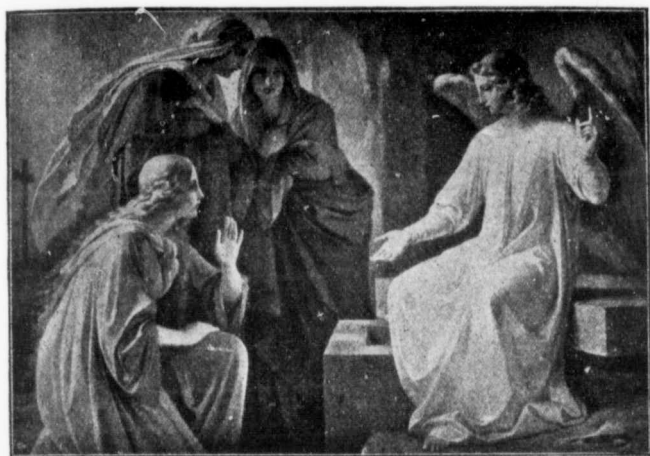




THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

By H. I. Sinkel.



ABIDE WITH US.

ABIDE with us ! Thy presence sweet and holy,
Still let us feel, O fellow-Pilgrim fair !
All day we've journeyed ; now our hospice lowly,
We pray Thee share.

Thy voice full oft upon the way of danger,
A joy unto our fainting spirits lent.
Abide with us ! for day, O gentle Stranger,
Is now far spent.

Abide with us ! Soon will the night-winds carry
Their chilling dews : go not Thou further on.
Beneath our roof, we humbly beg Thee, tarry
Until the dawn.

'Twas thus of old, their Master undiscerning,
The two disciples hard by Emmaus' gate,
Their hearts enamoured in their bosoms burning,
Did supplicate.



Particular Practice of the Month of May.

To Honor and Imitate the Risen Life of Our Lord
in the Blessed Eucharist.



ON Easter Sunday, when daybreak was slowly emerging from the sable tomb of night ; when the feathered songsters, awakened by the morning twilight, were quitting their nests in noisy glee, Jesus, the divine Saviour crucified some hours before, rose glorious and immortal from His sepulchre, conquering death for the first time since the fall of our first

parents.

Glorious Easter morning ! Glad day of triumphant victory commemorated by the risen Christ during forty days, in order to manifest more forcibly His triumph over the inexorable law of death and to assure more efficaciously His earthly glory by placing in the midst of His still youthful Church, through numerous apparitions to His Apostles, an inexhaustible treasury of faith and love, for the salvation of the world become His heritage. It is to these forty days we refer when we speak of the risen life of our Blessed Lord.

Faith and love ! behold the special graces of the resurrection, the invariable characteristics of true Apostles and true Christians, the virtues the divine Master tried to instil, develop and mature during those forty days in the souls of His disciples and especially in those of the chosen eleven destined to take possession, in His name, of His heritage and His conquest.

Each apparition of the risen Saviour seemed to be for the purpose either of helping or of curing a soul suffering

in its faith or in its love. Let us see Him in the first one mentioned in the Gospel, to the loving Magdalen weeping because they had taken the body of her Saviour away and she knew not where they had laid Him : suddenly He stands before her in His radiant beauty and softly calls her name ; instantly her whole being is flooded with unutterable love, joy and peace faintly expressed in the enraptured cry of her over-full heart — " Master." At Emmaus, why His apparition in which He explains the Scriptures if not to strengthen the faith of the two disciples " hearts slow to believe " who walked in sadness lamenting their mis-placed confidence ? Why His apparition to Peter before like favor to the other Apostles, if not because Peter's heart was sadder and more sorrowful at the remembrance of his cowardly denial ? Why His special apparition to the incredulous Thomas, if not in order to force him, with his hands on His still open wounds, to a cry of faith and love mingled with enthusiasm and tears : " My Lord and my God."

The risen Saviour apparently has but one object, one desire, that of dispelling the darkness thrown by the ignominies of Calvary over the faith of His disciples, and the atmosphere of sorrow weighing since the hour of His bloody immolation on those hearts, wherein He had sown His divine love, and enkindled the fire of His Apostleship.

This work of tender solicitude, which is, so to speak, the aim of the risen life of Jesus, in Jerusalem and Galilee, is also that of His risen life in the Eucharist where He now holds His school of love and faith accessible to all ; where He repeats unceasingly : " Come to me, all ye who are burdened and I will refresh you." Souls struggling with doubts, or tortured by want of faith, should be the first to respond to the divine appeal, for are they not the most burdened, the most unhappy in the world, especially when they reflect seriously and fully realize that there is something within them which longs for eternal life, yet which longing according to their idea must inevitably end at the tomb ? Let them come, those poor souls, to the Eucharist and be born anew in faith, there where the divine Master forms all believers, all zealous Apostles, who devote their lives to Him or who go through

the world in quest of souls for His kingdom. At the Eucharistic banquet, Jesus multiplies His intimate apparitions to the soul of the communicant, calling her by name to prove His personal love, as He did to the weeping Magdalen in the garden of the sepulchre ; there, also at this new "breaking of Bread," diffident, wavering souls open their eyes and, like the disciples of Emmaus, recognize the glorious Saviour ; there, also, doubting souls touch the Saviour's wounds and cry out like St Thomas: "My Lord and my God."

As faith grows in a soul it naturally increases its love and devotedness, qualities which complete the perfect Apostle. Jesus, Sacred Host, the source of faith, is also the source of love and devotedness and the inspirer of ardent Apostolic vocations. When we have seen what the Eucharist is, when its divine In-dweller has manifested Himself to us, we cannot but re-echo the impassioned cry of St. Paul : "If any one love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema."

Like the Apostles who, timid before the resurrection, become invincible afterwards, we after the Eucharistic apparitions become inflamed with an invincible, courageous love whose ardour compels us to devote ourselves energetically to the blessed task of making Jesus better known and loved and served. And what has wrought the wonderful transformation in our hitherto cold hearts but Jesus mercifully manifesting Himself to us as He did to Magdalen and tenderly and lovingly whispering : "Go and announce me to my brothers ;" or as to Peter : "Lovest thou Me ? Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," that is to say give them the true Bread come down from heaven, the truth and the grace I deposit in your keeping for them ; or as to the other Apostles : "All I have learned from my Father, I have disclosed to you — Go teach all nations, telling them that eternal life is to know me and Him who sent Me — I have come to bring fire earth and what do I desire but that it be enkindled." Such are the words heard, the lessons learned, the fragrant flowers culled by the believing and generous soul through Jesus' manifestations whether in Communion or in visits to His Tabernacle.

Mary and the Eucharist.

THE Eucharist is the *Blessed Fruit* of Mary's womb infinitely sweet to the taste.

The *Precious Lily* which bloomed on Mary and the immaculate flower from the root of Jesse.

The *Flesh* formed from that of Mary, and which She gives us to eat.

The *Cluster of Grapes* which ripened on this celestial vine.

The *Host* of virginal perfume.

The *Bread* sown in the Virgin, which daily gives to the Faithful the heavenly food of the altar.

The *Little Lamb* of the Queen of Heaven.

The *Chalice* of life and reconciliation offered by Mary.

The *Pasturage* afforded in the spiritual meadow of the womb of Mary.

The *True Pearl* in the shell of Mary.

The *Price of our Redemption* placed in the hands of Mary.

You are, therefore, the brothers of Jesus: nourished like Him at the breasts of His Blessed Mother.

How long, O wandering soul, wilt thou lose thyself in the delights of the senses? Eat this bread, taste this milk given by Mary and you will find delights.





The First Communicants.



It is during the retreat preparatory to the first communion in the Church of the borough. The children listen attentively to the vicar, as he said to them : " This supreme act, which you are about to accomplish, will influence your whole life."

Among the boys was young Louis and among the girls gentle little Marie, with joined hands and with their eyes turned towards the good priest. They are models of wisdom and piety for their companions.

The signal is given, ranks are broken, the children take their places on either side of the confessional. The vicar once more warns them : " Do not try to hide your faults from God, who knows all things."

Julian, one of the children seated in the shadow on the last row with hands crossed and thoughtful gaze reflected. He seems very recollected and is evidently preparing himself piously for confession. Alas ! what memories he recalls.

On Saturday morning, last year, during mass, he had gone into the neighbour's garden and stolen some pears. He had often done this before.

Climbing like a squirrel up the centre of the tree, he found himself on a level with the dining-room window. It had been left open. He saw shining brightly on the table a five franc piece. His eyes filled with a covetous look. How many marbles he could buy with five francs !

What tops ? what cakes in town on market day ! And no one would know anything about it.

He let the pearls he had gathered fall, he jumped into the room, seized the coveted coin, swung back unto the branches, slipped to the ground and fled.

Now, must he tell all that to the priest ?

How can he ? Luckily twelve o'clock rang out. It is the hour for recess. Confessions will be resumed this evening. " I will see about it this evening " thought Julian. Very much preoccupied, Julian reaches his home. His father is already seated at the table while his mother is preparing the meal by the fire.

" Well, little one," asked the laborer jeeringly, " what did the priest tell you to-day ? "

" He told us, that if we hid a sin in confession, we would go to hell ? "

" Bah ! " answered his parent, " it is those priests who have invented hell and confession. "

The poor mother wept and was silent.



A very different scene took place when, Louis and Marie, who were brother and sister, fell on their knees and begged their parents pardon for their many short comings. They were blessed with tears. Those impious words of Julian's father made him decide not to avow his fault.

The priest asked him before absolving him —

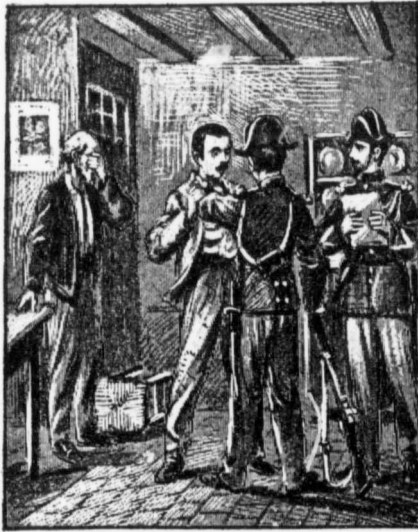
" You have told me all ? "

" Yes, answered the child, and was thus guilty of his first sacrilege. The great day has arrived. The altar is adorned with trimmings of gold, decorated with spring

flowers ; their perfume rising with the incense through the dim light of the candles. The priest officiates. The First Communicants are kneeling. Louis and Marie's parents side by side watch with pious emotion their two children, so fervent and pure, approach the holy Table.

Julian's mother is alone. Oh ! if she only knew. Julian has also risen. With his hands hypocritically joined and his eyes lowered, he follows his companions. It is done. The crime of Judas is once more enacted.

His father denied there was a hell. But all hell was now loose in the heart of his son. Julian became a bad son and a bad laborer. His mother died of a broken heart. His father now regrets the ungodly education he had given him.



Julian frequents saloons and bad companions. One day terrible news is spread in the borough. An old woman is robbed and murdered.

Julian is suspected of the crime. Two policemen come to arrest him. His father is overcome by shame and despair.

Some of the stolen money is found in his pockets. He cannot deny his guilt and he is led to prison amidst the curses of the mob who have risen against him.

He is brought before the courts. There, face to face with the Judges, the Jury and the big crucifix on the wall he exclaims: "What has brought me here is a bad first communion !"

In the back of the hall where the spectators are crowded a responsive cry answered the words of the accused.

"The guilty one is I, his father, who have not properly brought him up and who have made him an infidel."

The Jury retire to deliberate, They return a verdict of mitigated guilt under extenuating circumstances. The father's cry had saved his boy from the gallows. He is condemned to penal servitude for life.

In the borough shortly after the recent crime a great feast day is being celebrated. The young abbé Louis is


to celebrate his first mass. After it is over, he escapes from his parents and friends and goes to console the unhappy Julian.

The youthful priest enters the prison. The two First Communicants are together. Julian's heart is broken. He avows the sin, he had hidden and the sacrileges that have led him to commit murder.

The abbé weeps with Julian and absolves him. The condemned man feels peace come into his heart. He is led to penitentiary and accepts his sad fate as a means of expiation whereby he may be saved from eternal punishment.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, May 17th at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



Hail! Queen of May.

ALICE M. BRONSON.

*Each blossom sweet, each fragrant flower,
Each tiny star shedding its ray,
The gentle wind, the dewy shower,
Welcome our lovely Queen of May.*

Thou art blessed among women, O Mary,
and blessed is our Eucharistic Jesus the
fruit of thy womb! — Jesus in the Host
loves the sacred dwelling of Mary more than
all the tabernacles of Jacob.

*The pretty wild flowers meet her glance,
The dear old trees adore her;
The seeds that have been sown by chance
Are blossoming before her.*

We sing thy praise, O Mary, thou glorious
City of the Eucharistic God! — Hail,
spiritual Paradise in which flourished the
spotless Lily, our Eucharistic Jesus.

*Aye, e'en the birds to sweeter notes
Attune their May-day song;
And Mary's praise, their little throats
Proclaim the whole day long.*

*Thus shyly doth our Queen of May
Walk forth, God's works adoring ;
Her robe white as the ocean's spray,
Her loveliness alluring.*

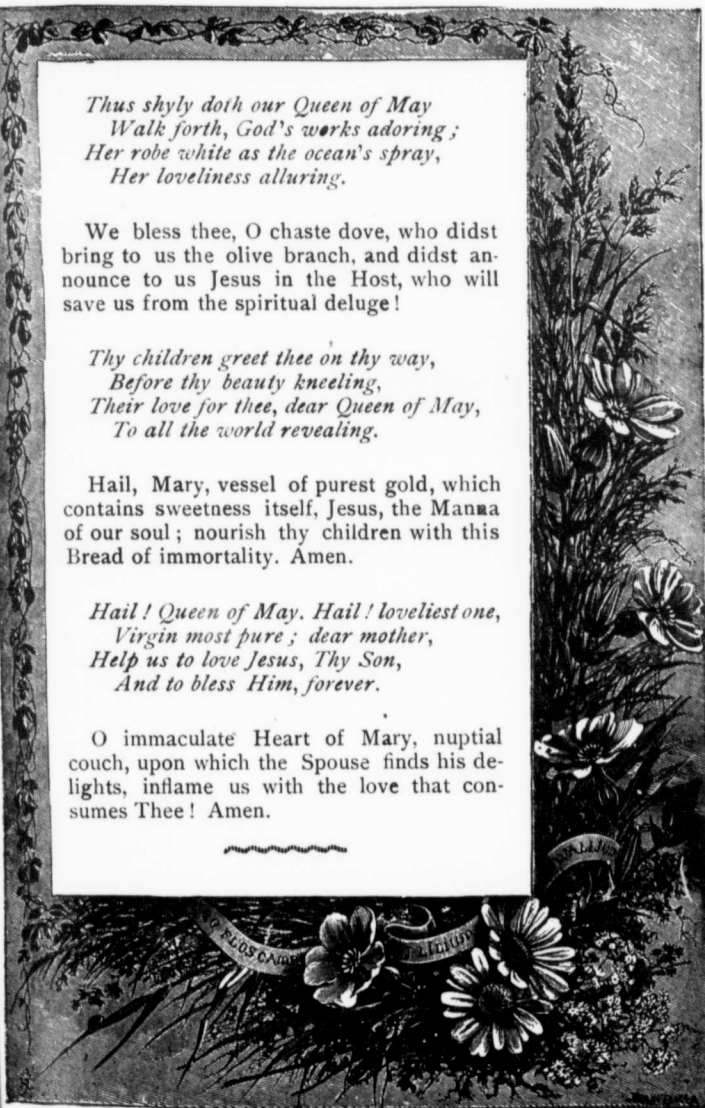
We bless thee, O chaste dove, who didst
bring to us the olive branch, and didst an-
nounce to us Jesus in the Host, who will
save us from the spiritual deluge!

*Thy children greet thee on thy way,
Before thy beauty kneeling,
Their love for thee, dear Queen of May,
To all the world revealing.*

Hail, Mary, vessel of purest gold, which
contains sweetness itself, Jesus, the Manna
of our soul; nourish thy children with this
Bread of immortality. Amen.

*Hail! Queen of May. Hail! loveliest one,
Virgin most pure; dear mother,
Help us to love Jesus, Thy Son,
And to bless Him, forever.*

O immaculate Heart of Mary, nuptial
couch, upon which the Spouse finds his de-
lights, inflame us with the love that con-
sumes Thee! Amen.





Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament.



Mother! God alone could create a being with such a tender, loving heart, capable of such sublime self-sacrifice. In that heart He placed a spark of His love in order thus to communicate it to all men. Sublime was the grandeur of maternal love as it issued from the Creator's hand, but now it is considerably lessened and weakened through the failure of Eve, our first mother, to live up to its lofty standard: in consequence of her defection, all mothers feel the sting of the homicidal poison of sin affecting their generosity more or less. Nevertheless, devoted and unbounded mother love was absolutely necessary to our happiness; without it our hearts would be miserably unhappy, coldly selfish.

* * *

Consequently, God created Mary, the new Eve, the true mother of all men, endowing her with all the treasures the heart of a mother could contain, perfecting this motherhood by giving her occasion to exercise its devotedness towards the most perfect, the most docile, the most amiable, the most loving of sons, towards the Child Jesus, the very Son of God Himself. This perfection attained its sublimity on Calvary, for if, as in her case, a mother can love even beyond death, her love is stronger than

death, a love equal to any sacrifice. Moreover, a mother who has drunk the bitter chalice of sorrow is naturally more compassionate and loving, so that when Mary had finished her mother's mission close to the expiring Christ, He bequeathed her to us fully trained in the school of love and suffering.

We must not forget another preparation the heart of Mary underwent, that of the Cenacle and the adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament where during a life of twenty-five years consumed with love near the tabernacle, the gentle Virgin learned to become the mother and model of adorers.

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* * *

As a Mother looks after the corporal necessities of her children, so Mary, our Mother, looks after our spiritual necessities only in a more devoted and efficacious way. She is the valiant woman spoken of in the Gospel. She instructs us and makes us grow in the supernatural life, by giving us wise counsels, by showing us her example and that of her divine Son who is holiness and wisdom Itself. She clothes us with a two-fold garment against sin, which lessens our love for God and entertains this love in us by the state of grace, and the love of our neighbour by good works.

She feeds our souls with the treasures of the Church of which she is the dispenser and even in a certain way with her own blood; when she offers us the Eucharistic Bread, as in the book of Proverbs when she exclaims, "Come and eat my Bread." The Eucharist contains Jesus formed of her virginal flesh and blood, which great mystery the Church sings in the following words: *Ave Verum...* "Hail, holy Host, true body of Jesus, born of Mary." This is a new title conferring on us new rights to call ourselves her children, since the Eucharistic blood flowing in our souls renders us consanguineous with Jesus and His blessed Mother, who is our Mother also. Communion brings us with the fruits of the Redemption the perfume of Mary's virtues because it is natural that a Son should resemble His Mother.

Thanksgiving be to thee, O Virgin Mother, for the

tender and watchful love. Even should our earthly mothers forget their duties or be unfaithful thereto, thou wilt make up for their deficiency, thou wilt not leave us orphans.

O heavenly Mother, give us our daily bread - grace, the holy Eucharist. Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, Mother and Model of Adorers, pray for us who have recourse to thee.

Let us Give to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.



HE Servants of the Most Holy Sacrament, of Chicoutimi, notwithstanding their poverty are beginning to erect a chapel wherein the Blessed Sacrament will be perpetually exposed. By virtue of an authorization of Mgr. the Bishop of Chicoutimi, whoever donates a stone to this chapel will participate in the merits of the prayers, offices and adorations to be continually offered therein. We would reproach ourselves did we not make known this favorable opportunity, to our Readers, whereby they may show their love to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist and at the same time gain many spiritual advantages.

Who would not give 50 cts. for such an object, or hesitate to form an offering of one dollar, or more, by giving 10 or 25 cts. for each of their dear ones, living or dead, whom they desire to benefit by these advantages.

We will gladly receive offerings at any time and will send them to the Sisters on *Corpus Christi*, with the names of the donators and in acknowledgment we shall give **souvenir leaflets**. To promoters collecting 5, 10, 25 dollars or more, premiums will be given.

SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

The Resurrection of Our Lord.

I. — Adoration.

Adore with Mary, the happy Mother, with Magdalen, with the holy women and the Apostles. Adore in joy and gladness. Salute with the alleluia of perfect praise Christ risen, Christ living, glorious, immortal, present under the veils of the Sacred Host.—Lord, thou hast suffered enough, hast been humbled enough and the stone of the sepulchre was sealed upon Thy ignominy and death. It is time that Thou shouldst take Thy revenge!

It is the morning of the third day. While his holy Soul is making the rounds of Limbo, which he fills with consolation and hope, the angels hasten, joyous and eager, to gather up in golden vases the drops of blood that Jesus shed in His Passion. They are mingled with the damp earth of the grotto, they adhere to the flagstone and the walls of the prætorium, to the rods, to the crown of thorns, to the nails, and to the wood of the cross. The angelic spirits adore them profoundly and gather them up piously, as also the shreds of flesh that had been torn from the Saviour by the violence of the flagellation. Then they carry them to the tomb, which was now to become the scene of a work of divine omnipotence.

The infinite power, residing personally in the Body of the Saviour, reunites and joins together all those venerable morsels of His flesh and drops of His blood, and lo! at a sign of His will and a movement of that almighty power, the Word has reunited His soul and body. His Heart begins to pulsate driving the blood, glad and sparking, into the arteries. His cheeks glow, His eyes open. He casts aside the funeral bands, and passes through the sealed stone of the tomb. The prodigy of the Resurrection is accomplished. Christ is born to glory. The prophecies are fulfilled. Adore, salute, celebrate this moment of ineffable grandeur, of solemn power, of incomprehensible happiness!

Adore, in the Sacred Host, the Christ whom Its transparent veils again conceal in the life, the joy, the glory of His Re-

urrection. Since that glad hour, He can die no more. It is His body glorified, His flesh immortal, His blood incorruptible, His Humanity resuscitated that live in the Sacrament.

Sing to Him a new canticle, the canticle of glory, of praise, of adoration, and of love: *Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!*

II. — Thanksgiving.

Alleluia! Thanksgiving sprang from the tomb of Christ as He Himself came forth. It glittered with the splendor of His body, it rippled in His soul like a laughing rivulet, it overflowed in the joy that He spread around Him, and with which He inundated the hearts of all to whom He manifested Himself.

Enter into the joy of the Resurrection. Gather it up and offer it to Him, first to Him. Thank Him, not yet for the great advantages that you will draw from His Resurrection, but, first of all, for Himself and for the joy, the glory, and the triumph that He derives from it. Felicitate His body, His soul, His Heart on the magnificent compensation of this hour of justice.

Recall the condition of His Body during the Passion and on Calvary,—torn, livid, unrecognizable! Now behold it full of life, glorious, incapable of further suffering or dying! — Christ immortal, *Alleluia!*

Thank Jesus for the joy that His Resurrection gave to Mary. Mother of Sorrows, desolate Mother—thou who didst mourn Thy only Son with tears more bitter than the waters of the sea! Thou who didst see Him wounded, disfigured, covered with blood, consumed with thirst, overwhelmed with fatigue, fainting from weakness.—O what a load of suffering for a mother! —to be able to offer Him neither a drop of water, nor the support of thy arm, nor a word of comfort! —Rejoice now, O Mother, thrill with gladness, for He has risen as He said. Receive His filial kisses, cover His resplendent face with thy maternal caresses. O see how beautiful He is! more beautiful than at Bethlehem! —O too happy Mother! And henceforth He will suffer no more! Rejoice in His conversation accept the compensation that His burning Heart offers thee. Let the measure of thy happiness be that of thy sorrow. *Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Christ arose in order to merit for us the true life of our soul, holy, supernatural, and eternal, and to merit for our body the grace of final resurrection, which will introduce us to heaven, there to taste with Him the joys of His victory,

which is the price of our own. We shall arise in Him, with Him, and by virtue of His own Resurrection. He is the First-Born whom all His brethren ought to resemble. He is the Head, in whose perfect and immortal life all the members ought to share. *Alleluia!*

Living and glorious Host! Host resuscitated and immortal! Witness and Guarantee of the victory of Jesus! Host teeming with riches and ever acting!—Thou who dost assure to me and communicate to me all the graces and all the virtues of the Resurrection—in spite of Thy silence, Thy obscurity; in spite of Thy apparent inaction, to Thee I offer the Alleluia of the angels, the Alleluia of Mary, the Alleluia of Peter and the Apostles, the Alleluia of Magdalen and the holy women — to Thee the Alleluia of all that lives upon this earth by virtue of the Resurrection. *Alleluia!*

III. — Reparation.

Death is the price of life. He acquired the victory, the glory, the joy of His Resurrection only at the cost of His death. This we are taught not only by the fact itself, but by the formal words of the Saviour.

Six times during His life Jesus had occasion to predict His Resurrection, and each time He pointed to His death as the condition, the price, and the means. And it was not to be any death whatever, but one preceded by outrage, humiliation, scourging, iniquitous accusations, and condemnation still more iniquitous.

And hardly was He risen when He revived the wavering and scandalized faith of the disciples of Emmaus by these strong words: "O foolish and slow of heart to believe, ... ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?"

To die and to be buried! To die a death so much the more abject and sorrowful, to be buried in decomposition so much the more complete, more horrible, and more prolonged, as the life to which we aspire is to be more fruitful and glorious—such is the law of our life: "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

It is for us as for Thee, O Jesus. We must endure the triple death of contempt, ruin, suffering, and blood. The Church, Catholic institutions, souls who wish to sanctify themselves—at what price do they live, excepting at the price of death under all these aspects? Is not the Church always pursued by persecutions? Are not Catholic institutions daily threat-

ened with ruin? Do souls sanctify themselves otherwise than by submitting to contempt and calumny from without, humiliations and desolations, ruin and failure from within? For every success, we must confront some failure; for every truce, a battle; for every grace, a sacrifice; for every joy, a sorrow; for every new degree in the spiritual life, a humiliation more profound.

IV. — Prayer.

The Resurrection is a mystery of life, of life full, overflowing and triumphant; consequently, it ought to communicate to our soul a grace of life. It is characteristic of all Thy mysteries, O Jesus, to be the source of holiness, as well as of the truths of faith. The Resurrection, being our new and glorious life, will produce in us the new life, the supernatural life, the eternal life. This is the teaching of the Apostle: "Christ having risen, we, too, must walk in newness of life."

Grant us the grace to live it, O glorious Living One! Grant that we may live it at any cost!

By what channels is the resuscitated life of Jesus communicated to us?—Partly by the Sacraments. By Baptism and Penance, for instance, which snatch the soul from death in order to restore it to life, by virtue of the Resurrection of Jesus. But the adequate means, the channel of life to the open sea, is the Sacrament which Thou, O Divine Head, hast Thyself so appropriately called the Sacrament of Life, the Living Bread, the Bread of Eternal Life, the Bread that puts death to flight, the Bread of the final resurrection, the Bread that here below, makes the soul live of God, in God, and for God, as Thou, O Jesus, dost Thyself live in Thy Father. Is it not, then, reasonable that this Sacrament should produce in our soul life, the life of the Resurrection? If we receive It well and often, knowing how to penetrate beyond the veils of the Sacrament in order to imbibe the sweet and vivifying essence that It contains, our soul will share in the glorious prerogatives of the Resurrection of Jesus.

O resuscitated Victim, Sacrament of the Pasch, Bread of Eternal Life, grant that I may die to sin and live to Thee, to Thy love, in Thy service! Extend Thy vivifying action; pour life throughout Thy Church, by granting it victory over its enemies, and the freedom of its ministry wherever it is now shackled and under subjection; upon Thy immortal Vicar, by restoring to Him his kingdom and full liberty. *Amen.*

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Thirst for Holy Communion.



NEVER did hart pant more eagerly after fountains of water, never did famished man hunger with greater avidity for food, than did Blessed Ida, a Benedictine religious of the City of Louvain, hunger and thirst for the Blessed Eucharist. Once, while assisting at Mass, when the priest elevated the Host, then the Chalice, she experienced such an overpowering desire to bathe in her Saviour's blood that she could no longer conceal it in her heart, but showed it outwardly by drops of blood which began to fall from her nose and mouth and did not cease flowing until she had partaken of the Body and Blood of her God. Then, instantly, her whole being was transformed as if in ecstatic contemplation which so completely deprived her of the use of her senses that no would have thought her soul had left her body to enter into that of her heavenly Spouse and that in her was verified those words of St. Augustine. "The soul is more with the one it loves than in the body it animates."

On another occasion, she ardently desired to receive Holy Communion but did not like to ask her director for it. In order to satisfy her longing, Our Lord Himself sent an Angel who, opening the tabernacle and reverently taking a Host, laid it on the saint's lips. This miraculously given Host inundated her with such abundant consolation that for hours afterwards she could not con-

tain her joyous transports. This longing of hers for the Blessed Eucharist was so vehement and constant that it often rendered her oblivious of self and her surroundings and caused her to use language seemingly unreasonable, at least to those who did not understand for, as St. Bernard aptly remarks, — “the ardent lover at times appears insane but only to those who do not love.” It often happened that when accosting a priest her greeting would be : “Come and let us eat our God.”

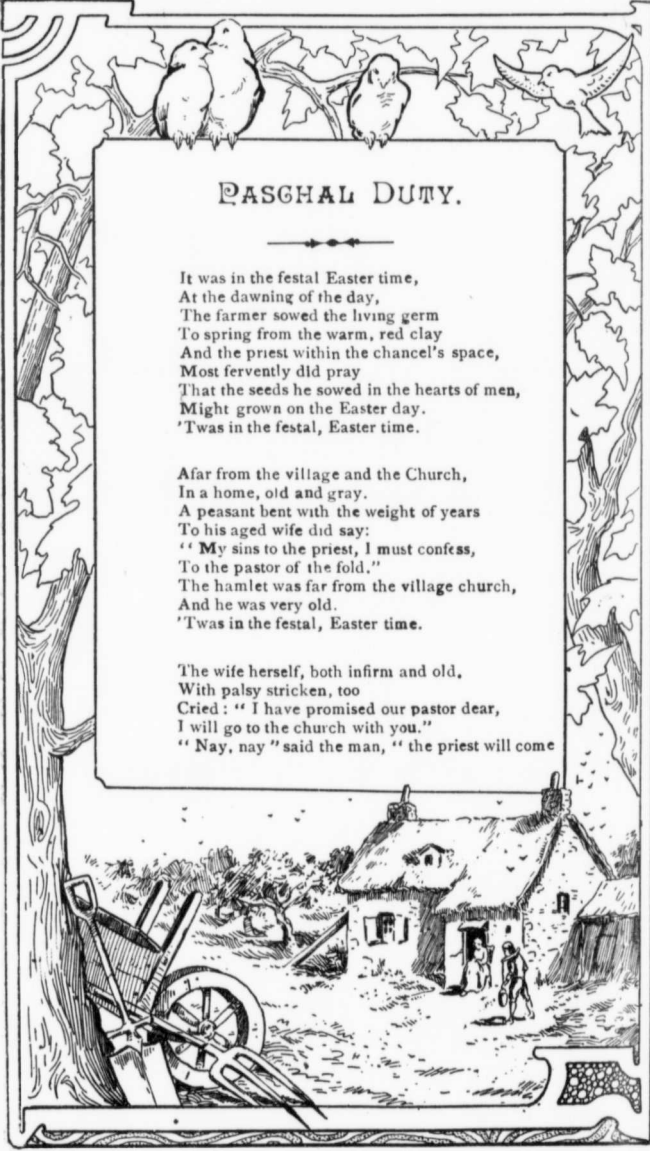
Likewise some of her actions appeared strange at first sight, as the following fact will prove : One day she felt the burning pangs of fever consuming her, while at the same time the desire to unite herself to her divine Spouse caused her even more intense anguish which she made known by sighs and piteous moans. A priest seeing her sufferings, took pity on her and brought her the Blessed Eucharist but as he approached she forgot her sickness and acting on a sudden inspiration rose, to the great surprise of the assistants, and impulsively laid her lips on the arm of the priest who held the Blessed Sacrament as if to repose in her burning love on the heart of her divine Spouse. The astonished priest, thinking the gravity of her illness had deprived her of the use of her reason, was about to go away without giving her communion when the sisters in charge persuaded him her action was not a sign of insanity but an excess of love for her Saviour. In fact, scarcely had the priest given her the Sacred Host when she fell into a peaceful sleep apparently blessed with spiritual delights as a fitting reward for the ardour of her love.

Not only at the Eucharistic banquet did St. Ida experience those sentiments of lively devotion but also every time she went any place where her Lord resided corporally. While visiting the sick of Louvain, if she entered a house authorized to keep the Blessed Sacrament ; instinctively she recognized the divine Presence even though it was veiled and without being guided went directly to the Tabernacle and prostrated herself before her Beloved. Her face became as it were inflamed, so ardent were the prayers she offered Him.

Something even more remarkable still happened once as she was passing through a Church. When she knelt to

adore the Blessed Sacrament by those loving words : Hail, O sweet Jesus, who hast redeemed us with Thy precious Blood, a noise was heard from the interior of the tabernacle like a blow struck on the Holy Ciborium which re-echoed throughout the Church. Doubtless, the divine In-dweller wished to show how pleasing to Him was the salutation of His devoted servant and, as it were visibly to respond to it. Often while assisting at Mass she was the recipient of special favors, as once when outpouring her heart in earnest prayer a white dove flew towards her and deposited on her lips a consecrated Host and in her mouth some drops of the precious Blood of the Redeemer. This admirable participation in the divine mysteries so enraptured her soul that its delicious joy remained with her all day ; it also filled her with a heavenly wisdom making her understand, on the one hand, the greatness and majesty of her sovereign Lord and Master and, on the other, the stains, be they ever so slight, which disfigure a soul when it falls into trivial faults. Judging by this new light, she condemned herself as impure and defiled in presence of the infinite purity of her divine Spouse and in consequence would not dare approach the Eucharistic banquet again until Our Lord Himself dispelled her scruples and reassured her interiorly by saying : " Why do you thus afflict your heart, my well-beloved ? At the first communion you make, you shall through my merits obtain the pardon of all your faults." In fact the following Sunday, after she had received holy communion, her anxieties completely disappeared and were replaced by a lively confidence which nothing could shake.

This is a consoling thought for those souls whom the sight of their faults renders anxious and sad ; instead of being disheartened by those faults, generally trivial, and abandoning holy communion on their account, it would be much more profitable for them and more pleasing to God if they humbled themselves in His presence and had recourse to heal their wounds to the fountain of salvation ever flowing in the Blessed Eucharist.

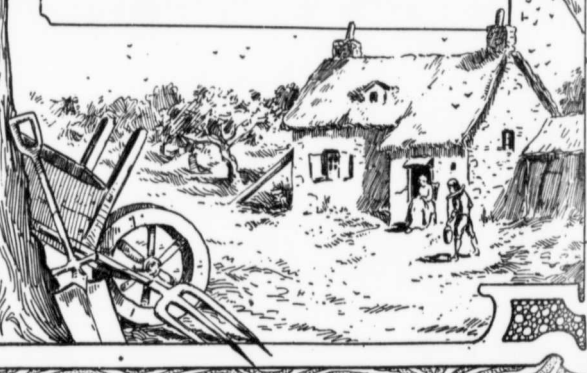



PASCHAL DUTY.

It was in the festal Easter time,
 At the dawning of the day,
 The farmer sowed the living germ
 To spring from the warm, red clay
 And the priest within the chancel's space,
 Most fervently did pray
 That the seeds he sowed in the hearts of men,
 Might grown on the Easter day.
 'Twas in the festal, Easter time.

Afar from the village and the Church,
 In a home, old and gray.
 A peasant bent with the weight of years
 To his aged wife did say:
 " My sins to the priest, I must confess,
 To the pastor of the fold."
 The hamlet was far from the village church,
 And he was very old.
 'Twas in the festal, Easter time.

The wife herself, both infirm and old,
 With palsy stricken, too
 Cried : " I have promised our pastor dear,
 I will go to the church with you."
 " Nay, nay " said the man, " the priest will come



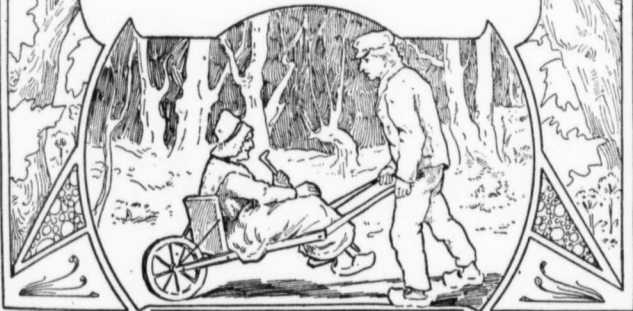


And our Blessed Lord will bring,"
Quoth she, " I must haste to the altar's foot
His praises there to sing."
For she would not weary the priest of God,
Though she was paralyzed.

A barrow stood 'neath
Twas idle, with dust o'erlaid,
But the aged pair recalling it
Their resolution made:
" Together we'll go, in that vehicle
To the holy house of prayer."
An hour thence they had started fort
And the barrow no longer there.
'Twas in the festal, Easter time.

One wheeling the other, towards the church.
With grave and pious air.
Heeding neither the sun nor wind
Now the passers-by did stare.
Naught could disturb their holy thoughts
For their hearts they searched that day
The examen of conscience occupied
All the length of that weary way.
'Twas in the festal, Easter time.

Together they tasted God's sweet gift.
And come forth from that humble shrine
The palsied woman absorbed in prayer.
Now her husband's face did shine.
As they passed in their humble equipage,
Full their hearts were of joy and love,
Yet of earthly goods, their portion was,
But the calm, blue sky above.
'Twas in the festal, Easter time.



Two Birds with One Stone.



HE zealous diocesan missionary wiped the perspiration from his brow as he descended the pulpit steps after a soul-stirring sermon in which he had alternately pleaded, exhorted and threatened the immense congregation composed of all classes and conditions.

Behind the pulpit, leaning against a pillar, sat a humble peasant with bent head, apparently absorbed in deep reflection. When she returned to her home, that is to say to her apartment in the "Flats," whose titular owner she and her husband had been for the last thirty-five years, serious problems were agitating her, so much so, that she barely thanked the neighbour who had so kindly volunteered to replace her while she went to Church, an event of rare occurrence in her life for the reason that the janitor, her husband was at the constant beck and call of the tenants, the proprietor, etc. and, naturally, on her shoulders rested a heavy responsibility. Besides, how do you think one could find time to go to Church often when burdened with the care of an immovable estate, five stories high, especially when some of the lessees, in spite of rules to the contrary, persisted in keeping favorite dogs and pet cats which were certainly a great nuisance and not stipulated for. Yet, I doubt if the poor woman was not even more worried by the five sturdy boys who occupied the third flat and whose chief delight seemed to consist in running up and down the stairs, riding the balustrades, etc. ; but even this was not quite so bad as it might have been, had the other three children composing that family been able to join in the noisy sport.

In spite of all those difficulties, Mr. and Mrs. Bichut were ideal janitors, worthy of being mentioned as such for at least one of the Montyon prizes. And if, as I often suggested, an association of janitors were to be establish-

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ed, having even St. Peter himself as patron, our worthy couple would have been among the most acceptable candidates. One great sorrow marred their happiness because no merry childish voices gladdened their heart or home and though they were very fond of children, the very selfishness of their grief made them more intolerant with those parents more fortunate than themselves. Otherwise they were an exemplary couple, peaceful, kind and obli-



ging, who never indulged to excess in wine or spirits, and never tried the patience of those who rang after hours longer than was absolutely necessary.

At night in the dim light shed by a small lamp, their old-fashioned cozy apartment was a study worthy of an artist. Lounging in an armchair drawn conveniently near the bell-cord, snugly ensconced in his soft, warm dressing-gown, a velvet skull-cap ornamented with the proverbial tassel protecting his bald head, his feet on the andirons close to the hearth in which a bright fire burned,

Mr. Bichut, looked the picture of comfort and importance. So truly did his appearance bear out the fact that whenever the bell rang or any person passed in or out, he merely raised his eyes from his paper with an inquiring look. All this time his better half came and went and quickly answered innumerable bell-calls besides attending to her household duties, but neither her comings nor goings, nor the cheery song of the golden canary, nor the purring of the sleepy cat disturbed the equilibrium of the lounge. In this apartment, not that the occupants were averse to it, — oh no !... only, more regrettable still, simply indifferent, as are alas ! so many others, was no visible sign of any religious belief, not even a crucifix. They had drifted into this way so long ago that now it was a matter of course and they went the even tenor of their way, calmly, day by day, undisturbed by remorse. But all at once the mission preached in the neighbouring parish came to ruffle those hitherto apparently placid lives and drive their thoughts into new channels, like a huge stone thrown into still waters causing them to deviate from their usual course. A zealous neighbour had succeeded after various diplomatic artifices as skilful as those of the Sioux tribes on the war path, in inducing mother Bichut to attend the missionary exercises four times while she acted as care-taker in her place. Even more wonderful still was the fact that, in spite of his loud grumblings and protestations to the contrary, her husband on three different evenings discarded his morning gown and reluctantly left his cozy quarters to be present at the conferences for men, not many of whom ever remembered having seen him in the Church before. And how could they, since, according to his own statement, he had never set foot therein since Palm Sunday thirty years before ?

* * *

The last evening, when her husband returned, Mother Bichut ventured to ask : “ Did the preacher speak well ? Did you like the sermon ? ”

“ Very well,” replied her husband shortly as if the subject had no interest for him and quickly changed the conversation. But on the evening of which we are speak-

ing, something unusual seemed to pervade the atmosphere of this Olympian fireside formerly so serene. Mr. Bichut mislaid his spectacles, read his paper up-side-down, answered imaginary bell-calls, took off his skull-cap more



than once and scratched his bald head without exactly being conscious of the fact and teased the cat for the first time in years, to its great surprise. His wife's mood was apparently something like his own and its effect was very perceptible on one so unaccustomed to philosophical reasoning, causing her to use sugar in the soup instead

of salt, to extinguish the lamp when she only intended to make it give a brighter light, for which awkwardness she was severely censured by her spouse whose nerves were almost as unstrung as her own.

The next morning, at day-break, when according to tradition the Easter sun was dancing in very gladness, a woman glided stealthily out of the "Flats" and hastened at giant strides towards the Church, which she reached breathless and deeply excited; without stopping to recover her composure she went and knelt before that awful, mysterious thing called a confessional and burying her face in her hands tried very earnestly to collect her thoughts.

"What am I going to say? How shall I ever be able to make my confession properly..." and listening to the tempter she grew discouraged and rose to go away, three different times, but each time grace conquered and the poor woman knelt again. At last, fully convinced that in spite of her longing to make a good confession, it was an impossibility for her to do so she was about to depart when, glancing furtively at the confessional, she saw on the right hand side of the awful contrivance, gaping, tempting, importuning, fearfully and mysteriously appealing a vacant place. She rushed into it with bowed head as into a precipice. Before she had time to recover her self-possession, the slide was drawn and a gentle voice said:

"God bless you, my child. I can see by your distress that you have not been to confession for forty years."
"Not so bad as that, Father, only thirty..."

Shortly afterwards, absolved and radiant she advanced to the holy table where communion was being distributed. Still, even in this solemn moment, her happiness was not complete for she could not help feeling anxious and worried because she knew that on this glorious Easter festival her husband had made up his mind to assist at the six o'clock mass, the very mass at which she was to communicate, and how could she perform the holy action right under his very eyes? Human respect with its subtle reasoning insinuated that the good God, undoubtedly, did not require so much for the first time. So she tried to screen herself behind some women in case the surprise

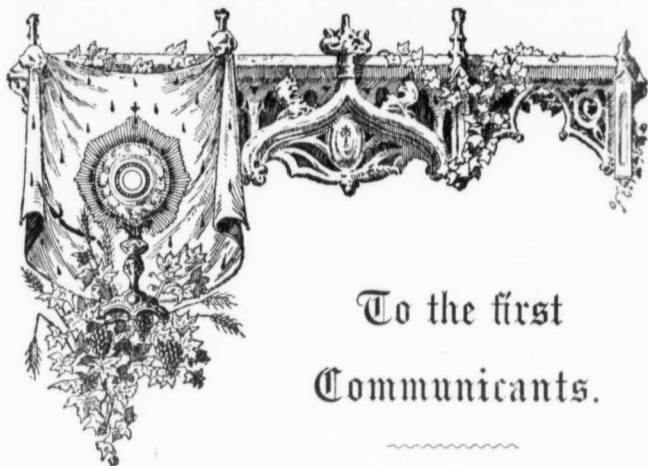
and anger of her lord and master, should he see her, would be visited upon her for performing her Easter duty without his permission.

From the other side of the holy table, at about the same distance among the approaching men, was one evidently as anxious to escape observation as herself, who, notwithstanding the admonitions of his conscience cast furtive glances at the women's side. The great number of communicants testified to the complete success of the mission. When finally Mother Bichut's turn came to kneel at the altar rail, her happiness could not completely allay her anxiety, though the greatest desire of her soul



seen and valued by the coming guest, was to receive worthily. Through some awkwardness, partly due to her anxiety, she knocked against a man who had just knelt beside her and as she confusedly murmured: "Pardon me," her astonishment was great in hearing her husband's familiar but gently modulated voice reply, "Pardon me, Madame."

Kneeling side by side, they made an excellent paschal communion, despite the anxious fears which had been part of their preparation and which the Risen King had so lovingly allayed for evermore by His triumphant "Peace be with you."



To the first Communicants.

AROUGH diamond lay among some common pebbles. A child gathered them up and carried them to his home, quite ignoring the value of the precious stone.

His father watching him, while he played, noticed the diamond and said to his son: "Give me that stone." The child handed it to his father and he laughed, wondering what his father intended doing with it.

The father cut and polished the stone with great art and soon it shone with wonderful brilliancy.

"Look at it now," said the father. "That is the stone you gave me."

The child marvelling at its brightness exclaimed:—"Why, father, how did you do it?"

"I knew," he answered, the value of that rough stone; I rubbed away the coarse covering in which it was enveloped. Now you see it shining in its natural brilliancy."

"Father, asked the child, it will soon be mother's birthday. How happy I would be, if I could give her so precious a jewel."

"We could not make better use of it, the father replied; I willingly give it to you for that occasion."

And he gave the diamond to his son. The mother's heart was overjoyed, when it was presented to her.

W
mon
But,

You, dear children, who are preparing for your first communion, do you not wish to offer a rich present to our Lord Jesus Christ on that auspicious day ?



Well, there is a gift of greater value than all the diamonds of the world. That precious jewel is your soul. But, dear children, you must not be mistaken. Your souls

will be acceptable in the eyes of Jesus in as much as they will shine by the brilliancy of your virtues. They should like the rough diamond undergo a preparatory process. The rough coating of vice should be removed, before they become worthy of the King of Kings.

But how can this be accomplished, you ask ?

This is what we wish to explain to you, dear children. Nothing is more important in the preparation for your first communion.

You should not be satisfied with only reciting certain prayers ; with only appearing to be good ; with not causing your parents and masters pain.

Is it not into your soul, into your innermost soul that Jesus Christ is to descend ?

It is therefore your soul you must prepare to receive Him. The greater care you bestow on that interior preparation, the more God and His Angels will rejoice with you on the day of your first communion.

Now let us consider what the clever workman did to polish the rough diamond, and your question will be answered.

In what did his art consist ? In cutting away all the defective parts of the stone.

So with your souls — All bad tendencies, faults and vices should be eradicated.

To do so, will require great force, sometimes even violent force. Is there not in the recesses of your souls a tendency to disobedience, a habit of murmuring and stubbornness ? Is there not a feeling of vanity, a desire to show off, coquetry, disdain for others, when you are better dressed than they, jealousy when you see preference shown to others ?

Dear little children, do not allow the difficulties of this task frighten you. Oh, what satisfaction you will feel when you know that you have conquered self. Then you will hear the voice of Jesus in your heart saying to you. " My child, you have done well ; I am pleased with you." That word of the Master will repay you for the sacrifices you have made and it will change your sorrows into peace.



GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES BUILT IN 1904 AT THE CHAPEL OF THE "REPARATION" POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.

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