



THE VIRGIN OF THE DOVES.

By E. Azambre.



Thy Sacrament.

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WHEN the golden gleam of morning  
Lightly dwells on hill and stream,  
And when heaven's bright adorning  
To the earth transcendant seems ;  
Then my heart's first glad adoring,  
And my waking thoughts are sent  
To the One, who never sleeping,  
Watches in the Sacrament.

When the sun has reached its zenith,  
Shining on the mart of life ;  
On a busy world of turmoil,  
Joy and sorrow, care and strife.  
Still my thoughts are straying upward  
And my weary heart is rent  
With the longing to be near Thee,  
Jesus in Thy Sacrament.

When the twilight shadows deepen,  
And the toiler homeward turns ;  
Still my heart with hope unceasing,  
Watches where the red light burns.  
At the altar step I'm kneeling,  
All my soul's deep forces spent,  
Trustful of the might and power  
Saviour in Thy Sacrament.

CLAIRE M. CARBERRY.



## The Gospel of the Eucharist

*The Flight Into Egypt.*

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THE mysteries of the Presentation and Purification are accomplished ; the rumour of what had taken place in the Temple reached Herod recalling the Magi's unkept promise, reawakening his fears to such an extent, that, he orders a general massacre of all the male-infants of Bethlehem and its environs.

An angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to St. Joseph saying : arise and take the child and His Mother and fly into Egypt. Without questioning or reasoning, he arose and informed his Immaculate Spouse of the angel's message ; she goes down on her knees before her babe and her God, covers Him with warm kisses, takes Him in her arms, trusts in Providence and flies under cover of night to Egypt : her ears already filled with the cries of Rachael mourning her dead.

The child Jesus is scarcely born before He is persecuted ; He could have avoided death without exposing Himself to the hardships of the flight ; He could have defeated His enemies, but, it is the hour of persecution... His will come later... It is the hour of humiliations, the hour wherein the Strong God is hidden, the Almighty on the road to exile. Guard carefully, O Joseph and hold in reserve for us this "Wheat of the Elect" destined to feed the entire world, were the sword of Herod to cut it down before its maturity we would be deprived of the "Sacred Bread" giving eternal life.

Is this historical fact renewed in the life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament? Too often, alas! and in many ways. There are still Herod's pursuing Him even into His very Tabernacle; Herod's compelling Him to fly from churches wherein He had established His domain and loving reign. Undoubtedly Jesus, Sacred Host, could escape from them, but, we always need consolation and example and if He flies anew, it is to encourage us by sharing our sorrows.

How many churches and chapels, ruined, desecrated, destroyed from which He has been ignominiously expelled; how many places where He has been expropriated, outlawed, denied even common liberty. Does He rebel? Does He stand out for His rights? No, He submits, He flies and seeks shelter in alien soil. This very city before the Revolution possessed as many as fifteen parishes, not including religious houses and communities, each having its own chapel: when Jesus returns He scarcely finds any intact: the revolutionary hammer having almost obliterated this striking testimony of the faith of our fathers, and of the love of the Sor. of God. In those sadly memorable days the ruins of demolished Temples served to build theatres and other profane places, while those that remained standing were turned into halls, barns, markets, slaughter-houses, etc. We know and grieve over these flights of Jesus, but, how many others equally sad are unknown to us.

Many would gladly undertake a long journey to visit Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Calvary! It is the desire of your heart and mine also. Yet! just pause and use your faith a little, and see right here, in your own city, these consecrated walls, these sanctuaries formerly sanctified by the presence of Jesus wherein He dwelt longer than in Judea. If the traces of His passage are no longer visible to human eyes, they are to angelic, and, methinks, I see multitudes of these pure spirits wandering amid these ruins, watering them with their tears. Oh! at least in passing by those former sanctuaries, in treading under foot this ancient blessed soil, bestow a commiserating thought on Jesus outlawed, and venerate in spirit His departing footprints. Praised be to God, there are still many places where Our Lord is adored, but,



scarcely any that He has not been obliged to abandon for a while. This grand Basilica in which we are today assembled, has also had its dark day, wherein we were obliged to remove the Sacred Mysteries and leave the Tabernacle empty.

Oh! how sadly desolate were these flights of Jesus! This seeking shelter in secular houses, lonely woods, hidden grottoes; this offering of the Holy Sacrifice on rudely improvised altars; this assemblage of the faithful under the friendly darkness to worship and praise the Sacred Exile. Sometimes a warning, sometimes the sound of approaching enemies hurried the sacrifice, and scarcely had Jesus descended on the altar than the celebrant was obliged to fly with Him, to save Him from Herod's clamouring for His death. Often devoted Christians forfeited their liberty as price of the asylum they had accorded Christ and His minister; others sooner than betray the hiding-place of Jesus and His adherents sealed the secret with their blood, and their faith with their life. They were indeed martyrs of the Child of the Tabernacle and like the Holy Innocents gave their life for the Babe of Bethlehem.

Jesus poor, exiled had not wherewith to lay His head; yet we find Him in the desert where He took refuge, on the troubled sea, in distant countries: In Egypt: the strange land to which His loyal ministers take Him in order to save Him. The God of the Eucharist driven from France has received hospitality in another Egypt, where, since the renewal of the Sacred Mysteries, grace works wonders, the presence of Jesus is a source of blessing and presages marvellous things, while the numerous conversions taking place gladden the Church. In Egypt: those far away countries where Jesus has found new altars and other Tabernacles. The idols tremble, the demon as formerly in Egypt feels his power weakening and finally the Revolution like the fabled-beast having devoured all its children a powerful hand rebuilt the altars, and allowed the ministers of the true God to return, and resume the discharge of their sacred ministry. Jesus returned with them, for our happiness, to dwell in our temples, as He returned from Egypt after the death of Herod. Oh! may He never, never again leave us.

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament renews in our midst, especially in big cities His flight. Many a priest, after the Vespers hymn, kneels near the Tabernacle and whispers to the Son of God: come, my Beloved, fly with me and bears Him to a more secure abiding place lest some Herod might lay sacrilegious hands upon Him. Though Jesus could easily rout His enemies, He will not; neither will He defend Himself nor frustrate their evil designs. Consequently, His ministers must watch over Him, protect Him, and often do as St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin did centuries ago: Fly with Him into Egypt. Jesus is satisfied to fly and hide, but, will not reveal the incognito of His love... Why not? Oh! if you could only understand the devotedness this conduct implies. He models, so to speak, His life on ours: He wishes to suffer because we must suffer;—the disciple is not greater than the Master; He shares our sorrows in order that loneliness, persecution, exile be less bitter for us.

There is another flight, I might say, a present flight, that recalls the first, and to which St. John Chrysostom refers in the following words: "Come to Bethlehem, the house of peace, but, let it be with the intention of honouring and not insulting the Son of God. Do not resemble Herod, nor say like Him: I will go and adore, at the same time intending to outrage." That is what unworthy communicants do. Craftier than the tyrant they think to reach the Son of God in a perfidious embrace, but fear not, Jesus does not fall into their toils: "You may destroy this body," said the Philosopher Anaxarque to the tyrant who threatened to kill him, "but Anaxarque himself you cannot harm." Likewise they can destroy, break, ill-use the adorable host but harm the Son of God? no, never. He falls back on Himself, He retires into the inaccessible depths of His Sacrament leaving to their malicious fury only species without substance, appearances without reality.

Does that mean that your sorrow is vain, your reparation unnecessary? Emphatically no! Let your tears fall... They do what they may, if not what they would; moreover it seems to me the very thought of the hatred in these hearts is enough to draw forth the imploring cry: "Who then will give us a fountain of tears!"

It is our duty to console the Son of God : we must not forsake or treat as a stranger the pitying Christ who for love of us embraces this wandering fugitive life. Let your thoughts often dwell upon Him ! Strive to have ever in your heart, frequently on your lips a loving aspiration : Praised, loved, and adored be at every moment the most holy and adorable Sacrament of the altar.

Welcome Jesus into your heart. Make Him the companion of your exile, your friend in a strange country. Never forget that He alone is the true friend of the heart. He alone is able to console. He alone understands all. The first low tone of your heart's cry to Him He hears. None other than He can enter so fully into your needs and suffering and you are never burdensome to Him ; therefore choose Him for your friend, make Him your second self and when your earthly pilgrimage is over, you will fall asleep on His Heart and awaken in the glory of His eternal tabernacles.

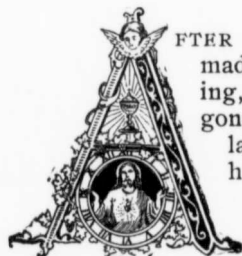
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### In the Sun's Rays.

What priceless graces would not be ours, if our souls were more frequently exposed to the beneficent rays of the Eucharistic Sun ! This is their true center ; there alone can they expand and be dilated with those heavenly joys for which they were created. Now, the dazzling lights of the world's gaudy pomps and shows have " hid these things from our eyes ;" but, oh ! how bitterly shall we not one day regret this blindness during the hours of patient expectation in the cleansing fires of Purgatory ? Why not be wise in time ? Graces are unceasingly flowing from the glorious wounds of Jesus ; graces of pardon, graces of joy and comfort, of peace and consolation, graces of closest union with Him, graces of highest sanctity. Let us go, then, " to draw with joy from the fountains of the Saviour ;" there shall we quell the unsatiable desires of our immortal souls, always hungering and thirsting for more pleasures, more joys, more love. " Come, make haste and eat, buy (bread) without money, and wine and milk without payment. Why do you give your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which is good for nothing ? "



## The Little First-Communicant.



AFTER vespers, our little hero, who had made his First Communion that morning, and who was radiantly happy, had gone down to the other end of the village bringing a ray of his gladness to his grandmother's cottage. The old lady had spent the greater part of the day "telling her beads" for him, and upbraiding her aged limbs for their inability to carry her to Church to see her favorite godson make his First Communion,

After a pleasant visit with Grannie and cookies and goodies to his heart's content, he started for home, his exuberant joy showing itself in his very walk, his smiling face and snatches of the morning's hymns, which now and then spontaneously burst forth, village roads are generally quiet, and no one noticed our little lad as he walked quickly in the vain endeavour to reach home before the darkness of night, that bugbear of childhood, should overtake him; but time waits for no man, be he ever so juvenile, and little by little the streets grew so dark that finally he shouted for very joy when he caught sight of his home, a low old fashioned cottage, situated but a few steps from the Church. A moment or two later he stopped abruptly, his face clouded, the song died on his lips, his gladness vanished like a dream, slowly and sadly as one grown prematurely old, he dragged himself along until he reached the porch of his home and there gave way to a very paroxysm of grief... His sobs were

drowned by a drunken voice raised in anger and blasphemy, sounding even more terrible as it broke the calm peaceful stillness of the perfect night. The few passers-by openly expressed their disgust, or merely laughed in scorn. Had they seen the poor little crouching figure, weeping so bitterly, their disgust and scorn had been changed to tenderest pity...

The boy heard all while his tears flowed more abundantly and an awful feeling of sadness and loathing filled



his heart. It seemed to him like a glimpse of hell, doubly sad after having tasted the happiness of heaven to day, his First Communion day, and his soul was sorely wounded by the cruel awakening...

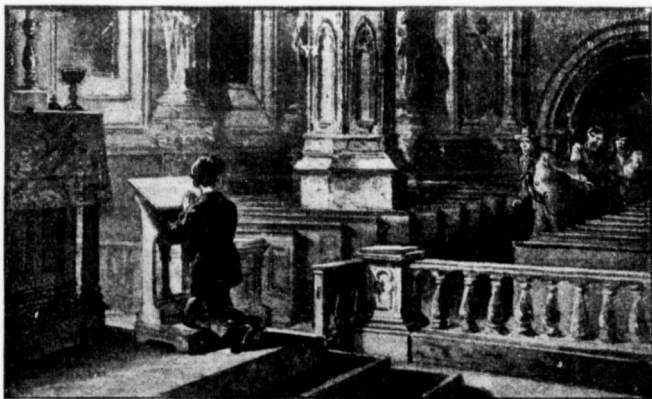
The culprit was his father, one of those habitually drunken creatures in whom only the brute nature seemed to exist. A skilled mechanic, he could easily have earned a comfortable living for his wife and child, but his only thought was to drown his reason in glass after glass of strong liquor. His wife's character was a striking contrast to his, she was as laborious as he was lazy, as econo-

mical as he was spendthrift, as religious as he was impious, as gentle as he was brutal, and though she had lived for years under the shadow of this cross, a drunken husband, she had preserved intact the innate delicacy of her soul. Her patient dignity which no circumstance could ruffle had inspired in her husband a sentiment very strange in such a depraved being ; respect—and never in his fits of anger, or drunken revelry had he so far forgotten himself, as to strike her who thought she had seen better days was obliged to work to maintain herself and her child. Great care on her part had been and was still necessary in order to guard her child from the pernicious influence of his father's example. Thanks to the energy and devotedness with which she watched over him and the religious training he received at the Brother's school, he was as pure and innocent as an angel and looked very much like one as he served the Curé's mass. It was an unspeakable happiness for this sorely afflicted mother to watch him gently swaying the thurible, or to listen to the sound of his voice coming from out the sanctuary. This morning of his First Communion especially she gazed upon him with mingled joy and pride as he led the happy band, himself the closest to the altar.

During this time of unutterable delight for mother and son, the father was drinking in some saloon, blaspheming the God who was giving Himself to his son and predicting the no distant hour when the " patriots " would take possession of the churches amid the ruins of altars forever overthrown. Late in the evening he returned home in an intoxicated condition, giving way to a passion of anger, using foul language and repeating in a loud voice his threatening imprecations. It was this the little Communicant heard, this which overcame him with such fear and anguish and loathing that he dared not enter his home, but went back to the church and entered by the side door the key of which he had inadvertently kept.

Only the dim flickering light of the sanctuary lamp lit up the sacred edifice, but the child was not afraid. After a fervent prayer before the tabernacle, he went to the Blessed Virgin's altar and lying down at the foot of her statue fell fast asleep.

Suddenly, he was awakened by a strange noise as of breaking glass and felt the chill night air rush in. Rubbing his sleepy eyes he thought he saw a shadowy form standing near the tabernacle with his hands raised as if about to open the door. A robber, instinctively thought the child, but instead of hiding, fearing that this wretch was about to profane with his criminal hands the *ciborium* from which he had been given the host of his First Communion and in which Jesus still abode in other pure white hosts resting therein, he instantly followed the spontaneous impulse of his love, got up quickly and



went to face the vile miscreant.

The creaking of the tabernacle door deadened the sound of his footsteps, but when the robber turned to descend the altar steps holding in his hand the golden *ciborium*, he saw the figure standing close to him and drew back in alarm. With one bound, and a cry full of anguish, the boy with superhuman strength, threw himself against the robber and twined his fingers around the *ciborium*. The robber whom surprise and the darkness prevented from recognizing the weakness of his adversary, raised the chisel with which he had opened the tabernacle, struck heavily at the figure and from a deep wound in the boy martyr's forehead a stream of blood gushed forth; but the fingers of this new Tharcisius only tightened



more closely around the *ciborium*. The robber frightened by this new crime disappeared in the darkness, the boy remained motionless an instant, then fell at the foot of the altar, holding close to his breast the precious treasure for which he had forfeited his life...

The following morning the priest found him lying there, a beautiful smile on his face, his rigid fingers still clasped about the *ciborium*, while around his head a large blood stain seemed to form a brilliant crown. The open tabernacle, the broken window clearly explained the sad drama which had taken place.

On hearing of this sacrilegious deed and the sublime death of the little First Communicant, deep emotion reigned throughout the village. All day the inhabitants came in great numbers to view the remain of the heroic victim, looking so angelic in his First Communion clothes, his deep wound partly hidden by flowers,

On the day of his funeral his companions who had eaten with him for the first time the "Bread of angels" carried his coffin, before which like a choir of angels, with white veils and flowers-laden hands walked the little girls who had also made their first communion with him.

Universal sympathy was shown the poor mother who with her usual staunch, loving faith, seemed to see even amid her tears the heavenly beatitude enjoyed by her child : The unfortunate father also walked in the funeral cortège looking the very personification of sorrow and remorse. As the coffin was consigned to earth a cry of anguish escaped him and he fell unconscious close to the open grave.

When he recovered he was a changed man. His conversion was sincere and lasting. How could it be otherwise, when from heaven his little angel-lad watched over him and helped him fight, the good fight, against old sinful habits, helped him daily and hourly until he too was ready to lay down his life in defense of the Eucharist.





## EUGHARISTIC STUDIES

## THE MASTER'S CALL



HAT a touching scene, replete with practical lessons for us, where Jesus the Resurrection and the Life calls to Him, Mary Magdalen prostrate with grief in the privacy of her once happy home.

Lazarus is dead ; neither the sympathy of the Jews, nor the tender ministrations of relatives and friends could assuage the anguish of those afflicted sisters ; Jesus alone,

Lazarus's friend and their ever-welcome guest could help and comfort them now.

He knows what has happened ; He comes and awakens in Martha's soul, who is first to greet Him, ineffable hopes. Mary in her seclusion is giving full vent to her sorrow, to her sad thoughts, vainly trying to solve the mystery of that dread visitant who has taken away the brother she loved so dearly. Martha suddenly breaks in upon her crying : 'The Master ! The Master is here and calleth for thee.

What does Mary do ? Does she hesitate ? Does she say—but the Master is far away with His Disciples ; who could have told Him of our sorrow ? How could He have come so opportunely ? Is it not an illusion of Martha's grief ? Mary has not yet heard the Master's voice ; He has not yet crossed her threshold. Martha respecting her sorrow and her retirement had only spoken figuratively. What matter ! The call has stirred her heart ; it is not so much the language of the words, as the language of divine love that resounded in her soul : instantly she rises, and hastens to meet Jesus. The Jews seeing her respectfully make way thinking she is going to weep at Lazarus's grave.

But no ! When Jesus is present there can be no inordinate sorrow, no bitter tears. Jesus is love, resurrection, life ! As soon as Mary sees Him she throws herself at

his feet exclaiming : " Master, if Thou hadst been here my brother hadth not died." Jesus will show her not by His words, but by His actions that those who believe in



**The Master's call.**

Him, even were they dead shall live again.

" Happy hour " says the author of the Imitation, " when Jesus calleth thee from tears to joy of spirit. Only those who have listened to the divine call know how

sweet the Lord is, how delightful His consolations, how plenteous His peace, how astonishing and beyond measure His familiarity."

Mary Magdalene is only one of that vast army who have heard and answered His blessed call. All the disciples were thus privileged, walked in His footsteps and followed His divine teachings, except the traitor who hanged himself in despair. Jesus on the Galilean sea-shore saw two brothers, Simon and Andrew and said to them : " Follow Me." and leaving their nets they followed Him. A little further on, he saw two other brothers, James and John, sons of Zebedee, to whom He repeated His invitation. Instantly they responded, forsook all, and followed Him—God, the Eternal and Infinite, who filleth all things, who draweth all men, who is the solace of the soul and the true joy of the heart.

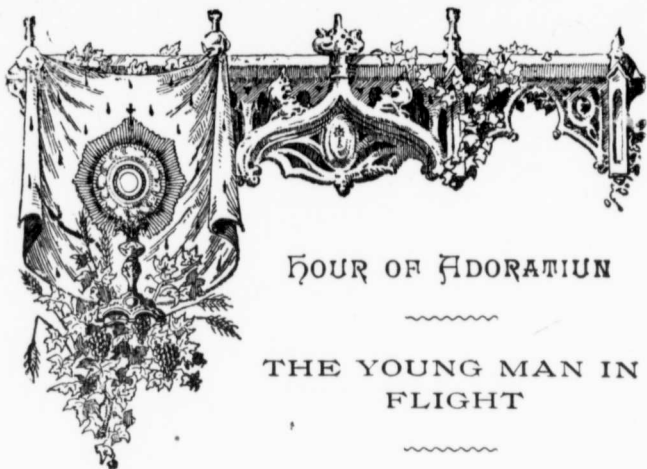
On another occasion passing by the office of the publican Levi, he addressed him and said to him ; " Follow Me ! " and the publican arose and followed him. Entering into Jericho, Jesus beheld a rich man named Zaccheus in a sycamore, where he had climbed in order to get a better view of Him : Looking up, Jesus said to him, come down quickly. Zaccheus obeyed and received the Lord into his house.

Jesus makes no account of social classes or distinctions. He speaks to all. He says to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, lowly and renowned, to all who wish to answer His appeal : " Come." From the Tabernacle His call goes out to all ; saying to the suffering, I heal ; to the sick, I cure ; to the sorrowing, I comfort, to the sinner, I purify ; to the dying, I give eternal life.

Listen to His call ! Come with confidence to this Tabernacle, Throne of Mercy, where, as says the Imitation, " Thou our God art present to all Thy faithful ; to whom for their daily comfort, to raise up their hearts to heaven, Thou givest Thyself to be eaten and enjoyed."

Come, lovingly, fearlessly, repeating with the same author : " Thou art in truth a hidden God and Thy counsel is not with the wicked, but Thy conversation is with the humble and simple."





### I. — Adoration.

Judas had warned the soldiers : “ Lay hold of Him and lead Him away *carefully*.” Conformably to the traitor’s instructions, the troop of men, armed with swords and clubs, seized Jesus and bound Him. They then dragged Him along the road to Jerusalem. This is the time to conduct Him *carefully* to the tribunal of the High-Priest.

It was not wise to allow this young unknown, whose movements declared him a friend of the prisoner, to go free. Besides, the soldiers had no need of Judas’ warning. The long pent-up rage of the priests knew well how to make choice of them, and their recent prostration at the word of Jesus had only increased in their hearts hatred of the Galilean. And so, seeing that young man following Jesus, they fell upon him and seized him. Let us remark that is was the first violence exercised against a disciple of Jesus. His Apostles had made some resistance at the moment of their Master’s arrest. St. Peter, drawing his sword from its scabbard, had cut off the ear of the servant of the High-Priest. But not one of those armed men, in view of an act so defiant, had dared to retaliate, terrified, as they were, by the majesty of Jesus. This young man was, then, the first Christian that had to suffer something for the Divine Master. He was the first link in that long series of persecutions against the Faithful of Christ. From that time down to our own days, blood has not ceased to flow on earth as a profession of love and fidelity to the cause of the Saviour Jesus.

What an honor for this young man thus to be the first arrested through hatred for Jesus Christ! Nevertheless, the Divine Saviour

did not permit him to remain long in the hands of His enemies. He who with one word had ordered His Apostles to be allowed to go free, commanded the liberation of this young man. Even in the hands of His enemies, the Saviour remains Master of men and events.

Jesus Christ under the bonds of the Sacrament still commands, still reigns here below as a Sovereign. His power there chains the demons.

What can we fear with Jesus? He whom Jesus Eucharistic guards, is well guarded. Even should we walk in the midst of the shadow of death, what evil can we fear, since we have Him with us?

Look upon Him, then, as your best, in fact, your only Protector. He alone can effectually guard you against all the evils that might burst upon you. He alone can protect you against the dangers of the physical and material world, for He alone can dispose at His pleasure of all the elements. He alone can furnish you with millions of angels to defend you against your enemies. In fine, here below, as in heaven above, nothing, absolutely nothing, happens without His order or permission.

He alone, also, can ward off from you the greatest of misfortunes in the moral point of view, and that is sin. This is, in fact, one of the principal ends that He proposed to Himself in the institution of the Eucharist. The Sacred Council of Trent hesitates not to call the Holy Eucharist: "The antidote of sin." The Divine Sacrament does not, like the other Sacraments, give special grace against such or such a weakness of our nature, but It contains the Source of grace, and strengthens, just as eating does the body, all the faculties of our soul. It is, indeed, in the Eucharist that Jesus is your true defender, your true protector.

Adore Him, then, at this moment as your strength and protection. Recognize that without Him long ago your spiritual life would have foundered under the assaults of the enemy. Pray that no one, above all no young people, may imitate the youthful fugitive of the Gospel, but that all may approach nearer to Jesus, placing in Him all their confidence and their love.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

*"They laid hold on him; but he, casting off the linen cloth, fled."* This young man showed more bravery than the Apostles. He fled, indeed, but not till he felt himself in the hands of his enemies. The Apostles, on the contrary, had fled even before any attempt had been made to seize them. That courageous act must have attracted upon him special protection from Jesus. What a glance

of love the Divine Saviour must have cast upon that dear disciple who, in spite of imminent danger, had intended to follow Him to Calvary ! But when the young man found himself in the hands of his furious enemies, he began to fear and, leaving his mantle, he fled.

We must remark that the young disciple would infallibly have been lost without the intervention of Jesus. Without Him how could he have escaped from the hands that held him ? The soldiers and servants of the High-Priest were numerous and furious, and in their midst was the young disciple. They had already seized him by his mantle. We must, then, acknowledge that it was Jesus who saved his life. In all truth can He say to His Father : " Of all them whom Thou hast given Me, I have not lost one."

Moreover, the capture of this young man shows clearly that the opportunity to flee afforded to the Apostles cannot be attributed to the carelessness, the favor, nor the preoccupation of the Jews, but solely to the protection of Jesus. It was, then, by His pure kindness that all escaped from the fury of their enemies. This proves to us once more the perfect liberty of Jesus in His Passion and death.

Soldiers, lower your brutal hands. Cease to draw the cords that are cutting into the flesh of your Victim. If Jesus had the power to cast you down with a single word and to protect His own followers ; if He did not permit the young man to be captured by you, with how much greater reason could He have escaped from your hands ! No, no, His chains are not your bonds, but His own love. " He was offered, because He willed it." The chalice just presented to Him by His Father, He has accepted, and He will drink it to the dregs.

I thank Thee, O Jesus, for the benefit Thou hast but now accorded this young man. I thank Thee, also, for this, that Thou hast remained in the Eucharist to cover us always and everywhere with Thy divine protection. I thank Thee, Jesus, for having so often, delivered my soul and body from mortal danger ! How often, thanks to Thy intervention, O Jesus Eucharistic, even at the very moment when all seemed lost, I have escaped the snares of my enemies ! How often, thanks to my morning Communion, thanks to a fervent visit to the Blessed Sacrament, I have been checked on the verge of the abyss of mortal sin !

I thank Thee for myself, Divine Redeemer, and I thank Thee for those thousands of disciples saved by Thee in all times and in all places !

## III. — Reparation.

"*He fled.*" This young man followed Jesus. What had attracted him to the Saviour after the Apostles and the other disciples had abandoned Him? Was it curiosity, or was it affection for his Master? We cannot say. All we know is that he fled as soon as the soldiers attempted to arrest him.

What fate more glorious for a disciple than to be associated with his Master, to share His humiliations, His sufferings, and death? But this young man understood nothing of the kind. Very far from allowing himself to be taken and led with the Divine Captive to the tribunals and even to Calvary, he disengaged himself from the grasp of the soldiers and fled. It was a want of love, for "perfect charity casteth out fear," says St. John. How could the enemies of Christ appreciate a Master who had such disciples?

O my Saviour, would that I had been in the place of this young man! I should have delivered myself up for Thee, to bear Thee company even to Calvary, too happy to die with Thee and for Thee! But what am I saying? How I deceive myself, I, whom the slightest interest has so often separated from Thy cause! How often have I sacrificed Thee to human respect, that foolish and slothful anxiety concerning the judgement of men! How often have I failed in courage, in strength, of will, in generosity and constancy in Thy service!

Oh, how narrow is the way that conducts to life when it passes by Calvary, and how few are there that find it! How many branch off from the way of Calvary! How many weak and pusillanimous Christians, who fear the slightest restraint, recoil before the least sacrifice, and leave Jesus solitary as did the young man of the Gospel! Jesus, casting a glance upon all His disciples of the future, counted such defections, such acts of treason, by the thousand. How His tender Heart must have suffered at the sight!

Pardon, Jesus, for all Christians—and I am of the number—who, having once enrolled themselves under Thy standard, do not persevere in following Thee, being too much attached to their own ease, their wealth, and above all, to their life!

Pardon, O Jesus, for that crowd of Christians who, not having the courage to walk in the way of the Commandments, prefer the broad way whose end is eternal death!

Pardon, O Jesus, for all those proud spirits who, rejecting infallible truth, follow lying illusions! Pardon, O Jesus, for all those lovers of pleasure, who prefer the vile satisfactions of the senses to Thy Divine service! Pardon, O Jesus, for the perse-



cutors of the Christians of all places and all ages! Even in our own day, it is sufficient to be Thy disciple to incur the disgrace and fury of the great ones of the world. Change the hearts of them that hate Thee. May they all take their place in the cortège of Thy friends, courageous and faithful!

Pardon for the Apostles who were the cause of this new defection! If this young man had not been witness of their shameful flight, he would have remained near Thee. He was, then, the victim of their scandal. Pardon for the souls in purgatory who, here below, had not sufficient courage to follow Thee on the road of suffering! Remember not, O Lord, all the defections of Thy disciples, and make of entire humanity an army of courageous Christians!

Grant, O Divine Saviour, that henceforth I may never flee from Thee, but ever walk close to Thee! Grant that I may merit the name of *disciple* by resolutely advancing in Thy suite upon the road to Calvary, which leads to heaven! Still more, I want to become by my assiduity in living near Thee in the Host, one of Thy most faithful consolers. Give me the grace to labor constantly at the purification of my soul in order that I may receive more frequently, daily if permitted, the Flesh and the Blood of my Divine Redeemer.

Grant that my only happiness may be to remain near Thee as often as possible, near Thee, who for love of me, dost abide in Thy Divine Eucharist!

#### IV. — Prayer.

What became of the young fugitive when freed from the hands of his enemies? The Gospel is silent on this point. There is, however, one word of our Holy Books which might enlighten us on the fate of this young man if the Divine Master abandoned him to his unhappy fate: "Lord" exclaims David, "*they who depart from Thee shall perish.*" They perish wandering in evil ways that conduct to the eternal abyss. Such is the frightful misfortune to which all expose themselves who refuse to follow Jesus.

We must not forget that the way our Divine Model takes is rough and steep, sown with thorns, and watered with tears and blood. It leads to death. Great courage is necessary to enter upon it and to persevere in it. And that courage, man will find not in himself, but in God.

It is, then, of Jesus Himself that we must ask the grace to be able to follow Him even unto death with fidelity and perseverance on the road to Calvary. To-day, as formerly Jesus is still undergoing a true Passion.



As in Jerusalem and on Golgotha, He is again sold, betrayed, derided, and humiliated in every way. His enemies despise Him, His friends abandon Him. Ask to be numbered among His faithful friends, and promise to accompany Him, if He so desires, to the Council of the Jews, to the court of Herod, to the tribunal of Pilate, yea, even to Golgotha itself.

The great means to obtain the courage and fidelity for this, is to recur to Jesus, above all at the moment of temptation. Why did that young man lose so magnificent an occasion of rendering himself forever illustrious before men, and, more than all, in the sight of God? It was because he forgot the love and power of the Divine Master. The Christian, who desires to show himself a faithful disciple of Christ, ought to draw near to his Master. This was one of the reasons that urged Jesus to institute the Eucharist. He knew man's weakness in the face of danger and temptation. He remains here below to be his help and protection. Not to make use of this great means, or to do so insufficiently, is to condemn one's self beforehand to disloyalty and death.

Pray at this moment, above all, for the young. The history of the young man of the Gospel is that of a great number among them. Many of them have at first followed Jesus Christ, listened to His teaching, observed His law, and promised to remain faithful to Him. But let temptation, indifference, or the raillery of the world come, let the occasions for declaring courageously their Faith, for defending the Master whose disciples they call themselves, what will they say? what will they do? Alas! without special help from God, domineered by human respect, they disprove their character of Christians, they abandon the Sacraments, prayer, Holy Mass on Sunday—in one word, they flee from Him. It is this special help that I now come to beg from Thy Sacred Heart, O Divine Saviour! for those poor young souls exposed in the world. May they range in close phalanxes around Thee, O Christ resuscitated and living in the Host! May they follow Thee like knights without fear or reproach—Thee, and Thee only, their Master and Model! May they march at Thy side, with head erect, with soul intrepid, always and everywhere, and if necessary, even in the way of humiliations and sacrifices!

May they comprehend that after the humiliations of earth will come the exaltation of heaven, that there Thou wilt acknowledge, receive, crown, and glorify those that have here below confessed Thee courageously and honorably!

**RESOLUTION.** Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask Our Lord for the grace to serve Him faithfully and without human respect even until death.



**"My Beads."**

SWEET, blessed beads! I would not part  
With one of you for richest gem  
That gleams in kingly diadem;  
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief  
In all the days of twenty years,  
And I have moistened you with tears,  
And in your decades found relief.

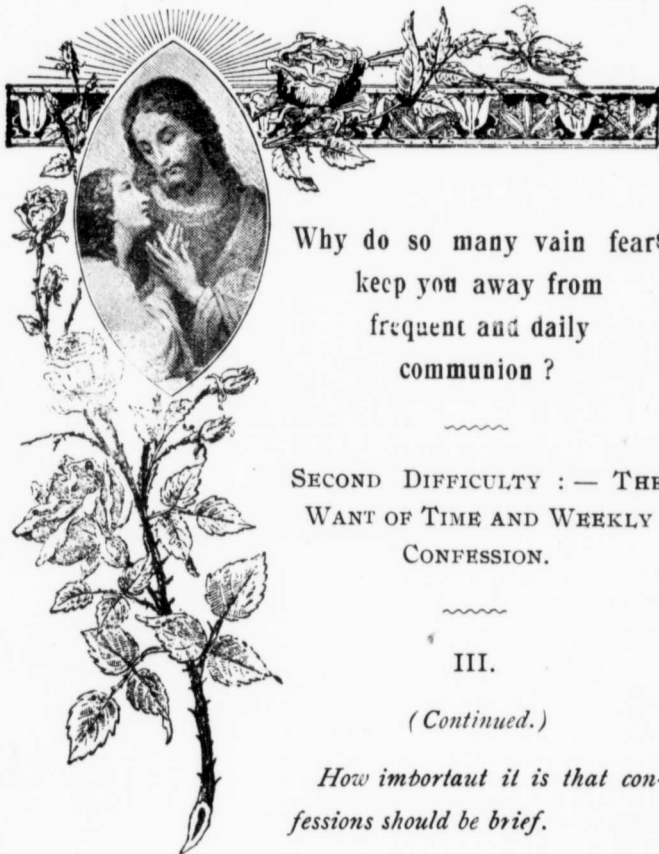
Ah! time has fled, and friends have  
    failed,  
And joys have died; but in my needs  
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time in grief,  
My weary fingers wandered round  
The circled chain, and always found  
In some "Hail Mary" sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell  
Of inner life, to all unknown;  
I trusted you and you alone,  
But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

You are the only chain I wear—  
A sign that I am but the slave,  
In life, in death beyond the grave,  
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

J. J.



Why do so many vain fears  
keep you away from  
frequent and daily  
communion ?

~~~~~  
SECOND DIFFICULTY : — THE
WANT OF TIME AND WEEKLY
CONFESSION.

~~~~~  
III.

(Continued.)

*How important it is that con-  
fessions should be brief.*

YOU are now, Christian soul, as I think, well convinced that weekly confession is not *necessary* for good daily Communion, and that, even in certain cases it is even better to omit it. I shall now say a few words to show you how important it is to be always short in your confessions, that is, not to prolong them by useless talk. Yes, brevity is important in confession, as well for yourself, as for those that are waiting their turn at the confessional, and even for the confessor.

First of all, for yourself, because in general short confessions render the soul sincere, detached, tranquil, and joyous ; while those that are dragged out to a great length often produce timidity, inquietude, melancholy, and perplexity.

In second place, brevity in confession is important for the sake of those that are waiting their turn at the confessional ; for it is no rare thing for those that are waiting for a penitent who remains half hours or even whole hours in the confessional to be astonished, restless, annoyed, that they complain, especially if they are men, and that it should end by their not going to confession and Communion at all, either through vexation, or because of the impossibility of their waiting longer !

Lastly, Christian soul, it is important for your confessor that your confessions should be short, because, apart from other considerations, you should understand that, if time is precious for all, it is much more so for priests, who cannot waste the least portion of it without prejudice to the good of souls, to which their sacerdotal life is consecrated. Why do you wish your confessor to waste his time listening to your long discourses, when he might employ it, to the great consolation of the Heart of Jesus, in doing good to many other souls, especially by hearing the confessions of poor sinners ? I say *uselessly*, for in reality there is question of hearing only your sins. Since you confess frequently, you can accuse yourself in a few moments of your impatience, murmurs, disobedience, prevarications, and others of a like kind. Should he, then, for no possible advantage, lose his time listening to your excuse for your sins, to their vain and useless circumstances, sometimes to the manifestation of the faults of children, of parents, of the husband, of a mother-in law, a sister-in-law, etc... and that not with the view of receiving light and council ? These you have often received from your confessor, but you repeat the long story only to get some consolation for your self love. Is this not true, Christian soul ? Do not answer me that it is not that which renders your confession so lengthy. What is it, then ? It is that you are constantly repeating your fears of having made past confessions badly ; or that you accuse yourself of actions committed with a continual

doubt as to whether they are mortal sins or not ; or, in fine, that you desire to confess a multitude of evil thoughts to which you always fear having given consent.

I Understand, and I pity you, Christian soul. You will find my reply in the following section.

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## THE ASCENSION

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HERE is sadness and longing painted on the upturned faces of the apostles as they watch their beloved Master drifting from sight in the folding of the heavenward bound cloud. It would seem that for mankind the triumphant return of Jesus to this heavenly kingdom sounds a note of mingled meaning. Joy there certainly is that their Saviour should return to the angelic courts where worthy love and adoration would surround Him whose purest ministration earth had treated ill indeed. The triumph of it all gives them pleasurable pride when they think how, over human puny opposition He so well has done God's own good work. *Opus peregristi tuum.* But then we are so selfish. He is leaving them. How shall they not be in spite of the promised Consoler, 'left orphan's.' How narrow we grow when self impells us ! Our Easter Alleluias are half—forgot.

But for Jesus himself, for heaven and the heavenly court what an unclouded feast ! Our mistaken sorrow cannot impress them. For His going is the opening of heaven's gates to us and He will be with us all days. The victory now is hymned to its fullest in Christ's heart, for with Him to day our human nature enters heaven, and lo.

See thousand thousand angels sing  
 To welcome their returning King.  
 And hence the martyrs sing their psalms  
 And joyous wave triumphant palms.

And hence we too, generously forgetting that we have not now Jesus transcendent beauty to look upon, will with swelling hearts, add our prayerful praise to the heavenly paean and rejoice with a whole hearted joy, for Jesus sake wholly, that He is come unto His own, with joy we bear in mind that this His last great lifting up shall draw us if we will, to Him for ever.

Where Thou, the Head are gone, Thy Voice  
Calls all Thy members to rejoice ;  
Ah ! let them clear the shining way,  
Thy footprints through the ether stray.

( *Franciscan Review* ).

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## London's Eucharistic Congress

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CARDINAL GIBBONS has accepted an invitation from Archbishop Bourne of Westminster to make an address at the great International Eucharistic Congress to be held at London from September 9 to 13. Other distinguished churchmen present will be Cardinal Logue of Ireland, and Cardinal Vannutelli, the sub-dean of the College of Cardinals at Rome.

Bishop Maes who is president of the Priests' Eucharistic League in this country has been invited to attend.

Two great Eucharistic Congresses are being organized for the present year. The first will take place at Faverney, in France, at the end of May, in celebration of the third centenary of the famous Faverney miracle. History states how, when a provisional altar was burnt during the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in that town, the monstrance remained in the air for over two days without being sustained by any visible support.

The second congress, which will be held in London, in September, will probably surpass in importance the ma-

gnificent Congresses of Metz and Tournai. The local committee has been formed, with the Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Marquis of Ripon as Presidents. This committee is supported by the four great Catholic associations of England, each of which has undertaken the organization of a part of the arrangements for the Congress—the Catholic Union of Great Britain, the Catholic Association, the Catholic Federation of Westminster and the Catholic Truth Society. The Congress will open on the 9th of September, with the reception of the Cardinal Legate, Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli.

A feature of the Congress will be a procession through the streets of London, in which the Blessed Sacrament will be carried in solemn form for the first time in three hundred years. More than fifty thousand persons are expected to participate.

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## The Glorious Life of Our Lord in the Eucharist.

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SINCE His triumphant Ascension Our Lord lives a glorious life in heaven and in the Blessed Eucharist, not two distinct lives, one in heaven and the other in the Tabernacle. No, His life like His being is one, the same on the altar and in the sight of the Angels and of the elect, merely assuming two forms in consideration for our human frailty incapable of beholding the ineffable mystery of the

future life with its beauties, its charms, its divine wonders.

Jesus in His heavenly and in His Sacramental life continues His great and sublime mission of Mediator between God and man. He is, so to speak, unceasingly occupied in making heaven come down on earth, in order



to procure for its inhabitants the power of ascending thereto ; He by a continuous influence imparts to our souls His own virtues, preparing us to become in the other life, in " the day when we shall see Him face unto face " like unto Him.

" Like unto Him." Christianity's greatest aim ! Like unto Him, the divine First-born ; like unto Him in His eternal glory ! Such is our ineffable destiny. Yes, but on the rigorous condition that this likeness begin to be impressed on us during this life, either through the life of grace acting in our souls, or through suffering and sacrifices, as the authentic likeness of Jesus here below is the image of the crucified, and the disciple must follow in His Master's footsteps. Jesus, glorious in the Sacred Host, labours to produce this likeness in us, to stamp us with His divine lineaments. We might say He outlines the diagram by giving us from His Eucharistic treasury, the faith and charity whereby we are enabled to know and love God, first, here below, as we shall know and love Him, afterwards, in heaven, that is to say, with that knowledge and that love with which He knows and loves Himself.

\* \* \*

Jesus in the Sacred Host prepares us for our heavenly inheritance, for our future glorious life by imprinting in our heart the likeness of His love and of His virtues.

The virtues are especially purity, humility and charity.

The God of purity first stamps in us purity of heart, that virtue absolutely necessary in order to enter heaven, for as the Apocalypse says—" Nothing defiled shall enter into the heavenly Jerusalem."

The annihilated Victim of the Sacred Host, the great teacher of humility, giving Himself to us in Communion, repeats, perhaps, the most admirable word which could fall from the lips of a God : " Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart," and renews once more in our soul the sweet virtue of humility without which we can find no favor in the sight of the Sovereign Lord of



all glory, as according to St. Paul : " Detestable in God's eyes are the superb and the proud."

Finally, the God of the Sacred Host, who is above all a God of love, fills our heart with this indispensable charity, the soul of all the other virtues, the virtue that endures throughout eternity, the only virtue that, strictly speaking, makes us worthy of our divine Father and introduces us into our heavenly home.

This benign Preceptor, also teaches us to love our brethren as future members of His immense heavenly family, in each of whom God lives by His love and His grace, in order to communicate to them His own amiability.

We can honor and imitate Jesus glorious in the Blessed Sacrament by coming to Him as He does to us, by uniting ourselves to Him through every available means, communion, sacramental and spiritual, visits and adorations. When we are alone with Jesus, in our communions and during our meditations in His Sacred Presence, let us often think on our heavenly destiny, remembering that one of the principal ends for which the Blessed Eucharist was instituted, as the Church sings, is " to give us a pledge of future life." Let us bravely practise in this sublime and gentle school the great virtues based on self-abnegation. Let us love suffering, because Jesus in giving Himself as Eucharistic food before surrendering Himself to a bloody death, showed it to be the crucible wherein He moulds, purifies, and perfects His chosen ones, His brothers. The Passion must precede the Resurrection, for such is the law applicable to us as to our crucified Master : " Was it not meet that Christ should suffer and thus enter into His glory ? " So, in loving, child-like confidence, despite suffering or sorrow, let us go our way bravely and resignedly, hymning the joyous song of hope, trusting the benign King of the Sacred Host, who is leading us unto our glorious life in His own blessed way, which, though we may not always understand, He knows to be best for us.





Your First  
Communion Day.

*YOUR First Communion Day has come,  
The sun shines in the east ;  
And angels wait to lead your steps  
To that most holy Feast.  
How white the spotless robe and wreath,  
The snowy veil of lace !  
But whiter still the wedding garb  
Of innocence and grace.*

*The happy moment comes at last !  
The angels hushed and awed,  
Behold within your childish heart  
Their mighty God and Lord.  
He lays His majesty aside,  
No splendor can you see—  
The Saviour dear who once became  
A little child like thee.*

*Oh ! hold Him close and closer still,  
For He is truly thine ;  
And Heaven itself is yours to-day,  
With all its joys divine.  
Oh ! may He leave you never more,  
But guide you on life's way ;  
Till you shall clasp Him heart to heart,  
Upon your last Communion Day.*

DOLORES.



## The Virgin and the Doves.

(See frontispiece )



It was in Egypt during the exile of the Holy Family. The Blessed Virgin was seated under a palm-tree, near a fountain, at the entrance to Memphis, weaving a seamless tunic for her little Son.

Jesus, who had only attained his fourth year at Christmas, was playing, quite close to her, with children of his own age ; his fair skin and pretty golden ringlets enhanced, by contrast with the swarthinness of those dusky denizens of African soil, and, making a picture lovely enough to gladden any mother's heart.

The little Egyptians were amusing themselves making birds out of potter's earth. Birds of all kinds and appearances : sparrows, doves, ravens, storkes—stiff ungainly looking things, it is true, but of which, nevertheless, they were inordinately proud, and ranged round the fountain while defying the Child Jesus to do as much.

He answered, in His usual gentle way, by taking the clay and fashioning two little doves. They were so pretty and graceful, with such dainty bills, slender feet, and perfectly natural looking feathers that his playmates cried out admiration. Even Mary herself could not help saying :

— What a pity they are not alive !

— Mother, replied the Child, be it done according to your word !

He then breathed on his doves of clay. Suddenly their greyish tint whitened, whitened even as the astonished onlookers watched : one would have said into feathers of

snow, with bill and feet of roses; and tiny round eyes like black diamonds encircled with rubies. The wings moved, opened, fluttered and delicious cooing filled the air.

The children were dumbfounded by the wonderful sight; but soon recovered and danced and sang for very joy.

One of the doves flew to the blessed Virgin and nestled on her shoulder: Seeming so happy and perfectly at ease under her caressing touch.

The other, on the contrary flew to a palm-tree and perched there. Mary called it to her, but it would not come. Presently, hearing twittering and chirruping it flew away to investigate, and saw on the roof of a pagan temple, some distance away, a great number of birds. It joined them, without exactly knowing they were the very kind it should avoid. At first it was well received, and like many another vain little simpleton, swelled with pride and self-importance, at the praise bestowed on its pretty plumage. Soon, however, bickerings arose, followed by nasty quarrels, in one of which the innocent little dove totally unused to such scenes, and unable to defend itself, was attacked by a vicious old raven, who trampled it under foot and rolled it in the gutter.

At night the much abused fledgeling returned to the home of the Holy Family; heartsore, dirty, minus many of its fine feathers. It tapped timidly, with its bill on the window. St. Joseph came and took it in.

As soon as Jesus saw it, he had pity on it. He washed it, bathed it, restored its missing feathers and gently said:

Take care, little birdie, you do not love my Mother: that is a very bad sign in a dove! You go and keep company with wicked pagan birds of Memphis, instead of remaining at home like your little sister: You run many dangers especially from the sparrowhawk "Horus," which the Egyptians worship, but which is nothing, more or less, than the devil himself disguised. Oh! I beg of you, take care, for if he catches you, he will eat you up.

The little culprit seemed sorry and promised not to go back to those evil birds again.

Alas! the very next morning, as soon as the window was opened, lured by the air and sun, it forgot all its

good resolutions, and flew away, and spent the day in very bad company indeed.

That night it was in a most pitiable state and came back discouraged, frightfully dirty, almost featherless, sorely wounded. It did not dare knock, on the window-pane, but went into a nearby tree. Mary saw it and filled with compassion beckoned it to come home. Whether through false shame or perverseness it heeded not. Jesus then tried, but with no better success. As a last resort St. Joseph scattered seed on the windowsill, still it would not return.

And behold a big redish raven, flew from the temple of Horus, and hovered about the tree. Slowly, it circled round and round, insensibly drawing its coils closer and closer about the now thoroughly scared dove. Trembling in every limb, unable to move, or even turn its gaze away from the ugly monster, it waited in an agony of fear, for what, it instinctively felt was coming.

Cruelly swooping down the wicked raven clutched the poor littedove in its sharp beak, and bore it away to its ayry to devour it.

The home-dove witnessed this sad scene from its resting place on Mary's shoulder, and showed by its mournful cooing how deeply it grieved over its sister's fate.

Tenderly caressing it, Jesus said, birdling mine, never forget what you have just seen, nor the lesson it teaches regarding human life. The raven typifies the devil; the dove, the soul. Every soul that shall love my Mother like thee and abide under her protection shall have nothing to fear from the devil or his satellites. On the contrary, every soul that like your unfortunate sister despises My Mother, the devil shall swoop down upon and bear away to his ayry to be devoured by everlasting flames.

The faithful dove understood and in consequence nested more confidently and lovingly in Mary's lap.

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#### OUR BELOVED DECEASED.

Rev. M. Chevrier.—Mr Alexandre Rivard.—Mrs B Harwood.  
Mrs E. Hunter.—Mrs W. Peters.

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