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LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE 1898.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Does man envy the little children whom our Lord blessed, and would he fain kneel down that Christ might stretch over him His sacred arms and lay upon his head His sacred hand? Then shall his desire not be vain; for, in the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, does our Lord bestow His blessing as He did of yore on those who sought it. Not a mere expression of an earnest wish is it, but an actual imparting of peace and calm, of joy and zeal, and hope and confidence. Some even have received the gift of faith when the Eucharistic Christ gave His benediction. Several instantaneous conversions suggest themselves; perhaps the best known is that of the celebrated musician, Hermann. Asked by a friend to direct the music in a Catholic church at Benediction one day in May, the Jew consented. When the monstration was uplifted by the priest, the maestro felt impelled to kneel. The blessing was given; for Herman it was faith. He corresponded to the grace, became a Catholic, a Carmelite priest, and died a martyr of charity as chaplain in the Franco-Prussian war. Another, an Anglican chorister, was similarly blessed, was faithful to the grace and entered the Society of Jesus, in which, after living an edifying life, he died a saintly death.

But beautiful and consoling and cheering as is Benediction, it is but a passing act. Does man, then, crave for an abiding presence, and say, with the disciples at Emmaus; "Stay with us." The Master could not resist their constraining appeal, and granted it. So does He consent to abide as a guest with men "all days even unto the consummation of the world." This is the distinctive mark of a Catholic Church—to be the dwelling place of the Eucharistic Christ. Its glory does not depend upon beauty of architectural design, richness of materials, wealth of ornamentation, sculptured wood or chiselled marble, glowing glass or costly fresco. The very tabernacle may be of humblest pine and in the lowliest of log chapels. What matters it, a palace without a king is not a royal abode, but the king's presence ennobles any house in which he dwells. So is it with the King, to whom all power in heaven and on earth has been given, who for love of men condescends to dwell among them, not indeed in the guise and state of a king, but as a prisoner in the prison-house of love—the Tabernacle. Day and night He is there, unseen except to the eyes of faith. He is there, unknown alas! to so many of those for whom He left His Father's house and laid aside His glory to clothe himself in the habit of man, to live with and die for man. And not content with all this, He contrives in His wisdom and power a means whereby He can abide with man forever.

Is the Tabernacle too dark a hiding-place? Do the doors conceal Him too much from view?

Then bring Him forth and place Him upon a throne, and surround it with lights; let the sweetest and loveliest flowers adorn it with their beauty and their fragrance. The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament is the Eucharistic King's appointed time to receive the homage of His subjects. If many absent themselves, then must those who attend strive to make up for the ruddiness, the coldness, the indifference, the ingratitude of those who spurn, or at least neglect, so gracious a King.

Would man at times resemble the favored multitude who walked in the company of Christ during His earthly life? Then shall this wish be gratified by taking part in a Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. All bear lighted candles, the symbols of their lively faith. All raise their voices in song; now it has the exultant tone of triumph, the LAUDA SION, now it is tinged with majestic sadness, the PANGE LINGUA. As Jesus of Nazareth passes by, beneath the canopy of state, all fall in lowly reverence on their knees and without the sound of words beg for mercy, as did the blind beggar of yore by the wayside. How appropriate for all is his plea for mercy! How much do all need it! And when the Master asks: What will you? The answer of all should be: Lord, that we may see—see Thee as Thou art beneath the veils of the Sacramental species; see ourselves as we are in Thy sight that penetrates beneath what we seem to be to human judgment. Full of meaning is the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, for it represents us as our lives should be, as individuals, members of a family, of the state, journeying through the world, a land of passage, as pilgrims and exiles, and travelling home to our true Father-land in company with Him, the full vision of whom shall be the cause of beatitude at our journey's end in heaven, as His Eucharistic presence is the foretaste of that bliss on earth.

But when life's exile nears its end, and the soul must start on that unknown way through the valley of the shadow of death, must it part from Him whose company has been its solace on earth? Ah, then, more than at all other times, it needs Him! All other friends must say farewell and be left behind, and the soul cries out in its agony, "The darkness; deepens Lord, with me abide!" The true light that never fails must then enlighten the darksome path. The true bread that cometh down from heaven must then give strength to the fainting spirit. The true love that burns within the divine Heart must fill the void that separation from earthly love entails. The seed of a glorious resurrection must now be sowed in the body so soon to corrupt. The pledge of glory must now be bestowed ere the spirit part. Again it is the Blessed Sacrament—the Viaticum, that fulfils all these longings of the soul at its parting from the sompanion of its pilgrimage.

Thus, as we said, has the Blessed Sacrament a marvellous power of adaption to the various need of man. View the Eucharistic Christ as our Victim in the Sacrifice of the Mass, as our Food in Holy Communion, as blessing us in Benediction, as our Guest in the Tabernacle, as receiving our homage in Exposition, as accompanying us in our pro-

gress through the world in the Procession, and as the Viaticum in our last long journey—what ground for genuine devotion does each of these Eucharistic phases afford us!

If we consider the Holy Eucharist in comparison with the other sacraments, we must accord to it a double pre-eminence. It is the noblest of them all, and is the end and perfection of the rest. The ground of its incomparable greatness is that it contains—and that in a permanent way—Jesus Christ Himself. The other sacraments, like it, were instituted by Him, are sacred signs and by their own power confer grace; but the Eucharist alone possesses the Author of grace, the very substance of grace. The others possess grace by a participation in the power of Christ and as instruments for transmitting it; but the Eucharist has it in its plenitude and in its essence—Christ Himself. The others only have grace at the moment when they apply it; they receive it only to lose it again at once, as an instrument that acts only so much as it is moved, and which before, as after, one has used it, remains inert. But the Eucharist is full, perfect, integral as soon as consecrated; this plenitude it keeps as long as it exists; and, before Communion, it is in the perfection of its sacramental being, as in the hosts which are kept in the ciborium. Hence it is called a permanent sacrament.

On the other hand, baptismal water produces the cleansing of original sin only at the instant when the priest pours it on the head of the person baptized, while reciting the formula of baptism: but before and after it is merely holy water. The same is to be said of the holy oils which receive their wonderful efficacy only by the words pronounced by the priest in anointing the different parts of the body. Their virtue is transient, while that of the Eucharist is permanent, because it is the living and lasting presence of Him who is the "power of God." Hence, too, the Eucharist claims a permanent worship, and that of adoration; while only the respect due to sacred instruments is accorded to the baptismal font and the stocks containing the holy oils.

To be continued.

Triumph Of Our Eucharistic King.

OPEN AIR PROCESSION OF The Blessed Sacrament.

In lieu of the usual Vespers at three o'clock the grand Corpus Christi procession took place at St. Boniface last Sunday. The weather was beautiful, in fact the sun beat almost too fiercely on the uncovered heads of men and boys.

The reverential pageant was a very long one, all ages and both sexes being represented in large numbers. The band of the Industrial School lent its martial strains to the glory of our Sacramental Lord and at intervals the male choir sang the "Pange Lingua," "Sacris Solemnis," "Panis Angelicus," and the "Magnificat."

The procession, on issuing from the Cathedral doors, turned to the right into the Archbishopial grounds, down the central drive under the grateful shade of trees in the brightest green of early summer, then to

the left along the road that skirts the Red River as far as the Grey Nuns' Mother House, then to the left again up the walk leading to their front door, and finally back to the Cathedral through the Convent and Orphanage grounds.

At the Mother House the Tantum Ergo was sung, and Rev. Father Messier, who carried the Blessed Sacrament, with Rev. Father Beliveau as deacon and M. l'Abbé Maillard as subdeacon, gave Benediction to the kneeling crowd. The altar of rest in the porch was very tastefully decorated. One of the most charming things about it was the representation of adoring angels by live, sweet faced little girls forming a delightful tableau vivant. The long succession of convent buildings, before which the procession passed, was screened with foliage and relieved here and there by niches and altars with statues and large pictures. The most striking of these wayside shrines was erected in the vestibule of the Orphanage with a statue of the Sacred Heart as the central figure.

It was noticed that several well-bred Protestants not only uncovered before the Blessed Sacrament but even knelt down as the Sacred Host went by. Four other Protestants, one of whom trained a kodak on the officiating priest, were evidently too ill-bred and ignorant to be aware of their rudeness in keeping their hats on.

This glorious manifestation of belief in Our Lord's plainest words—"This is my body"—ended with solemn Benediction in the Cathedral, where the piety and fervor of the immense congregation reached their climax.

YELLOW JOURNALISM.

THE N. Y. SUN THUS DESCRIBES THAT SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM TO WHICH THE EPITHET "YELLOW" IS NOW GENERALLY APPLIED, AND OF WHICH WE HAVE UNFORTUNATELY A FEW REPRESENTATIVES IN CANADA.

"The yellow badge has become so familiar, and the qualities it denotes are so generally recognized, that description is almost as superfluous as the mention by name of examples of the type. It is proper to remark, however, that the essential characteristics of yellow journalism are not those which are most in evidence to the eye and the ear. The bawling self-advertisement, megaphone announcements, the Gargantuan type, the prodigies of typographical arrangement and pictorial illustration, the colored crayon impressionist sketches on the bulletin blackboards, and the other vaudeville accessories, are mere externals. A newspaper might be as yellow as corruption without resorting to any of these devices to attract attention to itself. The essential thing that makes a paper yellow is the habitual attitude of its management toward its readers and toward the truth.

"Here is the infallible test: Suppose a newspaper is in possession of a startling war rumor or a deliberately fabricated piece of alleged news sure to make a sensation on the street and to sell numerous extras containing it. Suppose the conductors of the newspaper are either definitely aware of the falseness of the

alleged news manufactured under their own noses, or privately doubtful of the truth of the despatch innocently acquired from outside. Do they systematically put forth the lie for the sake of the sales, or do they systematically suppress it for the sake of the truth and the protection of their readers? Do they rush the doubtful rumor at once to their presses and to the newsboys, or do they hold it for verification and the proper satisfaction of their own professional and personal consciences? In one case the newspaper is yellow. In the other case it is honest and worthy of the respect and confidence of the people.

"The distinction, therefore, is precisely the same as that between the man of truth and the professor of bunco. It is a question of motive and moral responsibility or moral debasement; and that is all there is to it. Yellow journalism is systematic and conscious deception for gain. It does not alter the case or obliterate the shameful hue even if the proprietors of a yellow newspaper prefer, on the whole, to print genuine news from the seat of war rather than bogus; or if they are energetically and noisily enterprising in the pursuit of genuine news; or if the patriotism which they proclaim is so far real that they would rather falsify for the interests of their own flag than for those of the enemy; or if they are cheerfully optimistic and good natured in many matters wherein vivacity is not the touchstone. The yellowest of the yellows possess some qualities which would be eminently creditable apart from the circumstance that their status is settled the moment they manifest a readiness to swindle their customers whenever temptation and opportunity coincide.

"All this is now so generally understood that you rarely see anybody buy a yellow newspaper without a grin on his face."

THE MASONIC POWER.

We sometimes lose sight of the tremendous injury which is wrought by the Masonic system to the Catholic name. Nothing is more common than for Protestant writers to hold Catholic countries responsible for the evils of their misgovernment. It is frightful for Catholics to be reproached with the misdeeds of their deadliest enemies. There is hardly a Catholic country in which the Masonic lodges have not, since the days of Pomal, contrived somehow to get the upper hand by crooked ways, and every iniquity they perpetuate is laid at the door of the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion. We are reminded of this shocking wrong by the news that the French Freemasons have scored a triumph in inducing the Chamber of Deputies to veto the decision of the Senate, arrived at two years ago, to set apart a public holiday in honor of Jeanne D'Arc. Thus a sublime figure which all the world now agrees in honoring is flouted by a set of hole-and-corner materialists in a country which used to be called the eldest daughter of the Church, and "Catholic France" will, in due time, when history comes to be written, get the benefit of the scandal.—PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES.

Rev. Fr. McCarthy, O.M.I., went to Wapella last Friday.