



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.
E. FABER.

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No. 5

Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament

Beneath the Christmas stars that gem the night
Christ Jesus sleeps. In linen bands as white
As is the veil of snow. His Mother mild
Enraps the tender frame so wan and cold,
And presses to her heart the Holy Child,
Her arms at once His cradle and His throne.

On Calvary's mountain top her arms enfold
His lifeless form, and once again unrolled
Are linen bands, as on the altar stone
Where in the Host the Sacred Heart doth rest.

When at the Holy Table God imparts
Himself unto the soul, upon her breast
Are cradled both of these united hearts,
And both these hearts unto her own are pressed.

VIRGINIA McSHERRY



THOUGHTS ON THE EUCHARIST FOR MAY.

Our Blessed Mother's Eucharistic Life and
Its Influence upon Catholic
Mothers.



OUR glorified Saviour had led the Apostles out of the city to His old familiar place of prayer on Mount Olivet and, looking lovingly upon them and His Mother, he said : " If you loved Me you would be glad, because I go to the Father."

The human heart is naturally self-seeking and incorrigibly selfish and from this viewpoint we condemn the lonely eleven ; yet how can we blame them when we think of Who it was that was leaving them ? Even the one brave heart that gave without counting the cost must have turned away heart-sick as the ethereal curtain closed again beneath the vanished form of her God-son.

No one there loved Him or could love Him as Mary, His Mother, and therefore, with the strength of true love she rejoiced in His triumphant departure. Her joy may appear incomprehensible to us — are we not always obtuse in things spiritual ? — and we think it strange,



too, that while Jesus went to Heaven His Mother should have been left waiting upon earth. Was not her mission accomplished as well as His ?

Had she not stood the test all through the days of sorrow ? And was it possible that she could begin a new life without Him ? The mystery is easily resolved. Mary was not to begin a new life which had always been hers—a life for God, with her Divine Son, in union with her Divine Son—a Eucharistic life ! She was to watch over the Infant Church ; to help the Apostles to realize that Jesus meant what He said in leaving them : “ I will not leave you orphans,” and our Blessed Lady would not depart this life until she had trained up the Church that was to be, like her, the mother of mankind — the distributor of heavenly nourishment to waiting, hungry souls. She knew her mission Jesus must have spoken of it many a time in the heart-to-heart talks after the Resurrection, and thus it was that while the disciples sorrowed at Jesus’ departure, Mary’s serenity was undisturbed—that heavenly serenity which was as much above merely human pangs and cares as the blue ether is above the lowering clouds.

Jesus had entered His glory but His dear Mother knew all that was meant by “ the Living Bread ” and she was ready to do His will and be content.

It is both pleasing and consoling to picture the daily meeting, and it is comforting to know that our Dear Lord found upon this sinful earth one heart in which He felt really at home, one unsullied heart whose every beat was an act of love and a sincere longing to be more and more like Him.

Her very presence was an incentive to the poor Apostles who had so much to plan and more still to face. She was their beacon-light in their efforts to reach a higher and nobler life and to communicate it to the thousands who were waiting for faith and grace. Oh ! that higher, and nobler life—life for God after the morning’s communion—how ill it is understood by us all !

Do mothers understand it? Do they realize that their very presence must naturally influence the hearts of the dear little children who in this privileged generation are invited by the Holy Father to approach the Holy Table before their young souls have been blighted by sin. Do Catholic mothers make an earnest effort to unfold and develop the generous impulses given by the Creator? Do they train the plastic little minds to cultivate a vigorous will and to keep it the docile servant of a tender conscience? Do they try to keep religion the sweet and easy yoke that it is? "My yoke is sweet and My burden light" Do they realize that it is in the home that the first fruits of everything good and pure are brought forth and that frequent Communion is the great secret of keeping the home life rich in virtue? What a source of trust and strength is given by the consciousness that our dear Lord is with the earnest Christian mother, that she may go to Him when worn and weary and in His Sacramental presence find rest and peace.

The children in after years will remember the Communion days, happy in themselves, and in the thought that "mother" helped to raise them from all that was low to higher levels.

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low".

Sweet Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, in this dear month of thine, we confide to thee the bodies and souls of this year's little communicants. Keep them strong in Jesus' love and inspire all mothers with a deep sense of the responsibility laid upon them. Help them to face the stern realities of life, the work that must be done, and the efforts that must be made to accomplish worthy deeds. Help them to profit by thy noble example; to realize that sacrifices must ever be going on in the home if they would enjoy any comfort or happiness, and that true happiness will come to them only through the frequent reception of the God of love and sacrifice.



Through Mary's Intercession



FATHER Antelli stood at the door of his little log cabin in the heart of Alaska and gazed musingly across the undulating valley. The lengthy days in that land of midnight sun were shortening, and behind the distant purple hills the sun himself was slowly sinking to rest, bathing the barren, rock-crowned heights in a flood of mystic splendor. From the half-open squalid igloos on the slope came the sound of merry, childish laughter, mingled with tender lullabies of Eskimo mothers urging their little ones to sleep. Down by the shore the native fishermen were unloading their oomiaks, richly laden with the food for the coming winter ; far out beyond them stretched the silvery, gleaming waters of the Yukon and its tributaries, rippling and dancing in the dying sunlight. The quiet, irresistible spell of an Alaskan twilight hovered in the fragrant air, and a peaceful smile played about the old Jesuit's lips as he lingered in the open doorway, loath to re-enter the close little cabin which served as his church and rectory.

His musings were interrupted by the sudden shrill cry of a childish voice :

“ Father, Father, the mail boat has come, and here's a packet for you ! ”

Father Antelli turned with a sudden start to see a little lad, Iglink, running quickly up the slope, a large

brown bundle in his arms. Panting and breathless, the boy reached the priest's side.

"I've been running all the way from the wharf to bring it to you, father—and it is heavy."

"Thank you, my lad," the missionary answered. There was a ring of pleasure in his voice. Letters and packages were a rarity in that distant Yukon in the



three short months of summer, and the familiar American postmark seemed like a breath from his native heath. With a quickly, dexterous touch he unfastened the many wrappings and disclosed a large quantity of closely-packed, canceled postage stamps, with a letter in a girlish handwriting lying on the top. It read :

"Dear Father Antelli: I am not a Catholic, but I have read an account of your labors in Alaska. I am much interested in the work of foreign missions and hope you will accept the enclosed stamps, which, I understand from the "Messenger," have a money value on the Yukon, as a gift to aid in their support. I have been collecting stamps as a pastime to while away the tedious hours of convalescence after a severe illness. Thank God, I am better now, and hope to be out and about soon. I hope you may find the enclosed stamps of some service.

"Aileen Colton."

The Jesuit closed the note and murmured gently: "God bless Aileen Colton! May He give her the light of faith!"

A glad light sprang to his eyes as he began to examine more thoroughly the contents of the bundle. The money value they represented showed him that he would be able to start the building of the little chapel, aye, and put it well on the way to completion; and the old missionary's joy and gratitude knew no bounds. Truly God was good and falling on his knees before the crucifix, he poured forth his soul in fervent, humble thanksgiving.

So long he remained there bowed in prayer that he failed to realize the flight of time, and when at last he arose the twilight had deepened to evening dusk, and the stars, like silvery points of light, were studding the summer sky. The little room was in total darkness, save for a single luminous moonbeam, which shed a faint, misty light about the tiny window pane.

Arising quickly, he lit a candle and sat down at the table. The notes he was preparing for the Sunday sermon to his little native flock lay scattered by his shabby breviary, and the sight of them aroused him to a realization of the work that must be accomplished before he could seek repose.

* * *

"What can it be used for?" mused Aileen wonderingly. She was standing in the rose-bordered path of

the fragrant garden and in her hand was a little rosary. It had been handed to her but a few moments earlier, postmarked from Kaltag Mission, in the distant Yukon, and with it a letter from the saintly old Jesuit missionary, begging her to accept it as a token of gratitude. She fingered the tiny black beads over and over again, and gazed at the silver cross at the end of the chaplet long and earnestly.

"They must mean something," she reflected. "I will ask Brian. He is a catholic, and must surely know." She put the rosary into her little purse and walked slowly toward the gate.

The light summer breeze tossed her hair in clustering curls about her fair forehead and brought a touch of rosy color to her rather pale cheeks. She was very slight, almost ethereal looking and the graceful simplicity of her girlish appearance was a rare, clinging loveliness about her, as delicate and subtle as the fragrance of the roses at her feet, and as irresistibly charming. Her eyes were as pure and as innocent as a child's, but her lips betrayed a gentle dignity and womanly reserve far beyond her years.

"Oh, if Aileen were but a Catholic," many of her friends used to exclaim, "how the fair qualities she possesses would blossom and expand into still greater beauty!"

Their regret was echoed a thousand times by Brian Desmond, who had known and cared for Aileen from childhood. They had been playmates, and no one better than he knew the sterling worth of her character.

The only thing that withheld Brian from declaring his love was the difference in their religion. He realized full well that even if she consented to become his wife their married life would not be happy. They were both too sincere and too open-hearted to ignore in their daily intercourse with each other the very groundwork and foundation of all true Christian happiness. So there was nothing to do but to wait and pray. True, Aileen was very favorably disposed towards the Catholic religion and was dissatisfied with her own creed, and in that fact lay his hope.

It was Brian Desmond who had aroused her interest in the Alaskan missions by telling her of the poverty and hardships of the self-exiled priests who labored there. It was at his suggestion that she had collected and sent the large offering of canceled postage stamps that were destined to accomplish some thing for God's glory.

It was a perfect day in late October. The Indian summer still lingered on, as if loath to depart, and the irresistible spell of those golden, dreamy days hovered caressingly over the autumn-robed woodlands and fields. Aileen and Brian were strolling leisurely along through the sunlight path, between the trees, absorbed in earnest conversation. Though some time had passed since she had received the rosary, she had not yet mustered up sufficient courage to speak to Brian concerning it, and he was unaware that she had ever received a token of acknowledgment for her gift. They had come to a fallen tree, the trunk of which lay directly across their path. With a quick spring Brian jumped over it and held out his hand to assist her.

As she reached his side she gave a little cry :

" You have dropped something, Brian," she said impulsively and pointing her finger. Brian saw his rosary lying on the ground.

" Certainly, I did," he answered simply. " It must have fallen from my pocket when I jumped."

She looked at it again as it lay in his hand.

" Why, it is just like mine !" she exclaimed impetuously. Aileen stopped speaking, wishing she had not said so much, for her companion was looking at her in perfect amazement as he repeated slowly :

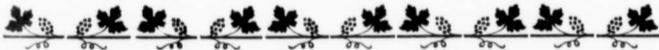
" Just like yours. How did you get a rosary ? "

" Father Antelli sent it to me," she replied with a generous smile, " to thank me for the stamps, but I did not know how to use it, or indeed why I should use it."

" Would you allow me to show you ? " Brian asked, a look of incontrollable pleasure shining in his honest eyes.

" Yes," she answered, simply, " I would."

And there in the midst of the forest glades, with the glad trills of the woodland songsters filling the pine-



scented air, Brian reverently said Our Lady's Rosary, putting his whole heart into the prayers.

When he had finished there was silence a moment, Aileen's eyes were filled with tears and her hands were clasping and unclasping nervously. Brian saw that she was deeply moved, but he made no sign and quietly returned the rosary to his pocket.

"Is she really our mother, Brian?" she asked at last, and there was a word of entreaty in her voice.

The young man looked up.

"Yes," he answered gently, for he knew why she asked.

A few years previous she had lost her mother, and how deep had been her suffering at that time few realized as well as he. Mother and daughter had been bound together by more than ordinary ties, and the severing of those bonds meant almost the severing of the thread of life itself to poor Aileen as she lay prostrate under her great sorrow. Their love for each other had been so tender and so all absorbing, their confidence and mutual trust so absolute that the separation seemed to the poor child almost too heavy a burden to bear. But Aileen's was a reticent nature, and after her first out-burst of grief she shut her sorrow up in her heart, that she might mourn and brood over it in silence and alone.

For a moment the wound that time had somewhat healed had been reopened, but strange to say, there was no bitterness in her great loss. Sorrow, yes, but comfort too, in the thought that she had a mother in heaven who cared for her and was watching over her.

"Tell me about it," she almost whispered. And quietly and gently Brian told her the solemn story of Calvary's mount, and of the dying Saviour's last precious gift to men, and of His own dearly loved blessed Mother. So well did he describe the scene that Aileen could almost see the great mountain, dark at midday, see the Jewish rabble, the Roman guard, the rough cross outlined against the sky, the bleeding, crucified figure of the God made man hanging there in agony. She could almost hear the tender voice as Jesus bent His thorn-crowned head and gave the mother He loved so

dearly to us to be our mother, gave her to St John, who stood there in our place. She could almost see the sorrowful mother standing by the cruel death-bed of her Son, holding out her arms to receive us at His bidding, to comfort us in our sorrows, to rejoice with us in our joys, to be to us a mother.

Aileen sat motionless on a mossgrown rock gazing straight before her, her eyes soft with deep emotion.

"My mother!" she murmured brokenly at last, and bowed her head in her hands, while great tears trickled down unnoticed between her fingers. Brian's eyes, too, were moist, and for some moments a silence, too deep and sacred for words, fell upon them both.

Suddenly from the hearts of the woodland rose the sweet, trobbing notes of a thrush. Sweeter and fuller they rose, until it seemed as if the little bird would burst its very throat in its passionate outpouring of song; then, at last, the sweet notes died away, slowly, breathlessly, and once again a golden silence hovered over all. Aileen raised her tear-stained face, and there was a look of peace in her great dark eyes, a look of deep content that had not been there before.

"Let us go," she whispered softly, and side by side, though strangely silent, they left the fragrant wood.

A year passed. Alone in the dim, vaulted church, at the foot of Our Lady's shrine, knelt Aileen Colton, her head bowed and her whole attitude expressive of reverent prayer.

"Mary, my mother," she entreated "listen to thy child, and beg of God to help my unbelief."

For the past year she had been earnestly studying the doctrines of the Catholic Church, drawn to them irresistibly by the love of the Mother of God. To all the great truths she had given the assent of faith, save the doctrine of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; that, although she longed to believe it seemed to her so vague and impossible. The priest to whom she had gone for instruction and help in her difficulty had advised her to go to the little adjoining chapel and there pray, humbly and confidently as a child, for light and grace to believe.

"Ask the Blessed Mother to intercede for you," he said. And with loving trust Aileen had come to Mary's feet to pour forth her sorrow. As she knelt there, bowed in prayer, her pure young heart, open and docile, awaiting the voice of God, a powerful supplication was being raised for her in the far-away Yukon. There, surrounded by the rejoicing, simple natives, the first Mass was at that moment being offered in the little chapel, which, thanks to Aileen's gift, had been erected in the heart of a wilderness, and priest and people were uniting in prayer for her. And as the silvery altar bell rang for the dawn of consecration, God sent His grace in golden showers on the soul for whom they were praying, dispelling the dark clouds of unbelief and flooding it with the sunshine of His love.

"I believe! I believe!" The blessed words trembled on her lips and died away into silence as, prostrate before the altar, Aileen poured forth her soul in adoration and love before the feet of her Master and King. A sudden grace had been given her, and gone forever were her doubts and fears, gone her unbelief; and, bound by golden links of love to the hearts of Jesus and Mary, her soul felt a depth of peace and joy to which it had hitherto been a stranger. When at last she raised her head, her eyes were wet with tears; but they were tears of joy, not of sorrow, for her heart was at rest at last.

It was the morning of her baptism, and, arrayed in spotless white, Aileen stood before the open gates of the sanctuary pronouncing her profession of faith. In one of the front pews Brian knelt, rosary in hand, the same rosary which months before had proved to be the starting point of Aileen's conversion; and as he knelt his heart was full of gratitude to the great Mother of God, through whose powerful intercession it had become an accomplished fact.

Brian's joy was complete, his cup of happiness filled to overflowing. There was no barrier now to their union, nothing to keep them apart.

"O mother of God," he murmured, "I thank thee for what thou hast done for Aileen and for me" — Mary Adelaide Garnett, in Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE OPEN-AIR MASS AT FOOT

— OF —

MOUNT-ROYAL

(See frontispiece)

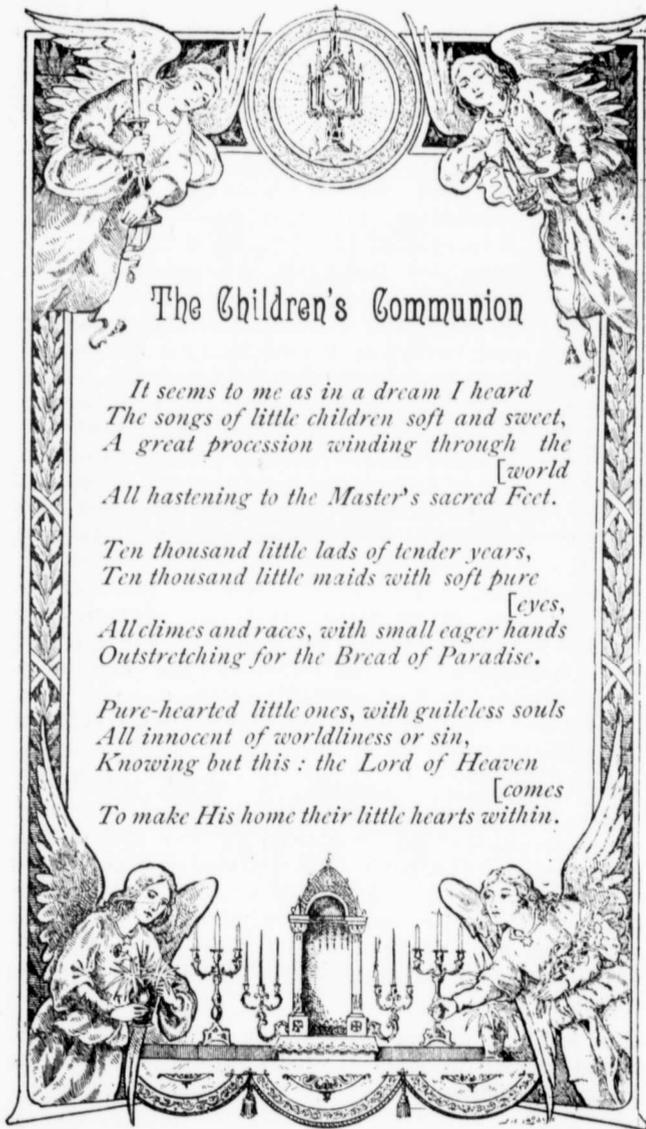
great religious ceremony and a most majestic scene was that Pontifical Mass solemnized in the open air during the Congress.

No function, no ceremony, no gathering Montreal has ever known was like this.

Where the great crowd of people came from no one knows, how many there were present one can but surmise. But their purpose was clearly manifest, and their devotion edifying. At the hour when the celebrant Mgr Farley, Archbishop of New York, ascended the altar steps there stretched away before the place of sacrifice the greatest gathering that had ever met in Canada. Nature and grace, earth and heaven blended their varied splendors, and Mount-Royal, became a second Thabor. Ah ! moments like these are rare in a long life, and few of us will ever again behold so sublime a spectacle.

Mgr William H. O'Connell, of Boston, preached a powerful and eloquent sermon in English, and Father Hage, Provincial of the Dominican Fathers, and one of the greatest pulpit orators, delivered one in French. He recalled the first Mass celebrated on the 18th of September, 1642, and showed how the prediction of Father Vimont was realized since at the Mass of to-day, 268 years later a countless multitude of all nations and tongues assisted.

Oh ! sublime gift of faith which pierces the mystic veil and reveals the glory of Christ's divinity under the Sacramental Species.



The Children's Communion

*It seems to me as in a dream I heard
The songs of little children soft and sweet,
A great procession winding through the
[world
All hastening to the Master's sacred Feet.*

*Ten thousand little lads of tender years,
Ten thousand little maids with soft pure
[eyes,
All climes and races, with small eager hands
Outstretching for the Bread of Paradise.*

*Pure-hearted little ones, with guileless souls
All innocent of worldliness or sin,
Knowing but this : the Lord of Heaven
[comes
To make His home their little hearts within.*

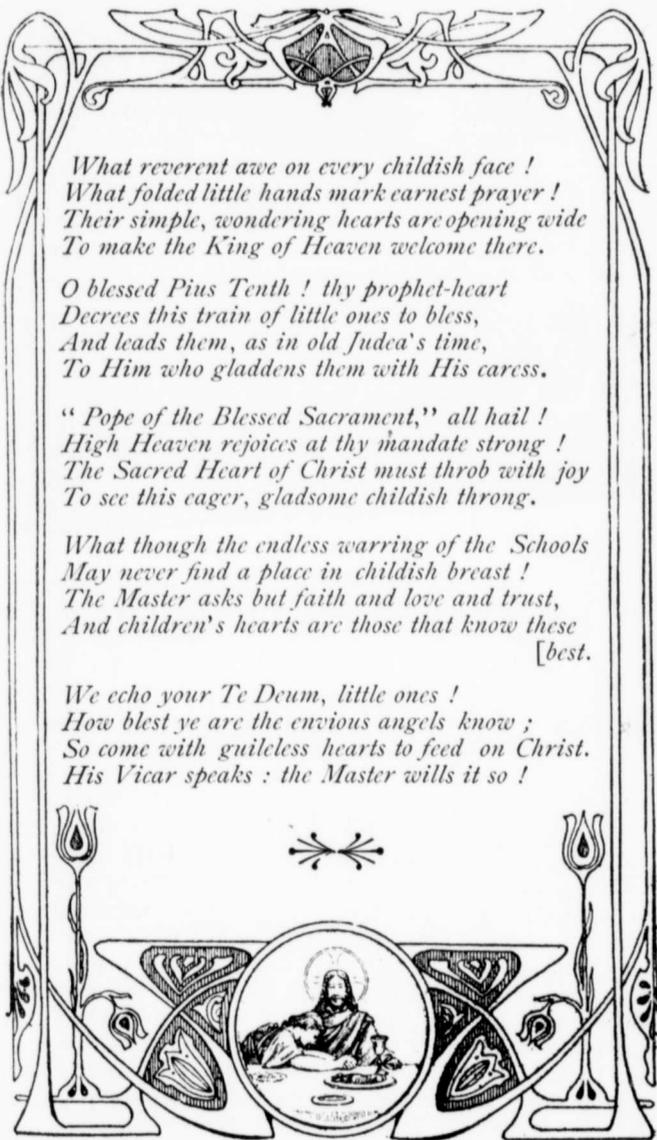
*What reverent awe on every childish face !
 What folded little hands mark earnest prayer !
 Their simple, wondering hearts are opening wide
 To make the King of Heaven welcome there.*

*O blessed Pius Tenth ! thy prophet-heart
 Decrees this train of little ones to bless,
 And leads them, as in old Judea's time,
 To Him who gladdens them with His caress.*

*" Pope of the Blessed Sacrament," all hail !
 High Heaven rejoices at thy mandate strong !
 The Sacred Heart of Christ must throb with joy
 To see this cager, gladsome childish throng.*

*What though the endless warring of the Schools
 May never find a place in childish breast !
 The Master asks but faith and love and trust,
 And children's hearts are those that know these* [best.

*We echo your Te Deum, little ones !
 How blest ye are the envious angels know ;
 So come with guileless hearts to feed on Christ.
 His Vicar speaks : the Master wills it so !*





EMMANUEL



WHAT would this world of ours be without the Blessed Sacrament? How bleak and desolate the earth, if it were not for the humanity of our Lord present in our midst! I often think that those who are outside the church, and debarred from the bodily Presence of Jesus on earth, are somewhat in the plight of the lost souls who are debarred from the sight of the Divine Essence in the other world.

In a sad state, indeed, are those poor souls who know not that Jesus is on earth, that He is near them, in the same town with them, next door to them, and passes by them on the streets. And if they hear it, they will not believe it; just as the Jews did not believe it when He Himself told them. They do not understand their loss, however. Most of them not only do not know it— they do not wish it to be so. For, if they ardently desired His Blessed Presence would not the very desire of their hearts lead them to that holy Church which gives it to man? Let us suppose a man not a Catholic, who has never yet heard the teaching of the Church on the Blessed Sacrament, yet, who, being a devout, pious man, was accustomed to wish that our Lord had willed to remain present on earth under some visible and tangible form, so that he could come to the place where he is, and get close to Him, and look upon the sure and visible sign of His Presence; if that man's whole soul and being longed after such a blessing with great longing; and then, at length learned to his exceeding joy and satisfaction, that our Lord is present, that He is corporally present

and under a visible form, just all that the soul could desire, and that this was taught and believed by the largest and oldest body in Christendom, the Catholic Church, and always had been,— I am sure that he would be carried away with joy and love and devotion and gratitude ; that he would desire to be with the Divine Master in the Blessed Sacrament all the time, that he never would be able to get enough of visits and Benediction, and Mass, and Processions of the Blessed Sacrament ; and, lastly, that he would be utterly astonished and at a loss to comprehend the indifference, the lack of devotion, which not a few Catholics evince, who have always had at their hands what he for all his life had so earnestly, and, as he had supposed, vainly, longed for.

Our disposition now should be to rejoice and exult that He is present, to thank Him all the day long, and to find our happiness, and consolation in staying before the Altar ; having only one further desire, the blessedness of beholding Him with our eyes face to face. But that is too great a thing for this mortal, temporary existence. That we must long for and pray for to come in the future ; then, in Heaven we will behold Him face to face. But now we must be contented with His Presence in the dark, as it were ; in the Blessed Sacrament where He lives and feeds among pure souls.

So we shall find our delight in our Lord's Presence. If we greatly love and desire Him, we will greatly love His sacramental presence, that is if we have a vivid, lively faith. And faith and love go together. If one is strong, the other is strong ; if one is weak, the other is weak.

It is a blissful thing, that though our Lord truly ascended into Heaven, yet He did not leave us orphans, but continually descends upon earth every time that Mass is said and remains with us, and will remain with us till the end of time. Indeed we are better off as it is, than if He had remained on earth in his human form. For then people would have to journey far to get to Him ; or if He went about the world, we could not tell when we might expect to have Him ; and very many would die without ever having been in His presence. But now we have Him at all times, and in every place where is a priest.

It is indeed, a blessing to have our Lord near at all times ; but they who knew Him in His earthly life, they had His

example always before their eyes ; they saw His actions, heard His work His miracles ; and if they also beheld the terrible scenes of His Passion and Death, yet they afterwards beheld the glory of the Resurrection, and saw and conversed with Him after He rose from the dead. But now in the Blessed Sacrament, our Lord is so silent, so still, so hidden. Oh, if we could only see His human form, if we could only hear Him speak ! But all is silence and hiddenness. It seems as if we had to do everything ourselves, and our Lord lies there still, speechless, and as much without movement as the Crucifix upon the altar.

(to be continued)



Visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

THE ways of visiting the Blessed Sacrament must be as various as the souls of men. Some love to go there to listen ; some to speak ; some to confess to Him as if He were their priest ; some to examine their conscience, as before their Judge ; some to do homage to Him as to their King ; some to study Him as their Doctor and Prophet ; some to find shelter as with their Creator. Some rejoice in His Divinity, others in His sacred humanity, others in the mysteries of the seasons. Some visit Him on different days by His different titles, as God, Father, Brother, Shepherd, Head of the Church and the like. Some visit to adore, some to intercede, some to petition, some to return thanks, some to get consolation, but all visit Him to love, and to all who visit Him in love He is a power of heavenly grace and a fountain of many goods, no single one of which the whole created universe could either merit or confer.

FATHER FABER

Protector of Children

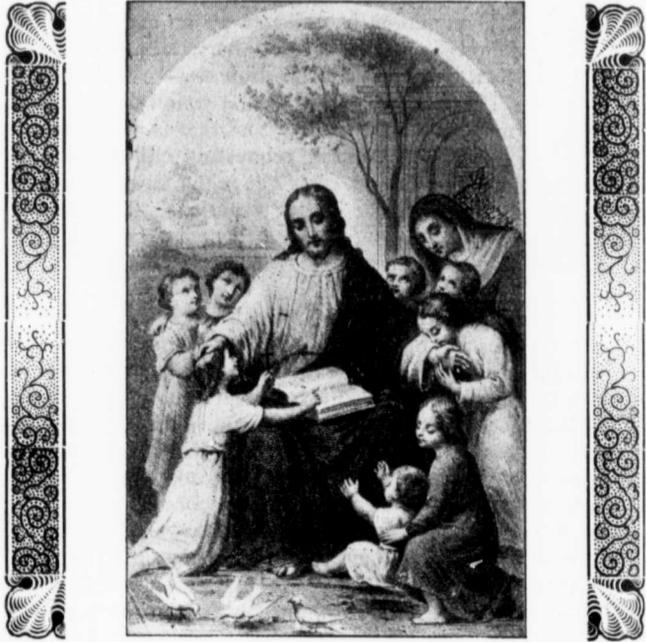


WITH reference to the recent decree from Rome, concerning the reception of Holy Communion by children at an early age, the following is what a Missionary laboring in the East has to say on the subject :—

There is one consideration which deserves our most earnest attention, and that is that the new law of the Church requesting children to approach the Holy Table at an early age is the most efficacious remedy for counteracting the loss of vocations. This loss of vocations is undoubtedly of the direst consequences to Catholicism. There is not enough of priests or religious in the Church.

God, sincerely desirous of saving all men, has certainly called the necessary number of men and women to participate in this great work, but the fact is that only a few respond to the call. The rest, deprived at a tender age of the blessing of the Holy Eucharist which is the fruitful source of light and strength, do not hear the voice of God, or if they hear it, give it no attention or openly resist it. Some others decide to follow it, but deprived of the succour of Holy Communion at this age when they need it most, they imbibe the spirit of the world and allow their faults to grow into habitual vices. Among the subjects, who enter the novitiates, or seminaries, there are some who have to be sent away. Evil in some of them has taken deep root, and correction is impossible. To take charge of souls, it is necessary to possess an ardent spirit of faith, an absolute devotedness, a patience capable of withstanding every trial, an eminent purity, a zeal which nothing can discourage, a fervent piety, an heroic love for God and one's neighbor, and in fine, it is necessary to be another Christ. This superhuman love, this divine transformation can be wrought only by the power of Christ alone. He was able to make Apostles out of poor, ignorant and gross fishermen, but in order to effect this they had to respond to His call.

Conversions like that of Saint Paul are miracles of the first order which God performs too rarely to be taken as a general law. How many prayers and tears had not Monica poured forth to God before she saw her son break the chains of his vices ! How many mothers would do as much ?



There is in these miracles a great deviation from the common order of things. Ordinarily speaking, it is in the hearts of children who have kept from their infancy the virtues peculiar to that age, that Christ is reproduced, spiritualizing the sentiments, forming the character, fortifying the soul in its struggles, and forewarning against the danger of outward influences. Then, when the time comes to make great sacrifices, it is He who inspires these heroic separations, and it is He too, who sustains, even till death, the life of zeal and sac-

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rifice. All this supposes that the subject has for a long time felt the influence of the Eucharist. Those who have nourished their souls for a long time with any other bread have not the strength necessary for the apostolate. Those who have committed evil, and have given themselves to God, are, although converted, but invalids more or less reclaimed, weak and vacillating, and must take a thousand precautions lest they relapse again into their former sins. Whatever may be the vigilance of parents and masters, God alone is able to keep the children from evil. *Deus custodiens parvulos.*

The youth who has started life badly, although he hears the call of God, will not have confidence in Himself and will not feel the strength to satisfy the great obligations of the religious or priestly life. He will not inspire confidence in his parents who, fearing a failure, will forbid his running any chances.

When, on the contrary, the law which obliges children to communicate at an early age is enforced, a large number of our children will remain virtuous. The parents having become better Christians will watch more attentively over the children whom God has entrusted to them. May then this new law of the Church preserve and foster vocations to religious and sacerdotal life.

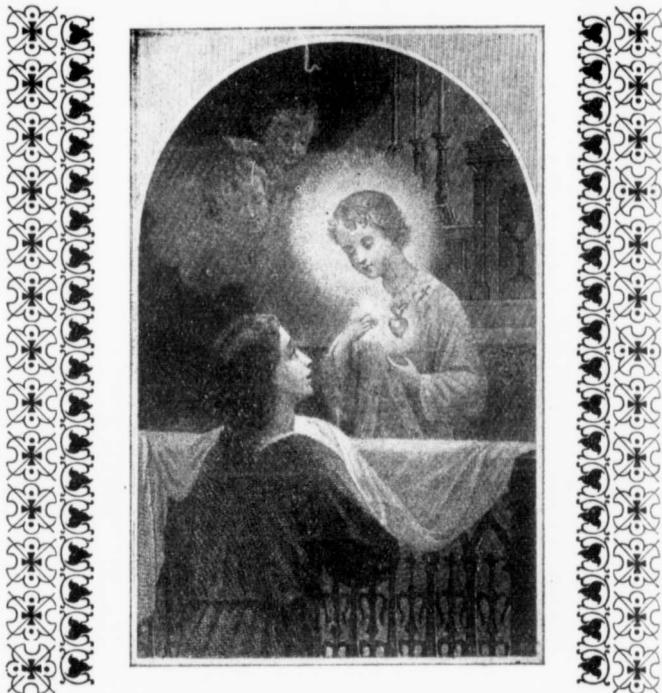
The devil is striving to ruin vocations by perverting the child, but *the God of the Eucharist in safeguarding the child, will preserve them.*



Communion for the Young

It is a young child, indeed, who does not know that God above will reward the good in heaven and punish the wicked in hell. Besides, every child who has a mother knows some thing of love and will understand what a favor it is to be the friend and beloved of Jesus. What answer will they make who are called to account for unduly keeping apart two such pure lovers as Jesus and the child, the Lamb of God from a lamb of His own flock? This human lamb, moreover, is in constant danger of being carried off and devoured by a roaring lion who

is forever roaming around through this wilderness of a world savagely seeking for prey. Would you be so cruel, so manifestly unjust, as to forbid him the protection of One in Whose presence the devil trembles, while recalling to mind the grinding heel that crushed his serpent's head? Would you hold back that little spouse of our Saviour till spiritually starved by the commission of



mortal sin and disrobed of her snow white innocence before her wedding day? Would you not rather introduce at an early age the children of your flock to One who is the Way in the only true sense; lead them into the true light of Him who is Truth itself; and direct their innocent steps afield to the rich pastures and living manna provided for them by their dearest Shepherd Who is Himself the Life?—

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AT BENEDICTION

WE see the altar radiant and rich with its lights and flowers, we see clouds of incense floating upwards from a censor in the hand of the officiating priest, whose gold broided vestments glitter with every motion, the fragrant mist spreading like a veil around the holy place ; while through it, with the eyes of Faith, we see enthroned above, Our Lord with arms outstretched towards us, looking pleadingly, lovingly down into our hearts.

Between the sanctuary and the door kneel an adoring multitude, the mellow tones of the organ and sweet powerful voices chanting the *Tantum Ergo* over all.

“ Lo ! a sound of censors swinging !
 Clouds of incense weave around
 The altar rich a silver mantle
 As the angels' hymns resound. ”

The solemn tones of the *Tantum Ergo* cease and we see through the curling mists of incense the priest, elevating in his veiled hands the Sacred Host in its aureola of gold and gems.

Oh the grand privileges of our beautiful Faith ! the graces, the merits, the divine helps of the Sacraments with their consolations and crowning satisfactions, through which we hope for pardon, perseverance— Paradise— and, above all, the crowning gift of Thy pure love.



Son give me thy heart !

NOTHING short of our heart will content our loving Saviour. He who gave His heart's blood for us, will that in return we should give Him our heart's affection. He thirsts for a love that gives Him the first place in our soul—for a love that is generous enough to follow in His footsteps even when they lead to Calvary. He longs for a love that can compassionate with His sorrows and that seeks to repair, by an increase of devoted service, the outrages inflicted upon Him by sinners. If our love of the Sacred Heart is real, if we give Jesus our whole heart, then we shall live for Him, and in our daily lives *put God first*. Happy are they who can truthfully say : We have left all and followed Thee.

A message from the Sacred Heart !

What may Its message be ?

My child, My child give me thy heart,

My Heart has bled for thee.

A message to the Sacred Heart !

Oh, bear it back with speed !

Come Jesus, reign within my heart,

Thy Heart is all I need.

Be faithful to the inspirations of God's grace. Give up generously whatever prevents your being wholly His.

MATTHEW RUSSEL S. J.



Mary's little Maid



was her god-mother, and had given her this title as I held her in my arms at the baptismal font, for I felt she had a strong claim on the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Her grandparents and parents had been devoted sodalists : she was born on the feast of the Immaculate Conception in the parish of a church dedicated to Our Lady under that title ; and she had just received the name of Mary Immaculata.

Whenever she was taken out for an airing her pious mother did not neglect to present her child before the shrine of Mary in whatever Church she passed during her wa'k ; and when the little one began to make her first attempts at speech, she was taught by both parents to repeat little prayers in honor of her great Patroness. When she was three years old she had developed into the most charming of little maidens with deep blue eyes, and golden curls that fell trimly around her sweet face, giving her a wise, prim look that was enchanting. Every pleasant day during the spring and summer, she could be seen going toward the parish church with flowers in her tiny hands for " Blessed Muzzer's altar." as she was careful to state to any person who happened to address her.

" You are Mary's Little Maid, surely my love, " I used to say to her on these occasions for I tried to way-lay her as often as possible. She would bestow upon me a delightful smile, and, pointing to her little kid shoes, to her sash, and the ribbon around her hair, all of an exquisite shade of blue. and then to her white dress, she would say : " Blessed Virgin's colors, Miss Annie. My

mamma says they show I have two muzzers : one way up in Heaven, and one on Fourth street.”

Time passed, and with it little Mary's childhood. When she was in her teens, circumstances led me to a far distant city, where I remained for several years. I heard nothing during that period from my precious god-child but the news of the death of both her parents. When I returned to my native city for a short visit, the person I inquired for was Mary Immaculata. The lady whom I questioned concerning her answered, in a very cold tone, that Mary had disappointed all her friends. She went on to say that when the young girl had been left an orphan, her maternal grandmother had given her a home, which she shared with two cousins also orphans.

As during her school days she had proved very clever, a rich and worldly Protestant relative invited her, after she was graduated, to live with her family and share the advanced studies, under the best of masters, of her two daughters.

Her grandmother, who was aged and ailing was reluctant to lose the acceptable services which, of all her grandchildren, Mary alone gave her ; but her cousins were eager for her to accept the valuable offer, hoping that through her intercourse with a family of wealth and high social position she might be able to aid them to carry out certain ambitious views they held.

To their bitter chagrin, Mary remained but three months with her rich relative, and then, notwithstanding their entreaties, returned to her grandmother's home and resumed toward her aged relative the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

I was relieved to hear, in this explanation nothing that reflected seriously on the dear child in whom I felt so deep an interest, although I condemned in her that which I considered the want of a proper spirit and of wise ambition.

A few days later I found time to call at the grandmother's house, which was situated in a secluded suburb, and was so perfectly appointed in its way, so charmingly neat in every detail, that it was easy to see a person of well balanced mind presided over it, and impressed her





ideas of beautiful simplicity and perfect order on the exterior and interior of the humble establishment.

The grandmother was seated on the vine-shaded porch looking out over an old fashioned garden, which was in the most inviting condition. The poor old lady had become weak-minded with advancing years, and failed to recognize me when I took a seat beside her.

"My Mary has gone out," she said in a quavering voice, and I pray God to bring her back in safety. For they have all left me but my Mary. Sadie and Ella are married, and they don't come to see us often. They are cold to my Mary, for they say she spoiled their prospects in life. I don't know how she did. She has always been a good dear grandchild to me."

The garden gate now swung open, and a trim figure came up the path. I knew it at once to be that of "Mary's Little Maid." She wore a white dress, and her simple bonnet was trimmed with blue. She recognized me at once, and I soon had her folded to my heart.

After chatting for half an hour or so, the grandmother said : —

"Mary, give the lady some of our pretty flowers. I know you want them all for the Blessed Mother ; but she won't mind if such a nice lady has a few."

"Oh, no, Mary," I cried, as the girl arose promptly, "I remember your predilection of old for adorning the shrine of Our Lady with floral tributes ; but as I am a flower lover, and see several plants out yonder that are strange to me I would take it kindly if you would escort me around your garden and let me examine the plants closely."

"What is that story I hear, Mary, of your renouncing fine worldly prospects through a foolish caprice, and, by what seems really like selfishness, depriving your orphaned cousins of an opportunity of making advantageous settlements"

"It only means this, dear Miss Annie," she said, raising her sweet candid eyes to mine ; "I found that my relatives, though good-hearted, were so tainted with the corruption of the world that I was in danger of being led into temptation when with them. They gave me li-

erty to practice my religion ; but they ridiculed it constantly before me. Oh, Miss Annie, I feared that I might be drawn into a terrible vortex, if I stayed with them — that I might cease to be “Mary’s Little Maid.” And as to my cousins, how could I be the means of exposing them also to temptation ? I remember that when, in my perplexity, I spoke of the matter to my spiritual director, he merely said : In this case, my child, there is only one rule for your conduct. It is very simple, and you know it by heart : *What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.* Sadie and Ella are now married to excellent young men, who are faithful to their religious duties, steady and industrious. I do not think, taking the thought of their eternal welfare into the question, they could have done better.”

I cast my eyes down, abashed before this brave and noble girl : “Mary’s Little Maid,” in spirit and truth, who refused to endanger her hopes of a blessed eternity for the precarious advantages of this life. Her sublime courage and the loftiness of her principles made her appear so exalted in comparison with my worldly, narrowminded self, that I felt almost unworthy to hold intercourse with her. When we parted, I embraced her with tears, saying :

“God bless you, Mary’s Little Maid !” May you continue true until death to your powerful Patroness. She will be as faithful to reward you, as you have been careful to continue in her blessed service.”

On my next visit to the same city a few years later, I saw “Mary’s Little Maid ” again. She lay shrouded in white in her coffin before God’s holy altar, an image of Mary on her breast, and lilies-of-the-valley and forget-me-nots strewn over her silent form. As I had only reached the city on the previous evening, and had heard of my god-child’s death by a mere accident, I knew none of the particulars ; so I asked a lady present if she had died suddenly.

“Comparatively so,” she answered ; “she nursed her grandmother through her last illness, and took a cold

attending her funeral, which, resulting in pneumonia, carried her off after a week's illness."

The Mass of requiem that followed was attended by her fellow sodalists, who sang in honor of their great Mother the hymns in which their departed companion had loved to join her sweet voice.

After Mass, a touching address was made by the reverend father who was the spiritual director of the sodality.

There were many tears shed during this address and none flowed more freely than mine, especially when he mentioned the title I had given my darling god-child, and of which I myself had informed him. After he had spoken at length of the uncommon virtues of the deceased, and held up her merits to the imitation of his parishioners he pointed his hand toward the bier on which she lay, and thus completed his remarks :—

"All is now over ! You have been weighed in the balance, my child ; but may I, who poured the waters of baptism upon your brow and have been the witness of your spiritual progress through life, presume to say that you have not been found wanting, and that, on the threshold of Heaven, with songs of welcome, the angels have already greeted "Mary's Little Maid !"

E. Carmel Hendry



Deceased Members

Lowell Mass. : Edouard McGoven.— *St Agathe Co Lotbinière* : John Blais.— *Westport Ont.* : Miss Julia Lynett. — Miss Martin. — Mr. Thomas Lynett. — *Kingston, Ont.* : Mrs. Robert Sargant.

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