in, all anxious.

“ Stay with Angela, ” said he briefly. “ I will return shortly. ”

“ Oh ! how good you are ! ” said the child, joyously. “ How good you are ! ”

Margaret seated herself by the bed, and Angela’s eyes gently closed. A quarter of an hour later, Mr. Knight entered the church. A pious and recollected multitude had already assembled. Hundreds of tapers surrounded the altar, which could only be seen through waving clouds of incense.

With head erect, Angela’s father made his way to the foot of the sanctuary, where the crib was arranged amid a profusion of rarest flowers.

“ Childish caprice ! ” he said to himself. “ To send me here at such an hour. ”

Mr. Knight threw a critical glance around him. He saw the faithful praying with unmistakable fervor, The August Sacrifice had begun. The voices of the singers blended with those of the angelic choirs, who in heaven above intoned the eternal Hosannas. And, lying upon a little straw, the sweet symbolical figure of the child Jesus smiled on everyone, while His outstretched arms seemed ready to clasp all humanity to His loving bosom.

Angela’s father looked long at the little figure on the straw. His glance wandered from the priest who was saying Mass to the Infant Jesus holding out His arms to him. He made an effort to tear himself from this species of fascination, and turned to go. “ But the way was blocked.

At that moment a priest left the altar and descended to the communion railing. Mr. Knight resumed his place.

The priest made the Sign of the Cross, and, in a voice vibrating with genuine emotion, began :

“ O all ye who suffer, come to Me. and I will console you ! ”

As long as the sermon lasted Angela's father remained motionless; tasting at leisure the solace which the speaker seemed to offer him on behalf of the Divine Infant. And when the echo of the final blessing died away, he buried his face in his hands.

The Mass drew to an end. Mr. Knight saw scores of the congregation approach the Holy Table ; and thought of the happy period long ago, when he too participated in that Sacred Banquet. He beheld in fancy his pious and devoted mother ; his young wife, whom he had loved so tenderly ; Angela whose lamp was slowly dying out ; and an immense sorrow took possession of him.

When he looked around again the church was all but deserted ; the gas was extinguished ; he approached the communion railing ; and, kneeling murmured :

“ O God ! my God, whom I have so long neglected to serve, restore to me my Angela, and I will return to Thee forever.”

For some time he knelt and wept silently but bitterly. At length he left the church. In the porch he met a beggar ; he gave a generous alms, and hurried homeward. Margaret opened the door to admit him.

“ Angela has been sleeping quietly ever since you left, and has only now awaked.”

The father went into the sick room, and having kissed his little daughter, said cheerfully :

“ Well, I stayed too long, did I not ? ”

“ No, no, papa ! ” replied Angela, whose face was radiant. “ It was so beautiful ! ”

“ Why, yes ; the little Infant was there.”

“ I know it, and He was even prettier than last year.” Mr. Knight looked at her in surprise, and could see her air of supreme joy.

“ How can you know it ? ” he asked.

“ Because, papa, I went to the church with you.”

"She is delirious," thought the father trying to quiet her."

"Now just listen, and tell me if it was not like this?"

"Calm yourself, dear, — calm yourself!"

"But I am calm," said the child with a wounded air.

"Yes — well, now?"

"Well, when we went in, the church was already pretty full; they were singing; the priests were at the altar; we went through the crowd and up to the railing to admire the Crib. What a lot of lights and of nice flowers there were! There was in particular one splendid tree that just dropped over the Infant Jesus."

"A palm-tree," said Mr. Knight, his surprise increasing.

"Yes, a palm-tree. We were going to leave the church, when a priest came down and stopped not far from us. He began to speak. You listened, Papa, and you seemed very sorry."

At this astounding recital, the father felt his heart bound in his bosom, and he gazed at Angela with a species of fear.

"And do you know what he said?"

"He said," replied Angela, drawing her father toward her — "he said that the Infant Jesus would console you."

Mr. Knight started, but she went on:

We stayed a long time after that — until they put out the lights; and then you approached the Infant Jesus; you knelt down, and said, with tears: "O God, restore my Angela to me and I will return to Thee forever!"

Mr. Knight uttered a cry of wonder, and grew pale as death.

"Yes, you said that," continued Angela triumphantly.

"But I saw that you did not hear the reply of the Infant Jesus."

"A reply!"

"Yes, dear papa; the Infant Jesus answered you."

"What could he have said to me asked the distracted father?"

"He said: Return to me first."

Mr. Knight dropped on his knees by the bed, quite overcome with emotion.

“ And when we came out of the church ” - concluded Angela, “ you gave some money to an old woman, saying quite low : Pray for Angela and for her father.”

This time Mr. Knight could restrain himself no longer.

He clasped Angela in his arms, and wept the sweetest tears he had known during his life. Need it be added that he returned to the church that very morning and entered a confessional? The following day he received Holy Communion with so much fervor and piety as to edify all the attendants.

As for Angela — or, as her father calls her now, his Christmas Angel, — she improved in health steadily. The physician's who had given her up visited her ; and in less than a month she accompanied her father, visibly this time, to the church, to thank the Divine Infant for her restoration.

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### Babe of Bethlehem.

Holy Babe, so calmly lying  
 In Thy manger, mid the straw,  
 How Thy tiny hands are trying  
 Unto Thee mankind to draw !  
 “ Glory, Glory,” o'er Thee singing,  
 White-robed angels, bright and fair,  
 “ Peace to men,” o'er all earth bringing,  
 Greet the shepherds standing there.

Holy Babe, a welcome manger  
 Let each heart unto Thee prove ;  
 And do Thou, from every danger  
 Guard us by Thy holy love,  
 Who, in adoration bending,  
 Grateful hail Thee, priceless Gem !  
 From Thy heavenly Home descending,  
 Holy Babe of Bethlehem !

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## The three Christmas Masses

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**T**OWARDS the end of the eventful year 1871, in the castle of Bonrepos, preparations were being made to celebrate Christmas. It was the eve of the great day announced by the musical chiming of the village clock.

A huge log burned brightly in the grate, before which enjoying its warmth, and deeply interested in her book, sat Madam de Valrocher, widow of an officer, who was killed in the battle of Champigny ; in the same room but at some distance from the fire, her brother, a priest was entertaining her only child, a boy of five or six years, whose angelic face, golden curls and lovely blue eyes made him resemble one of Murillo's angels ; but unlike the angels his chief delight was to listen to story after story, related so pleasingly by his uncle, an adept in the art of story-telling, cleverly contriving the moral should be spiritual as well as interesting. Henry as the child was called, was very anxious to attend midnight mass, more especially as his uncle, a missionary, just returned and a hero in the boy's eyes, was to be the celebrant.

The missionary had travelled many miles in order to reach home for Christmas. His first thought on landing in France had been to try and mitigate in some slight degree by the consolations of religion, the grief of his sister, whom the war had so recently and so cruelly bereaved ; and to offer mass for his unfortunate brother-in-law, cut off in his youth, in the middle of a brilliant military career.

It had been arranged during the day that the missionary's first mass would be offered for the officer killed on the battle-field, the second for the poor little orphan boy, and the third for his native land, so sorely in need of prayer. The big snow flakes had been falling continuously for two days covering the earth with a pure white garb lovely to admire, but, without charms for mammas anxious for their children's health.

The sky was beautiful, studded with brilliant stars, yet the north-east wind was bitter and piercing, indicating a storm, and Henry's mother under the circumstances would not allow him to go to Midnight Mass fearing his delicate health.

The village was situated at some distance from the castle, at least twenty minutes walk to the church, and much as he desired it, it would have been imprudent to allow the child to go. Resignation being the best part of valor, he accepted his mother's decision, but not without shedding a few tears. He went to bed at his usual hour nine o'clock.

By way of consoling him, his mamma said :

"What will I ask the child Jesus to give you, when in a few hours I will assist at the midnight-mass offered by uncle for Papa? What do you want the child Jesus to put in your stocking, to-morrow morning?" Baby reflected, but did not answer.

"Do you want a sword"? his mother asked. Widow of an officer she was naturally desirous her son should follow a military career, perpetuating in the family the traditional courage and bravery which had distinguished its members for the last half century.

"Do you want a cross of honor to wear on Sundays?"

"No," replied Henry.

"What, then?" A toy horse to march through the parlor?

"No, not that either."

"A cannon you can discharge and frighten everybody?"

"No..."

"Well, what then"? Do tell me quickly and I promise you the Child Jesus won't refuse your request."

"Well," replied the child, "I want a chalice and vestments."

"And why, dear child?"

"To celebrate mass."

"And for whom will you offer it"?

"For Papa."

The mother touched to the heart's core, burst into sobs, and clasping her baby boy in her arms, covered him with loving kisses.



“ You wish then, to be a Priest, like your uncle, the abbot ? ”

“ Yes, dear Mamma.”

“ Then like him you will offer three masses on Christmas ? ”

“ Yes Mamma, that is what I desire.”

“ And for whom will you offer the first ? ”

“ For Papa.”

“ And the second ? ”

“ For Papa.”

“ And the third ” ?

“ For Papa.”

“ And for me, will you not offer one ? ”

“ No, Mamma.”

“ And, why my boy, no mass for Mamma ? ”

“ Because Mamma should not die ; because Mamma must not die.”

## A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

ONE Christmas night St. Jerome was in the Grotto of Bethlehem all absorbed in the mysteries of the birth of our Saviour, when the Infant Jesus suddenly appeared to him resplendent with light, and said :

“ Jerome, what dost thou give me for my birthday ? ”

“ Divine Infant, I give you my heart.”

“ That is well, but give me something more ? ”

“ I give you all the prayers, all the affections of my heart.”

“ That is better, but give me something more.”

“ I give thee all that I have, and all that I am.”

“ There is still something more I desire you to give me.”

“ Divine Infant, I have nothing ; what is it that you still wish I should give you ? ”

“ Jerome, give me thy sins ! ”

“ What will you do with them ? ”

“ Give me thy sins that I may pardon them all.”

“ Divine Infant, you make me weep.”

And Jerome began to sob, filled with love for the Divine Child.



“ GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.”

BY JOHN W. WOLFE.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
 Lord of hosts the angels pealed ;  
 Saviour of Thy Father's fold,  
 Loving heart of God revealed.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
 To the new-born Christ we sing ;  
 Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
 Through the world the chorus rings.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
 Loudly with the rest of men,  
 Sing the praises by angels told,  
 Of the Babe in Bethlehem.



**A New Bethlehem.**

Make of thy heart a little Crib,  
 Far from the world's Jerusalem,  
 With Mary and with Joseph hid  
 In some sweet, lowly Bethlehem.

Line it with straw — the golden straw,  
 Of selfless Love's humility ;  
 And let those beasts, thy passions, draw  
 Around in mute captivity.

Then, in the darkness and the cold,  
 Alone with angels not with men,  
 In thy heart's manger (as of old)  
 The Christ-Child shall be born again.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.





## THE EUCHARISTIC REIGN

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Scarcely a few weeks have elapsed since the closing of the General Chapter of the Congregation of the Most Blessed Sacrament, held in Brussels, Belgium. Never perhaps had Chapter been more numerously attended or more fraternally united. The Capitularies coming from all parts of Europe and America, saw, with unutterable happiness themselves gathered together around the same Eucharistic throne, to work in harmony for the reign of the King Jesus, always present through love in the midst of subjects who do not know Him sufficiently.

“It was :” said one of the members, “a great consolation to see the ardour evinced by the vast assembly to infuse into, and revive in all hearts and lives the love of the Sacred Host.”

But the greatest consolation of all, was to witness the many wonderful blessings crowning the efforts of those devoting themselves exclusively to the Eucharistic Reign.

In several parts of Europe piety towards the Blessed Sacrament has taken an impetus truly worthy of admiration. Priests and faithful rivalling each their in zeal and devotedness, in the maintenance of altars, in the practice of adoration, and in frequent and fervent participation in the Sacred Mysteries. We consider it as a special grace that despite the persecutions in France, the Blessed Sacrament has remained exposed in our churches there. From His throne Jesus seems to say to His enemies : “I will love you more than you hate me, and I will bless you, you and your families, even though you should prevent my adorers blessing me and remaining before me.”

It gives us much pleasure to note that, the most abundant graces and blessings of “Jesus-Hostie” have been showered on America. Since the last Chapter was con

vened in 1899 two regular houses have been established there, and a third, will, we hope, very soon offer its contingent of constant adorers to the Eucharistic King.

Our Montréal house, for its part, has seen two prolific centres of adoration founded around it, one of which attracted at various times during the Summer more than 70,000 worshippers. The expansion of works devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, the liberal diffusion of Eucharistic reviews, the extraordinary pomp of worship, are to us so many visible proofs of the special love which Jesus bears our Country.

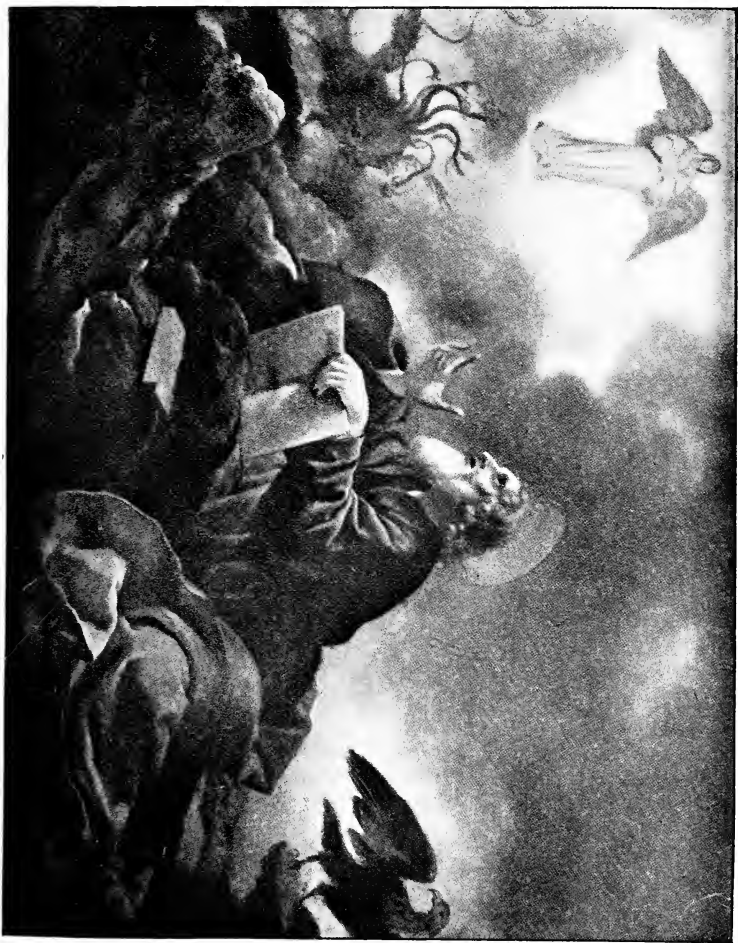
We cannot pass over in silence the noticeable progress of Eucharistic devotion in the United States. Already Confraternities of men and youths have been formed, destined to spread the practice of Adoration and frequent Communion. We quote a few words of a letter recently received, from a fervent worker in the Masters Vineyard: "I have organized a body of one hundred and forty-nine working men, as members of adoration, and hope soon with God's grace to make them Apostle of the Eucharist as well."

These consoling facts fill our hearts with unutterable joy and gratitude. We wished to communicate the glad news to our dear readers, and to ask them to unite their thanksgiving to ours.

Nevertheless we must acknowledge, this progress expresses nothing else in our eyes, than the possibility of obtaining more abundant results. If the God of the Sacred Host has done so much already, despite our unworthiness and the defectuousity of the workers, what would He not accomplish, if, Priest and laity, together we knew how to unite our hearts and voices in propagating His Eucharistic Reign.

Let past success inflame our ardour! Let us be Apostles! Let us realize by our works and our prayers this wish of Venerable Father Eymard: "May we be the incendiaries of this sacred fire which Jesus Himself has brought to the world."

SAINT JOHN'S VISION.











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