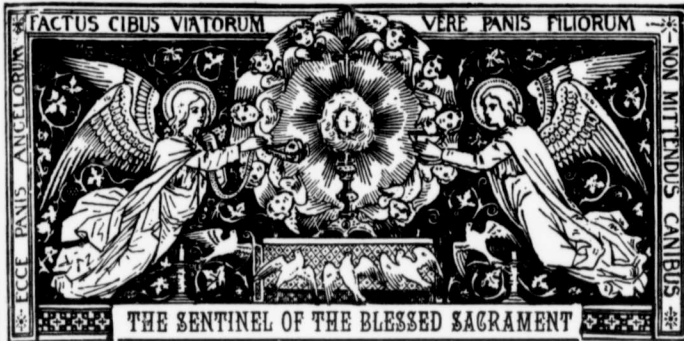


The Tomb of Pius IX.



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

*If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be brighter and Heaven nearer.* E. FABER.

Vol. XIV.

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No. 11

PEACE



*The happiest hours I have known,  
Dear Lord I've spent with Thee alone,  
Before the Tabernacle in silent prayer,  
Knowing, dear Jesus, that Thou wert there.*

\* \* \*

*Each moment a blessing, each hour a joy,  
Filled with sweetness without alloy,  
Jesus, my Master, Thou art so mild,  
Ever forgiving Thy wayward child.*

\* \* \*

*No heart can find nor memory frame,  
Such peace as Thou dost give,  
Jesus, dwell Thou in my soul,  
Then I, indeed, shall live,*

Permelia T. Schweitzer.

The Tomb of Duke I.

## THE HOLY EUCHARIST

*Mgr. Vaughan.*

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The higher we ascend in the scale of creation the more do wonders grow, both in number and in intensity. How unspeakably more wondrous is the vegetable than the mineral kingdom. It would be easy to point out a host of marvels in every flower and shrub, and blossom and bud; but to economise space, I will pass by the vegetable kingdom altogether, and ask the reader's kind attention for a while, whilst I strive to point out the mysteries present in one of the commonest operations of the animal world. An operation which the reader has, no doubt, witnessed time after time, and yet one in which he perhaps never saw anything special to wonder at. Familiarity with a process has so strong a tendency, indeed, to destroy our power of appreciating its marvellousness, that I think it will be of considerable assistance to us if the subject be introduced by a somewhat extravagant supposition.

Suppose, then, that some unknown person were to come to us from another world, and producing a small vessel should say: "Here is a small oval box or receptacle made out of lime, and filled with a thickish viscid of glutinous substance. Keep it carefully for a few weeks in a warm and even temperature, and I undertake to say that, without any further attention on your part, it will gradually transform itself into a superb gold chronometer, with dial, hands, main spring, and hair-spring, lever escapement, and everything complete. Every wheel will be in its place and in ceaseless motion. Each hinge, rivet screw and other accessory part will be carefully formed and placed in position. The whole will constitute a watch, ticking merrily all the day, and registering the time at each succeeding moment."

Such a supposition is enough to make one smile. One instinctively exclaims, "What nonsense! What a ludicrous

idea! How extravagantly foolish; and, above all, how absolutely impossible. If, indeed, such a promise were really made, we should be inclined to think (1) either that the stranger was stark mad; or (2) that it was a piece of mere clever juggling; or, if the promised result did indeed take place, that (3) a miracle of a very extraordinary kind had been wrought.

Yet, strange though it may seem, what is happening continually in nature is very analogous to what I have supposed. What we may actually see taking place in the animal world is very similar indeed to what has been described, only immeasurably more extraordinary, immeasurably more mysterious, and but for the fact that we can actually witness, the whole process for ourselves, we should certainly say, immeasurably more impossible!

A watch is a beautiful thing; a complicated thing; a thing of many parts, admirably put together and most cunningly devised and adjusted. But a bird is immeasurably more difficult, immeasurably more complicated, and a creature of a far greater number of most elaborate parts, more exquisitely put together. Take the egg of any bird you please, let us say a goldfinch. When first laid by the hen, what is it but (1) an oval receptacle or box formed of lime or other calcareous matter; or, in plain English, a shell; and (2) filled with a thickish viscid glutinous substance? This substance is structureless and shapeless, and, for the most part, almost colourless; yet, keep it in a suitable temperature for a few weeks and it will become gradually transformed by the power of God, acting through natural laws; not, indeed into a watch, no; but into what is infinitely more admirable and estimable (*viz.*) into a living, breathing, sentient bird. Within the fragile shell, no thicker than your nail, changes and transformations being gradually wrought, so singular and mysterious, that I know not to what I can compare them, unless it be to the changes that the earth went through during the six days of creation, when God brooded over the face of the deep, and drew order and symmetry out of chaos. A living being is being formed. The bones of leg and wing, the spinal column with all its articulations, the skull and pointed beak and sharp claws

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emerge, as if by magic, from out the liquid mass. Not only is each brittle bone beautifully fashioned, exquisitely finished, and polished as smooth, as ivory — each different, yet all correlated — but they are knit together and adjusted with the utmost precision and harmony, and built up, without hands, not anyhow, not at haphazard, but according to a distinct and definite plan. Then without as much disturbance as would suffice to fracture the film of shell, flesh and skin clothe and envelope the entire skeleton; while throughout the whole there run innumerable channels and secret passages and ducts carrying arterial and venous blood from one extremity to the other. Invisible fingers are still moulding the beautiful form of the bird, and arranging its interior organs of nutrition and digestion, and forming that marvelous pneumatic pump, the heart, on the strictest scientific principles, which is to keep forcing the blood circulating throughout the whole organism year after year, without cessation, so long as life lasts.

Still the work proceeds. The original viscid glutinous liquid is all that the shell contains, or has ever contained. From it, therefore, and from naught else, is drawn the gorgeous plumage that is to be the glory of the bird. The wings are supplied with long, light-pointed feathers suitable for flight, and the breast is coated with softest down of many brilliant colours. All is daintily finished, delicately tinted, and Divinely made. "Digitus Dei est hic." Yet, observe. The fragile shell is still intact. No fresh material has been introduced. All — bones, muscles, veins, blood, brain, skull, liver, lungs, etc. — have been constructed out of the same simple structureless liquid albumen, mucus, cell-substance, protoplasm — call it what you will.

Place your ear gently against the shell. Listen. Can you hear the great Artist at work? Can you detect any sound of implement or tool while the transformation is going on? Where but a short time ago there was nothing but a transparent liquid, we now find that the most wondrous and complex objects and organs have been manufactured. The eyes so bright, clear and penetrating of the imprisoned bird, though made for light, have been



constructed in darkness, and from simple protoplasm. And consider what this means. For though the eye is but one organ and a comparatively insignificant one, yet what a complicated thing it is.

It includes the pupil, the sclerotic, the cornea, the iris, the crystalline lens, the vitreous humour, the ciliary processes, choroïd coat, the retina, with the various blood-vessels which feed it, and the muscles which move it and adjust it, etc. Yet all are there, and in their proper positions. So of all else, the wings so swift and true and light, the throat and lungs and vocal chords, all accurately attuned and prepared within the silent shell, await but its breaking, to emerge into the light of day, and to discourse soft sounds over hill and dale. All is being completed within that miniature universe. All is there. Nothing has been forgotten. Matter enough, but no more than enough, has been stored within the shell for the construction of every limb, organ and muscle, and all else down to the smallest fragment of down that goes to complete the perfection of the bird. At last the shell breaks. The viscid fluid has disappeared, and in its place a bird darts forth instinct with glancing eyes, and flapping wings, and palpitating heart, and with a throat eloquent with song and softly warbled harmonies.

What a strange and wonderful history ! What a stupendous miracle of Divine power and wisdom ! Talk of mystery ! Talk of the incomprehensible ! Well, here in this familiar phenomenon we are confronted with a whole world of unsearchable mysteries. And so far from disappearing or diminishing as we inquire more searchingly and investigate more minutely, they rather become more insoluble and unfathomable. Nay, if we have not yet been startled at the sight of these and similar transformations, is it not just precisely because we have not paused to consider them attentively, but passed them heedlessly by, and because custom has dulled our minds, and because what is perpetually going on and repeating itself for ever and ever, fails to provoke attention or even to excite inquiry ? For what is the fact ? The undeniable fact is, that all creation is palpitating with mystery. Not a cubic inch of earth, air or water, but contains enough

to bewilder and confound the most enlightened intelligence. We live and breathe in an atmosphere of mystery. Above and below and around us lie unexplored and inex-  
plorable depths — depths which defy all human sound-  
ings, and into whose dark and unexplored recesses man  
gazes fearfully and tremulously, but always in vain.  
What do I say? Around him? Below him? Why, even  
within him mystery dwells. Man is to himself the most  
bewildering of enigmas. Whence come life, motion and  
sensation? What is life? What are thought and imagi-  
nation? What is memory which binds the past with the  
present, and links together in one co-ordinate whole the  
experience of many eventful years?

What is sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
that steeps our senses in forgetfulness, and steals us  
awhile from our own company? Surely a strange and  
mysterious thing. And dreams, what are they, and whence  
do they arise? Whence come those strange and wondrous  
scenes, the phantasmagoria that pass and re-pass before  
the closed eyes of the sleeper, with all the vividness and  
speaking impressiveness of waking life; that call back  
the forms of the dead and absent, and re-people earth  
with long forgotten images of friends and foes! In the  
somniaut state, the sleeper sees clearly and basks in the  
sunshine, though all the time he may be really buried in  
an Egyptian darkness; he hears sounds and converses  
with his friends, though he rests in truth in unbroken  
silence; and even though his limbs lie motionless in his  
bed he may still be fighting battles, scaling mountains, or  
fording rivers. He is the sport of fancy, the plaything of  
hallucinations. In sleep he is, and he is not; at once all  
things and nothing. What is sleep? The echo answers,  
What? We are left to wonder and surmise. Thus, ques-  
tion after question suggests itself to the inquiring mind,  
but for never a one is there an answer forth coming. And,  
as it is with the mind so it is with the body. Why does  
a child grow and develop till it reaches manhood, and  
then stop, to grow no higher? Why is one pair of eyes  
brown and another blue? Why is one infant masculine  
and the other feminine? and how is the relative propor-  
tion of the sexes preserved throughout the world, and  
throughout the ages?

So, again, how is life maintained by food and drink, and by what marvellous process is the same food transformed into such wholly different things as blood and bone, artery and nerve, muscle and tendon, skin and hair, teeth and nails? And by what means is each portion of the organism (*qua* organism) built up, distributed and maintained in activity; and how is each instructed to discharge its own peculiar functions?

We need not to be told that scientific men have affixed learned names to every natural process, and have carefully labelled every phenomenon. For that means nothing. Any body can give a thing a name. Yet many seem to forget, or at least fail to realise, that to name is not to explain. To label a mystery is not to solve it. A score of learned terms and definitions will not suffice to throw a bridge, even of gossamer, across an impassable gulf. If I refrain from suggesting further difficulties, it is by no means because I have exhausted my stock, but merely because space is limited. We will conclude, then, with the remark that to look out upon this material earth, and to fully realise how mysterious is every object in it (as soon as we probe the least degree beneath the surface) teaches us a profound lesson. It proves to us how singularly weak and puny a thing is the human itself; it shows us how straitened and confined is our knowledge of even the simplest things; and throws us into a disposition proper and fitting to receive with reverence and docility the incomprehensible truths of revelation. God is the infinitely Incomprehensible dwelling in light inaccessible, and all His works have an element of the incomprehensible in them. But the higher we rise in the scale of creation the more profound do these mysteries become. Their high water mark is reached when, transcending the natural altogether, we enter into the supernatural regions of grace and glory.

*( to be continued )*



A pure heart and generous mind are a better  
bequeathment than noble lineage and ancestral  
wealth. — FR. HAYES.



## National Eucharistic Congress in Cincinnati



O greater public manifestation of faith, love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has ever been given in the United States than that which found expression in the Fifth National Eucharistic Congress. Upon Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, the eyes of Catholic America, and by way of interfiliated interest of the Catholic world, have gazed with more than ordinary interest, pride and pleasure during the auspicious observance of the Congress.

From east and west, from north and south, from home and distant climes, eminent members of the hierarchy, apostolic priests and devoted members of the laity assembled for the four days to adore, to proclaim, to promote the devotion to the chief object of Catholic belief. It was a notable assemblage, a demonstration of

the unity and universality of the Church, which must have impressed in a special manner those not of the household of the faith. Those participating, be they clergy or laity, have returned to their homes, their hearts animated with a deeper and more enduring love for their Eucharistic Lord and their souls imbued with the God-given resolve to do all in their power to lead others nearer to the altar throne, to encourage in them greater devotion and perseverance. The Archbishop of Cincinnati, The Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., in whose metropolitan city the Congress was held, may look back with only the most intense satisfaction upon the work accomplished.

Those fortunate enough to have witnessed the proceedings of the Congress will long cherish its memory and its influence will abide with them like a benediction. A more perfect success could not be expected and no matter from what standpoint the event is considered, only satisfaction can be expressed.

#### A Splendid Ceremonial.

The inspiring ceremonial of the Church was manifest in the Solemn Pontifical Masses opening each day of the Congress, the imposing processions of stately church dignitaries, eloquent sermons brilliant in their exposition of the vital dogma of Catholicity, and scholarly papers presented at the various sessions by versatile prelates and priests, combined in making the event one of more than national interest. The splendid attendance at services and sessions taxed the seating capacity of the spacious St. Peter's Cathedral and Cathedral Hall. Such events as the Congress that has just closed must inevitably play a most important part in that momentous task undertaken by his Holiness, Pius X, who would "restore all things in Christ."

Being only national the Congress was not of course, of the same magnitude as were the Eucharistic Congresses of Montreal and Madrid, but nevertheless nearly two score members of the hierarchy, approximately five hundred priests and seminarians and an immense assembly



of the laity participated in the event. The first national Eucharistic Congress in the United States was held in St. Louis in 1901; the second in New York in 1905; the third in Pittsburg in 1907; the fourth at the University of Notre Dame in 1908, and the fifth in Cincinnati in 1911.

Weeks of preparation for the fifth great gathering found their culmination Thursday morning, September 28, when the Congress was formally opened. Priests on the various committees were untiring in their labors and no detail was overlooked that would contribute to the successful conduct of the event. St. Peter's Cathedral, scene of the services and sessions, was completely renovated a few weeks prior to the Congress. Walls and ceiling were retinted, metal surfaces regilded, paintings retouched, new chandeliers placed in position and after all these improvements had been wrought, flowers, palms and bunting combined in the adornment of church and hall. The great old Cathedral is one of the finest specimens of classic architecture in the West. Artists innumerable have sketched its fluted columns and graceful spire and hundreds of visitors have made it the subject of admiring comment.

#### Opening of Congress.

The opening moment of the great Eucharistic Congress was nigh and the message was heralded to thousands of residents and hundreds of visitors in the Queen City when the chimes of St. Peter's Cathedral pealed loudly and were re-echoed by the bells of every Catholic church in Cincinnati and its suburbs. Then it was that the long and imposing procession of acolytes, seminarians, religious and secular priests, monsignori, Bishops and Archbishops wended its way from the pastoral residence to the sacred edifice. An immense assemblage of people crowded the side aisles and vestibules, lined the walks and thronged the church steps, eager to catch a glimpse of the procession. As it entered the portals the grand organ resounded in wondrous melody and a choir of well-

trained voices were uplifted in the rendition of Elgar's processional greeting "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," (Behold the High Priest Cometh!)

Headed by the processional cross the clergy moved up the main aisle entering the pews reserved for them on either side, while the Bishops and Archbishops and their deacons advanced to the sanctuary. What an inspiring group of laborers in the vineyard of the Master! Prelates in their purple; Jesuits, Franciscans, Passionists, Benedictines, Dominicans, Sanguinists and Holy Cross priests in the habits of their respective orders; the secular priests in cassock and surplice, the Bishops and Archbishops were grouped according to their seniority, the most recently consecrated prelates in the lead.

At his throne, Archbishop Moeller was vested for the Pontifical Mass and then began that solemn and impressive ceremony so dear to the Catholic heart. Surely the King of Kings beheld with pleasure the unbroken faith and touching fervor of the faithful there assembled and accepted their oblation of pure and trusting hearts. Through the stained glass windows of the Cathedral streamed the glorious sunlight of the September day and as the moment of consecration approached the illumination was intensified with the brilliant lights throughout the church. Altars were radiant with myriads of candles and flowers redolent with sweetness spent their transient beauty at the altar throne. It was a scene inspiring to recall and like the clouds of incense rising higher, were the prayers and petitions of those assembled. Into loyal hearts the Master sent His bidding "Manete in dilectione mea"—Abide in My Love.

#### Music a Feature.

A distinctive and notable feature of the Eucharistic Congress was the excellent music and singing at the Cathedral for the morning Masses and the evening devotions. The programs were rendered by a select choir of seventy male voices, forty boys and thirty men under the capable direction of the organist and choirmaster, Prof.

John Fehring. The immense pipe organ at which he presides is considered one of the finest in the country. For the first time also in many years, the echo organ which is located at the rear of the altar was heard. For the ordinary of the Mass a choir of men and boys rendered the Silas Mass in C, which was a prize composition at the Eucharistic Congress in Brussels. The proper of the Mass was chanted in the Gregorian by the seminarians from Mt. St. Mary's. The beautiful motet "O Domine," by Palestrina, was given as an offertory number and Franck's CL Psalm as the recessional.

*Archbishop Ireland's Sermon.*


After the Mass the sermon was delivered by the Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, who is perhaps the most widely known prelate in the American hierarchy. Despite his seventy-two years he is still active in his labors. He is a churchman of wonderful mentality, an indomitable leader, an orator whose eloquence has lost none of his power, none of its charm. The fervor of his own faith shines through his statements and gives them the force of conviction. "The Eucharist, the complement of the Incarnation," was his theme. It was an intellectual treat to all who heard him and throughout his sermon which occupied an hour, he was heard with close and undivided attention.

Each morning during the four days of the Congress, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral and each day morning and afternoon sessions took place at the Hall. Each evening the Holy Hour with benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was held in every church in the city, the Congress culminating with the great ceremony in Norwood Heights on Sunday afternoon when a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held on the grounds surrounding Archbishop Moeller's residence and the Metropolitan of Cincinnati imparted the Papal Benediction. A service of this kind in the open was new to the Ohio city and thousands turned out to witness this glorious climax of the Eucharistic Congress.



JESUS

To Jesus  
in the  
Blessed Sacrament



Oh, Jesus Christ remember,  
When Thou shalt come again  
Upon the clouds of heaven  
With all Thy shining train :

When every eye shall see Thee  
In Deity revealed,  
Who now upon this altar  
In silence art concealed.



## HOSTIA

Remember, Then, O Saviour !  
I supplicate of Thee,  
That here I bowed before Thee  
Upon my bended knee.

That here I owned Thy presence  
And did not Thee deny ;  
And glorified Thy greatness,  
Though hid from mortal eye.

My God ! I now confess Thee  
To angels and to men ;  
And to Thy Heavenly Father  
Thou wilt confess me then.





## HOUR OF ADORATION

“ *Father, Forgive Them !* ”

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

### III — REPARATION.

*Father, forgive them !* ” This word of Jesus ought by its efficacy to produce in the world of souls marvels of purification and holiness. It implores, for all sinners, both of the past and the future, a total remission of sin and punishment. God will hear it in all its fulness. If, indeed, it is not effectual for all, it must be ascribed to the bad will of those that absolutely refuse forgiveness.

Had Jesus the consolation in the midst of His sufferings of beholding many sinners profiting by His own and His Father's pardon ? Alas ! a small number only of those that listened to that word were converted. The others wilfully blind, insensible before so many virtues and prodigies, opposed hellish resistance to its grace and hardened themselves in their crime.

How many Christians will not, even on the bed of death, repent for having co-operated by their mortal sins in the crucifixion of Our Lord ! How many will not with proper dispositions make use of the Sacrament of Penance in which the infinite efficacy of Jesus' prayer is applied, and how many will thus refuse to share in the great benefit of this divine pardon ! And this grace of the love of one's enemies, which Jesus merited for us on the Cross, and applies to us in the Eucharist,—how few in the Christian world come to seek it in Holy Communion and make use of it to pardon their enemies ?

Make a sincere self-examination with regard to this capital virtue of the love of our neighbor. Have I relied on the efficacy of this divine prayer to obtain the remission of my sins? How have I followed Jesus' example? Have I not had some trouble in forgetting and pardoning an injury? Have I not for weeks, months, years harboured against my enemies bitterness and resentment? And, perhaps, I only too often sought to avenge the evil they have done me! Have I reflected that every species of hatred of the neighbor wounds the tender Heart of Jesus and closes the way to pardon for my own sins? Do I not only wish no wrong to my enemies, but do I love them as Jesus loved His? Do I pray for them? Have I not reason to blush at the petition that I daily address to God: *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us?* After the example of Jesus, do I try to excuse them? Do I know how to put self aside in order to further their salvation? If it is mine to preach the word of God, consequently the love of one's enemies, does my life respond to my teaching?

Alas! I must acknowledge that I am far from resembling Thee, O amiable Saviour! Thy Heart is filled with love, and mine is overflowing with hate. Pardon, O Jesus, for having so badly followed Thy example! Pardon, also, for having abused graces merited for me by Thy pardon on the Cross, and which Thou hast so often reached forth to me during the course of my existence! I beg Thee to repeat for me to Thy Father from the depths of Thy Eucharistic retreat: "*Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does!*" I am more guilty than the Jews, because I have known Thee better; but I know also that Thy Heart is infinitely good, and that It will not refuse this word of pardon to a poor, repentant sinner. Stifle in my heart every sentiment of indifference toward, every aversion against my neighbor. Let sincere charity unite me to all souls, Thy living image, that I may be in union with the love of Thy amiable Heart.

I beg Thee, O Saviour, repeat those words to Thy Heavenly Father for all who at this moment are guilty of mortal sin; for those in particular who have not the

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courage to conquer their repugnances and freely and generously pardon those that have injured them : *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !* ” O Jesus, pronounce that word in favor of the poor souls in purgatory who have still some debts to pay to Thy justice, above all for those that have not sufficiently observed the precept of the love of enemies. Repeat for them to Thy Heavenly Father : “ *Father, forgive them, for they did not know what they did !* ”

#### IV — PRAYER.

“ *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !* ” The precept which distinguishes the New from the Old Law, the cherished precept of Jesus, is that of loving one's neighbor as one's self. The most difficult act of this precept is the love of one's enemies. To love an enemy, to love him at the hour of death, to love him when we know that he is rejoicing at our death, that he is the instrument, the cause of rendering it as cruel as possible, — here is the height of heroic charity ! Ah ! the Christian who wants to be docile to the teachings of the Divine Master must go that far. Did not Jesus say : “ Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you ? ” And the Divine Saviour who had never ceased to preach this doctrine during His life, at the moment of death taught it by word and example from the pulpit of the Cross, as says Saint Bernard. He wished to conclude His sermons by the practice of one of the first recommendations by which He had begun His teaching. How eloquent is this first lesson coming from the height of that bloody pulpit !

Although Jesus can no longer make His voice heard by men in order to remind them of this great lesson, it is nevertheless of too great importance to abandon its practice entirely to man's weakness. He will, then, remain upon earth, He will multiply Himself throughout the whole world, that He Himself may ever be its living rule, its accomplished model. His Eucharistic life will be a series of wonders and prodigies in the practice of the love of enemies. How many hypocrites, their heart

filled with hatred, will come to receive Him in Holy Communion under an exterior of the liveliest piety ! How many persecutions, outrages, insults will He have to undergo during the course of ages ! How many sacrilegious tongues will snatch Him from His heavenly throne to deliver Him into sullied hands and, what is still worse, to bury Him in the filthy depths of a heart corrupted by sins ! How many will come to tear Him by violence from His solitude, in order to deliver Him into the hands of sacrilegious profaners ! And yet Jesus is silent. The only cry that then escapes His Heart is that which He uttered on the Cross : "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !*"

What Jesus did on the Cross, what He is still doing in the Host, I ought also to do. First, because the love of the neighbor is a *law* of Jesus Christ, or, as a disciple of this Divine Master, I owe Him submission and obedience. Again, the pardon of my own faults is at stake. The Supreme Judge will not have two weights and two measures, "for," as He has said, "with the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

The advantages of the pardon of injuries are numberless. If I pray for my enemy Jesus will pray for me. If I confer benefits on them that outrage me, Jesus will pour on me His Precious Blood, He will constitute Himself my advocate before His Father, He will excuse my weaknesses with the words : *He knows not what he does !* He will clothe me with His merits, will cover me with His protection, will hide me in His Wounds, will assure to me as to His true disciple and faithful friend His divine sonship, His heavenly inheritance. Predestination, grace, pardon at the hour of death, heaven—all are bought at this price.

But how difficult to my proud nature to lower itself so far as to pardon an injury ! The greatest acts of mortification cost less than such a humiliation. What nature left to itself cannot do, the grace of Jesus can easily bring about. It is in it. O well-beloved Saviour, I place all my confidence, trusting especially in the merit of Thy prayer on the Cross ! Grant that I may share in its divine efficacy.

## The Welcome of a Creature.

*De Profundis.*

BEFORE COMMUNION

**M**y God, I wish that after Communion I could sink, sink, sink before Thee till I should reach that point of self abasement which corresponds with the fundamental nothingness of the creature. That from this depth I might adore Thee, and that the recognition of the infinite distance between us might be accepted by Thy Divine Majesty as fitting adoration and praise. I unite myself with all those who through the help of Thy Light have reached that depth of lowliness. With the heavenly hierarchies sinking lower and lower in Thy Presence as they are nobler, nearer to Thee, more loving, more beloved: with the sublime spirits who veil themselves before Thy Face, with the four-and-twenty ancients who cast their crowns at Thy feet; with that Handmaid of Thine who adores Thee from the depths of abasement not given to us to sound or even conceive: with Thy Co-eternal Son, very God of very God, who as Man annihilates Himself before Thee. From my place as a creature, in union with all creatures I worship Thee, my God. *De profundis clamavi ad Te Domine!*

Is there a lower depth than this? Can anything be beyond and beneath nothingness? Yes. That abyss if deep is not dark. It means infinite distance between the creature and the Creator, but the distance does not divide. On the contrary, it implies a relation, a drawing together by the correspondence between plenitude and need. But sin is black and repulsive, its final consequence utter and eternal separation of the Creator from the work of His hands.

What is sin? It is the practical denial of God's claims to our obedience. It is the deliberate turning against Him of the gifts we have received from His hand. And this while still clinging to that hand for life and the enjoyment of all life brings. This is what I have done when I sinned. This is that

lower depth above which I see the level of simple creaturehood lying far above me, the sunlight of God's love upon it.  
*De profundis clamavi ad Te Domine!*

There is yet another depth, the outcome of the other two—the depth of need. The creature's need is absolute. It has nothing of its own. Even the gift of itself is for ever dependent on the Creator's Will. The natural life of its immortal spirit is indeed irrevocable in the sense that only by the same act of omnipotence that called it into being, can it be withdrawn. But all that goes to make true life, life that deserves the name, the happiness that results from the full activity and satisfaction of all its powers — all this is the creature's need. It is the vast ocean-bed that He who created it alone can fill. But how can I fathom the need into which sin has plunged me? Of myself I have nothing, nothing wherewith to satisfy the cravings of my immortal soul. God is the End for which I was created, which I must attain, or pine for everlastingly, in fruitless desire. And I have cut myself away from Him. What words can tell my need of that mercy which will bring Him once more within my reach!

#### AFTER COMMUNION

“O Lord, Lord, Almighty King, all things are in Thy power. Thou hast made heaven and earth and all things that are under the cope of heaven. Thou art Lord of all, and there is none that can resist Thy Majesty.” ( Esther XIII. )

Whence is this to me that my Lord should come to me ?

Down, down, I sink in His Presence, like a speck floating through space from the most distant star. Down, down, till I reach the creature's place, the point whence it sprang from nothingness at the Creator's word. Oh that that depth were all! But deeper and darker than the void of nothingness is the abyss of sin. And into that depth His hand has reached to save me. And to that misery His Heart has drawn Him — to love me. And to that degradation He has stooped — to raise me even to Himself.

“Give praise to our God all ye His servants, and you that fear Him, little and great.” ( Apoc. XIX. )

“For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name.” ( Ps. CXV. )

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, let all that is within me bless His Holy Name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget all He hath done for thee." (Ps. CII.)

"Give glory to the Lord for He is good ; for His mercy endureth for ever." (Ps. CV.)

*De profundis.* Terrible, my God, is the voice of sin going up discordant and defiant to the throne of Thy Majesty ;



going up at all hours— throughout the busy day, in the stillness of night. Yet I rejoice in the thought that it falls short, infinitely short, of the calm heights where in light inaccessible Thou dwellest, and no more troubles their serenity than the report or the smoke of our cannon perturbs the distant stars. I rejoice again in my littleness that limits my own power of offence. Thanks to my finite nature, I am not capable of any

infinite act. Yet through the gift to me of Thyself I have control over what is infinite. Therefore my reparation can be greater than my wrong-doing. I have done evil before Thee, yet not with malice that is infinite. But with Christ in my heart I can give Thee infinite honour and glory. Thanks be to Thee for Thy unspeakable Gift. In atonement for my thanklessness I offer to Thee the praise of Thy well-beloved Son. In reparation for the indignity with which I have treated Thee, for all my irreverence in Thy Presence, I offer Thee Him who was heard for His reverence. In place of the service due to Thee, which, alas, I have so long withheld, I offer Thee the infinite value of His works who did always the things that please Thee. For all my coldness, my heedlessness and heartlessness towards Thee, my Creator and my Father. I offer Thee the infinite love of Thy dearly beloved Son, all the zeal of His service, all the labours and suffering of His life on earth, all His conformity with Thy will which was the rule of His every thought, and word, and deed. Look upon the Face of Thy Christ, and look upon me in love and in pity for His sake.

MOTHER MARY LOYOLA.



## Pius the Ninth's Tomb.

*(See frontispiece)*

The Tomb of Pius IX is in the Crypt of the famous Basilica of St. Laurent-hors-les-Murs, built by Constantine the Great, and restored under Pius IX. The church walls are richly decorated with costly mosaics representing the escutcheon of all the Religious Orders. But the tomb itself, in compliance with the venerable Pontiff's wish, is very plain, and consists of a marble sarcophagus in a niche, painted like the Catacombs, and surrounded by an iron railing.



## Moments before the Tabernacle



Moments before the Tabernacle — only moments. If possible an hour in the morning, or the best part of an hour, assisting at the fulfillment of the Saviour's command: Do this in commemoration of me. The morning Mass, more than anything else, justifies the remark made lately by a great man outside of the church, who, in spite of generous tendencies has not followed his sister into the Catholic faith. "Their week-days," he says of us, "are often more Sunday-like than ours." More Sunday-like, especially on account of the pious throng that fills our churches during the time of Mass; but also through the holiness diffused by our Lord's abiding Presence in the Tabernacle — a Presence, let us hope, felt even by those who hardly advert to it. For ought not the Tabernacle to be our refuge, our resting-place, our resource for seeking comfort, advice, pardon, courage, and all that we want to keep us in our lifelong fight with the world, the flesh and the devil?

Not only, therefore, in the morning hours, when there are more lights burning on the altar besides the Lamp of the Sanctuary; not only when the Sanctus bell rings, or when we hear the Priest's *Domine, non sum dignus*; not only when the faithful, many or few, are assisting at the mystical, but real, repetition of the infinite and all sufficing Sacrifice of the Cross — not only then, but afterwards when perhaps no one but myself is kneeling there, I must try to spend in the course of every day some fervent moments before the Tabernacle.



My Lord and my God! I wish to make this act of faith with the earnestness and love of St. Thomas, from whose heart this cry first came. For nature and the senses incline us to that incredulity which he had shown; and so,



when another St. Thomas would "devoutly adore Thee, O hidden Deity!" under these sacramental veils, he thought of the Apostle whose name he bore :

Though I look not on Thy Wounds with Thomas,  
Thee my Lord, and Thee, my God, I call.  
Make me more and more believe Thy promise,  
Hope in Thee and love Thee over all.

Nay, our act of Faith before the Tabernacle is very often like that of the poor man in the Gospel : I believe ; O Lord, help my unbelief. This expression of his faith, which to himself hardly seemed faith at all, satisfied our Saviour so far as to induce Him to work the cure, for which He had exacted faith as a preliminary condition. But I must not forget that in making this humble act of faith he cried out with tears. He was sincere, his heart was in his words, his heart went far beyond his words. I must try and feel thus when I use the words of this good man, as I kneel before the altar, and begin my visit by saying : I believe ; O Lord, help my unbelief. Jesus says to me, as He said to the father of the afflicted boy : "If thou canst believe." And like him I answer ; I do believe, but oh ! my faith is so cold that it almost seems dead. Bring it to life, give it a new living heat, that it may not only glow within, but shine without ; that it may not only burn in my own heart, but set many others on fire.

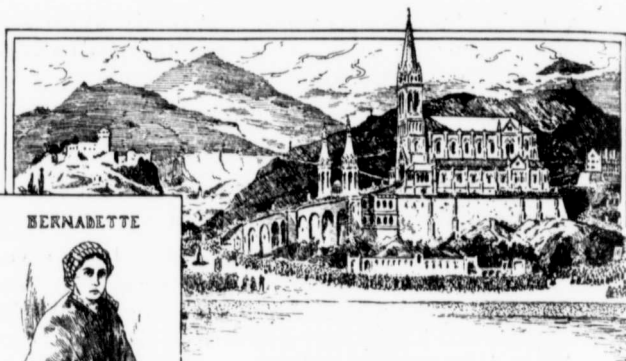
May love light up our mortal frame  
Till others catch the living flame.



Only in sorrow do we seek Him out :  
When joy is ours how far off we abide !  
Thankless and hard, receiving endlessly,  
Must we be scourged unto our Father's side ?

—MARIE BLAKE, in S. H. Messenger.





BERNABETTE

## JEAN-BAPTISTE'S VOCATION

*(Concluded.)*



Left alone once more, Madame Duval began to think over the words of her son, the docile, sunny-natured boy she had always held her dearest and best, but in the depths of her own heart only, for she was before all things just to every-one. Her vivid faith had been impressed—how strange that she had not thought of begging supernatural help before! For resigned though she was to the ordering of Providence, she did not want to die just now. She had set her heart on seeing Jean-Baptiste say his first Mass—O beautiful day! A son in the priesthood! She could not conceive a greater joy for any mother, and the mere hope that it might be hers was consolation for all the hard, weary years of well-doing, of struggling, of suffering both physical and mental. For Jacques' defection was continual grief—and anxiety, too, for the little ones' sake—to her brave, uncomplaining spirit.

But that the day of Jean's first Mass should dawn, she must live and fight for him, by prayer and by word. And hitherto it had seemed an impossible task. Now, however, a proces-

sion of beautiful thoughts came to her, and Mary was the beginning and the end, the light upon them all, the unity of all.

It was through the Mother of the Great Priest that she should be restored to health, she was certain that she should. It was through Mary that the call had come to her little son; she, therefore, who had shown him his vocation, would be his certain help towards its fulfillment. And since such a grace had been accorded to her household, others might confidently be expected also.

Just then Jacques came tiptoeing into the room.

"Jacques," she whispered, "come here. Wilt thou grant me a request that means all the world to me?"

But Jacques knew what she would ask.

"Claire," he returned, passionately, "I love thee more than my own soul, if there are such things as souls. But no, a thousand times no to thy request if it has to do with Jean-Baptiste and his mad notions. Thou believest in a God, Claire. If the God then will rob me of thee, my dearest one, I cannot stay His hand. But I will not yield Him my son also—He shall not take both from me."

"Jacques, thou deservest nothing better than that God Whose name thou profanest should deprive thee at once of both wife and child. Yet because He is all-pitying He hearkens to the prayers of His holy Mother, and for her sake has he stayed His hand. Jacques, thou knowest I am past human help, dost thou not?"

A stifled groan was the response.

"But where human help cannot reach, God's kindness can come, I would make a bargain with thee. My only hope of recovery lies in the mercy of God to which I shall appeal through his mother, His dear and spotless mother, our mother also to whose pleading He can refuse nothing. If, then He restores me to thee, to my home again, it will be a miracle plainly. And, in return, I ask thee. Jacques, my husband, to let Jean-Baptiste follow his vocation."

Jacques laughed bitterly. He had no faith in miracles.

"If such a miracle occurs, vraiment, yes, I consent," he said.

The novena was now five days old. Already Madame Duval was better. Daily she had taken the miraculous water, daily she and the rest had joined their fervent supplications



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at the holy time of Mass, and daily had she felt the heavenly mother's gentle benediction in a decrease of pain, a rallying of strength. Doctor Leblanc had been to see her once—Jacques had sent secretly for Him. The physician was astonished.

“ I expected to find you sinking, Madame,” he said frankly. “ Instead—and I cannot find a reason for it—the symptoms are of decrease instead of culmination in the malady. You have all the appearance of one who is likely to recover. I congratulate you on such a miraculous achievement.”

But the doctor, who was a good Catholic, was less surprised when Madame told him the reason, the reason which he could not discover.

“ Ah ! it is no wonder that you baffle me,” said he, “ when the Queen of Heaven is your physician, Madame.”

A new thought had come to Madame Duval by the next morning's light. She would pray that Our Lady would complete her cure at Lourdes itself, that she would give her at present only health and strength sufficient to enable her to bear the journey. She would get Jacques to accompany her, Jean-Baptiste, too, should come, and there, at the Holy Mother's feet, her prayer would at last be granted. Jacques would surely receive the grace of conversion in that very sanctuary of graces, where, she remembered having often heard it said, for every bodily cure she obtains there are a thousand spiritual gifts dispensed by the Immaculate. There too, Jean-Baptiste, should win treasures of grace and blessing sufficient to make him a priest among priests ; and there she herself should partake of that spiritual bounty and obtain her perfect cure.

Her prayer was heard. By the close of the novena she was so greatly improved as to be able to sit and even to move about a little.

One evening she told Jacques of her plan for the completion of her cure, and little Jean-Baptiste, whom she wished to have with her. After Doctor Leblanc's words Duval could not but acknowledge that the recovery was something more than natural. And besides, he had no objection to visiting Lourdes with her. So it was settled, and a few days later the three were en route.

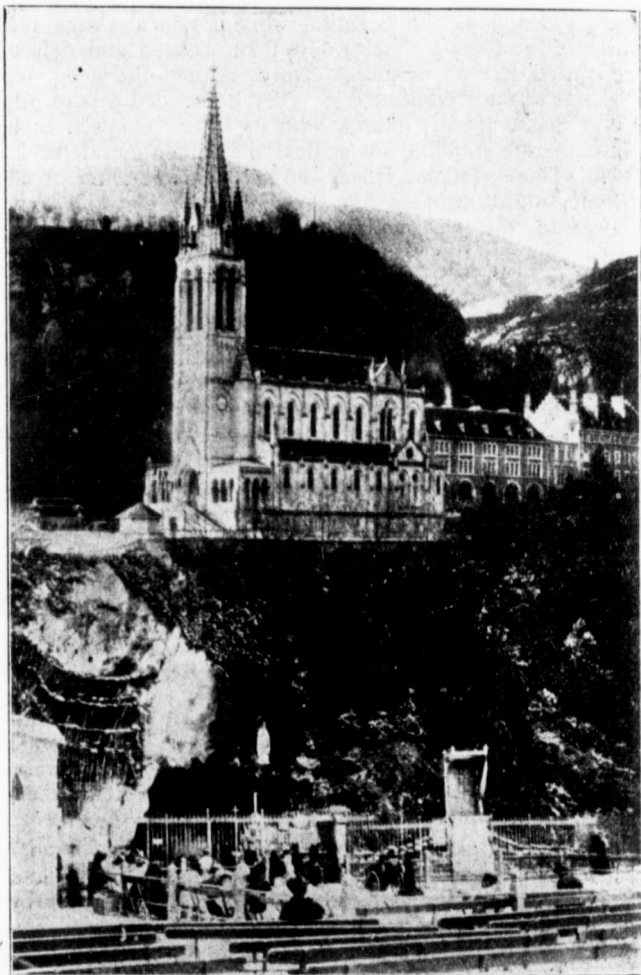
They stayed a week at Lourdes—seven days of grace and benediction, seven days of purest joy and happiness. Entering the gates where Our Lady's statue amid its glass roses stands welcoming, the beautiful white Basilica above the Church of the Rosary shone before them, fretted and delicately pointed, like an exquisite cameo, against the deep, intense blue of the Pyrenean sky. They descended first of all, into the quaint Rosary church with its fifteen chapels, each with its picture standing out against the golden mosaic background. There Madame Duval and her son went first of all to Confession, to prepare their souls for that week of Heaven. There, also, the two recited together decades of the great Lourdes prayer, the "Roses of Mary" first garlanded by the "Rose of Patience" whose carved figure kneels forever at the feet of the Mystic Rose and her Child depicted over the stone portal they had just entered. Then after visiting the Basilica above, with its beautiful lamps and banners, its touching exvotos, they three went, each one a-thrill, to see the holy Grotto. It was late afternoon and twilight was beginning to cloud the splendor of the sky. And there, ah, so white and sweet and fair I stood "imaged Memory" of Bernadette's bright vision, clear and beautiful amid the shadows against the darkness of the cavern behind her. Like a star she seemed, set among gray shades and clouds, the brighter for the encircling gloom.

At her feet burned candles and candles, a gold fretwork of light flickering in the evening wind. There was a crystalline silence, only a few petitioners for the moment being present, and the swift, fresh rushing of the river Gave behind was the only sound.

There was a torchlight procession the next night, and Madame Duval was sufficiently strong to be able to walk in it, singing the hymns in her heart. How beautiful it was! Jean-Baptiste could scarcely sleep all the night after for excitement and happiness.

One cure had taken place during their stay, that of a poor man. They had seen him carried to and from the Grotto and the piscine where the baths are, daily, on his stretcher by the devoted attendants, some of whom are themselves miraculously-healed invalids, who in gratitude devote their lives to this work of charity. It had occurred during a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the monstrance having been rested momentarily on the sufferer's head by the Bishop who bore it.

Jacques had seen it as well as his wife and their son, and it had made a powerful impression on him.



None of the gifts she herself had sought had been given to her yet, however. And at length the sixth day, the last

complete one of their visit, had arrived. On the evening of the morrow return was imperative. She and Jean-Baptiste redoubled their prayers, they would force Our Lady to hear them. They had communicated in the Rosary church in the morning, proceeding thence to the Grotto, where, lighting candles, they prayed long and earnestly that the favors they implored might that day be granted. Then the usual visit to the piscine was made, and this so marvelously refreshed and strengthened Madame Duval that she regarded it as a good omen, preparing specially fervently for that afternoon's procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

At length the hour came. The three, Madame Claire, her husband and Jean-Baptiste were kneeling in the first row. Nothing was to intervene between them and the very Presence of the Lord Who was so soon to pass. Onward came the beautiful procession, hymns alternating with prayers, cries from the crowd rising ever and anon as some poor sufferer besought his cure from Him Who ever "had compassion on the multitude," and to Whom, in the days of His flesh, the blind and lame, the sick and suffering by the wayside never made appeal in vain.

Then just as the priest bearing the Sacred Host took a step forward, a deep sigh broke from the lips of Jacques Duval.

"My God! My God! Miserere!" Claire heard him murmur.

A sudden acute agony of pain had fallen upon her whole being at the moment of the dear Lord's passing. She had borne it bravely while He paused, but now, she fell half fainting upon her husband's shoulder. But it was over immediately, All pain was gone, she was strong and well.

"I am cured! I am cured!" she cried. "Magnificat anima mea Dominum!" And the glorious strains of the great canticle of gratitude arose at once from the whole vast throng surging around Him Who passed on His beneficent way, "doing good."

"Did you see her, mother. Did you see her?" questioned Jean-Baptiste eagerly. "Our dear Lady herself, all in white! She carried her Son and she stood before us and lifted His little hand. And He blessed each one of us"

"She is indeed the Mother of Mercy," who spoke.

Richard Grant in the Magnificat.



## Words of Consolation.

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**M**AKE our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament your constant thought ; recollect that He is your friend, tell Him all your sorrows ; go often in the day, if only for a few minutes, to relieve your mind in trouble, and you will find that the hardest trials will seem to pass away in a moment. Run to Him at all hours, and you will wonder at the fulness of the consolations which you will receive, and at the clearness of the answers that will come in time of doubt. Throw your cares into the hands of Jesus in the Tabernacle, and they will cheer you by becoming light, very light. But never weary in being in earnest about loving Him, and never allow yourself to be frightened : " It is I, fear not," are His own blessed words.

Love the poor, labor for them, give yourself up to them, and the spirit of joy will come to you and abide with you, it will make labour and privations light, and every suffering easy to you. As to temptations, they cannot hold out against the gaiety of heart that comes to us from affectionate intercourse with the poor.

Rt. Rev. MGR. GRANT,  
Bishop of Southwark.

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Heart of our God ! with the saints we implore Thee,  
Heart of our Jesus ! with angels adore Thee,  
Heart the most gracious, most loving, most holy,  
Make our poor hearts, like to Thine, meek and lowly.