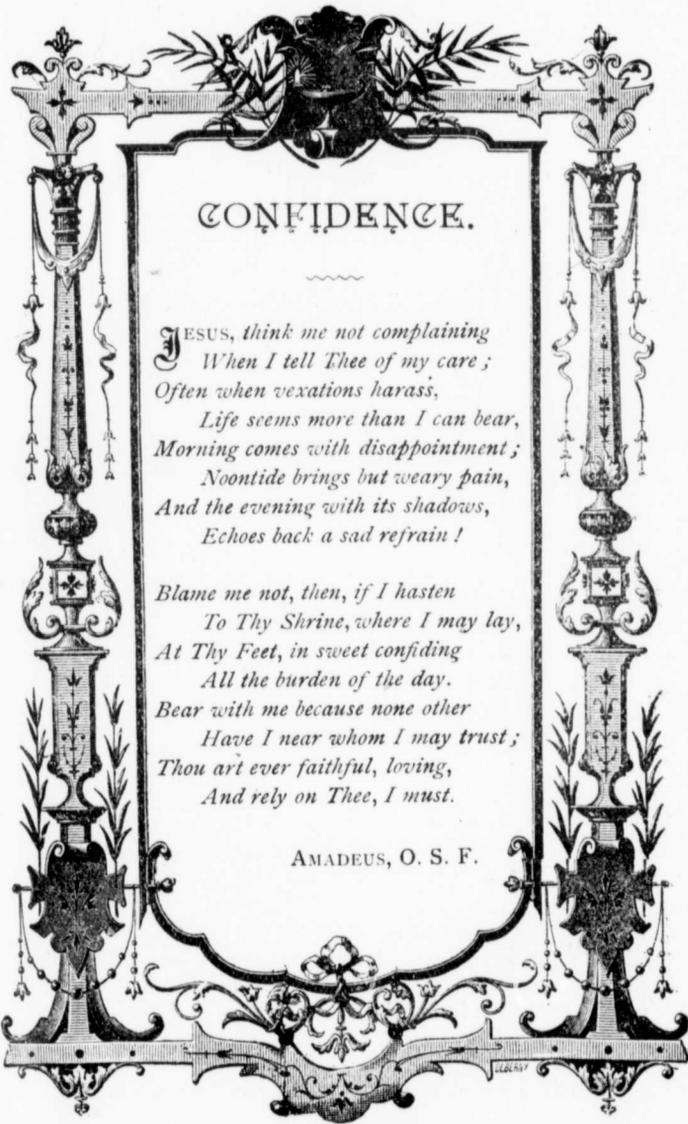




THE ANGEL OF THE HOST.

E. Azambre.



CONFIDENCE.

JESUS, think me not complaining
 When I tell Thee of my care ;
 Often when vexations harass,
 Life seems more than I can bear,
 Morning comes with disappointment ;
 Noontide brings but weary pain,
 And the evening with its shadows,
 Echoes back a sad refrain !

Blame me not, then, if I hasten
 To Thy Shrine, where I may lay,
 At Thy Feet, in sweet confiding
 All the burden of the day.
 Bear with me because none other
 Have I near whom I may trust ;
 Thou art ever faithful, loving,
 And rely on Thee, I must.

AMADEUS, O. S. F.



TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

Frequent Communion of Children.



HE soul of a child is fruitful soil wherein all that is divine buds and blossoms easily. Consequently, if later on you wish to reap a rich harvest, cultivate first these young flowers. Likewise if some day we would see a population of fervent Christians surrounding the Eucharistic table we must also begin by firstly grouping around the Tabernacle those little angels. Let the little ones come unto Me."

To these admirable words of Mgr. de la Bouillerie, I only add one more : Christian Parents, do you wish to be happy, do you want peace and joy to fill your homes ? Then read carefully the following lines, put into practice their wise counsels and your desire shall be gratified."

I. — The Order.

The voice of Rome ordains : Let children go to the holy table as often as possible, even every day.

This edict is issued in the following terms :

1. " Use every effort possible in order to obtain frequent and even daily communion in all Catholic educational establishments."

Decree of the S. Cong. Dec. 20, 1905.

2. " When preparing children for their First Communion let them have a special care to instil an ardent desire of daily Communion in those hearts so pure and free from vain fears ; let them see that they make their First Communion as soon as they are able and renew it every day if possible."

(Instructions to the members of the Sacerdotal League.
Pius X, 1906.)

3. Frequent Communion is recommended even to children, according to the first article of the decree :
 " Once admitted to the holy table following the rule



laid down in the Roman Catechism, chap. 4, verse 63, they should never be prevented from participating frequently, but on the contrary exhorted to do so. All practice contrary to this in vogue, no matter where is reprehended."



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II. — Reasons.

The first and principal one is that children are the Church's treasure. If the Christian world is to be brought back to daily communion the best place in which to start the crusade is undoubtedly the educational establishments. There the least obstacles are encountered, no hesitation in souls, no hinderance in the duties of life and greater promise for its extension and stability. Those numerous children gathered together from city, town and hamlet will at vacation return to their homes and spread in their different surroundings the instructions received, the habit contracted at convent or college. A certain number who have practised daily communion will remain faithful ; all will have been imbued with the real principle of the dogma ; the greater part shall have tasted at least during some time the blessed fruit of multiplied communions and will yearn to return to the practice when grace calls or when labouring under more pressing necessities of soul or body. Another reason is drawn from the requirements of the supernatural life in youth. Temptations from without and within assail the child while labouring under weakness of body, intellect, will and experience. Add to this the thousand dangers of modern life : "The insatiable desire of pleasure consumes all men today," writes Leo XIII, "prone as it were from their earliest youth to a kind of contagious disease ; but in the Holy Eucharist we have a powerful remedy for this dire disease."

How many parents are alarmed at their inability to wrest from their children's path all occasions of spiritual falls. It is true they can prevent them from receiving an atheistic education, but how prevent them from hearing and seeing and being contaminated by the many evil influences so prevalent on all sides. Nevertheless their duty is to preserve intact in those beings God has entrusted to them the double treasure of innocence and faith. Pius X tells them how this may be done. By strengthening their Christian constitution, by dipping their souls in the blood of Jesus ; and what strengthens the constitution is not a choice morsel eaten on rare occasions, no, it is ordinary food, every day's regime.

"Daily Communion must increase and spread," says the Holy Father, especially in these days when religion

and Catholic faith are attacked on all sides, and love of God and piety leave much to be desired."

III. — Duty.

The duty devolving upon Christian parents in consequence of the Pontifical Decree may be resumed in four words : Obey — Study — Help — Example.

1. Simple Obedience. Even if all vain fears are not allayed have confidence in the Church and in those acting in her name. You show this confidence in the Doctor to whom you entrust the care of your child's health though he is only human and may err, while on the contrary the church is infallible and the priest, the confessor has grace and mission to assure your child's divine life and progress.

2. Enlightened Obedience. Penetrate yourself with the motives that inspires the church. Read the things that will make you understand the necessity and the fruit of frequent communion and dispel the prejudices still so prevalent against it. Once you clearly understand the true point dominating the subject the greater part of these objections will vanish of themselves.

Two propositions resume the doctrine.

a. Daily Communion is the most ardent desire of our Lord and of the Church, the normal rule of a Christian in the state of grace.

b. The principal result attained by daily communion is triumph over concupiscence and preservation from mortal sin.

It follows that if daily Communion is desirable for all children it is morally necessary for many in order to preserve the purity of their soul especially during the crisis of adolescence.

3. Efficacious co-operation. Here as for the practice of every good work parents are duty bound to help their children's good will. It is not sufficient that they meet the intentions of the Church in a submissive spirit they must moreover do and love what she commands. In many cases the frequent Communion of their children exacts from the parents themselves a sacrifice, such for instance as getting up earlier changing the breakfast hour, sometimes the necessity of accompanying the child to church, things not in accord with the exigencies of modern life,

we admit, yet not sufficient reason to justify you in compromising the good of your child's immortal soul.

4. Example. Communion is not a practice good for children only. You can easily understand how harmful it would be to give them a chance to say: "Oh! grown up folks don't go." And on this account even when formed habits and passions weakened by age render communion less obligatory for you, go frequently nevertheless in order to encourage the young by your example.

In this as in everything else the lessons of life are more eloquent than those of books.

5. No excessive zeal. If on the one hand you must encourage and exhort your children to daily Communion you must not on the other weary them by incessantly harping on the subject nor exercising undue control. It would be even more rash to want them to communicate on such a fixed day, this depends on their interior dispositions of which the confessor alone is best judge. Parents must be careful not to exact from their children for the reception of the Blessed Eucharist an extraordinary piety not demanded by the Church though greatly desired. Venial sin, even were it habitual and voluntary is not according to the Church's teaching a bar to daily communion. It follows that depriving a child of communion for a fault of that kind would be unreasonable and an abuse of authority.

(to be continued.)

The Angel of the Most.

*COME to Him you who labor and are sorely oppressed,
 With the burden of life and its care.
 Come and receive both refreshment and rest.
 Why stay by the wayside so long?
 Temptations assail you, without and within
 Come and eat of the Bread of the Strong.*

(See frontispiece.)

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Eucharistic Martyrs.

Rev. F. Jacques Salez and Br. Guillaume, S. J.

* * * * *



URING the month of May, in the city of the Eucharistic Congress, we saw coming from the Roman press the initiatory documents, the first labors preparatory to the introduction of the cause of two martyrs, called in history, Martyrs of the Eucharist: Father Jacques Salez and his companion, members of the Society of Jesus, put to death by Heretics at Aubenas, on the eight of February, in the year 1593. May it be permitted those to whom the success of this cause is dear to see in this coincidence a happy augury, even something more: an opportune time to recall the heroic sacrifice of these two martyrs, to make it known to those who ignore it, to ask the good wishes and prayers of all in favor of a cause so closely allied to the cult of the Blessed Sacrament of the altar.

I.

Nothing specially remarkable to human eyes distinguished the career of those two Eucharistic heroes: it may be summed up in a few words: they lived as exemplary religious. Father Salez was alternately professor of Philosophy and of Theology, Controversialist and Preacher. He died at the age of thirty seven. Brother Guillaume, his companion was of the same age; and spent his life in the faithful discharge of a lay-brother's humble duties. No outward show marked their brief existence, no miracle, none of that prestige imparted by noble birth, important positions, success in the ministry or extraordinary talent, but under the guise of an ordinary life the constant practice of mortification, patience and charity, virtues that in the designs of Providence

prepared them for their final sacrifice. This charity of which they gave in dying the most striking testimony was enkindled and fostered by an ardent devotion to the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

" Even from childhood, writes his biographer," Jacques Salez had a most singular attraction for virtue; so much so that when he had scarcely attained his eight year he already loved the Blessed Sacrament so dearly that his greatest pleasure was to spend several consecutive hours every morning serving mass with the devotion of an angel."

In the year 1569, at the age of thirteen he entered the college of Billom, among the " poor " of Mgr. du Prat, founder of that institute, the first of the Society of Jesus in France. Providential coincidence ! This same year, in this same college, Father Auger established the Forty-Hours devotion,—also for the first time in France,—and this young Collegian will carry away from the beautiful feasts then celebrated an ineffable recollection. During seven days he saw a numberless crowd of worshippers replacing one another around the altar, already an attempt at perpetual adoration, and that there might be no interruption in these homages, even at night and despite the rigors of winter, on the threshold of the closed church still came fervent souls to adore and pray. In the various processions that marked the inauguration of these festivities of the Forty-Hours, Jacques Salez took part with his fellow students; clad in white, barefooted and carrying a torch, glad to glorify by these acts of faith and humility Jesus in the Eucharist whom he had received for the first time a short while previously. Later on we will see his devotion for the Blessed Sacrament expand and bloom into flowers empurpled with his blood. If we seek the origin and first roots we will find them in those years of his childhood, in the supernatural attraction that drew his heart to the service of the altar, and in the deep life-long impressions made upon him by the zeal and piety of his preceptors.

Our hero left college at the age of seventeen and entered the Jesuit novitiate; this religious career now beginning will end in about twenty years and is thus spoken of by Father Gissey. His theme afforded him but scant historical facts, few marvelous events. Consequent-

ly, properly speaking he left no history but a moral tableau already fully characterized in the rare Chapters of his biography : On the devotion and good purpose of Father Salez ;—On the divine love that consumed Father Salez ;—On the holy affection Father Salez bore his neighbor ;—On the desire of martyrdom that filled Father Salez ;—On the singular affection Father Salez felt near the abiding place of the Blessed Sacrament. We see how the biographer exhausts the resources of language to repeat in different words this one and same thing : love, a love that inflames. Such was the fruit that Jacques Salez drew from his devotion towards the Sacrament of the altar ; the sacrament of love and at the same time the living and perpetual lesson of sacrifice. According to his biographer he let no day pass without humbly supplicating the divine Majesty for the grace of martyrdom and daily prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament renewed this request through the wounds of the King of Martyrs.

In fact continues the same authority one of the most remarkable among his devotions was the special and extraordinary affection he continually felt for the pledge of God's love, the divine sacrament and sacrifice of the Eucharist. When celebrating Mass he was never troubled or carried away by distractions, but at every moment present and attentive to the divine sacrifice, so recollected and with such an uncommon look and bearing that he then seemed transformed into another man. One of his greatest difficulties was not too prolong his thanksgiving which followed beyond the prescribed time. According to the testimony of those with whom he lived no hour of the day passed in which he did not pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament so that his whole life was a continual adoration ; there being in him as it were two persons, like the Angels who execute God's commands without ceasing to be in His presence and to contemplate Him face to face, Father Salez kept his will and heart closely united to the God of the Eucharist even when he seemed carried far away by the labors of his Apostolic life.

II.

But these labors instead of drawing him away only drew him closer to the cherished object of his devotion. During the short term he is professor of Theology, it is

the dogma of the Real Presence he teaches to his auditors of Pont-a-Mousson and defends against the heretics of Geneva. He preaches and converses and his sermons and conversations are always on the same subject. out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. He united Himself to God and found himself invested with the strength of God. Doubtless this union is effected in all communicants but in a greater or lesser degree according to their dispositions; Father Salez brought to his communions such perfect dispositions that his identity was completely merged into that of the Eucharistic Christ. "I remember," writes his biographer, "a journey he made to Notre-Dame de Puy, the year before his glorious martyrdom. Towards the end of his mass which I was serving a demoniac was presented to him, and as is the custom of such persons became greatly excited at sight of the Host held by this devout priest; the latter addressed a few words to him in a low voice and instantly his struggles ceased and by that means was able to receive communion without any trouble. No violent scene, no harsh reprimand, only a word whispered in the calm of the divine strength instantly appeased the demoniac, but these words like those that quelled the tempest on the Lake of Genesareth seemed to come not from the lips of Father Salez but from the host he held in his hand, so perfectly had the priest here identified himself with his God.

And finally comes the crowning. This life ends as it had begun, as it had continued in an act of faith and love in the sacrament of the Eucharist: "The motive, see it even in the principal cause of his longed for martyrdom," writes his biographer, "the dispute and defence of this august sacrament, and in consequence some artists depict him holding a host, not inappropriately, certainly since it is customary to portray those who die for God with some sign of their martyrdom."

The hour of sacrifice has come. At the first intimation of the murderers, approach, Jacques Salez and his companion sought refuge in the church near the Blessed Sacrament and offered themselves to God as victims. Scarcely had they done so when three pagan soldiers loudly clamoured for admittance. "As soon as they entered"

writes the biographer, to whom we now leave the recital, "they saw the two victims kneeling and instantly set upon them abusing, ill-treating and nearly strangling them. Then desisting from their fury insolently commanded: "Tell us who you are?"—We are they answered members of the Society of Jesus.—Give us your money then retorted these human fiends. — We have no money replied Brother Guillaume. Father Salez drew a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to them saying: in it you will find all we possess, a little small change sent us by the College of Tournon for our trifling necessities. They snatched the handkerchief but as the sum it contained only whetted rather than satisfied their avarice they flew into a passion and threatened to strangle Father Jacques if he did not give them more. Without the least sign of anger Father Jacques calmly intimated he had no more, adding, if we cannot satisfy your desire for money we can your desire for our lives which we are ready to sacrifice for the honor of God and His church with as many torments as you wish." This answer was the signal for renewed outrages. Shortly afterwards three preachers entered on the scene in the vain hope of making the priest apostatize as they had done themselves. They began by attacking the law of the church, free will, and finally the Eucharist. Though alone against three, Father Salez, scored victory after victory and ignominiously routed his adversaries.

The next day the discussion on the Blessed Eucharist was resumed. The ministers protesting, disputing even illtreating the intrepid priest but the result was the same as on the previous day. The chief among them humiliated at his defeat, ascends the pulpit clamouring inveighing against the Jesuits in general and Father Salez in particular, holding in his hand the latter's treatise on the Eucharist and fighting and combatting with all his might against this divine sacrament. Finally he carries on in such a manner on this subject, that he rouses his listeners to sedition; then he swears and declares that Father Salez is a false prophet, an antichrist and to more surely inflame this ire relates the fate of the false prophets put to death by the council of Elie: Kill that man, kill him, he is a pest."

And so goes forth the murderous command and the motives publicly invoked to justify it. Like the martyr Tarcisius, with hands folded on his breast defending at the price of his life the Sacred Host against pagan profanation, Jacques Salez, gives his life for the defence of the dogma of the Eucharist, but he is not the only victim it is time we spoke of his companion.

III.

Of Brother Guillaume Saultemouche we know but one thing, that his angelic morals were a constant source of edification, and that he manifested a most striking tender devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament before which he nearly always remained kneeling with his beads in his hands. Father Salez wishing to save him turns to the angry ministers and declares that his companion is not a learned man and that if they let him go free he cannot do any harm to their belief." Upon which one of the soldiers moved with pity said : Yes, let him go ! Anyway it's not for his benefit this tragedy is being played." But the Brother hastily rejoined : " God forbid I should fall into such an error, I will never abandon the Father to whom obedience has consigned me as a companion. If the divine mercy would graciously permit some soldier to despatch me for his honor, I would be so glad and pray for him as well as pardon him fully,"

Scarcely had he uttered these noble words when a soldier struck him a cruel blow saying : " well, since you want to die, die you shall."

And thus jeered by some, roughly jostled by others, the poor brother to rejoin his companion, had to force his way through a thick hostile crowd and finally finds himself in the street once more beside Father Salez.

A protestant minister named Labat surrounded by several of his adherents and a great multitude representing all classes and creeds await them. What transpires at this moment is worthy of note. So far there is no provocative to murder. They will begin by a discussion which will be the last. If the confessor of the faith weakens, if the loaded guns, drawn daggers and naked swords wring from him a disavowal he is saved. Listen to what he says and you will know the cause of his death.

Since the previous day the only subject under contention is the Eucharist : by it the first encounter finished ; by

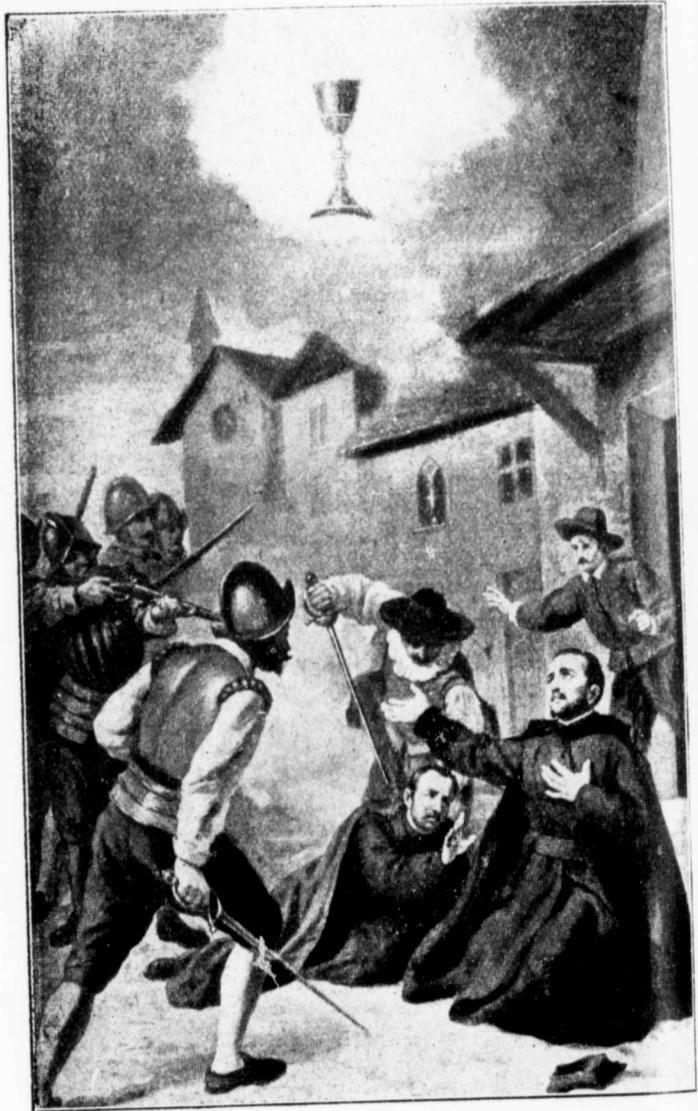
it, in the second Minister Labat grew enraged "fighting and combatting with all his might against the Eucharist."

Now he returns to the charge for the third time and commands Father Salez to publicly abjure all he has taught by word of mouth or writings "on the reality of the body of Our Saviour in the Sacrament of the altar." Not as in the morning before a few witnesses only and in a closed hall does he demand this retraction but in the face of heaven before an immense crowd.

Impassible in this last contest Father Salez, unflinchingly faces his opponents and answers all their objections. In this warfare which does not seem to have been very long, but very bitter, the first biographer tells us that the ministers proceeded less by connected arguments than by incoherent traits drawn at random from their blind unreasoning fury yet which Father Salez instantly refuted with a conciseness natural to an apologist accustomed to the defence of the faith. It was too much. This pharisaical idolator not only persisting in his belief in the Real Presence but covering them with confusion by publicly convicting them of error and imposture; they do not even try the last argument on which they had calculated, that of torments prepared under his eyes: Minister Labat in a passion of rage cries out: "Despatch that; it does not deserve to live, it is a pest."

He continued some time in this strain then bridled his fury and left the place sure of his revenge which he left in the hands of vile executioners but not caring to soil himself with the blood about to be shed. In fear and pity the greater part of the crowd fled until only a small band of Huguenot soldiers remained; but they also shared in the general emotion and not one among them would lay hands upon Father Salez or his companion. After some delay the captain ordered one of his men to execute the bloody deed. He refused saying: "I would sooner stand convicted of having killed my own father than to inflict the slightest wound on these men who never carried a knife that harmed any one." The barbarous captain answered this brave reply by a sword thrust, fortunately, so badly aimed that it only grazed the intrepid soldier's right shoulder.

The people of Sargas were not so tenderhearted. One of them, Vital Suchon, surnamed the simple, stepped



EUCCHARISTIC MARTYRS.

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forward at the first signal. But strange to say this man hitherto considered halfwitted was stricken with fear for the first time and could not face his victims. "Turn away from me," he cried to Father Salez : "I beg of your friend," calmly responded the priest, "to give me a few moments in which to recommend myself to God and to pray for you." Turning to his companion. My Brother, let on commit ourselves to God and implore the divine mercy." Then in obedience to his murderers, request he withdrew about five paces and cast himself on his knees. Brother Guillaume followed and knelt beside him with eyes raised to heaven or turned towards the church of Our Lady, he invoked in a loud voice his patron, Saint Jacques and repeated the names of Jesus and Mary, while, Vital the Simple, who had gone behind him discharged his gun so close that his cassock took fire near his wounded shoulder. "My God, forgive them" is the first cry of the stricken victim, but to stifle this dying voice mud and dirt are thrown into his mouth ; and to prevent his joined hands and crossed thumbs from going back and forth to his lips as an image of the cross they are felled with a sword hilt.

The first shot roused the animal instinct, and let loose the thirst for blood : these soldiers, that crowd but a little while ago panic-stricken at the bare thought of murder now cast themselves with fury on the victims. Vital the Simple, seizes a dagger and plunges it into Father Salez breast while a wicked native of Aubenas makes a savage knife thrust at his throat, so fierce, that the mark still remained above the sternum between the two collar-bones when the martyr's body was disintered. "Jesus, Mary." Three times this invocation was heard issuing from his fast blanching lips ; then, according to an eye witness he put his hand under his head for a second or two and raised his eyes to heaven but weakness overpowering him his head fell forward and he expired.

Scarcely had he breathed his last when his companion threw himself on his corpse embracing him and protesting that he would not abandon him dead any more than he had done living.

His wish was instantly gratified. Vital the Simple his hand still crimson with the blood of Father Salez and

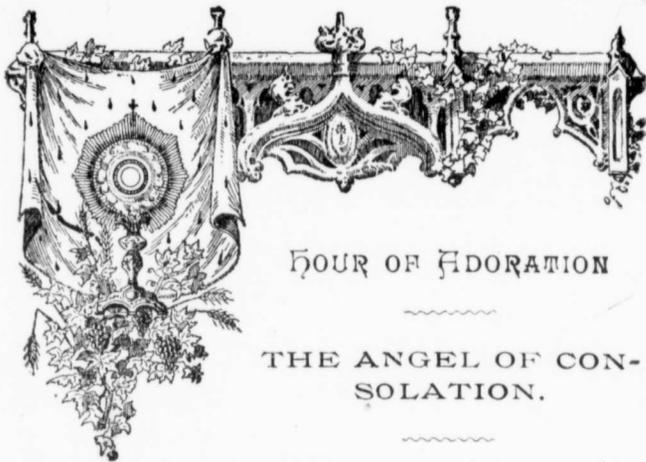
another soldier simultaneously stabbed him. He was then seen to extend his arms in the form of a cross uniting his sacrifice to that of his Saviour. This sign which had already incensed Father Salez's murderers now called forth new outrages. A crowd armed with swords and iron-spiked-sticks struck blindly at the still breathing form and at the lifeless body of Father Salez lying beside him. At each stroke, Brother Guillaume loudly exhorted himself. "Endure flesh, endure still a little more."

Finally covered with eighteen wounds which caused him to shed nearly all his blood he crossed his arms on his breast and went to his eternal reward murmuring the name of Jesus.

This glorious martyrdom took place shortly after noon, on Sunday, the seventh of February, 1593.

A few weeks afterwards, continues Father Fournier behold the crisis wherein the Church of France was engaged, is suddenly settled; the heretical King Henry IV announced to his council his resolution to enter the Catholic Church, Apostolic and Roman (16 May). The 25 of July of the same year he abjured at Saint Denis: and carried to the altar a profession of faith signed by his own hand, in which he protested of his belief in the reality of the body and blood of Our Lord in the Sacrament of the Eucharist; he renounced the *Mensa dæmoniorum*, and assisted at the sacrifice of the Mass while humbly waiting to be allowed to participate therein. Is it necessary to recall here the consequences of this resolution? And if it be true that there is a law of the fecundity of sacrifice, and of the reversibility of its merits, we have, it seems to me a perfect right to attribute to our two victims a part of the merit in the work of this conversion and to believe that the shedding of their blood has obtained mercy for us from "He who holds in His hand the heart of the king and turns it where He wills."

And finally here is the fruit of their blessed death for the universal church. They belong to that vast army of saints, doctors and martyrs who each in their own way defended the church against heresy. They have fallen in the front ranks and left us an example of heroic fidelity and a model of perfection in the christian life; by their life and death they invite us to imitate them in their love for the Eucharist.



HOUR OF ADORATION

THE ANGEL OF CONSOLATION.

I. — Adoration.

That an angel should appear to Jesus is not astonishing. The blessed spirits are around Jesus at every instant to serve Him. But that one should appear to *strengthen* Him, — what a mystery! Had He ceased to be God, the King of Angels?

To console some one — what is that but to afford to him who is suffering in mind, heart, or body, strength, moral energy, to sustain his sorrow courageously? Such consolation necessarily implies in him who gives superiority over him who receives. It is the stronger that strengthens the weaker. And yet the text is formal. An angel, one of the angelic host, comes to fulfil this mission with regard to Jesus. "*And there appeared an angel from heaven strengthening Him.*" His presence, like that of a friend, strengthened the poor Heart of the Victim!

The Gospel gives us no idea of the words spoken at the time. We may imagine that, at the moment in which Satan was showing Jesus the inutility of His sacrifice, the angel of consolation was representing to Him all the blessed consequences of His Passion and death: the will of His Father accomplished, the glory of His Father as well as His own, the salvation of the human race, the short duration of His Passion, and the eternity of its fruits. What a subject of consolation for Our Lord to see so many millions of souls delivered from eternal damnation and put in possession of glory by the pouring forth of His Blood! And the more painful His Passion, the more abundant its fruits!

But what a humiliation for the Word Incarnate, to receive comfort from an angel, His creature! Doubtless, this consolation was only external and brought Him no knowledge that He did not

possess from the first instant of His conception ; but yet we must think it was for Him a true consolation. How explain this mystery ?

Jesus is, nevertheless, the real King of the angelic host, and heaven is always His kingdom. But while remaining God and Sovereign of the angels, by making Himself Man, " He placed Himself a little lower than they." As Man, the angel strengthens Him ; but as God, he serves Him, and only after rendering to Him the homage of adoration due to His Divinity will the angel address to Him words of consolation.

Take your place at the side of this adoring angel. Unite your adoration with that which he offers to the Son of God prostrate in the dust of Gethsemani. His grand intelligence, enlightened by faith, recognizes the Almighty under the deceitful appearance of utter weakness. He proclaims Him his Creator, his Master, his King, and his All.

Unite with the angels adoring Him at this moment under the still more feeble appearances of the Blessed Sacrament.

II. — Thanksgiving.

God the Father loves His Son. He saw His tears, His Blood, He heard His suppliant cries. His Heart could not longer refrain from helping His Well-Beloved Son. This angel, who had borne to heaven the supplications of the sinless Victim, the Father sent back to Jesus with a word of love and encouragement. Doubtless, the bitter cup of His Passion was not to pass from the lips of the Saviour. He must drain it even to the last dregs. It is the will of His Father, and therefore His own.

This attention from His beloved Father, however, poured on His bruised Heart the balm of the most ineffable sweetness. The sight of the angelic messenger, the words he addressed to Him in the name of His Father, inundate Him with joy, giving Him new courage to support to the end the most frightful torments.

I thank Thee, O Father ! It was as much for my interest as for the consolation of Jesus that Thou didst send Thy angel to the Divine Agonizing One. It was as much to alleviate my trials as to strengthen His desire to suffer. I thank Thee, Well-Beloved Father ! I thank Thee in the name of Jesus and in my own.

After the angelic apparition, the last repugnances of nature are conquered, His human will is entirely broken by the divine will. Jesus rises, stronger than suffering in expectation of the hypocritical kiss and the agonies of death.

Still more, Jesus, through love for us, accepted the humiliation of being consoled, — He, the Creator, — by one of His creatures. His Heart was rejoiced by it, for He finds in this consolation a fresh supernatural energy for the shedding of His Blood.

It is a new and practical instruction that He wishes to give us ; for although, by His divine nature and infused knowledge, He could Himself have strengthened His human nature, He preferred that it should be done by an angel, in order that His disciples, on hearing and reading the fact, should understand that God always answers a persevering prayer. In the midst of His most horrible torments, the Master forgot not to love and to teach His disciples. I thank Thee, O Jesus, I thank Thee!

Again, Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament makes Himself the consoling angel of all His brethren suffering and agonizing here below. He descends from heaven every morning, shuts Himself up in millions of tabernacles all over the world, and repeats to the mighty crowd of earthly sufferers : " Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." Come, visit Me in the Most blessed Sacrament, and receive My consolation. Come, receive Me into your hearts, and I will comfort you. Our Saviour renews this promise to those that are devout to His Sacred Heart : " I will console them in their pains," did He say to the servant of His Heart, Blessed Margaret Mary.

I thank Thee, O Jesus, I thank Thee! Yes, Thou art, indeed, the consoling Angel of all our miseries.

Be Thou forever thanked, for God sends us not only as He did to Thee an angel from heaven to console us, but Thou Thyself, His Divine Son, who dost descend from heaven and, under the veil of the Host, dost come to strengthen us with Thy strength and Thy love. Thanks be to Thee, thanks forever!

Thanks to thee, also, O consoling angel! Be thou a thousand times blessed for thy fidelity to thy holy and noble mission! It is great glory for thee, it will be thy eternal recompense for having co-operated so efficaciously in the great work of the Redemption of man.

III. — Reparation.

In the midst of His intense agony, Jesus went to find His Apostles, as if to strengthen Himself by the sight of those that He loved, and from whom He might hope for a word or a mark of affection. Alas! the earth is deaf to His groans, insensible to His sorrow! The Apostles sleep. They whom He came to save and for whom He is suffering have not a word of commiseration for His sad state : " I looked about, and there was none to help ; I sought, and there was none to give aid." Then it was that He raised to heaven His suppliant hands and asked His Divine Father for help in His distress. The angel then came, sent by the Father to comfort Him.

This angelic apparition should put the unfaithful Apostles to shame. To abandon their Master at the hour of His mortal sadness! To force Him to turn to heaven for a little comfort when

only a few steps from them who should have been His best friends ! It was not enough for His enemies to league against Him, His friends had to increase His sufferings, What grief for the sensitive Heart of Jesus ! Is there a pain comparable to that of a heart betrayed by friendship ? This pain Jesus endured in all its bitterness. How often the friends of Jesus abandoned Him at the very moment when His enemies were unchained against Him ! What has He not to endure in His Eucharistic retreats whither indifference, contempt, hatred go to insult Him ? Am I not myself of that number ? To console Jesus, always an object of contradiction in His Divine Sacrament, do I show the same eagerness as the angel who descended from heaven at the voice of the Eternal Father ? Does not my indifference still oblige Him to turn to heaven for a little compassion ? And yet, the Eucharist is not for the angels, It is for me.

Do I love to fulfil toward my friends in trouble the beautiful mission of consoling angel ? When I myself am suffering, do I not rely more on earthly consolations than upon the "*Angel of Heaven*" whom God always sends in answer to prayer ? And if mine has not brought me consolation, is it not because I have failed in perseverance ? Was not Jesus' prayer threefold ?

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon for Peter and the unfaithful Apostles ; pardon for the souls in purgatory who never understood the beautiful character of reparation ; pardon for all Christians who are indifferent to Thy sorrow ; pardon for my own neglect to console Thee !

I offer Thee at this moment the chalice that the angelic reparator presented to Thee. The strengthening beverage that it contained were the tears shed by Mary at the foot of the Cross, by Magdalen, by all holy souls, who down through the ages have followed their example. It was the blood of the martyrs, the penances of the saints, the sweat of the Apostles, the purity of virgins. Thy Divine Heart, O Jesus, felt strengthened by these reparations of all Thy holy ones.

May I one day pour my blood, sanctified by a life of penance, into the angel's chalice, and offer it to Thee in reparation for all the infidelities Thou hast experienced in Thy Sacrament of Love !

IV. — Prayer.

Since His resurrection, Jesus can neither suffer nor die. This is of Faith. It might seem, then, that He has no need of consolers. And yet, when we read the account of His apparitions in the Eucharist, we find at every instant some appeal to compassion. What does this mean ?

Doubtless, Jesus no longer suffers, no longer actually experiences pain from the injuries He receives in His Sacrament of Love.

But let us not forget that at the moment of His Agony and during His whole Passion, the injuries He was to receive down to our own time were for Him the subject of special sorrow, of determinate sufferings. He saw them unfolding one by one as time went on and, while understanding all their malice, He felt all the shame and pain springing from them. He saw, also, every soul who, by its penances and tears, would come to take part in reparation. He saw mine. He expected from it such and such mortifications, such sentiments of contrition, for the reparation of such faults, of such negligences toward Him in the Blessed Sacrament, and to console Him for them. Must He expect in vain ?

In our own days, Jesus is greatly offended. His enemies make Him undergo a new agony, one that would cause His death if He could still die. In His love He has given me the beautiful mission to fulfil before His throne the office of consoling angel. What an honor ! When the Father unfolded His design to the angels of heaven, how their hearts must have beat with love and holy jealousy while awaiting the choice of His Divine Majesty ! How happy they would have been to be able to suffer and die, had it been possible, for their much loved King ! O Angel of heaven, chosen from among all others for so holy a mission, who could say what passed in thy heart at that blessed moment when God, having called thee to His throne, offered to thee that post of confidence ? With what eagerness thou didst fly to thy Well-Beloved !

No, most loving Father, I wish not, in this new agony of Jesus in the Sacrament, that Thou shouldst send Thy angels to console Thy Divine Son. Since Thou hast loved me so far as to give me this beautiful vocation, infuse into my soul sufficient esteem for my mission, sufficient love and compassion faithfully to fulfil near my Saviour the part of consoling angel.

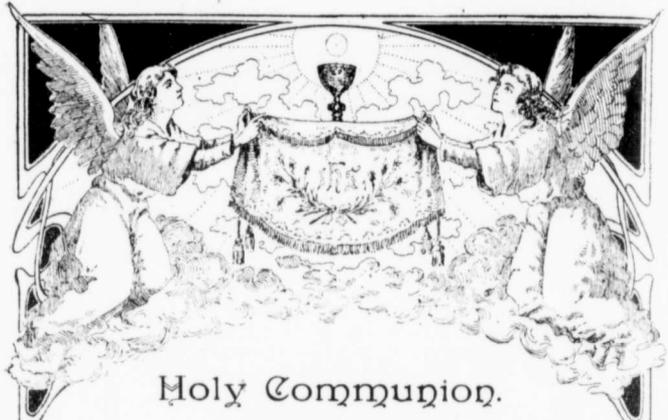
May the angels of earth appear wherever a Host is found, and protest by their love against all the infidelities which Jesus receives in the Blessed Sacrament ! And Thou, O Divine Heart of Jesus, do Thou convert the hearts of the wicked that they may no longer insult Thy love ! The day on which we shall no longer have to compassionate Thy sufferings, we shall have enough to do to thank Thee for all Thou hast endured for our love.

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask the grace of being always for Him a true consoling angel.

Yet each and all receive the same.

This Food now one, now thousands claim.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.



Holy Communion.

“ My beloved to me and I to him.”

JESUS in me! the Kingdom come of
 Heav'n above on earth,
 God penetrating all my soul, and giving
 knowledge birth,
 Of God Himself to heart and flesh, and
 mind draw Heavenward,—
 This is communion, holy, sweet, of Jesus
 Christ, the Lord.

How long did He desire to give Himself,
 unto my soul,
 To warm the heart grown cold and weak,
 with Love's bright, flaming coal!
 How long!—From Love's divine Aurora,
 God's eternity,
 In His unfailing, boundless, burning,
 tender charity.

O Charity divine, O sacred Host, O Sa-
 crament.
 Eternal dream of God! in Thee my life,
 my being be spent,
 Be melted by Thy love, that I at last may
 understand,
 What Jesus wills—divine intent—and do
 Thy least command.



*The Love that me predestined and created, wholly
gives
Itself; abandoned be my soul to God, who in it lives!
And Love at once the Victim is, and sacred, quench-
less fire—
With Love to be flame, holocaust, this Lord, is my
desire!*

*O God consume me, when 't is I, that of Thy flesh
partake,
The Bread of Angels set in sight and symbol for
our sake,
True Aliment intangible, the splendor of Thy life,
The glory that inebriates, the God that makes it rise.*

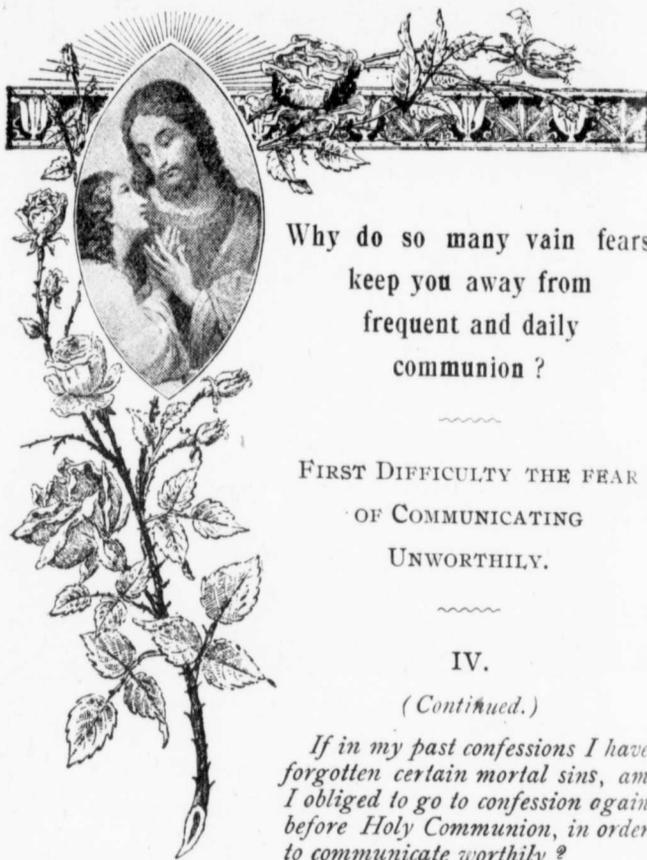
*O Savior! Host unique and many, now together we,
The Cross will carry, which we dread, to greater
victory.
Without Thy help we tremble, fall, and fear to rise
again,
With Thee, for Thee, we would endure the suffer-
ing and the pain.*

*Thus all the martyrs on the day of Victory begun,
Communicated with the Lord, whose Cross the
glory won,
The God, whose cross and triumph, theirs also, was
soon to be—
Jesus, make not my song to cease for all eternity!*

*To-night, sweet Jesus, I but feel, my greater impo-
tence,
And yet, O Lord, do I perceive, a light divine,
intense.
Ineffable the mystery I taste within my breast—
O let them sing the Seraphin, the choirs of the blest!*

Trans. from French of G. Vuillier. by HON. McDONOUGH.





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

FIRST DIFFICULTY THE FEAR
OF COMMUNICATING
UNWORTHILY.

IV.

(Continued.)

If in my past confessions I have forgotten certain mortal sins, am I obliged to go to confession again before Holy Communion, in order to communicate worthily ?

No, Christian soul. Only he who in confession wilfully conceals a *certain* mortal sin commits a grave sacrilege, and the other mortal sins of which he accuses himself are not forgiven. On the contrary, the mortal sins forgotten are all indirectly remitted by sacramental absolution. When the minister of the Lord pronounces these words : *Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis*, he has not only the intention of remitting the faults of which you have just accused yourself, but those also of which you have no remembrance. And should he not have this intention,

yet in virtue of the Divine Blood flowing upon you by absolution, not only are you cleansed from the sins you have declared, but even of those that have escaped your memory. There is, therefore, no obligation to confess again before presenting yourself at the Holy Table, nor even of making the act of contrition for the mortal sins forgotten.

I am always astonished to see a doctrine so clear and evident appear new, to many when I explain it at the end of the missions, in order to render less frequent, at least, these returns to the confessional before the general Communion.

I remember among others a priest who, although well instructed, appeared almost scandalized at the foregoing teaching, and I had trouble in convincing him of its truth. It is, however, the teaching of a Doctor of the Church, St. Alphonsus di Liguori. He declares it "absolutely conformable to reason," and says in his *Confessore diretto* : "He who, after confession, remembers some sin omitted through forgetfulness, is not bound to confess before communicating. It suffices for him to declare it at his next confession."

Could the holy Doctor speak more clearly? Then, Christian soul, when you perceive that you have forgotten a mortal sin, make, nevertheless, your Communion in peace and tranquillity of spirit, not only once, but, for the same reason, several times and even every day, without presenting yourself anew to the confessor.

I do not say, — understand me, — that it would not be better to reconcile yourself before Communion if you have an *opportunity*. No, for every sacramental absolution received with good dispositions purifies the soul in the Blood of Jesus Christ. I say only this : first, you are not in the least obliged to it ; secondly, you ought to be at peace, not going anew to your confessor for mortal sins forgotten, especially when you see him very much occupied hearing confessions, and, above all, when there is an extraordinary crowd of people. That is the time to despise as *vain* the fear of communicating unworthily.

(to be continued.)

THE DIVINE GUEST ROOM.

"Make ready for Me a large, upper room, furnished."—A Kempis.

*A large, fair room for the Guest Divine —
A grand and spacious hall,
Where no constraints may His steps confine,
Narrow and mean and small ;
But generous walls where windows wide
The ceiling's height illumine ;
Where space is splendidly glorified —
Make ready His Banquet-room !*

*An upper room — past myriad flights
Of mounting, moulding stairs ;
In the pure, ethereal, heavenly heights,
Beyond all lusts and cares.
Up where the larks of Paradise sing,
Where the lilies of Paradise bloom,
In the glory that flows from the face of the King —
Make ready His Banquet-room.*

*A furnish'd room ? — aye, furnish'd free
With virtues rich and rare !
Faith, Hope, Love, Sorrow, Purity,
The lowly spirit's prayer.
A beautiful spot, where the queenly bride
May meet her royal Groom —
In the palace of peace, where the Blest abide.
Make ready Christ's Banquet-room !*

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

*Many speak of loving God and yet how few spend five
minutes a day with Him in the Eucharist, nor receive Him
much oftner than excommunication demands.*



Studies on the Eucharist.

The God of the Tabernacle.

THE HOST.



THE word host means victim. Among the Romans, it was customary to immolate the host before a battle in order to draw down the protection of the divinity on the combatants. St. Thomas Aquinas, in his hymn "Verbum Supernum" alludes to this ancient custom when he says : O Saving Victim ! Pledge of Love !
Who open'st the heavenly gates above,
By hostile wars we are oppressed ;
Be Thou our force, support and rest.

This term, host, is commonly used in the Bible, to designate a victim, but especially a victim destined to expiate sin in its blood : "The priest shall dip his fingers in the blood of the victim immolated for sin anoint therewith the altar of holocausts and spill the rest at the foot of the altar."

This victim immolated by the Jews for the expiation of sin was a figure of Jesus Christ, the true victim immolated on the cross for the salvation of the world. St Paul, writing to the Ephesians says : "Walk in the love of God imitating the Christ who has loved you and delivered Himself up in oblation, as a victim of agreeable odour."

In the Catholic Church the word host means the bread changed by consecration into the Body of Our Lord. Sometimes especially in ordinary language this name is also applied to the bread that is to be changed into the

Body of Jesus Christ ; but strictly speaking in Liturgical language it is called formula, or altar bread.

It is probable that in the primitive Church when Christians were continually exposed to persecutions, bread, that could be conveniently disposed of was used for the Holy Sacrifice without regard to its form, and afterwards, in time of peace, the Eucharistic bread was given its present round form in order to follow the divine Master's example who consecrated with bread of that shape ; and this supposition is very likely as Our Lord thus consecrated the bread that served in the eating of the Paschal Lamb.

Since the fifth century the altar bread, destined for the sacrifice of the Mass has been made round ; but perhaps this custom is still more ancient as paintings found in the Catacombs and monuments of great antiquity depict it so.

It was customary then, as now, to trace on this bread a cross, or the figure of Jesus Christ crucified. The bread the priest consecrates and consumes in communion is larger than that given to the faithful in communion though the form and matter is exactly the same. It is an unleavened bread, at least in the Churches of the West, made of fine wheat flour. The making of this bread is confided to religious communities in order that it may be fashioned in accordance with Liturgical rules and the respect it deserves. This earthly bread destined to become the bread of heaven and for the elect the bread of life ; the bread that will be changed into the Body of Jesus and become the food of souls, with what religious veneration should it not be looked upon and prepared.

We read in the life of St. Radegonde, Queen of France that she applied herself with a jealous care to make the wax which should be used at the altar and cook the hosts to be immolated at Mass. This pious solicitude is easily explained, this wheat is not an ordinary wheat but the wheat of the elect.

(To be continued.)



*I cannot do it alone ;
 The waves run fast and high,
 And the fogs close chill around,
 And the light goes out in the sky.
 But I know that We Two
 Shall win in the end—
 Jesus and I.*

*I cannot row it myself,
 My boat on the raging sea ;
 But beside me sits Another,
 Who pulls, or steers, with me.
 And I know that We Two
 Shall come safe into port—
 His child and He.*

*Coward and wayward and weak,
 I change with the changing sky ;
 To-day so eager and brave,
 To-morrow not caring to try.
 But he never gives in,
 So We Two shall win—
 Jesus and I.*

*Strong and tender and true,
 Crucified once for me !
 Never will He change I know—
 Whatever I may be !
 But whatever He says
 I must do
 Ever from sin to keep free,
 We shall finish our course
 And reach Home at last—
 His child and He.*

A FIRST COMMUNION IN PRISON.

IN 1793, the Baroness of H... denounced as the wife of an emigrant was cruelly torn from her home and cast into prison. After many appeals and prayers her little daughter, twelve years of age was allowed to visit her from time to time in her cell

Who can describe that first meeting! The anguish that racked that maternal-heart as unable to speak she twined her arms round her child, held her close in a long sorrowful embrace, gazed upon each dear familiar feature, and finally gave way to a very passion of tears and sobs.

But that was the first meeting—and who could blame her;—in those that followed this truly heroic Christian matron forgot herself and her sorrow, spoke loving cheering words to her child and instructed her in her catechism.

Weeks passed away thus when one morning little Mary on entering her mother's cell found her weeping bitterly.

"Mamma dear, why are you crying," she asked making a brave effort to hide her own tears.

"Because dear, we must soon part. In three days I am to be tried and sentenced and that sentence—is death. When you were a wee toddler I consecrated you to the Blessed Virgin and asked her to bless and guard you and prepare you for that most important action of your life, your First Communion. When it is worthily made one's eternity is secured. I would die in peace if I could leave you united to God. Here is what I have been thinking. I know a venerable old priest named Caron who could not emigrate. When I was arrested he resided on Massilon Street. Go home now dear and tell our faithful servant Peter to find out if he still lives there. If so, go and see him yourself, tell him who you are and ask him in the name of your mother who is soon to die to allow you to make your First Communion. That would be the greatest consolation I could receive here below."

A few hours afterwards the child's recital and request brought tears to the old priest's eyes. "Your mother, is a saint, my child. Since she has instructed and prepared you for your First Communion I need not scruple to carry out her request. Return to your home, prepare your confession and

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come back to me very early to-morrow morning, I will then give you further directions."

Shortly after midnight the priest celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass in his room. When the child returned in the morning he heard her confession and then said to her :

" My child, I offered up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for



you and your mother and consecrated and reserved two hosts. You are very young, still I am going to intrust you with a sacred mission. The priests of the primitive Church made use of children as Christ bearers to carry Holy Communion to the Christians about to suffer martyrdom. I will follow their example and allow you to carry Holy Communion to your mother and at the same time give you permission to make

your First Communion with her in her cell." "Go my child! God is with you," he murmured, at the same time handing her the precious deposit. Claspng it close to her heart she set out with fearless steps and face radiant as an angel's.

As soon as she entered her mother's cell she threw herself on her knees. Instinctively understanding the sublimity of the priest's intention the mother knelt close to her child faith and heart swayed by uncontrollable emotions.

After this spontaneous homage the Sacred Hosts were reverently laid on the table. The acts before Communion recited by the child. Then the mother in a voice trembling with joy addressed Our Lord earnestly recommending to Him her soul and that of her little child for all eternity; and taking the Sacred Hosts gave Holy Communion to her child and then to herself..

The next day when the little First Communicant returned to see her mother she had gone—gone to heaven.

HUMILITY IN SPEECH.

JESUS, meek and humble of Heart, make our hearts like to Thine."

Meekness and humility of heart, comments the Sacred Heart Review. What a contrast to our proud, stiff, self-willed, repellant ways! And yet Christ was God. God humbled Himself even to man's nature and to a shameful death. Let us begin this month to try to be humble. One practical plain suggestion shall be made, for such suggestions are very helpful. Let us try to be humble in our words. Not fawning, not vacillating, not whirled about by every man's opinion, but gentle, forbearing, patient, kind to others, and not always endeavoring to gain our point. In matters of principle let us be as firm as granite, with a holy firmness far removed from obstinacy and contention. In matters of indifference let us be meek and humble. Our true dignity is quite secure in the keeping of our Lord's meek and humble Sacred Heart.