

*His Eminence Cardinal V. Vannutelli
and
His Grace Archbishop Bruchési*



In Spirit and Truth

The chalice of the Lord reposes
In an altar high.
The worshippers in spirit and truth,
Adoringly draw nigh.

The Sun is set in golden cup
Invisible its rays.
A pure, white disc, now lifted up,
Alone its presence betrays.

The Lord's great burning heart of love,
A flame intense, divine,
Awaiteth the communicant,
With fire to refine.

True ! Moses scarcely dared approach
The Burning Bush of yore.
Nor now, should we, did God incarnate,
Go not on before.

Now, Christ's humanity invites
To His divinity.
The Son of God, Himself hath solved,
For us love's mystery.

Honora McDonough.

The Eucharist and the Rosary.

Fifth Sorrowful Mystery.

The Crucifixion

Calvary and the Altar



THE WAY of the cross is done. Calvary is reached and our dear harassed Saviour lays down His heavy burden. That burden means everything to Him and to us. It is both to the Redeemer and the redeemed the emblem of most perfect love. "Greater love than this hath no man to give his life for his friends." Has ever man done for his dearest friends a thousandth part of what Jesus has done for His enemies ?

The Crucifixion was a long series of literally excruciating bodily pains endured without intermission, relaxation or rest of any kind. The authorities were in a hurry to have the tragedy over and the body out of sight before the morrow's great feast began.

Jesus knows that His time is come ; He has never felt such exhaustion of bodily powers and alas ! never known so deep a sadness of spirit. He looks down upon the faithful three — Mary, His own broken hearted mother, John the Beloved and Magdalen the contrite, then slowly, and by the final rally of His dying energies, His face is lifted upward and His fading eyes gaze into the darkened heavens, shut and barred against His longing soul. He bends His poor thorn-crowned head in submission to that relentless messenger of doom, whose hand as it touches Him withers up His bodily life. Darkness settles thick upon Him, His muscles quiver and relax, His heart stops, a few feeble gasps for breath and all is still. The body hangs limp and lifeless. Jesus is dead. Such was the horrible but august tragedy of Calvary.

Nineteen centuries have not succeeded in distancing the remembrance of that dark day. The malicious hearts that planned its programme took it for granted that all was over forever with the Seducer who called Himself "the Son of the Living God". Little did they dream that our Dear Lord following out the plan of His Heavenly Father would outwit them in three short days. He had already planned staying with "us even to the consummation of the world" in the mysterious way which only a God could conceive. In the Blessed Eucharist He left us His chosen memorial of His death, and all its lessons are best taught in that Sacrament of love's own devising. The Eucharist is our daily reminder of His consummation, His Father's mercy proved, and, no less, His Father's justice vindicated at His Son's cost.

St. Thomas calls the Eucharist "A Souvenir of the passion of Christ" *recolitur memoria passionis ejus*. And what is this souvenir? Is it simply a monument to revive in the memory of a people the illustrious deeds, the events and catastrophes that deserve to be immortalized? There is no comparison! Man in his gratitude to Jesus, carries lovingly about his person a cross or a crucifix; inspired artists have left beautiful paintings which bring our souls in touch with Good Friday's pain; architects have devised plans for magnificent churches, but Jesus planned the Eucharist the only perfect monument because it is a living one.

In examining a monument there are two things which strike us: the resemblance and the expression. The Eucharist is perfect as to resemblance, for that which remains perpetually in the tabernacle is a sacrament, but we reach a sacrament only by a sacrifice, and this sacrifice is the very same as that which was offered upon the holy Mountain.

"Do this in commemoration of Me." In virtue of these words the priest becomes a sacrificer, that is, a living force which operates the mysterious change in any sacrifice. A sacrifice supposes a change, and any sacred change proclaims to the world that God who is the Creator of all things can do what He chooses with the things He has created. Now, there are two changes

wrought in the Eucharistic sacrifice by virtue of the words which the priest pronounces. He bends in lowly reverence over the bread and the wine and these two elements, while preserving their appearance become really and substantially the body and blood of Christ. And we may find still another marvel. To this real and substantial change there is added a virtual change from life to death. The Eucharist which we call a sacrament of life, is also virtually a sacrament of death ; that is to say : if Jesus Christ had not risen, if His flesh and blood were not found together by a natural concomitance, the words of the priest would open our Dear Saviour's veins, the blood would flow, and with this blood life itself. This virtual change is explained by the immobility and the helplessness of Jesus in the Sacred Host. His dear eyes no longer see, His ears do not hear, His limbs are bound ; and were it not as God that He sees, hears and acts, one might say He was dead upon the altar, attached to the Sacramental species as He was to the cross on the mountain top.

O faithful Heart of Jesus. Nineteen-hundred years and more have passed since Thy life on earth and on every altar we find Thee again the same, and yet, how changed ! The anguish and the agony have disappeared with the wild flutter of tremulous fear, and the dead weight of blank sadness, the sickness from loss of blood, the acute-physical pain and the last struggle of the strong spirit rending its way in its agony, all these are over, but in the blessed repose of the present we cannot forget the past. It is the broken Heart of the Passion that lies upon our altars.

This is the essence of Christ's religion : the perpetuation of Himself both physically and spiritually into every moment of time. " From the rising of the sun until the going down thereof " ; the localization of Himself into every place, changing this world of ours into a vast holy of holies ; the personalization of Himself into every human heart, enabling each of us to live with Him in a union like that whereby He lives one life with His Father.

Do we realize the depth of Christ's tender love when we think over the fifth sad mystery?

Dear Jesus, we come to Thee with bowed heads and repentant hearts to ask Thee to forget the past and to reign supreme in our lives, in our thoughts and in our affections. It was Thy will, in dying, that all religion should centre about the sacrifice of Calvary and that all the virtue that went out from Thy cross at death should be distributed in superabundance in every place and at every hour by the Sacrifice of the Mass. Much may be said against us at the last accounting, but with the help of thy grace it shall not be said that Thou didst die for us in vain, nor that we were indifferent toward that one great sacrifice, the morning oblation of Thine own dear Self.



A few minutes with God.

WE Catholics who live in large cities hardly realize the advantage we possess over those who live at long distances from a church. We sometimes fancy that we are doing a great deal if we get out of our beds Sunday morning at eight or nine or ten o'clock and walk a few blocks to be present at Holy Mass. The sacrifice we make is very little in comparison to the difficulties which many of our fellow Catholics, even in this country, have to make in order to obtain the blessings which are given to those who attend the Sacrifice of the Mass. But aside from this, you have your church open all day and till eight o'clock in the evening, where our Blessed Lord is ever present in the tabernacle waiting for you. Oh, if you could only realize this blessing, what a difference it would make in your lives! How easy a matter it is for you to step in a moment and, in less time than you waste in talking to a friend, to ask God, who is actually present, for help, for strength and mercy. Think of those who live many miles from a church, where they rarely see a church or priest. Reflect on this thought. You are here today, to-morrow may never come to you. The church is always open to you, and you can visit your Lord. How often do you do so, except when a law or precept obliges you?.....

(Church Bulletin.)

1642 - 1910

Bellelle Guerin

1642

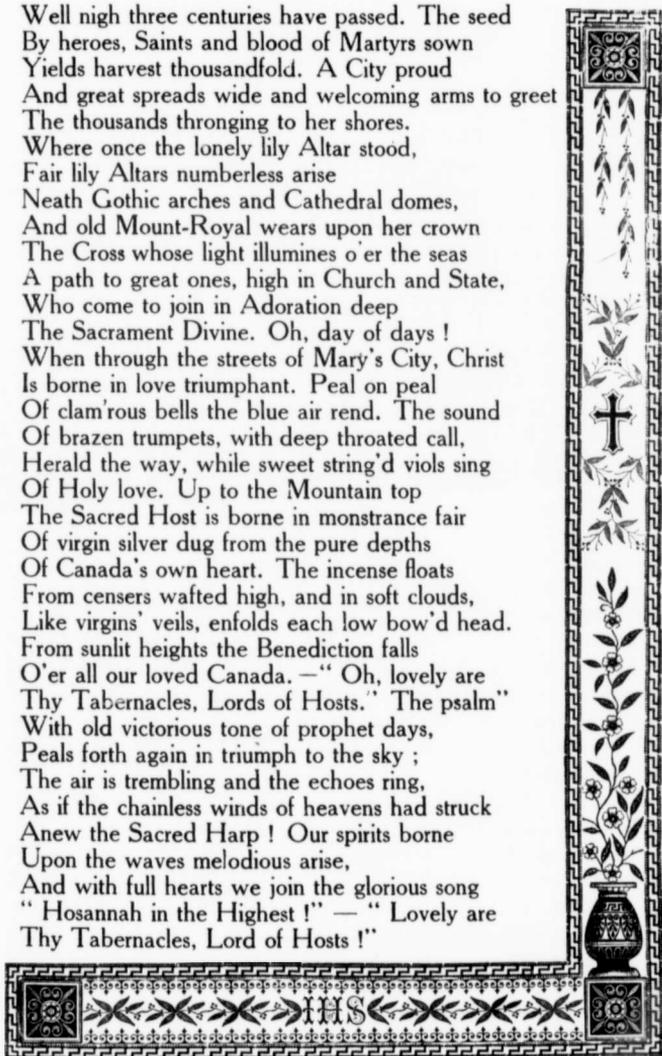
The dawn is breaking. The rejoicing hills
 Gold tipped arise from curling clouds of mist,
 And old Mount-Royal that hath slumber'd neath
 The suns and stars of centuries, wakes
 To greet the light of Life Eternal. Forth
 From o'er the blue and silver water comes
 A fair flotilla with white sails unfurled ;
 It bears the hero, with the cross of Christ
 Which evermore will bless this favour'd land.

The hour has come. Upon the virgin sward
 The Pioneers now stand. The mighty shades
 Weave gorgeous tracery over their heads,
 Where soft light falls, as through a cloister dim,
 Upon a lily Altar. Lo, they kneel !
 The silence, breathing veneration waits
 The Mysteries Most Holy. Hush, oh hearts !
 The sacred words of consecration fall
 Upon the air, — in that sublime hour
 Of Love Divine, a City great is born !
 The angel voices of the sky that hymned
 The Saviour's birth, rejoice again, and all
 The living, lone and chainless things that roam
 The forest aisles, make music. " Lovely are
 Thy Tabernacles, Lord of Hosts."



1910

Well nigh three centuries have passed. The seed
 By heroes, Saints and blood of Martyrs sown
 Yields harvest thousandfold. A City proud
 And great spreads wide and welcoming arms to greet
 The thousands thronging to her shores.
 Where once the lonely lily Altar stood,
 Fair lily Altars numberless arise
 Neath Gothic arches and Cathedral domes,
 And old Mount-Royal wears upon her crown
 The Cross whose light illumines o'er the seas
 A path to great ones, high in Church and State,
 Who come to join in Adoration deep
 The Sacrament Divine. Oh, day of days !
 When through the streets of Mary's City, Christ
 Is borne in love triumphant. Peal on peal
 Of clam'rous bells the blue air rend. The sound
 Of brazen trumpets, with deep throated call,
 Herald the way, while sweet string'd viols sing
 Of Holy love. Up to the Mountain top
 The Sacred Host is borne in monst'rance fair
 Of virgin silver dug from the pure depths
 Of Canada's own heart. The incense floats
 From censers wafted high, and in soft clouds,
 Like virgins' veils, enfolds each low bow'd head.
 From sunlit heights the Benediction falls
 O'er all our loved Canada. — " Oh, lovely are
 Thy Tabernacles, Lords of Hosts." The psalm"
 With old victorious tone of prophet days,
 Peals forth again in triumph to the sky ;
 The air is trembling and the echoes ring,
 As if the chainless winds of heavens had struck
 Anew the Sacred Harp ! Our spirits borne
 Upon the waves melodious arise,
 And with full hearts we join the glorious song
 " Hosannah in the Highest !" — " Lovely are
 Thy Tabernacles, Lord of Hosts !"



The price of a Soul

Anna T. Sadlier



HER tiny little shop in the East End of Montreal, Miss Nolan displayed for sale, her various wares, toys, knick-knacks, spools and tape, edgings and needles. She made a precarious livelihood, but she had many customers. Amongst these was a fine lady who came very frequently to the little shop, dressed in a handsome gown, and toque of the latest mode. Outwardly a woman of fashion, inwardly all fire and spirit, eager for the things that are spiritual, for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ, and in particular for the honor of the Eucharistic Lord. That was her great, her consuming devotion. Therefore had Mrs Miller an affinity with the little Irishwoman who sold needles and thread. She was not only her customer, she was her friend.

Each had been very busy, in her own way, preparing for the Eucharistic Congress, that in that early Autumn was transforming Montreal. The name of Mrs Miller had been placed on half a dozen committees, her presence was in request everywhere, and she had given costly numberless gifts, mostly and as far as possible, anonymous, and had moreover, helped on the work, by her enthusiasm, her initiative, and an energy that was practically tireless.

Mary Nolan had her own share of labor, in an humbler way, and wherever her assistance was needed, she had found time to tramp many a weary block, collecting for the work, or helping to cast up accounts, for she was a shrewd, little business woman. Or again, she did some bit of sewing, always deploring however, that her hands were so rough.

One day, she said ruefully to her friend, who had just entered the shop and taken her place on a stool before the counter:

"If I had hands like you, ma' am," they're the right kind to do work for Our Blessed Lord.

"What do mine look like, you dear soul?" cried Mrs Miller, regarding her pink palms, and long, slender fingers whimsically, "Are'nt they just the hands of an idler, and incapable! I shall not dare to hold them up on the judgment day."

"You can show their trick of letting the money slip out of them," said Mary, "for I never saw the beat of them for giving, when there's good to be done."

"Oh, there's little merit in that," cried Mrs Miller impatiently. "Who would'nt give, if money were put into their hands! By the way what a royal giver you would have been, Mary, if Providence had made you a rich woman. As it is, I believe, you give a shilling, for every dollar of the wealthy, and that's a fine proportion."

"And don't you think, the fine lady began again thoughtfully, that our Lord, must love best those little offerings of the poor, so often the fruit of sacrifice."

"I don't know," said Mary Nolan, "it may be so. But it needs the offerings of them that has wealth, to help things along and then, besides them, that has power and high station, for those things attract the eye of the world, and give honor and glory to the Lord." "Yes," I suppose, as in everything else things go best when we work together," agreed Mrs Miller, and then the two began to discuss with a joyous and altogether unworldly eagerness, the various details concerning the great event, the magnificence of the preparations and the splendid public testimony, that was to be given to the Lord, as also the effects, which as they hoped would be produced in the hearts of many. Like the apostles of old, their hearts burned within them. To them the matter was real and personal, and interest greater than any interest of their own.

In Mrs Miller's language, choice and beautiful, was the delicate, fine enthusiasm of the saint, mingled with the poetry and beauty of the woman of culture, and all found an echo in the deep soul of Mary Nolan, which lacking the gift of expression, glowed with the same fire.

"You have not forgotten Mary," said Mrs Miller, "what it is I am asking of Our Lord.

"No," said Mary, her voice softened and modulated into sympathy, I mind well what it is you're asking of Our Blessed Lord.

"And you are praying with me, dear", said the lady.

"Oh, it's little good my prayers will do any body," said Mary.

"I count much upon them," said Mrs Miller, "and oh, we must save him between us in this sweet time of grace."

Her eyes were full of tears, and rising to go, she pressed the toilworn hand of her friend affectionately in both her own, and departed in the luxurious carriage which awaited her. Mary remained alone amongst her varied little wares, thinking of the sorrow which had marred the life of that beautiful woman, beautiful physically, morally and spiritually, and upon whom had been showered all the gifts of fortune.

Her son, her only son, had wandered from the faith, and uttered in his crude boyish fashion sentiments the most heterodox. Even Mary Nolan had heard him occasionally talking in this fashion, and setting forth his ideas with a curious, exultant joy, which reminded Mary Nolan in an odd way of his mother in her most spiritual moods.

On that particular evening as Mary Nolan sat and pondered until the shadows were falling round her, she heard a quick, light step, on the pavement outside, and the bell of the door jangled, as some one pushed it open. There entered a handsome and spirited looking young man of some twenty odd summers, whose eager, intelligent face, and alert graceful movements reminded Mary Nolan of his mother. For it was, in truth, the spiritual prodigal of whom they had just been talking, and for whom the little shopwoman had so often prayed and wrestled in the anguish of her soul, because of the sorrow of her friend.

"Oh, Miss Nolan," said the youth, taking off his cap and saluting her courteously, "I came to get my mother, I fancied she was here .

"And so she was, till a little while ago," answered Mary.

"I thought she would be" the newcomer responded laughing boyishly.

"She has a great hankering after this spot, laughed the youth and comes here more than ever since this Congress is on foot," Then he added abruptly :

"How do you find my mother looking?"

Mary considered :

"She's wearing away to my mind, Mister Henry, the trouble that's on her.

"Trouble!" cried the young man, starting, "why she has everything in the world she wants, and father and I just worship her.

"There's a soul she's pinin for" said Mary solemnly, "her soul does be going out from her in search of that one that's strayed." Henry flushed, for he had caught her meaning.

"If she does not find it, it will kill her," she said, and then there was silence in the little shop, and the falling darkness scarcely permitted the face of each to be perceptible to the other. Only the gleam of the electric light from without, revealed to the youth the bent figure of the little woman, sitting amongst the toys that appeared grotesque and distorted in the shadows.

"I believe I know what you mean," said the young man, constrainedly, it is my soul which she considers in danger, and it may be so, if I have a soul."

He paused at the exclamation of pious horror which broke from Mary.

"Well, you see," said Henry, "though, perhaps, it's cowardly to say so, it's not quite my fault, Miss Nolan. My father sent me to that protestant University. He thought it would be best for me, and in many ways it was, but I could'nt go on believing there. The whole atmosphere made me feel that my faith was absurd.

"Absurd, Mister Henry," the shop-woman cried, in a voice that was tremulous with indignation, and it the faith of the whole world for ages, and of the great Catholics that's been in it, and of all the grand, knowledgeable people that's coming here for the Congress.

"Do you know, Mary" said the youth, with a boyish simplicity that was quite irresistible, that that very thought has been troubling me. I say to myself if all these people can believe, why can't I. I don't feel nearly so sure as I did that those chaps up at the University were right, when I see the whole city turning out and all these strangers coming besides, to honor something at which those others mock.

"To honor their God," said Mary, almost sternly, "the God that is ever present on the Altars, and that one day, will judge us all. And I'll tell you something, Mister Henry, that's in my mind, and it is that the foolish notions, you've got into your head, is going to lose you your mother."

The young man shivered, as he stammered out :

"To lose me my mother ! How in what way ?

"It's my belief that she has offered up her life for your conversion back to the religion of your boyhood, during these days.

"But I can't, I won't be converted" cried the youth, "if she dies, I'll be worse than ever.

"No you will not," said Mary, emphatically, if her sacrifice be accepted. The Lord, Blessed be His name, can bend the most stubborn spirit as he will."

The old woman paused for several moments, to give her utterance time to take effect, and she perceived, indeed, that the iron had entered the young man's soul, and that the sweat of anguish stood upon his brow.

"Now," said Mary, at last, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Your mother is as dear to me almost as myself, poor and humble as I am, she has befriended me all these years. I need'nt explain, for I could'nt, all she has done. Help she gave, and sympathy and affection. Now I'm poor and old and needed by no one, and I'm going to make a bargain with Almighty God, that He'll take my life instead of hers, and give the young gentleman back his faith."

Henry could not speak, He was fairly overwhelmed, trembling from head to foot. This soul then which he had cast aside, so lightly, simply because he had been exposed by a careless and easy going father to the in-

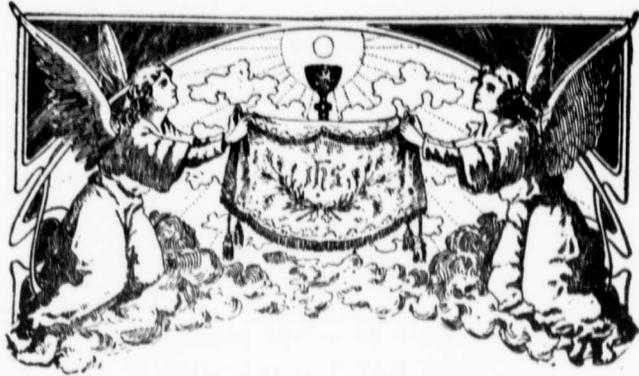
fluence of a handful of unbelievers, was nevertheless infinitely precious to these two women, also, he saw, as by a sudden flash of light, their mutual affection which was finer and holier than anything the world had to show.

He staggered out of the shop and wandered about the streets, haggard and wretched with the struggle that was wrenching him asunder. Sometimes the old faith of his childhood, gleamed out of the mental darkness that had encircled him, as a star from the clouds.

But it was not till the day of the Grand Procession, that the light came streaming downwards, and banished the darkness forever. Impressed despite himself by that magnificent demonstration, which awed and thrilled the hearts of all who gazed, he stood, respectfully, with hat off, for mere courtesy's sake. There was a thrilling pause, and the very air seemed to vibrate with some mysterious emotion, as the representative of God on earth, the great Cardinal, came into sight, holding aloft the Sacred Host. That small white object, framed in golden rays, cast down upon the kneeling multitude, a wondrous grace, a wondrous radiance, but faintly imaged forth by those who saw, as in a poetic vision, the Holy grail. Henry beheld the rapt expectancy, the fervor and the faith of all that kneeling throng, and something that was like a flame piercing his very heart he knelt and bowed down to the dust in acts of faith and adoration.

Mary Nolan caught cold, which at first seemed nothing, but developing into pneumonia, carried her off in a few days, but not before she had rejoiced in a grateful mother's joy, and heard that Henry had vowed himself to the priesthood.

It was only after all was over, that the son told the mother of what had passed, on the memorable evening in the little shop. Mrs Miller sorrowed deeply for her friend ; her hot tears fell upon the small, bent figure in the coffin, clad in the habit of Mt Carmel, the worn hands clasped and the face giving forth a perceptible radiance. But nevertheless it seemed to her that here to her own knowledge, were two visible fruits of the Congress, a saint added to the throng which no man can number and her son not only saved himself, but likely in the future to save numberless others.



FOUR OF ADORATION

“ *His Blood Be upon Us !* ”

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Et respondens universus populus dixit: Sanguis ejus super nos et super filios nostros.

His blood be upon us and upon our children !

(MATTHEW XXVII, 25)

I. — Adoration.

“ *I am innocent of the Blood of this Just Man.* ” — Pilate saw that he could not struggle against that maddened crowd. Then, calling for water, he washed his hands before the multitude, saying: “ *I am innocent of the Blood of this Just Man.* ” By this the Roman Judge protested against all participation in the murder, and declared energetically that Jesus Christ was guilty of no crime deserving of death.

Jesus is just! — It is the Roman judge who, after having examined and studied the case under all its aspects, declares it solemnly before His accusers. Yes, Jesus is just. That is the one truth which Pilate could but imperfectly know, and which conceals deep mysteries. *Jesus is just!* — The crimes of sedition, of rivalry with Caesar, which they have imputed to Him, are false. The Pagan judge repeated this no fewer

than six times during the course of the process. Judas, the traitor, tortured with remorse after his treason, when returning the price of blood, had said to the High Priests: "*I have sinned in betraying innocent Blood!*" Some moments before, Pilate's wife, instructed in a wonderful dream, had warned her husband not to condemn that "*Just Man!*" Pilate himself some years after, wrote to the Roman Emperor to place the Christ in the rank of the immortals!

Jesus is just!—Not only has He not committed the crimes of which the Jews accuse Him, but still more, His sanctity, His justice, preserve Him from committing any sin, however light. Not only has He not sinned, but, as Holy Scripture tells us, He possessed not even that deceit, that imperfection which, without speaking against one's thought, says but the one fourth of the truth. He alone was able to challenge the Jews in a way that would have betrayed the most insensate pride or folly if surprised upon the lips of any other than Himself: "*Which of you shall convince Me of sin?*" Was not His whole life a most beautiful commentary on this truth? How often did not the Jews themselves render testimony to it! *Jesus is just!*—This ineffable justice has become on the part of God the source of all expiation, of all justice for the whole human race. If we are just and holy, it is of His plenitude that we have received and that plenitude is sufficient to cleanse the crimes of a thousand worlds like our own, and sanctify an infinite number of souls. The justice of Jesus Christ is for mankind the efficient, exemplary, meritorious, and final cause of all sanctity. All holiness to be true must necessarily be conformed to the holiness of Christ as to its end, so that, in a word, it will be He who will be honored and glorified during all eternity by those whom He has redeemed and sanctified.

II. — Thanksgiving.

"*I am innocent of the Blood of this Just Man!*"—This is the seventh solemn declaration that Pilate makes of Jesus' innocence. Future generations cannot be deceived on that score. The Christ is innocent. The accusations brought against Him by His enemies are but falsehoods and calumnies. It is the judge himself who has publicly proclaimed it before that innumerable multitude of Jews and Gentiles, and

he accompanies his proclamation by a ceremony capable of making an impression on all minds and of perpetuating his testimony from generation to generation.

I thank Thee, Holy Trinity, for having shed such light on the innocence and holiness of my dear Saviour! I thank Thee, for all the glory which, in the course of the ages, has rebounded to the blessed name of Jesus! Yes, the Blood that flows in the Saviour's veins is pure, holy, precious, of inestimable value. It was with that ransom of infinite price that the world was redeemed. "*For if the blood of goats and oxen, and the ashes of an heifer being sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled, to the cleansing of the flesh: how much more shall the Blood of Christ, who by the Holy Ghost offered Himself unspotted unto God, cleanse our conscience?*" And God the Father in accepting it has received infinitely more glory than He had lost by sin.

How can I worthily thank Thee, O my Divine Redeemer, for having poured out Thy adorable Blood for the redemption of my soul? Thou didst offer it to Thy Heavenly Father but, in order to give it more value, Thou didst allow it to be profaned by Thy enemies, and that for my good and for the love Thou bearest me. How good Thou wast to shed it for my salvation, to allow it to fall on me in so great abundance to wash me, purify me, sanctify me! I thank Thee!

At my birth, Thou didst permit the Church to receive me into her arms, sign me with Thy Blood, and count me in the number of Thy redeemed ones. I thank Thee, O adorable Just One, I thank Thee! As soon as I had the misfortune to sully the robe of innocence with which I had been clothed, I found in thy Blood a salutary bath which washed every stain from my soul. And every time that I had recourse to it, its divine and inexhaustible power, purified me, restoring beauty and life. I thank Thee, O adorable Just One, I thank Thee!

In Thy immense love, O my loving Saviour, Thou didst will that this adorable Blood should daily flow for me on Thy altar under my eyes. Thou dost permit me to offer it in the Sacrifice of the Mass to Thy Father for the remission of our sins. I thank Thee, O adorable Just One, I thank Thee! Still more, Thou hast ordered me to drink it, to introduce it into my veins, to nourish myself with it, that by it I may live of Thy life, may be animated with Thy Spirit, inflamed with

Thy love, and entirely transformed into Thee. I thank Thee O adorable Just One, I thank Thee a thousand times !

I thank Thee in the name of all the Jews, of Saint Paul in particular, whom Thou didst call to the light of faith, in spite of the execrable desire of that frenzied nation. I thank Thee for all Christians whom Thou hast washed, and whom Thou wilt still wash daily in Thy Blood.

III. — Reparation.

“ *His Blood be upon us and upon our children !* ” While the pagan magistrate was trying to wash his hands of the crime of having put Jesus to death, the people of God were eager to assume, to take upon themselves alone, all responsibility. It was a whole nation, God’s chosen people, laden with His favors from their very origin, to whom alone had been reserved the glory of knowing and of giving the Messiah, the Redeemer of the world. It was this nation, assembled from all parts of Judæa, from the whole world, in its capital at Jerusalem, who to-day, beholding its Messiah and its King, cried out in a unanimous sentiment of hatred and fury : “ *His Blood be upon us and upon our children !* ”

Forty years had not flowed by before that horrible imprecation met a most terrible accomplishment. Eleven hundred thousand Jews, says the historian Josephus, perished in the siege of Jerusalem, a hundred thousand were sold as slaves, thirty could be bought for a farthing, and the number of those crucified on the spot was so great that wood failed for the victims, says the same writer, and room for the crosses. Titus carried to Rome, the capital of the new people of God, the treasures they had been able to save from the Temple : the golden table of the bread of propitiation, the seven-branched candlestick, the book of the Law, the sacred trumpets, and the veil of the sanctuary. And the triumphal arch of this conqueror, between the Coliseum and the Forum, is still standing after nineteen centuries, as the official monument of this lamentable history !

They had added, in truth, “ *May His Blood fall. . . upon our children !* ” And this part of the imprecation is verified in a manner equally striking. We know what has been the fate of the Jews since that epoch. In spite of all the efforts

that Christ's persecutors have made at all times to rebuild their city, to raise up their Temple and their nation, the Jews have remained without a city, without a Temple, without a country, dispersed over the face of the earth, and regarded as the opprobrium of the human race. They may be seen even in our own day wailing with grief over the ruins of their city and sanctuary. Until the end of the world will the Blood of Jesus fall back incessantly on their heads in condemnation. In vain, will they raise their hands to God, God will not hear them, for their hands are always filled with blood.

How greatly these terrible chastisements of Divine Justice ought to make us fear to abuse the Blood of Jesus ! Every one of my mortal sins has rendered me guilty of all the Blood of the Saviour, since it was to expiate them He consented to shed His Blood. How should I tremble and speedily do penance, if I have had the misfortune to commit mortal sin, above all if I have carried my audacity so far as to receive in a state of mortal sin the Precious Blood of Jesus in Holy Communion !

Pardon, O Divine Saviour, pardon for all the pain the Jews inflicted on Thee by profaning Thy redeeming Blood ! Have pity on the poor souls in purgatory who, during their pilgrimage on earth, sinned most and abused Thy Blood ! Pardon for all poor Christians, for myself, who have so often despised the price of Thy Blood, and so readily abused it ! Pity and mercy in the name of that Precious Blood !

IV. — Prayer.

“ His Blood be upon us and upon our children ! ” The Blood that Jesus has shed for us is indispensable, since it serves for our salvation or our perdition, since it justifies or condemns us. It is incessantly crying out for mercy or for justice against us. The desire that the Jews expressed to God was truly the most beautiful prayer they could have made for themselves and their children, had it been offered with an upright and loving heart.

That same prayer I make to Thee, O Jesus, at this moment and with all the fervor of my heart : Yes *“ May Thy Precious Blood fall upon us and upon our children ! ”* May Thy Blood fall upon the poor souls in purgatory to relieve

them, to purify them, to deliver them ! May Thy Blood fall upon Thy Church on earth to sustain her in her struggles, to encourage her in her trials, and to conduct her after Thee, by the way of Calvary, to the glory of eternal triumph !

May Thy Blood fall upon all those that govern society ! May they understand that their chief duty is to bring back their subjects to Thy law and Thy love, and that, by straying from Thee, they are fatally condemning themselves to death and perdition ! May Thy Blood fall upon our families ! May it bring to them peace, union, devotedness, and love !

May Thy Blood fall back upon the Jews, not for their condemnation, but for their salvation ! Forget the deicidal cry, and gather the poor wanderers around their shepherd !

May Thy Blood fall upon heretics. With it may they find the Way, the Truth, and the Life ! May Thy Blood fall upon pagans ! May they come to know Thy Father and Thee, whom He has sent, and thus share in the merits of Redemption ! May Thy Blood fall upon the just to sanctify them more and more !

May Thy Blood fall upon poor sinners ! May it obtain for them strength and courage to rise out of their bad habits, confess their sins, and walk in the way of justice and holiness ! May Thy Blood fall upon our children, upon all who are dear to us, upon those we have under our care, upon Christians of all places and all times, that they may live on Thy life and attain eternal salvation !

Lastly, may all souls come to draw life and salvation at the living fountain of the Precious Blood, the Sacred Heart in the Most Blessed Sacrament ! It is at the Mass, above all at Holy Communion, that Thou dost pour it forth with greater abundance. Inspire souls, therefore, with a desire, a burning thirst to draw often from that source of divine life !



The Long Road.

William J. Fischer

The road winds on and up the lonely hill
 I take my way. Thick shadows falling fast
 Obscure the light of day. Dear Lord ! at last,
 Weary and footsore, sick with pleasure's fill,
 I turn to Thee, kind Father. Curb my will !
 My passions, yea, have stained the soul's white Past
 Though beggar I, O prithee, do not cast
 Me from Thy Heart—I have a child's love still.

The home by angels built I long to see.
 The kindly years have softened my cold heart,
 And someday I shall reach the heav'nly place,
 When through Death's door, glad, slow and silently,
 I'll pass from out Life's noisy, troubled mart —
 Father ! I long to see Thee face to face.



The XXIst Eucharistic Congress

ANNA T. SADLIER



EVER in the ecclesiastical history of North America, was there a more splendid demonstration, than that which occupied the week of September extending from the 5th to the 12th. It seemed as if the Man-God, during those favored days, literally walked the earth again, and was present in the streets of Montreal. It will be impossible, of course, and especially in the present limits, to give anything like an adequate account of the proceedings, which marked each day, and almost each hour of the allotted time.

From the moment of his landing on Canadian soil, The Ambassador whom the Pope had sent to act in his name and in his place during the Congress, was the recipient of a welcome which left nothing to be desired, in point of loyalty or enthusiasm; Rimouski, Quebec, Three-Rivers, all showed the most affectionate sentiments of respect and devotedness towards the representative of his Holiness. The tumultuous cheering, the waving of flags, the blare of trumpets, the discharge of musketry all were employed to give expression to these sentiments. It almost seemed as if the old glad days of a united Catholic people had come back, before the blight of heresy had touched the soil.

The reception of His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli in Montreal, was marred by the rain which necessitated the holding of the official reception in the City Hall, instead of on the wharf. But otherwise it ceded nothing to the other cities, in the warmth of its greeting,

to him who had come over seas, in a steamer specially fitted up for his convenience, and from the mast head of which floated the Papal colors, beside the Union Jack.

On Sunday, there were special services, presided over by Cardinal or Prelate, but the Official Opening of the Congress took place at St James's Cathedral, on Tuesday the 6th, at half past eight in the evening. The interior of the edifice offered a wonderful spectacle. The pillars, wreathed with green, the sanctuary fairly embowered with ferns and palms, the high altar ablaze with tapers, and banked with lillies; while from the dome overhead, shone down the softened light of countless electric lights. Most of the women present in the church, wore black dresses and black lace veils which added to the effect.

When the moment approached for the entrance of the Cardinal Legate, a majestic procession set forth from the chancel, consisting of a hundred and twenty Archbishops, bishops and other prelates in purple headed by His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal. Lining the aisle on either side, they waited until His Eminence had been met at the door by the Archbishop, and the prayer and versicle recited, after which the cortège moved upwards again to the altar, the Cardinal Legate, escorted by the Pontifical Zouaves and his suite coming last.

After a prayer had been again recited, Mgr Tampieri, Private Chamberlain of the Pope, in attendance on the Cardinal, while the latter sat facing the people, read the Apostolic Letter appointing Mgr Vannutelli, Legate to preside over the Congress. Immediately after, His Eminence ascended the pulpit, and delivered a beautiful discourse, speaking of the Holy Father's desire to see the spread of the Holy Eucharist, and of his affection for the people of Canada. Going far back into the past of the Canadian people, he showed how the love of the Eucharist, had been entwined with their earliest history. And in concluding he gave the apostolic blessing to the kneeling multitude, and declared the Congress open.

Archbishop Bruchesi next offered to the Legate the welcome of the people of Canada, sincere and affectionate, shown already by magnificent demonstrations, and re-



ferred to the cordial good will, which had been shown by the non Catholic element of the population, and of the respectful attitude assumed by the daily press. He then preceded to read the message of the members of the Congress to His Majesty, King George V, and the reply of the latter together with the telegram sent to the Pope, and his response through Cardinal Merry del Val. These messages are as follows :

King's Message

The telegram to King George read :

To His Majesty King George V., London :

The Catholics of the empire, bishops, priests, laity, present at the International Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, pray Your Majesty to accept their respectful homage of unswerving loyalty and their expression of profound gratitude for the modification made in the royal declaration. With them the other visiting members of the Congress, hailing from all parts of the world, wish Your Majesty and the Royal Family continued happiness and prosperity.

Vincenzo Cardinal Vannutelli

Following was the King's Reply :

His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, Montreal :

I sincerely thank Your Eminence and all who are present at the International Eucharistic Congress in Montreal for the expression of loyalty and wishes contained in the telegram which I have received to-day with much pleasure and satisfaction.

George, R.I.

Pope's Message

The telegram to the Pope was as follows :

To His Holiness Pius X., Rome :

Visitors to the Congress in Montreal, hailing from all parts of the world, old and new, united by the same love to Jesus in the Eucharist, the same filial piety to Jesus in His Vicar, profoundly grateful to His Holiness for deigning to send a Cardinal Legate to preside in his name, proud of the hundred and twenty bishops around the Legate, enthused by the unparalleled manifestations of the faith of Catholic Canada, the admirable reception of Montreal's Archbishop, the delicate attentions on the part of the Government and city, humbly depose at the feet of Your Holiness their persons, labors and intentions ; they profess unbounded love, obedience, devotion to the Pope, the restorer of all things in Christ, and implore the apostolic benediction on the first International Eucharistic Congress held on the continent of America, an

event of greatest moment, demonstrating for the first time the union of the world, ancient and modern, on religious ground with the Eucharist and the Papacy.

Vincenzo Cardinal Vannutelli

The reply of His Holiness read :

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Montreal, Canada.

Holy Father profoundly touched by such noble sentiments expressed by countless visitors to Congress from countries from old and new world ; of 120 bishops, a large number of priests surrounding Your Eminence to offer sublime universal homage of faith and love to Jesus in the Eucharist at this first International Eucharistic Congress held on the continent of America ; learns with lively joy and emotion of the splendid manifestation of admirable union and devotion of the government, city and Canadian people, with the religious authorities, unites most cordially with the Congressists during these touching solemnities and praying the God of the Eucharist to shower the abundance of his favor upon the people and your labors and sends with effusion his apostolic blessing.

Cardinal Merry del Val

The service concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which as every one declared was rarely beautiful and solemn. The groups of kneeling prelates, filling the sanctuary and the space about the altar railing, many of them gathered from afar, from the Antipodes, from South Africa, from British Guiana, from the Austrian empire, from Italy, from Palestine, from every part of the United States and Canada, seemed to impart a particular solemnity to the hour. The music was exquisite and of that high order, for which the Cathedral is renowned, the Eucharistic March, for instance, being specially composed for the occasion.

On Wednesday night, took place the Midnight mass at Notre-Dame, when the splendid old Church, associated as "the Paroisse", with the earliest history of the colony, was radiant with decorations, yet grand and solemn in its Gothic simplicity. It was a superb sight, that chancel filled once more with rich robed prelates

though the Cardinal Legate, owing to fatigue was unable to be present : Archbishop Ledwood of New Zealand was the celebrant of the high Pontifical Mass, and six thousand men, as is estimated, approached the Holy Table.

The week of course, was occupied with the Sessions of the Congress, when the projected work was done; Eminent speakers from all parts of the civilized world, spoke, or read papers treating of the Blessed Eucharist, from every possible point of view. Some specially important Conferences were held at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament for priests alone, and for the Priests' Eucharistic League. That Church, as may be remarked, was a centre and focus of the devotion during all those days ; since, the perpetual adoration was there in progress, and unnumbered throngs of people crowded the edifice from morning till night ; the decorations therein were a marvel. Words of praise and love formed of flowers, wreathed all the galleries and pillars, while the altar was resplendent with lights and bloom. For, of course, it was the triumphal hour, not only of the King who reigned there, but of his devoted Apostles, who are laboring perpetually to establish his Eucharistic Kingdom.

Receptions were given to the Cardinal Legate and visiting prelates by the Secretary of State, Hon. Charles Murphy, and by His Worship, Mayor Guerin, the civic officials, respectively at the Windsor Hotel and City Hall, when some ten thousand people paid their homage to the Papal Envoy.

A luncheon was also given to His Eminence at the Windsor Hotel, by the Premier of Quebec and the members of the Provincial Government. Miss Guerin, sister of the Mayor, also gave an afternoon reception at her beautiful residence, for the feminine visitors to the Congress.

This, with many private dinners and luncheons, constituted the social side of the Congress, which might be said to terminate, with the delightful reception given at the Windsor Hotel on Saturday afternoon, by the Catholic Club of New York. Impossible here to touch upon these brilliant meetings at Notre Dame, when the

most eminent speakers, clerical and lay, raised their voices in the enunciation of great truths, when Bishop Touchet made his now famous plea for the French nation, which was met with a storm of cheers, and the gracious and eminently distinguished Archbishop Bourne of Westminster spoke of the vital necessity for the English language taking its place beside the French, to work out the development of the Canadian Northwest; when



Arch erected corner Cherrier and St-Hubert. Sts.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier discoursed on religious liberty, and Sir Lomer Gouin made his impassioned address, straight from the heart, voicing the catholic feeling of himself and his constituents, when a host of other speakers were listened to with rapt attention, and the sum and substance of all their eloquence, was the spread of truth and loyalty to the ancient faith.

Impossible here too, to speak of the splendid virile oratory of the famous London preacher, Father Vaughan S. J. with what a leading Catholic organ, defined as "his Pauline fearlessness". Happily, all these noble flights of oratory, all those discourses, will be embodied in the Commemorative volume of the Congress, shortly to be published, which will afford, in every respect, a rare treat, religiously, and intellectually.

Much might be also said of those lesser events of the week, as when 25,000 Catholic school children, carrying Papal flags, marched past the Cardinal Legate, and received his blessing. His Eminence sat upon the esplanade of St James Cathedral, under a canopy of gold and crimson and was accompanied by His Grace, the Archbishop and Cardinal Logue. The choir sang hymns and canticles and the multitude in the square, joined in the singing of the Magnificat.

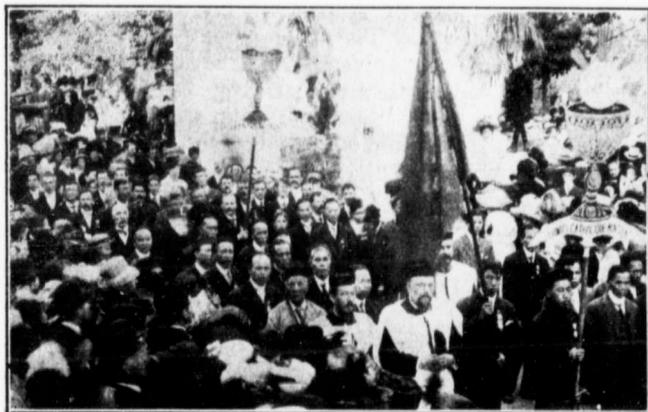
Other events were the splendid gathering of more than 25 000 young men, at the Arena, where they were addressed by the Legate and others and displayed their enthusiasm by cheers. There was the visit to the Italians, pathetic and touching, to the jail, and to various Institutes.

On Friday morning, was to have taken place the Mass on Fletcher's field, which owing to the weather, had to be postponed till Saturday, thus unhappily making it coincident with another of the important events of the week. This was the celebration at old St Patrick's Mother Church of the Irish, in Montreal

The Cardinal Legate, though unable to officiate there, as promised, appeared for a few moments, together with Archbishop Bruchesi, and a train of priests and prelates. His Grace paid a glowing tribute to the ever faithful Irish, in the name of His Eminence, but explained that it was impossible for the latter to remain for the Mass.

After their departure, the service proceeded. That exceptionally beautiful church was looking fairly resplendent; its painted windows admitting a chastened light, its rich marble altars adorned with lights and flowers, its splendid altar lamp, and the decorations of

the chancel being brought out to the fullest effect. Archbishop Howley, of New Foundland, was the celebrant of the Mass, and in the sanctuary, were those two beloved Princes of the Church, Cardinal Gibbons, Primate of America, and the dear old Cardinal Logue, who is as familiar and popular a figure, as though he had spent years amongst the people of Montreal. Many other bishops and visiting priests were noticeable in the sanctuary, and the Church was filled to the uttermost with people. Father Gerald McShane, ascending the pulpit,



gave a warm welcome, on behalf of his parishioners to the foreign dignitaries, and expressed filial sentiments of devotion to the Pope and his Envoy ; after which the sermon was preached, notable among so many notable discourses, by Archbishop Glennon of St Louis, the youngest in the United States to wear the pallium. His text was " Who is this King of Glory." The King of Glory, is the Lord of Hosts, " and he did full justice to these noble and poetical words of the Holy Writ.

The Mass at Fletcher's field attracted, it was estimated some two hundred thousand people, to the spot. It was a glorious day, the old mountain, in the back ground

showing scarcely a tint of Autumn. The altar, splendidly decorated, was in full view of that immense mass of humanity. There was a breathless hush, when the gracious and dignified figure of the Metropolitan of New York, Archbishop Farley, ascended the altar steps, while the chime of bells near at hand rang out their solemn message. The music was superb, rendered by a combination of all the choirs of the city. The sermons were in French and English, respectively by Father Hage, the eloquent Dominican, and Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, the genial and whole souled prelate, who as Rector of the American College, Rome, was known and beloved by so many people. The former took for his text, "And the Rivers will applaud, and the mountains will skip for joy," and it was a real privilege to have heard those eloquent accents, those fiery burning words. The sermon of the Archbishop of Boston, was upon Transubstantiation and was a truly beautiful disquisition upon that subject, every word carrying conviction, as the sonorous voice reached out over the vast space. Never, perhaps, was a grander spectacle witnessed in the Rome of America, nor shall be in the lifetime of those present.

Sunday morning saw the formal Close of the Congress, at the Cathedral, where the Legate officiated, and where Cardinal Gibbons preached with that peculiar unction and persuaviness which belongs to the American Primate. It was a message of loyalty to the See of Peter. It was a declaration of supreme fealty to the Eucharistic King. There was the same inspiring pageant of prelates and priests as at the opening. and the Cardinal Legate, in conclusion, gave the benediction with all the solemnity employed at St Peter's on important occasions.

The same morning at St Patrick's, took place a solemn Pontifical Mass at which Cardinal Logue officiated, and the newly appointed Bishop of London, Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, so prominent as a pulpit orator, preached an inspiring sermon.

On Sunday afternoon, the splendid ceremonial of the week reached its apex in the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Montreal. It has been

roughly estimated that more than sixty thousand persons took part in that demonstration, including visitors from almost every portion of the civilized world. It passed through that quarter of the city, which was simply a mass of decoration. The front of the houses were nearly hidden by flags, buntings, flowers, or inscriptions of praise, or of adoration. Yet there was an admirable unity in the color scheme, which greatly heightened the effect. The arches were so unusually fine and decorative as to merit, did space permit, a separate description.



That one in particular which came from Alberta and consisted of wheat and natural grapes, attracted general attention. The wheat and grapes, grown specially for the occasion, have been subsequently sent to convents, that altar bread and wine may be made thereof.

Through all this wealth of decoration, then, through these beautiful and symbolic arches, passed that never to be forgotten parade. Perhaps there cannot be any higher encomium thereon than to give here a complete list of the constituent elements of the procession, in order of march.

Detachment of Police. Detachment of Firemen. Detachment of Zouaves. Choir No 1. St Jean Baptiste and L'Enfant Jesus. Catholic Young Men's Societies. Band. Catholic Sailors' Club. Hibernians. Choir No 7, St Patrick's, St Ann's and English-speaking parishes. Champlain Guard, Ottawa. Catholic Foresters. Pius X Guard Alliance Nationale. Band. Duvernay Guard. Choir No 3. St Vincent de Paul, St Eusebe, Sacred Heart and St. Bridget. Union St Pierre. Union St Josph de St Henri and St Joseph du Canada. Plattsburg Band. St Jean Baptiste Guard, Plattsburg. St George's Guard, Montreal. Choir No 2. St Cunégonde, St Joseph and St Helen. Artisans. Band. Guard of de Salaberry Chasseurs, de Quebec. Choir No 4, Blessed Sacrament and Immaculate Conception. Knights of Columbus. Guard Lowell. Choir No 5, St Edouard, St Denis, St Viateur. Temperance Societies. Champlain Guard, Quebec. St Patrick's Society. Choir No 6. St Henri, St Irene, St Leon. St Jean Baptiste Societies. Band. Members of the Committee of Procession and Messengers. Jacques Cartier Guard, Quebec. Choir No. 8. Maisonneuve, Viauville, Hochelega. St Vincent de Paul Societies. Leagues of the Sacred Heart. Band. Choir No. 9. St Louis de France and St Peter. Congregations of the Blessed Virgin. Messengers, and a member of Procession Committee. Choir No. 10. St Charles. Ville Emard, Verdun, St Elisabeth. Parishes of the Diocese of Montreal. Deaf Mutes. Indians from the Caughnawaga Reserve. Chinese Colony delegates. Lithuanian delegates. Polish delegates. Syrian delegates. Italian delegates. Band. St. John of the Cross, Rosemont. Canadian delegates. Choir No 12, Villeray, St George and Notre-Dame de'Grace. Canadian delegates. Acadian delegates. American delegates. European delegates. Band. Fraternity of the Third Order of St Francis.

(*To be continued in next number.*)

Deceased members. — Thomas Gorman, *Levis*. — Mrs. Margaret Lennon, *Wesport, Ont.*