




THE TEACHING CHRIST



IF THOU WERT THERE

 H ! Lord, if Thou wert standing here
 And I could bear the sight—
 Could feel Thy presence, oh ! so near,
 And view Thy robes of light ;
 And then if Thou shouldst say to me :
 “ I am the Lord thy God,
 Who once the road to Calvary
 For thy redemption trod ”—
 What should I do ? No more, sweet Lord !
 Than I would fain do now :
 Body and soul with one accord
 Adoringly to bow ;
 And, clinging to Thy garment's hem,
 Thy radiant Wounds to kiss—
 Deeming a monarch's diadem
 Mere dross compared to this.
 No other proof I ask, dear Lord !
 Than Thine own words of yore :
 “ This is My Body, this My Blood ”—
 Oh ! who could wish for more ?
 Where gleams the ruddy altar light
 Within its cup of gold,
 Another Thabor dear and bright,
 Awe-stricken, I behold.
 For Thou art here ; and I may dare
 To come before Thy face
 And offer Thee my worthless prayer
 In this Thy dwelling place.
 Sweet Jesus, warm my frozen heart,
 My love for Thee increase ;
 And say to me, ere I depart :
 “ My child, go thou in peace. ”
 ANGELIQUE DE LANDE, *in the Ave Maria.*



Presence of the Holy Sacrament in our Churches

“ Indeed, the Lord is in this place.” Gen ; xxviii. 16.

The Lord is with us ; the Incarnate word, the Son of God made man for us, personally resides, body and soul, in our city and, perhaps, in our house. What a favor ! what a miracle of love ! A loving heart cannot be separated from the object of its affections, and so it was with the heart of Jesus. Yes, He is with us, this God of love ! We possess in our churches that Lord of heaven and earth before whom the hosts of heaven cast themselves down in humble adoration, and who yet wished to be our guest, and to prove that His delight is to be with the children of men.

But as a consequence of this singular gift, how worthy of respect are our churches, and how dear to us should the sanctuaries be wherein He resides ! No there is nothing greater, nothing more deserving of veneration, nothing to be compared to them !

Fleeing from the anger of Esaw, Jacob in a dream saw a mysterious ladder reaching from earth to heaven and by which angels ascended and descended and above Him appeared the Lord who recalled to him the promises made to Abraham saying : “ The land wherein thou sleepest I will give to Thee and to thy seed.” In our Churches the Lord dwells with His angels, who are going from us to Him, and returning from Him to us. Here are truly the house of God and the gate of heaven, for the God of Abraham here shows himself to His servants, and encourages, strengthens, and blesses them.

Here the heart of the adorable Emmanuel burns without being consumed, and a voice issues from the bosom of that mysterious flame, inviting us to approach with

sentiments of the most profound adoration. Here is the mountain of God where the sovereign master makes known to us His commands, clothes us with His mission, and furnishes us with the means of fulfilling it. There are not on this mountain the lightnings and thunders of Sināi ; the Lord shows Himself as the most gentle of fathers and loving of mothers.

Here is the new ark of the covenant containing, instead of the tables of the law, the divine Lawgiver Himself.

Here is the Lord seated upon the cherubin, delivering His oracles, offering Himself in sacrifice, being a luminous cloud for us that guides our steps securely in the desert of life.

Here is the King of Kings, the true Solomon, the Prince of peace, the Messiah so long expected !

How great, then, is the glory of our churches ! Does not the Lord say of each of them : " I have chosen and have sanctified this place that my name may be there forever, and my eyes and my heart may remain there perpetually." It is here that I dwell, and when any one who wishes to be my disciple says to me, " master where dwellest Thou," it is to this place I will lead him, saying, " come and see." Christian churches sanctuaries of the adorable Eucharist, abode of happiness to the faithful soul, how is it possible to express your greatness, and your titles to our affection ! Nothing was as dear to our fathers as the holy land — those spots where our Saviour was born, where He wrought His miracles taught His doctrine, suffered, and died. They shed tears at the very thought of the humble house at Nazareth, the grotto at Bethlehem, the room of the last supper, and Calvary ; and if able to go thither, the enthusiasm of their piety knew no bounds.

But are not our churches all this at once. Does not the Son of God come down from heaven and become incarnate there in the hands of the priest. Does He not here renew His birth, His life, His death, and burial. Yes, we possess truly in our sanctuaries the Divine child, the Teacher of nations, the Lamb sacrificed for the redemption of the world, and there He instructs us, feeds us with Himself, and continues to shed His blood for us.

Ah ! who can call to mind those wonders, and not be penetrated to the depth of his soul with the conviction that our churches are monuments of a divine order worthy of all the veneration of angels and men ?

BROTHER PHILIPPE

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THE ANGEL AND THE SOUL

INTO my soul an Angel said, one day :
 " If thou the glory of my Heaven could'st know,
 If thou couldst see the flames of purest ray
 That the Eternal on my brow doth throw ! "
 Then to the Angel I my answer made :
 " Thou see'st the glory of the Lord above,
 But of our God on lowly altar laid,
 Know'st thou the love ?

Rejoined the Angel : " Oh ! if thou but knew
 The joy of gazing on God's face so fair !
 For me each day my Heaven begins anew,
 Each day new happiness is mine to share. "
 I answered : " Ah ! *thy* heart has never strayed,
 Within God's loving arms securely kept.
 Before the altar broken-hearted laid,
 Hast thou e'er wept ? "

The Angel then would speak to me once more :
 " Know'st thou (said he) my nourishment Divine ?
 To love and serve the God Whom I adore,
 With Him united—lo ! this feast is mine. "
 But to the radiant Angel I replied :
 " Thou on the Deity indeed art fed,
 Yet not for thee the Lord of Life doth hide
 'Neath humble bread. "

O Cherub from the fatherland above !
 Our God so good let our joint praises greet :
 Heaven, Heaven for thee—for me this pledge of love ;
 The portion of us each is very sweet.
 The Father's door for me one day will ope,
 But here all good lies near the altar-throne.
 Behold my lot : thy happiness I hope—
 I love my own !

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## The Sanctuary Lamp



VENERABLE Father Eymard, in speaking of the efficacy of the oil burned in the Sanctuary lamp, uses the following beautiful words: " You have our Lord Jesus-Christ to heal your body, He is the precious ointment cleansing every wound. Does not a virtue escape from His Sacred Humanity healing every weakness? In His mortal life His very touch cured and comforted, though His humanity is now veiled, His power has not diminished, His contact not less efficacious. I can truthfully attest, that this little lamp which burns before our Lord, has never failed to cure those who, in their infirmities, were anointed with its oil typical of faith and love. "

Numberless examples verify the truth of these words. We read in the life of St. Didier, Bishop of Vienna, martyred in 612. " A great number of sick were healed by the Saint, after being anointed with the oil of the Sanctuary lamp, which lamp burned for years without being extinguished, or the oil being replenished. "

A miracle of more recent date is chronicled in the Arch Bishopric of Saragosse, and published under the testimony of eyes witnesses. In the year 1638, an unfortunate young man, only nineteen years of age, son of a poor labourer met with a painful accident, he fell and broke his leg; remedies and scientific hospital treatment failed to heal the wound, which soon developed symptoms of gangrene, to prevent which amputation four inches above

the knee was considered imperative. The unfortunate man thus becoming a cripple in the spring of life, in the full vigor of his youth and strength, not wishing to burden his parents with his support on account of their extreme poverty, resolved to earn his daily bread by the humiliating task of begging.

He accepted this hard trial and its accompanying miseries, with complete resignation for the love of the cross of Christ and the expiation of his sins. He had a special love and devotion for the Blessed Eucharist, and to gratify which, instead of going into the public squares to beg, or from door to door, he installed himself in the Cathedral porch. In the less frequented hours, entering the church, bringing his maimed limb, his sorrow and his tears to the Divine Consoler, never departing without a blessing of strength courage and patient resignation.

During his visits to the Blessed Sacrament, his eyes frequently rested on the glimmering light of the little golden lamp, which bore Jesus company day and night. He envied its destiny, and longed to spend his life, like it, before the altar, in loving adoration, in faithful watchful service. It is impossible thought he, to be so constantly with Jesus, without sharing His powerful influence. Thus thinking, he obtained some of the oil of the lamp, from the rector, and never went to rest at night, without first anointing his mutilated limb, asking Jesus with great faith, to protect and succour him ; cure him, if it were His blessed will.

Piety and love so sincere and earnest, touched the heart so good and merciful residing behind the golden door. The twenty-ninth of March in the year 1640, the cripple returned to his parent's home, and being overcome by an excessive weakness in his limbs was carried to his bed, before taking his enforced rest, he anointed his mutilated limb, offering a fervent prayer to our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist. He fell into a deep sound sleep ; his parents becoming anxious at his prolonged sleep went to arouse him. Imagine, if you can, their joy and astonishment when their son awoke and stood before them, no longer a cripple, his two limbs as sound and perfect as before his accident. The young man could scarcely believe his happiness, thinking it must be a dream ; realizing the

glad truth, he fell on his knees and with tears of joy thanked Jesus in the Eucharist, who had so nobly rewarded his faith.

The cripple walked joyfully through the streets of his native city, publicly acknowledging his gratitude to God for his miraculous cure. He went to show himself to the Surgeon, who had performed the amputation two years previously ; his astonishment can be better imagined than described, after thoroughly investigating the case for himself, and listening to all particulars, he gladly accompanied the young man to the Archbishop's to testify that he had amputated the limb, two years previously, and that to-day by a miracle, the limb is restored to its normal condition.

At the Archbishop's instigation, a learned discussion followed, in which Doctors from three faculties argued the case, all even the most sceptical being forced to admit the cure was miraculous.

The King of Spain, Philipp IV, hearing of the miracle, came to Saragosse to interview the miraculously cured man.

An annual feast was established in the Church of Saragosse in commemoration of this miracle, and was observed with great piety and devotion by the inhabitants of city and country. The Cardinal of Retz relates in his *Mémoires* that being in Saragosse on the anniversary, he was edified by the faith and devotion of the immense concourse of people gathered to celebrate the feast.

The young man did not return to his farm life ; longing to return much where much had been given him, he consecrated himself, in religion, to God's service. His dearest occupation was the care of the Sanctuary lamps which had become very numerous since his miraculous cure ; each one desiring themselves and families represented before the God of the Eucharist, by a burning lamp ; and using with faith and love the precious oil which had worked such a wonderful miracle.







— OBITUARY —

His Holiness Leo XIII.

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*Mourning prevails throughout the entire Catholic world. Leo XIII the great and good pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, has gone to the Fatherland for which he longed. A luminous sweet strength seemed to clothe the fragile aged pontiff with incomparable Majesty, making one feel and realize that his vast intelligence, his great moral powers were truly super-human.*

*Leo XIII is dead. Pneumonia attacked him on Saturday, July 4th, Sunday he received Holy Communion as Viaticum. The following day, Monday, the death struggle began; but with faith and hope in his heart, and poetry on his lips, he writes thus of himself. . . " The fatal hour approaches Leo. Thy neary race is run, thou nearest the goal. . . The keys of sovereignty weight very heavily. . . Meditate on what thou hast done during the past years. . . Christ is there awaiting thee."*

*On this noble tomb so recently closed we place the homage best suited to our works; deeps respect, sincere admiration, undying gratitude for the impetus Leo XIII has given to our Eucharistic works.*

*It was under his patronage that our congresses were convened; he invariably being represented. He approved the Constitutions of the Congrégation of the Blessed Sacrament in the year 1895. His Nuncios have always showed our houses of adoration special marks of favor.*

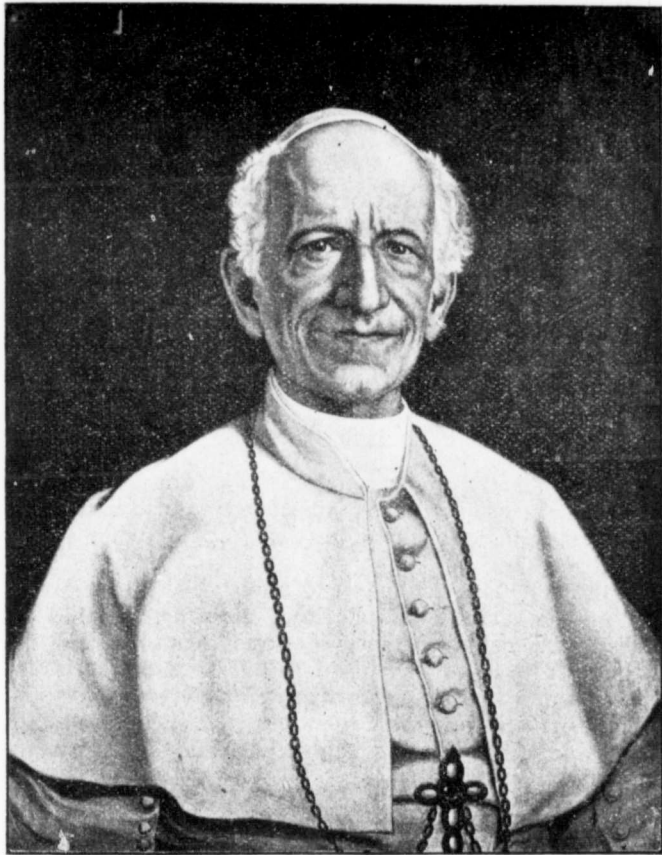
*On the 28th of November, 1897, he named St Pascal Baylon patron of Eucharistic works.*

*On the 28th of May, he published his Encyclical. " The admirable charity of our God," on the fruits of the Eucharist.*

*In gratitude to Leo XII for all he has done for our cherished devotion, we ask our readers to pray for his soul, and to offer Holy Communion for his eternal rest. . .*

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Leo XIII. March 2, 1810 — July 20, 1903.

O peerless soul! White Shepherd! Lion leader without stain!  
Three hundred millions of thy flock, who suffered in thy pain,  
With other millions drawn by thy great heart's allwinning love.  
Weep o'er thy bier and pray for thee to Him who rules above.  
O fearless heart, that met the King of Terrors with a smile;  
Stern foe of wrong, brave friend of right, staunch hero free from  
guile,  
Be to us wanderers through the night a brightly guiding star:  
Help our tired feet to follow thee, though weakly and afar.

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## A Mystery of Grace

**I**T had been sultry all day, and the low rumble of distant thunder was ominous. From a veranda which overlooked the Potomac, Captain John Carlton was watching the first approaching shower, and the lowering clouds that folded themselves about the neighboring hills. Soon large drops began to fall, and the stately row of hemlocks that guarded the way from the mansion to the road waved wildly, and shook the wet from their limbs, as the gusts of wind passed down the line.

President Lincoln had just issued his first call for volunteers, and Captain Carlton, favoring the cause of the North, had been among the foremost to respond. He was going to leave his mother and little sister Lucy that very night and a glow was over every body and everything. When evening came the storm had spent itself, and the captain, after bidding his mother and sister an affectionate farewell departed.

Years rolled by and Lucy grew to womanhood. A fairer creature there never was in all the country round ; always cheerful, always bright, and possessing one of the happiest of natures. Having received her education at home, she had been well instructed in the teachings of the Episcopal belief, and it was a joy to her mother, and a source of consternation to her many friends and admirers, when one day she announced her wish to join the Episcopal sisterhood.

Her first year in the community was a happy one. But a time came when there seemed to be something wanting to make her happiness complete. An indescribable something, she knew not what ; but the ways of God

are great, and He knew, and it was pleasing to Him that after a year of unrest she should again return to her own.

Again she entered society and mingled with her friends, many of them told her openly that they knew she would return.

Among her many friends the one who was most dear to her was Agnes Raymond, a Catholic. They were together very often after her return home, and on one of her visits to Agnes, Lucy opened at random a volume of Cardinal Newman's works, the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and read these words : " From the time I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate, for I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever." Can this be true ? she thought and read on : " I have been in perfect peace and never had one doubt."

On her way home Lucy pondered on those words : " no anxiety of heart, perfect peace, never had one doubt," and wondered if there could be such " happiness " in this life. The seed of inquiry had fallen on good ground and had taken root deep down in her heart.

## II

One beautiful sunny morning in May when Father Harkins was in his garden, gathering a bunch of early roses for the Blessed Virgin's altar, Lucy approached saying : Father Harkins, I want to be a Catholic, and have come to be instructed."

" But, my child —" Father Harkins began.

" There is no but about it, father ; I am in earnest and want to learn the great truths of your faith, and.—"

" But tell me," broke in the astonished priest, " what has been the cause of this most sudden and unexpected change in your ideas ?"

" Unexpected it is, I admit," Lucy replied, " but it is not sudden. For two years past I have been turning this question over in my mind as a result of my having read by chance a passage from Newman. After that I read all his works, and at last am convinced that I have been only an imitator, and wish to embrace the truth."

"All right, my little catechumen," he added; "God's holy will be done. Let us have our first lesson this morning."

From that day forth the instructions went on regularly, and often the old priest was surprised how readily his young pupil accepted the teachings of Holy Mother Church. In due time the sunshine of God's grace dispersed all clouds, penetrated the very depths of her soul, and warmed her heart; and on the feast of our Blessed Mother's Nativity she became a member of the true fold of Christ and made her first communion.

The mother seeing her daughter's happiness was resigned, and even began to question within herself what it was that made her child so completely happy. It may have been her daughter's prayers, or it may have been the voice of God speaking directly to her soul; for when told she was dying, Mrs. Carlton asked for father Harkins. The good priest came to her, and having heard from her own lips that she desired to die a Catholic, he prepared her for death. When she had made her confession, she sent for Lucy, she wished to tell her something of importance; but all Lucy could catch from her mother's words were, "Your brother John, — the war, — Catholic," for Mrs. Carlton died almost immediately after Father Harkins had left her.

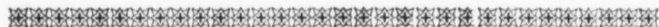
Now Lucy was alone. Many valuable documents were brought to her by the family lawyer; among other things a package of letters, many of which had been written by her brother to her mother just two weeks after his departure in the spring of 1861. What a revelation was in store for her! Now she was to learn Father Harkin's secret and what it was that her mother had wished to make known to her. It was a loving letter, and stated briefly that should anything befall him he wished her to know that only a month before leaving home he had been received by Father Harkins into the Roman Catholic Church. He wrote that it was his earnest prayer that some day she and his sister Lucy would also become members of the one true fold of Jesus Christ. What a mystery of grace. God in His mercy had watched over them, and in His own way had led them step by step to the threshold of His sanctuary.

Just as Lucy finished reading her brother's letter, who had been killed in the battle of Gettysburg, Father Harkins was announced. Lucy ran to meet him and put the letter into his hands, saying : " O Father ! read this, read this ; are not the ways of God wonderful ? As Father Harkin's read the letter the tears began to roll down his wrinkled cheeks. When he had finished it he said : " My call this morning is useless ; it was to tell you what you have read I came."

" Not useless, Father," Lucy replied, " for you are just in time to rejoice with me ; but tell me, why did you not let me know about my brother's conversion before ?"

The old priest sat down and told her that at the time of her brother's conversion, Mrs. Carlton was bitterly opposed to Catholicism, and that he promised Captain Carlton not to say anything about his conversion to his mother or sister unless they entered the church.

" It is but a week since your good mother became a Catholic," he added ; " and this is the first opportunity I have had since, of speaking with you. I did not know of this letter before ; now you know all, let us be deeply grateful for this mystery of Grace."



## Parent and Child in Home Life

ONE of the most important requisites of home life, and one perhaps most frequently overlooked, is the intimacy that should exist between parent and child. This is indeed the foundation on which all good influences may be most securely laid. The control which is obtained through force, or fear, or bare authority, has nothing abiding in it. But the influence at work where real sympathy and friendship exist between parents and children will abide long after the relationship itself is severed, and will enter as a powerful factor into the whole life. This ought to be one of the good features of our Catholic homes.





## TRIUMPH

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**T**HE Blessed Sacrament is the triumph of the Church over the world, of spirit over matter, of grace over nature, of faith over sight. Now I will say more. The Blessed Sacrament is everything to us.

If we wish to be all for Jesus, there is our way, there is Himself. If we desire to see how Jesus is all for us, or which is another thing, how He is all in all to us, the Blessed Sacrament is at once that double revelation. All the doctrines of the Church, creation, Incarnation, grace, sacraments, run up into the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, and are magnificently developed there. All the art and ceremonial, the liturgical wisdom and the rubrical majesty of the Church are grouped around the Blessed Sacrament. All devotions are united and satisfied in this one. All mysteries gravitate to this, touch upon it and are crowned by it. Nowhere are the marvellous perfections of the Invisible God so copied to the life and displayed to His creatures. All the mysteries of the Incarnation are gathered into one in the Blessed Sacrament.

The Church can never triumph except in what crowns, completes, and satisfies the vast nature of an immortal soul ; but was ever triumph like to this ? It is the triumph of création, the triumph of Redemption, the triumph of the Holy and Undivided Trinity.

O what unfathomable sweetness there is in Jesus. Everything that leads to Him, that stands in sight of Him, that in any way belongs to Him, or after the most indirect fashion can be coupled with Him, how sweet it is, how soul-soothing and soul-satisfying even though it be not Himself.

Ah ! then the Blessed Sacrament is not one thing out of many, but it is all things, and all in one, and all better than they are in themselves, and all ours and for us, and — it is Jesus !

FABER.

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## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

### An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

#### I. — Adoration.

*Christian Virtues : — Hope.*

Adore Jesus Christ in the Eucharist as the solid foundation of our hope, promising us the eternal possession of God in everlasting life.

Hope in its supremacy is God expected waited for, as our end in eternity.

1. What is eternal life but the intimate, personal and living possession of God? It is God, Himself, God alone, Source of joy, happiness of the elect. The angel and saints are fed at a delicious banquet, the Divinity without shadows, without veils; happiness and joy of which we hope to partake in heaven. On earth in the Sacred Host we already possess the adorable object of our eternal felicity. He is hidden by the veil of the Sacramental Species, nevertheless we can receive Him, enthroned Him in our hearts, contemplate Him by the eyes of Faith.

2. Why do we hope for the ineffable joys of eternal life? Because God is good, goodness itself, because He loves us, and has already given us a thousand proofs of His love. The eucharistic soul who has tasted the sweetness of the adorable sacrament, testimony of God's love for her filled with a firm hope, reasons thus, since God is so good to me now, how much better will He not be in eternity?



3. Our hope is founded on His solemn promises, He wished to accentuate those promises by pledges of what He reserves for us in eternity. Undoubtedly, the most precious pledge He has left us is the Eucharist, which on earth, gives us, the possession and the substance of our eternal beatitude : Jesus Christ, our God.

Admire in the Eucharist the strong pledge of our hope, and offer Jesus worship of absolute unlimited confidence in His Divine promises.

## II. — Thanksgiving

Hope is relying on God's promises and trusting by His grace to acquire eternal life.

What thanksgiving do we not owe the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Jesus Christ, that is to say Jesus-Christ become source of grace means of sanctification and salvation, and thus the cause of our hope.

All the Sacraments are grace-giving-channels, helping us to win heaven ; the Eucharist surpasses all being universal, substantial and final : substantial, containing Jesus Christ : universal, sufficient for all necessities ; final, the natural end and perfection of all.

2. By Holy Communion which is for our soul the growth and development of all virtues : we also receive the grace of hope. This beautiful virtue blossoming under the influence of the Sun of Eternal Love, and transplanted into our soul by Baptism, when watered by the Precious Blood, in the Eucharist : this supernatural flower receives new life and vigor. The Eucharist combats vices opposed to hope, pusillanimity and diffidence, by showing us a God so good, so merciful, and condescending : it combats proud presumption, ever sufficient unto itself, by showing "without the God of the Eucharist, you can do nothing."

3. Despite so many aids and graces, life at times seems very sad, we grow faint hearted and weary, and heaven seems so far away, so difficult of attainment : to sustain our courage in dark days and hours, God has placed oasis in this desert, which are each one of our communions. Mass, Benediction, our visits to the Blessed Sacrament where our souls are refreshed, consoled, encouraged and fortified by a fore-taste of eternal joys.

O Eucharistic Jesus, I thank Thee, I love Thee, I hope in Thy love for all eternity.

### III. — Reparation.

One of the greatest faults committed against the Eucharist is diffidence, want of confidence in God's goodness. This is why we so seldom address our prayers directly to Jesus in the Sacred Host for necessary graces, apparently having more confidence in the saints. Cruel injustice to the heart of Jesus. Truly, a sad spectacle in His eyes, those prayers of ours so cold, lacking the loving fervent confidence which should buoy them up and render them meritorious. A child lacking confidence in its mother, clearly proves its lack of love for that mother; in like manner we can test our love for Jesus in the Eucharist, by the amount of our hope and confidence in Him.

2. We have not practical hope in Jesus in the Eucharist, when we grow discouraged, at our trials and difficulties, or when our prayers do not bring immediate assistance. We forget the struggle will never surpass our strength, that in every trial or sorrow, Jesus is there in His Eucharist, watching over us, stretching out His arms in loving consolation; even though we should not sensibly feel His help. Discouragement impeaches the goodness of our Lord, or the efficacy of His adorable Sacrament.

3. Presumption causes us to sin against hope: when we abstain from Holy Communion, as if it were not necessary to our sanctification, to our salvation, as if the graces and merits acquired by our good works were sufficient for our salvation. Do we forget all our help must come from Him, who said after the Eucharistic Supper, "Without me, you can do nothing."

4. We counteract the efficacy of the Eucharist by our want of cooperation, presumption leading us to approach the "Holy of Holies" without sufficient preparation, without fervent thanksgiving thus rendering its action on our hearts almost null.

5. There are hearts rash enough to abuse of the confidence of the goodness of Jesus in the Sacred Host, daring to receive this Sacrament of purity with a soiled conscience, a soul dead and corrupted by sin, bringing to the sacrament of love, a heart ulcerated with hatred.

Lord for those who lack confidence in the Eucharist,

and for those who abuse of that confidence, we ask pardon and offer loving reparation.

#### IV. — Prayer

Let us lean our prayers firmly on those foundations of hope in the Blessed Eucharist and ask of Jesus confidence in His Sacrament of love.

1. An unshakable confidence ; — Believing in its solid foundations, its base is the infinite love which God shows us, the numberless and unceasing benefits He bestows on us, His solemn promise to give us Himself in eternal life, promise verified in the precious pledge of the Eucharist, in which only the frail partition of the Sacred Species separates earth from heaven.

2. A universal confidence ; — Leading us to the Eucharist in all needs and dangers, as a child to its mother. The Eucharist is an inexhaustible treasury containing every grace, every virtue, every remedy. Why then do so many souls languish and faint so close to the Tabernacle ?

3. An humble confidence ; — Acknowledging our unworthiness. " Lord I am not worthy, let not my unworthiness put a bar to Thy mercy and goodness ". My very unworthiness brings me to Thee, to be cleansed, purified and sanctified. The Eucharist is the Sacrament of the humble and poor, Lord as the poorest of all, I remain at the door of Thy sanctuary, expecting all from Thee.

4. An active confidence ; — Trusting for, expecting all help from Jesus-Christ but knowing how to put that help in practice. " Help yourself, and the Blessed Eucharist will help you ". Daily drawing from Holy Communion the necessary activity and courage for the day's work.

Lord Jesus-Christ hear my prayer ! Give me a firm, universal, humble and active hope. I hope for this and all other graces from Thy goodness ; and I know my confidence in Thee will never be confounded.



## To Joan in Heaven

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

*And all the priests and friars in the realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.*

*No longer on St. Denis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.*

—SHAKESPEARE, Henry VI, Act I, Scene 6.

T
 HE lips that curse to-day the hero's fall  
 To-morrow vote him laurels and applause ;  
 Impartial Time doth justice unto all,  
 No blindfold goddess she, of erring laws.  
 Four hundred years of slander shrink dismayed  
 Beneath the shrivelling fervor of her glance,  
 And lo ! with praise of thee, O shepherd maid !  
 Resound the stately sanctuaries of France.

For what is death, that men should fear to lose  
 The labored drawing of a little breath ?  
 Or what is life, that coward men should choose  
 Its lease of pain before heroic death ?  
 Thy country grovelled 'neath the tyrant's yoke,  
 The Vision called, the Heavenly voices spoke,  
 And faring forth without or doubt or pause  
 'Twas thine to crown with victory her cause.  
 Yet, oh, 'twas sweet amid the morning dews  
 To range a-forest with thy lambs and ewes ;  
 To watch the punctual miracle of spring  
 And all the mystery of the blossoming  
 Of violets, and claim sweet sisterhood  
 With finch and linnet and the winged brood  
 Of tuneful things in old Domremy's wood ;  
 Or, when the wind, musician weird, awoke  
 The pealing organs of the pine and oak,  
 There awed in trance of reverence to hear  
 The waft of angel pinions hovering near.  
 And sweeter far were distaff to thy hand  
 Than gauntlet or the grip of battle-brand,

And homelier were the feel of woven stuff  
 To thy soft breast than iron corselet rough.  
 But oh, when Conscience, like a clarion, spoke,  
 And on thy soul the voice of duty broke,  
 Obedient, in meek, unquestioning faith,  
 To rise and leave all these and march to death,  
 This—surely this—were sweet for country's sake ;  
 Yea, welcome e'en the dungeon and the stake.  
 Or through the fierce Gethsemany of fire  
 To snatch the martyr's laurel from the pyre.  
 But oh, to fall and have his country doubt

His innocence ; or, worse,  
 When flash the flames, above his murderers' shout  
 To catch his country's curse,  
 This is the patriot's crowning pang,  
 More poignant than the poisonous foeman's fang.

Yet not in vain

Didst thou the bitter dregs of anguish drain,  
 And pledge to Christ and France thy virgin veins.  
 Where now are grasping England's chains ?  
 No smallest link upon thy land remains ;  
 Gone with thy judges and thy murderers,

And *they* were hers.

Yea, many a cause and many a leader since  
 Have bowed the head to Death, the sov'reign prince.  
 And where they rose shall others yet arise  
 And with ephemeral fancies snare men's eyes  
 And have their little day and pass again.

New hours demand new men,

And wise is he indeed

Who sees and shapes new ends to meet new need.  
 But all shall be as grass of yesterday,  
 While France is greater far than they ;  
 And France remains and suppliant seeks thine aid  
 With hands outstretched to thee, O Martyr Maid !

For ancient feuds, old passions and old hates  
 Watch at her walls and prowl about her gates.  
 And deadlier foes and subtler shapes of sin  
 Lurk at her hearth and plot her ruin within.  
 Sons recreant, devising blight and curse,  
 With wiles insidious would her heart divorce

From all that made her glorious and great  
 And raised her lo her proud estate—  
 From truth and honor, and her wise belief  
 In justice, of all virtues chief.  
 For, walking humbly in the eyes of God,  
 France aye held Empire's rod ;  
 And kneeling, reverent, at Our Lady's feet  
 And drawing thence all heavenly virtue sweet,  
 France aye has been the France of high renown,  
 Sceptered with love and wearing honor's crown.

From that bright place of glory thou hast won,  
 Rapt in the vision of the Sire and Son,  
 In this dark hour that menaces thy land,  
 Above her hearthstones stretch protecting hand ?  
 'Gainst impious men who forth from school and shrine  
 Would scourge thy Christ and in the fields of France,  
 Would raze thy Christ's sweet empery divine,  
 Oh, gird thee now with new deliverance !  
 Thy virtues emulating and thy fame  
 By hearths that burn with Chastity's pure flame,  
 The maids and matrons of thy land beseech  
 Thee o'er their homes thy shield of love to reach.  
 For blest that land and armor'd against ill  
 Where civic virtues wait on woman's will,  
 Where reverent manhood worships wife or maid  
 Queen-like in holy purity arrayed.  
 She, fenced around by chivalry, perchance  
 May suffer, but she cannot suffer long,  
 Nor, wronged, be victim of enduring wrong.  
 Such happy land in France.  
 And, lifting high thruth's oriflamme, behold  
 Her phalanx'd daughters, God-inspired, stand,  
 As thou 'gainst tyrant England didst of old,  
 To drive dishonor from their honored land.  
 And, patient long and kindling slow  
 To wrath, their hearts for Christ aglow,  
 About His altars menaced by the law,  
 At woman's 'hest her sons devoted draw.  
 While these love virtue, oh, she cannot fall,  
 Mother of Chivalry, beloved Gaul.

For not in spoil of sea or soil  
 Or ships on ocean waters  
 A nation thrives, but in the lives  
 Of noble sons and daughters.  
 While these shall last, in honor fast,  
 The happy land shall flourish.  
 Nor foes prevail, but when they fail  
 Then laws end people perish.

But thou above thine ancient land  
 Wilt stretch in patronage thy hand.  
 For howsoe'r disguise in snowy fleece,  
 Christ's watchdogs lulling into perilous peace,  
 The wolves of Hell upon Christ's fold would prey,  
 And shepherds false would lead astray  
 Christ's lambs in error's devious way,  
 The heart of France, as in her ardent youth,  
 Throbs still for Christ and Truth.  
 And from a thousand shrines thy people's love  
 Like incense rises to thy feet above,  
 To ward from harm thy France.

Thy country's sin, the insult and the shame,  
 The scaffold's doom, the faggot and the flame—  
 All these shall pass and be remembered not ;  
 Fair Charity with kindly tears shall blot  
 From France's shield the black, corroding stain,  
 Caught from thy blood, O Lily of Lorraine !  
 Thy land, so fair, of life shall be bereft  
 Nor smallest trace be left  
 To after years to tell

That Freedom once had here her choicest citadel ;  
 The hero's heart shall lose its thirst for fame  
 And truth be dead and virtue but a name,  
 Ere men shall cease to honor thee who gave  
 To France, to Liberty, to Truth—  
 In battle's bloodiest breaches undismayed,  
 'Neath insult meek, in persecution brave—  
 Thy love, thy life, thy stainless youth,  
 O Virgin, Patriot and Martyr Maid !



## Cor dulce, Cor amabile.

M.M. ♩ = 80. P. Piel

Cantus. *mf*

Altus. *mf*

Tenor. *mf*

Bassus *mf*

1. Cor dul - ce, Cor a - má - bi - le, A - mó - re  
 2. Vin - dex re - is i - rá - sci - tur De - us, sed  
 3. Gran - di re - clú - sum vúl - ne - re A - mor de  
 4. Quos a - blu - i - sti sán - gui - ne Ve - nis a -  
 5. Je - su Pa - tris Cor ú - ni - cum, Pa - ris a -

1. nos - tri sau - ci - um, A - mó - re nos - tri san - gui - num, Fac  
 2. ut te ré - spi - cit, Pla - cá - tus i - ras ab - ji - cit, Et  
 3. dit te pér - vi - um, A - mor re - clú - sit ó - sti - um, Hor -  
 4. pér - tis ó - mni - bus, Nos in - ti - mis re - cés - si - bus Se -  
 5. mé - cum mén - ti - bus, Pa - ris a - má - dum Cor - di - bus, In

*cresc.*

1. sis mi - hi pla - cá - bi - le. A - - - - - men.  
 2. ful - men ó - bli - vi - sci - tur. *cresc.*  
 3. tá - tur et per - vá - de - re. A - - - - - men.  
 4. mel re - cép - tos Con - ti - ne. *cresc.*  
 5. Cor - de reg - nes ó - mni - um. A - - - - - men.





## Frequent Communion

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**L**ORD, *give us always this bread.*" St. John, VI, 34. It is the intention of Jesus Christ that we should communicate frequently,—an intention He has manifested by instituting the Holy Eucharist under the form of food, and by selecting bread and wine as the remote matter of it, which are the ordinary nourishment of mankind. He gives us to understand that it is a food we should make use of, not rarely as we do remedies, but frequently as we do bread and wine which we take every day; and that the physical taking of food being an habitual act for the life of the body, Communion should be an ordinary and frequent act of the Christian life.

He requires us to say in the *Pater Noster*: "give us this day our daily bread:" the doctors of the Church agree that this means, in the first place, the Eucharistic bread.

O Jesus! who can look at Thy Heart or recall Thy words, without comprehending why Thou urgest us to receive Thee very frequently? Ah! when I hear Thee say, "I am the bread of life... My flesh is meat indeed; and my blood is drink indeed.." "Come to me, all you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you"... "With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer..." can I still doubt that Thou desirest to be our habitual food?

In the early ages, the faithful communicated every day: yet the Church has never said anything against that custom; on the contrary, she has not ceased to recommend it.

She has frequent communion so much at heart that,

by the Sacred Council of Trent, she goes so far as to entreat the faithful by the bowels of the Divine Mercy, to believe the sacred mysteries of the body and blood of Jesus Christ with such constancy and firmness of faith, and to revere them with so profound a respect, and such piety and devotion of heart, that they may be in a state to frequently receive that supersubstantial bread. Finally, invoking the testimony of all christian ages, and of the fathers of the Church, she formally expresses the wish to see all the faithful communicate sacramentally every time they assist at the holy sacrifice of the mass.

“Behold the Church which is the same at all times,” says Fenelon, on this subject.” Nothing in her grows old, the same spirit always animates her; she invites all her children to frequent communion.

Let us quote some expressions of her holy doctors: — “The Holy Eucharist,” says St. Ambrose, “is our daily bread: receive it every day, if allowed, so that every day it may be profitable to you. The remedy for sin is in the adorable Eucharist, and since I do not cease to sin, I should not cease to take that divine Nourishment.” “The Holy Eucharist,” says St. Augustine, “is our daily bread, that which we need to sustain us in this life. Take that divine food as often as you are benefited by it; and if every day, take it every day.”

“In the Lord’s prayer,” says St. Jerome, “we ask for the living bread which came down from heaven, so that we may merit to receive every day in this life, the substantial bread which we shall receive in the next.”

St. Liguori says: “I am of the opinion of those who recommend frequent communion, for such seems to me not only the primitive custom of the faithful, but the sentiment of the holy fathers and the whole Church.”

Generally speaking, frequent communion has been the constant and universal practice of the saints. Their hearts were consumed with the desire of receiving Jesus Christ, and they partook as frequently as possible of His sacred banquet. When they were deprived of it, they lamented as being subjected to a most painful privation. It was because they knew how great is the necessity of this heavenly bread for the nourishment of our soul, and how quickly, when deprived of it, it falls into tepidity, relaxa-

tion, and sin.

Let us recall to mind what was the conduct of St. Francis of Assisium, St. Philip Neri, St. Theresa, St. Magdalene of Pazzi, and the Blessed Margaret, on that subject.

Ah! like those seraphic souls, let us be convinced that we cannot cause more joy to the heart of Jesus than by receiving Him, and with fruit, in the blessed sacrament. Moreover, is it not in accordance with the spirit of our vocation?

The dispositions necessary for frequent communion are—the state of grace—the only condition absolutely indispensable—the will to correct venial sins, and a true desire to receive the body of our Lord.

Imperfect, weak, infirm, I shall approach to the holy table as often as I can, and by nourishing myself with beauty, goodness and purity itself in that holy sacrament, my soul shall become beautiful, good, and pure, and will merit favor in the eyes of the Lord.

BROTHER PHILIPPE.

### The first hour to God

**T**HOMAS MORE, chancellor of England, who confessed to martyrdom the Catholic faith showed himself faithful in attending holy mass every day: He said: "I give to God the first hour of the day: the rest belongs to the king, or to those who claim my services."

#### An act of faith

The colonel d'Armonville, de Guiscard, (Oise) during his last sickness, had just received the last sacraments; the ceremony over, he rises on his couch, takes his hat and sword near his bed and asks for his coat. Those near him, believing him delirious, requested him to keep quiet, but he persisted in his idea: "It is the least said he, that when my God gratifies me with the honor of coming to my home that I should escort Him to the door."

He effectively dressed and escorted, sword in hand, to the door of the street, the priest who had brought him the Holy Viaticum and Extreme-Unction.



## Heroism Rewarded

A terrible fight was going on a mile or two from the village of Hooties. The air resounded with the noise of the rifles; cannon awakened the echoes, and in the distance could be seen dark, heavy columns of smoke and powder.

The curé knelt before the altar praying for his people. Around him, pale with fright the villagers were begging God to protect them.

Two young lads stealing from bush to bush, and softly approaching the ranks, fired on the Prussians. "Fire two loads in pursuit!" said the officer.

Then a detachment of German soldiers galloped toward the village. There they arrested six of the inhabitants, the first they met, and took them before the major. "You are the highest in authority," said the commanding officer to this official. I come, then, to tell you that some one has fired on his Majesty's troops near your village. Being nearest to the scene of the crime you are held responsible. You must hand over the guilty ones or else six of the inhabitants of the village will be shot as an example. I will wait until to-morrow at eleven o'clock. The execution must take place at noon. In the mean time your village is under martial law and I will guard the prisoners."

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the poor village people. The women uttered the most lamentable cries. The people met together and it was resolved with sighs and tears, to let fate decide who should be the victims by drawing lots. Those who had fired on the Germans did not belong to the community; they came from a distance, following the Prussian column.

The day was spent in discussion, lamentation, and sorrow. The mayor, the curé, and two old men bent with

the weight of more than eighty years, vainly begged the Prussian officer for mercy. The women came weeping. All was in vain.

The six unhappy men designated were delivered to



him at five o'clock that evening and confined in the hall of the school room, on the ground floor of the major's house. The Prussian officer authorized the curé to carry

to the men the consolations of religion. Their hands were tied behind their backs, and the same rope tied their legs together. They were so prostrated they could scarcely understand what the curé said. Two of them had fainted. At one end of the line, with his head raised and his brow apparently unruffled, stood a man of about forty years of age, the father of five motherless children, whose only support he was. He wept over his children, whom he was about to leave to poverty perhaps to starvation.

All the efforts of the curé were unable to bring peace to this crushed spirit. Finally he went out and walked slowly to the guard-house where the officer was quartered. The latter was smoking a large porcelain pipe. He continued to smoke and listened to the curé without interrupting him.

"Captain," said the curé, six hostages are in your hands who within a few hours are to be shot down. Not one of them has fired upon your troops. The guilty ones have escaped, and your intention is to give an example that will serve as a warning to the inhabitants of other localities. It makes little difference to you whether you shoot one or another. I would say, though, the better known the victim the stronger would be the warning. So I come to ask you as a favor to let me take the place of a father whose death would leave five little children in misery. He and I are both innocent, but my death will be less regretted than his."

"Just as you please," said the officer.

Four soldiers led the curé to prison; he was tied hand and foot with the other victims. The peasant whose place he took, the father of the five children, embraced his benefactor.

We will not try to paint the anguish of that night. When daybreak came the curé had revived the courage of his companions in misery.

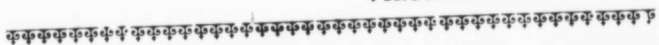
The poor fellows, at first stupefied with fear, had now become, at the voice of the priest, glorious martyrs who were supported by Christian faith and the hope of a better life. At eleven o'clock a military escort halted at the door and the prisoners were marched out. The curé at their head recited aloud the office of the Dead. Along the road knelt the villagers waiting to get a last look at thei

pastor. They had come to the place of execution when a major in the Prussian army, who happened to be passing with an order, stopped.

The sight of the priest attracted his attention. The captain explained. The major ordered the execution delayed and reported to the general-in-chief. The general ordered the curé brought before him. The explanation was short. The general was a noble-hearted man. He said to the curé: "Sir, I do not wish your death. Go, and tell your parishoners that for your sake I show mercy to all." When the curé was gone, the Prussian general said to the officers who had witnessed the scene:

"If every Frenchman had a heart like this simple priest, we would not stay long on this side of the Rhine."

VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

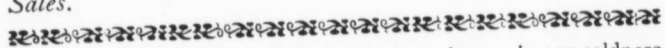


"O everlasting kingdom," said St. Augustine, "kingdom of endless ages, whereupon rests the untroubled light and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, where the souls of the Saints are in rest, and everlasting joy is about them, and sorrow and sighing have fled away. When shall I come and appear before God?"



### THE MOST EXCELLENT WORK OF MERCY

To assist the souls in purgatory is to perform all the most excellent of the works of mercy together. It is to visit the sick, it is to give drink to those who thirst for the vision of God; it is to feed the hungry, to ransom prisoners, to clothe the naked, to procure for poor exiles the hospitality of the heavenly Jerusalem; it is to comfort the afflicted, to instruct the ignorant — in fine, to practice all works of mercy in one. — *St. Francis de Sales.*



The Heart of Christ hungers for the love that we in our coldness and blindness deny. The love of the Sacred Heart for sinners is beyond the comprehension of our little minds. Day after we spend in utter forgetfulness of that Divine Heart which follows us even to the paths of sin, and urges us to return to Him Who is our friend unchanging and unchangeable.



## — ❁ — ANGLICANS HONOR MARY ❁ —

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THE *Angelus* is an Anglican paper published in the city of Chicago. The editor of the periodical takes offence at a criticism made by some one of its readers in reference to the Catholic tone displayed in many of its articles. The particular objection alluded to by the correspondent is the various commemorations of the Mother of God. It is surprising to find non-Catholics manifesting devotion for the spotless Mother of the Redeemer, yet judging from the following answer of the editor of the *Angelus* to his correspondent we are inclined to be edified and to believe that such souls are not far from the kingdom of God, and that the day is not distant when they will properly embrace the tenets of the old faith by becoming members of the one true church. Here are the words of the editor of the *Angelus* with which he defends himself for honoring Mary in its columns :

“ We are sorry that our correspondent should object to various commemorations of our Blessed Lady which have appeared in the *Angelus* calender from time to time. Nothing so isolates the Anglican communion from the rest of Catholic Christendom as the lack of devotion to Our Lady, which unfortunately characterizes so many Anglicans. Finally, doubtless nothing so retards the progress of the Catholic revival in the Anglican communion as the neglect on the part of even advanced High Churchmen to secure by invocation of Our Lady those inestimable blessings which would surely flow from the special exercise by the Mother of God of her strictly subordinate and derived, but non the less important, intercessory function. It is for the purpose of suggesting special devotions to her that we notice so many of her commemorations in our calender.

“ We strongly incline to the belief that not a few of th



miracles effected at Lourdes are miracles worked by Our Divine Lord at the intercession of our Blessed Lady, and in response to the prayers of faithful Catholics. We think it not at all unlikely that the Queen of Heaven, Our Lady of perpetual mercy, Our Mother of Sweet Grace, did actually appear to the blessed Bernadette and announce to her, "I am the Immaculate Conception." At any rate we wish we could see manifested by equal large numbers of persons in the Anglican Church the same supernatural faith which is shown by the pilgrims at the shrine of our Lady of Lourdes. Perhaps if we had here in America a Lourdes grotto we should be without Christian Science temples and if we had a blessed Bernadette we should be without a Mrs. Eddy and a blasphemous Dowie.

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### HE UNDERSTANDS

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IT is impossible for anyone to be perfectly understood by his fellowmen. However near and dear our friends and loved ones may be to us, they being unable to see into our hearts, are unaware of the high, and, alas! sometimes low flames of our thought. There are heights of aspiration in every life that can only be fully appreciated by our Maker.

The thought that God knows the innermost recesses of the heart, while it cannot fail to be terrible to the sinful man, should be one of the most productive sources of encouragement to the Christian. *He understands* Yes, all yearnings for a better life, all the battles with sin fought in the seclusion of our hearts, all the temptations and trials, and anxieties that press upon us on every side, *He understands*. Is it not a comforting thought? We all long at times for some one who can fully sympathize with us, but, failing to appreciate our motives, our best friends are unable to offer the aid that we so much need.

He knows every thought that passes through the mind, and with infinite compassion delights to give us credit for whatever good is in us. *He understands*. May these two words be a source of inspiration and encouragement in every trouble.

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**MATER DOLOROSA**  
After a painting by Plockhorst