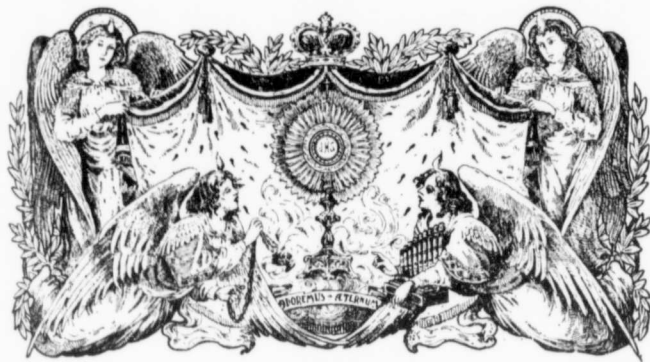


Jesus and Magdalen.

By Signol.



## Magdalen.<sup>1</sup>

(July 22nd.)

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair,  
 She heard in the city that Jesus was there;  
 She marked not the splendor that blazed on their board,  
 But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,  
 Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned on her cheek,  
 And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,  
 It seemed as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,  
 That one so unhallowed should treat in that hall;  
 And so said the poor would be objects more meet,  
 For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd at His feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,  
 She dared not look up in the heav'n of His eyes;  
 And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,  
 As her lips to His sandals she throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow,  
 In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow  
 He look'd on that lost one—her sins were forgiven,  
 And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

<sup>1</sup> See frontispiece.



## Particular Practice for the Month of July.

The Fitness of Children and Young People for Communion.



ALTHOUGH children and young people have so great need of Communion, yet are they fit for it? Can they bring to it the dispositions, whether of necessity or propriety, that the reception of this Sacrament calls for?

To this query we may answer by a single word, by an expression dear to modern economists: "The need creates the means." If the soul of the child needs the Divine Bread for the support of its supernatural life, the Father in heaven has to provide it with the dispositions proper for procuring It, just as He has given to all creatures, along with the instinct of self-preservation, the means of securing it.

To state the case precisely, we must say that, if the dispositions demanded of children are to be judged according to prevailing ideas and commonly received usages, very few children, very few young people, will be thought capable of weekly, not to speak of more frequent Communion. No allowance is made for the conditions belonging to their age, and, above all, of that excessive restlessness which manifests itself exteriorly by the necessity for action, noise, talk, and amusement, and in their interior,

by the difficulty to fix their thoughts upon one subject even for a short time, to reflect, to reason, to think. That restlessness again shines forth in the rapidity with which their impressions and sentiments change and pass, and in the inconstancy of their resolutions. We forget that, although these defects cause numerous interruptions in what we might denominate an ideal preparation for Communion, yet for the children themselves they do not amount to even a fault; that if they do commit many of them, they are mostly venial, and that in every case such defects are to be attributed more to age than to individuals. For the same reason, they should not render those children unworthy of the reception of the Sacrament so full of condescension, in which Jesus, longing to give Himself to all, exacts from each only what he can offer. We, alas, forget all this! We demand of children efforts in the case of holy purity, watchfulness over self, recollection, and prayer as great as from persons of more advanced years and greater piety, nay, even from religious and priests! For their weekly or monthly Communion, for their Communion even on great feasts only, or sometimes only at Easter, we look for dispositions of fitness which sound theology does not claim for frequent Communion!—Is this right? Is it charitable? Is it in conformity with what we know of the indulgent goodness, the tender pity, of the Heart of our Master? Does it not proceed, rather, from an arbitrary interpretation of the law of Communion, like to that which the Pharisees arrogated to themselves when imposing insupportable burdens on the weak, against which the Saviour indignantly exclaimed? Jansenism, that lineal offshoot of Pharisaism, has here left its deleterious impress.

But the judgment of the Church is altogether different. She is a true mother. She knows what great condescension must be practised toward the least of her children. She declares, by the voice of the Council of Trent, that children, as soon as they have attained the age of reason, are obliged to communicate at least at Easter. This age is that of discernment, generally seven or eight years, when they are capable of distinguishing the Bread of Heaven from ordinary nourishment. If the Church obliges them, it is because she deems them capable of worthily satisfying

this holy obligation. We should, however, calumniate her were we to maintain that she exacts of children of this age what persons of thirty or forty can scarcely give.

St. Thomas, that faithful interpreter of the thought of the Church, says: "We may without fear give the Eucharist to children as soon as they begin to have the use of reason and can conceive devotion toward It." "*The use of reason*," says the doctor—not the perfect use, nor in the same measure for all, but rudimentary, ordinary, mediocre—not the perfect possession, the plenitude of reason, ripe from logical deductions and experience, but the dawn, the awakening of the reason that begins to be conscious of itself. Their reason must be sufficiently awake "for them to conceive devotion toward Communion." Yes, they must know what the Church ordains for us to believe about Communion. They must have the desire to nourish themselves with It, in order to preserve their soul from mortal sin, to obtain the strength to keep the law of God, and thus to reach eternal life. They must, be purified by confession from every grave fault, in order to receive in a state of grace the God of all sanctity. They must, in fine, approach with respect this Table, so hospitable to good-will, so terrible to rashness. This is sufficient to form "the devotion necessary for the fruitful reception of the Eucharist," for young children, as well as for everyone else, at Easter, on feasts, monthly or weekly.

But if we desire to grant them frequent Communion, we shall demand from them the dispositions of fitness, above all the struggle against the affection to venial sin, the habit of daily prayer, at least vocal, a more exact fidelity to the duties of their state, and an effort, pretty well sustained and at least courageously resumed, for the correction of their defects and the empire over their passions. All this is very well; it is just and lawful. These better dispositions are, however, to be demanded only in the measure in which, at such or such an age, they may generally be furnished; also in that in which each child can have them agreeably to his special degree of intelligence, his education and his sphere of life. All circumstances that concur to determine his actual situation must be taken into consideration. The most elementary idea of justice ordains conformity in the supernatural order to

what is observed in the physical or intellectual. We demand of child noting above his years. Let us, then exact of him for Communion, though with less perfection, only such dispositions as are necessary and proper, only such as we look for in grown persons. A tree naturally produces less beautiful fruits when young than at a later day.

Thus understood, the devotion required of children for Communion is easily attainable. There are, without doubt, many children in our boarding schools for girls, in our Christian colleges, in our Sunday-schools and asylums who possess it, and who, consequently, may be admitted to the Holy Table frequently and even daily.

We say more: Every child judged capable of absolution is capable of Communion, also. And why not? If we have judged him worthy of pardon, it is because he repented of his faults and is firmly resolved not to fall into them again. He has been sincere and humble in his accusation, has listened to our remarks with docility, and has promised to follow our advice. He believes in the great mystery of divine justice which demands the expiation of sin, of Mercy which pardons them, of the Blood of Jesus shed on the Cross to wash them away, and its incomprehensible, though most real, spiritual effusion into the sullied soul, which becomes again pure and living. In his heart he has, at least, the beginning of love, which the Sacrament of Penance has rendered perfect in its essence if not in its expression. What is wanting, then, to this child for his lawful admittance to the Sacred Banquet? Nothing, excepting that we open to him the door and excite in his soul the desire to enter, by fixing his attention on the great Gift of God there awaiting him.

There is another reason which ought to make us admit more readily the aptitude of children for Holy Communion, and that is, their Baptism, which makes them true children of the Heavenly Father and members of the Spiritual Body of Jesus. I know not whether we give sufficient attention to the supernatural grandeur of the Christian state which, by rendering us participants of the Divine nature, rouses in us the sacred needs of Divine life, creates for us the duty, and gives us the right, to

satisfy those needs by the reception of the Flesh and the Divinity of Jesus ; for such is the nourishment that He instituted as the essential condition of its conservation and progress. Baptism prepares the soul for the Eucharist : " What baptism commences, that is, the vital union of the soul with Christ, the Eucharist finishes," says St. Thomas. So that all the supernatural powers of Baptism tend by their nature to the Eucharist in virtue of the impulse given them by its Institutor. It cannot be, then, that this tendency would fail to act upon the baptized, would not lead and dispose them for Communion. Not only are faith, hope, and charity introduced into the soul by baptism, but with the last named and the supernatural gifts that accompany it, in order to assist in its operations, the increased Love, the personal Gift, the Holy Spirit has entered. He dwells therein, directing its powers and cultivating its endowments Who can doubt that " aiding us by His unspeakable groanings in the great duty of prayer which we owe to God," He ardently longs for the coming of Christ into the soul by Communion, for the extension of the Incarnation, by the increase of the members of the Word, which is procured by Communion, for the perfection of the union contracted with Him by Baptism, and for the perfection of love, which can be effected only by Communion ? who can doubt that, desiring these magnificent results, the Spirit of Love " aids " the soul of the child, also, to prepare for it by keeping it pure, enlightening its faith upon this central point of Catholic dogma and by exciting in it holy desires for a good, the full value of which, without doubt, it does not comprehend, but which this Divine Spirit makes it feel to be above all other goods, because it is Jesus Himself, the infinite Good ? " The Spirit helpeth our infirmity." Why do we not put more faith in this secret, but august, preparation for Communion carried on by the Holy Spirit in the souls of children in which, by a love truly gratuitous. He personally resides after baptism ? He can wish for them only the highest good, the eternal possession of God in glory, and, consequently, the possession of the Son of God in Communion.

No consideration is more powerful than this to dispose the heart of the priest towards children, to excite in him

the desire to give them to Christ, their Saviour, by feeding them with His Flesh and Blood. It will urge him to all those acts of self-devotedness in preparing them at an early hour for Communion, and perseveringly following them up during their whole life. He will give himself, above all, to solid instruction for their enlightenment, to powerful exhortation for their encouragement, and to assiduous confession, in order to clothe them with the nuptial robe and introduce them to the Banquet.

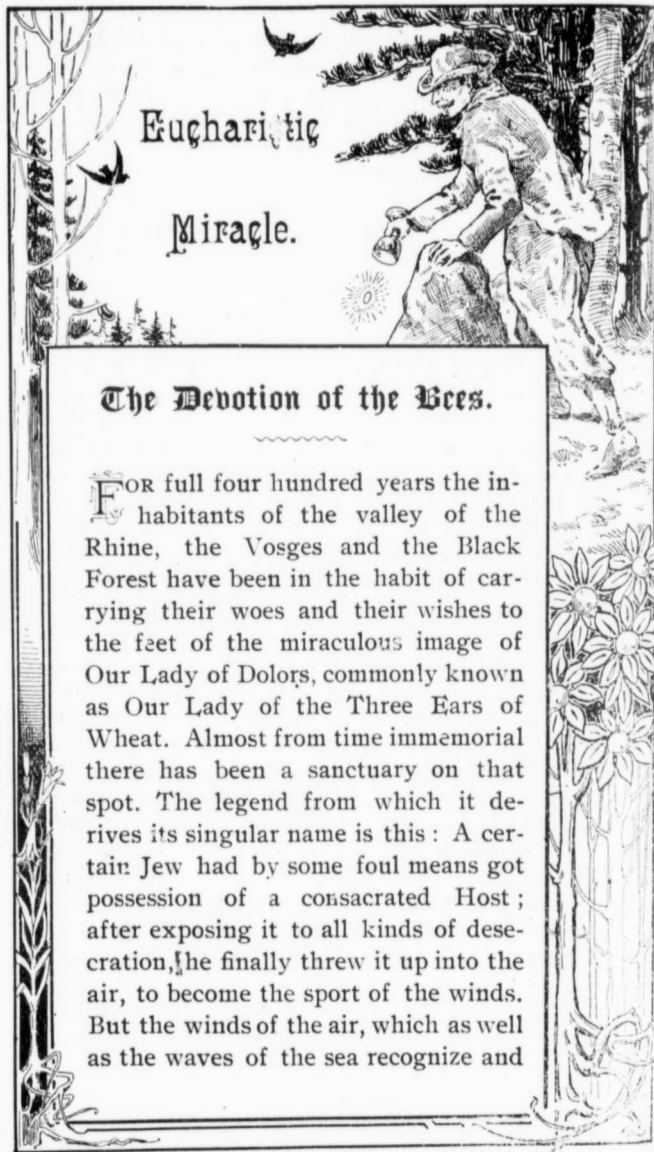
Was it not the contemplation of the image of His Father in the soul of children, in which no voluntary stain soils its brilliancy or disfigures its features, that made the Divine Master so easy of access to them, and drew from Him this ineffable word, in which is breathed all His Heart's tenderness for them: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come to me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such." The kingdom of heaven is theirs, because He is in them. But the kingdom of heaven is the King of heaven, the Divine Father, Jesus Himself. If by glory He is one day to dwell in them in all His plenitude, if He is already initially in them by Baptism, why not introduce Him as soon as possible by Communion, which increases the gifts of Baptism and prepares and assures the possession of heaven?

May this word and example of Jesus inspire the conduct of all priests in their direction of children with regard to Holy Communion! Jesus longs to see them coming that He may act directly upon them by the communication of His Flesh: "That He might impose hands upon them." He wishes to clasp them in the tenderest embrace and the most intimate union: "And embracing them." He implores us to *suffer* them to come, by which words He intimates that we should facilitate His approach to them and lead them to Him, "Suffer them to come to Me." — Let us not be of the number of those that prevent them, even under the pretext of increasing in them respect.

— R. P. TESNIÈRE.

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Eucharistic

Miracle.

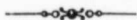
### The Devotion of the Bees.

FOR full four hundred years the inhabitants of the valley of the Rhine, the Vosges and the Black Forest have been in the habit of carrying their woes and their wishes to the feet of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Dolours, commonly known as Our Lady of the Three Ears of Wheat. Almost from time immemorial there has been a sanctuary on that spot. The legend from which it derives its singular name is this: A certain Jew had by some foul means got possession of a consecrated Host; after exposing it to all kinds of desecration, he finally threw it up into the air, to become the sport of the winds. But the winds of the air, which as well as the waves of the sea recognize and

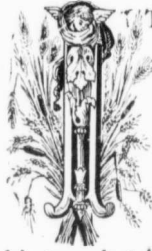


reverence their Lord, deposited the Host on three fine ears of wheat ; and upon these a swarm of bees, alighting on the field of corn, hastened to build a shrine of wax around the body of their Creator, to protect it from injury. Thus these tiny creatures paid Him their tribute of homage. At the same time passers-by were attracted to the spot by the sound of celestial strains of music, and by observing that all the ears of corn in the vicinity, with the flowers that grew among them, turned their heads and bent them in one and the same direction.

On beholding the wondrous sight the villagers fell on their knees in awestruck adoration ; then they went to the nearest priest to inform him of what had occurred. From that time forth the place became a favorite pilgrimage ; and many a miracle is recorded as having been wrought there, and many a favor has been obtained by the pious worshipper.



“He Whom Thou Lovest is Sick.”



T is Morning. Men and women hurry to and fro, too engrossed with the interest of the new day to notice a priest passing silently through the thorough fare.

What is it that gives to his countenance that nameless peace? Whither is he going so early this morning?

See! A street-sweeper at one of the large crossings seems to know. Quickly his torn hat is lifted and eyes somewhat blurred by dust gaze with awe upon the figure turning toward the dwellings of the poor.

Only a street-sweeper! But the humble tribute of faith is balm to the Saviour passing through the unbelieving crowd as He goes on His mission of mercy to the sick.

Just as of old! But more abased is His Divine Majesty to day than when in visible manhood He visited the sick of Judea.

In the thoroughfares of Palestine, Divinity shone in the marvelous beauty of His human countenance. It vibrated in the magic cadence of His human voice arousing souls from the lethargy of sin.

Independent of human ministry He could seek the dwellings of the afflicted, whether in palace or hovel, as He willed.

But in the Host all is changed! The light of His countenance, the music of His voice are veiled and hushed.

Voluntarily deprived of His natural powers, He must depend upon human representatives to bear Him upon His wonted mission of mercy.

The Incarnate Creator dependent upon a feeble creature to fulfil the ministries of His love!

Do His Priests understand? Do they divine His heart's desire? Surely!

Regardless of self, in all seasons, at all hours, they hasten to bear the sunshine of the Saviour's Presence into homes darkened by the gloom of sickness.



The Divine Healer.

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How the light of that Veiled Presence cheers the sick-room !

How the Divine Friend soothes, as none other may, the keenest suffering !

The expectation of the Master's coming outweighs the tediousness of physical weakness and pain.

It is His visits alone that can render the longest illness calm and blessed.

Even after He has vanished His benediction lingers within the household, however full of hardship it may be, filling it with the peace for which His priest pleaded as he crossed its threshold.

" Truly Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to day and forever."

Compassionate, all-powerful as of old, He is, were it possible, more eager than of yore to come to His loved ones who cannot go to Him.

In juda He visited the sick as Teacher, Guest, Physician. To-day He comes to them to be something " still nearer and dearer," the very " Bread " of their souls without which they will pine and grow feeble. Only He can understand how much they need the " strong Wine " of His Precious Blood beneath the strain of physical distress. Only He can fathom the desolation of one accustomed to frequent Communion when deprived of their Sacramental Union with Him, even for a while.

His priests, understanding the ardor of His own desire to be in illness as in health the " daily bread " of His children, regret that the pressure of numerous duties sometimes prevents them from bearing the Divine Consoler every day to one in sickness.

The loss of even one Communion is, they know, a loss to the Redeemer as well as to His redeemed, because of His love.

Yet how often in illness is it not the unexpressed cry of some loving soul,— " If I could but receive Communion ! but how can I trouble the priest ! how can I expect the ' Lord of glory ' unless as Viaticum, to come to me ! "

" O ye of little faith, "—As though the Lord's anointed could regard as troublesome the fulfilment of so blessed a duty. The longer the distance, the longer will he bear clasped to his bosom his Incarnate Creator in embrace which angels might envy.

We wrong our priests when we reason thus. We wrong the love of Him who in the majesty of His risen nature deigned to cook a meal by the shore of the sea that He might minister to even the bodily needs of His timid Apostles.

Scripture teems with the condescensions of His love, which only His enemies criticized.

The Pharisees alone blamed Him for entering the homes of sinners. Not even an angel could be worthy of such a Guest.

If the graciousness of His pity fills us with childlike trust, His Majesty ineffable, though veiled, fills us with reverent fear.

But He knows the "clay" of which we are made, and does not look for worthiness. "The creature's need is the creature's strongest plea," irresistible to the Saviour who has come so far to seek us.

Bethlehem, Gethsemani, Golgotha, the altar, our homes! Far, indeed, has the Son of God stooped from His throne in the Father's Kingdom to become our "daily bread."

The love-cry of Calvary echoes with its old eloquence from the altar: "'Sitio,' I thirst to be the chalice of eternal life," the "desire," as they are to me, of the least of my little ones.

Shall we resist the plea of so loving a Redeemer?

"Jesus Christ," says Saint Gregory of Nazianzen, "desires to be desired," how ardently, Zacheus tells us. How eagerly was not his mere wish granted!

Make haste, for to-day I must abide in thy house,"—as though the Master were impatient to enter the home of one who ardently desired Him.

He is just as impatient to day.

The bands that hide the light of His smile and hush the thrilling, accents of this voice may not still nor change the love of His Heart.

Wish for Him,—ask for Him,—and with an eagerness, born of love beyond our fathoming, He will come.

"With haste," like Zacheus, we will "make ready" with joy, the home which Jesus Christ is to enter.

The spotless linen outspread upon the rude altar will whisper of the manger which His Mother's hands strove

to render less unfit for Him to rest upon in the guise of infancy.

The light of the candles will reflect the light of faith that pierces the fragile veil of the Host until it seems as if we had *seen* Him in spite of His disguise.

"I will deal confidently and I will not fear" for "God is my helper." Why then should the consciousness of our unworthiness, while it humbles, make us fear?

Cannot the "Blood of the Lamb" render sins "red 'even' as, scarlet, white as snow?"

The cry of Peter, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man," humble though it was, met with stern rebuke.

The confidence of the woman out of whom He had cast "seven devils" was recompensed by a miracle.

"He whom thou lovest is sick," and the Saviour came and called the dead back to life, so irresistible was her simple message. If He delayed it was only to reward it more magnificently.

Let us imitate Magdalen's trustfulness. When sickness enters our household let us, too, send for the Master. If we are called presumptuous, she who fathomed as perhaps none other the depths of mercy that is infinite, will plead for us.

He who inspired the desire will understand it.

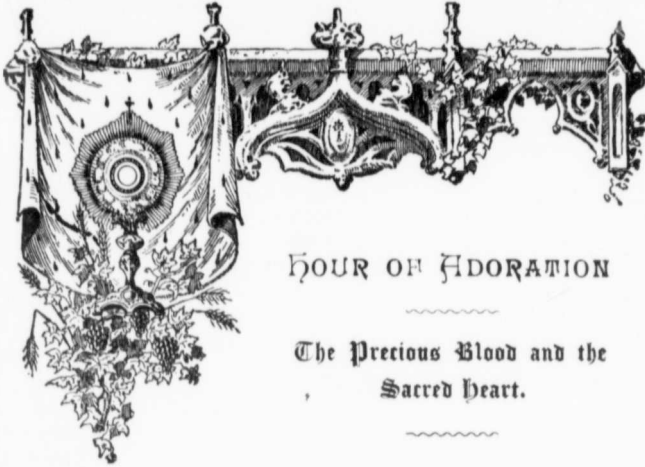
Be it through the crowded thoroughfares of a great city where some humble street-sweeper may alone recognize Him, or through the rough roads of deserted country where no tribute of homage however lowly, will greet Him on the way, He will come and work, if need be, a miracle for "one whom He loveth."

One whom He loveth! True of each creature however unworthy.

There is not one of us who may not send with truth, Mary's simple message, and then should we pass through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," we need not fear.

Our Redeemer Himself will come to lead us through the "Valley" to the "City of the Everlasting Hills," where we shall see Him without veil and be with Him, in His own Eternal Home without possibility of separation forevermore.

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## FOUR OF ADORATION

### The Precious Blood and the Sacred Heart.

#### I. — Adoration.

“This is the chalice of My Blood.” Such were Jesus’ words when presenting to His own the golden cup of His Precious Blood, which, He had substituted for the substance of the wine, though retaining the ruddy appearance of the grape, in order not to shock our fastidiousness. — Ah! I know a chalice made of material more precious than gold, enriched with the rarest stones, shining with a far purer brilliancy, a chalice not formed by the hand of man, a chalice living and loving, holy and sanctifying, a chalice which contains the adorable Blood of Jesus in Its reality, in Its life, in Its constant and indefatigable action — that chalice is the thrice-holy Heart!

I adore that Heart as the furnace in which the Blood of the Son of God was elaborated during the time of His human life, as the reservoir in which It is preserved, as the un failing source from which It is shed abroad, as the centre to which It incessantly returns only to pour Itself out again! — I adore this Heart of the First-Born of mankind condemned to death, as the immaculate vase, fragile and passible, whence flowed all the Blood that was shed through the wounded members of the Saviour, and which was Itself broken by a last blow, that Its remaining drops might be shed for the salvation of the world! — I adore this Heart of the First-Born of the resurrection, impassible and immortal, overflowing with the unalloyed joys of beatitude, and offering to the ravished adoration of the elect the victorious Blood that had purchased them from death! — Lastly, I adore It, still the incorrup-



tible vase, but concealed under the material appearance of the Sacrament, blending the semblance of death and humiliation with the realities of life and glory, in order to send up to God from the depths of this earth of sin and indigence the atonement that He expects from it, to pour out unceasingly upon mankind during the hardships of their earthly pilgrimage the beverage of eternal life, and to have always in readiness for them the bath which cleanses from every stain.

I adore in the Eucharistic Heart of my Saviour His true and real Blood in Its perfect and incorruptible purity. I Adore It in Its life independant of every exterior cause, rising above time, its vicissitudes, and its decay. I believe in Its inestimable price, which renders It worthy of the adoration that angels and men give to God Himself. Why do I believe in Its worth? — I believe, because it was formed of the purest drops of the blood of the Virgin-Mother, carefully selected by the Holy Spirit Himself. I believe, because It has become the Blood the most exquisite, the purest, the most quickening, and the Most worthy of existing among all the children of men. I believe, because It was taken by the Word as His own Blood, penetrated by the Divinity even to Its least globules and substantially deified. I believe, because It has been enriched by all the virtues of the Holy One of God, by actions to which It has lent Its faithful and generous concurrence, by sufferings that consummated Its perfection, and by all the merits of the triumphant resurrection which recompensed them.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

“ This is My Blood which shall be shed for many.”

The term shedding, pouring out, by which the Divine Master designates the gift that He makes to us of His Precious Blood, does, indeed, well express the powerful streams, the perpetual diffusion, the universal inundation of His Blood. The showers of spring and autumn do not fall more abundantly from the skies, the rivulets do not gush more quickly from their source, the torrents do not rush more impetuously down the mountain side, the seas do not extend further their broad expanse of waters, than the Precious Blood flows from the Heart of Jesus under the impulse of Its love.

The Heart of Jesus is the only source whence originate those streams of purity, of life, and of consolation, carried forth by the Precious Blood: “ You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains.” He who has received under what form soever, one of those gifts of grace, which are all tiny portions of the Infinite Good, has drawn from the Sacred Heart a drop of the Precious Blood; for every grace, every help from On High, every celestial gift, is a fruit, a transformed drop of the Precious Blood.

Let us apply our soul to the source of the Precious Blood that we may taste abundantly of Its effusions and bless It in them. The liberal, the prodigal Heart of Jesus shed It by the wound of the circumcision made in the tender flesh of the Infant of eight days, by the ruddy sweat that bathed the whole person of the Man-God in His agony, by the furrows opened on His shoulders and His breast, by the biting blows of the flagellation, and by the punctures in His forehead and head made by the sharp thorns of the mock crown. Again, did that Heart shed Its life-blood through the cruel wounds dug by the weight of the Cross on His sacred shoulder, and those of His knees from the triple fall on the way to Calvary ; through the gaping wounds of His hands and feet ; and lastly, through the opening in His side made by the lance after death.

All the Blood of the Sacred Heart flowed even to the last drop in those successive effusions.

But not yet satisfied, and desiring to give all at one stoke, He took the Eucharistic chalice and, presenting it to all men of all times, He gave to each the whole plenitude of His Blood ! And when all have satiated their thirst, It still remains in all Its fulness, always offered, always fresh, always sweet, always inebriating : The chalice which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ ? ”

How is it possible not to taste even to inebriation the invigorating joys of gratitude when we drink at the source of the Sacred Heart, accessible to all, the living waters of the Precious Blood, which love sends forth with eagerness so spontaneous, with abundance so liberal, with perseverance so magnificent : “ *Et calix meus inebrians, quam praeclarus est !* — And my chalice which inebriateth me, how goodly is it ! ” What can prevent us from intoning with gladness the canticle of thanksgiving : “ I will take the chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord.”

### III. — Reparation.

“ This is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins.”

It was for the remission of the sins with which Christ charged Himself that He shed His Blood. This determinative reason for the effusion of the Precious Blood necessarily impressed upon It the character of humiliation and suffering, because it was an expiatory punishment imposed and accepted. And the Sacred Heart, the luminous source of every joy, became the dark and sorrowful piscina, in which sinners ought to wash away their stains in the humiliation and sorrow of penitence : “ — In that day there shall be a fountain open for the washing of the sinner.”

Approaching with fear and contrition to the Sacred Heart in the Sacrament which is a memorial of His Passion, we shall see how cruel and ignominious were the effusions of the Precious Blood when the Sacred Victim was capable of suffering ; and we shall discern, also, that even now, when endowed with impassibility, It embraces a state of humiliation which forcibly recalls the abasement of His Passion and Death. The sight ought to fill us with as much compassion for the sweet and patient Victim of our crimes as contempt for ourselves and hatred for sin.

Certainly, there are some glorious occasions to shed one's blood : for instance, it covers the soldier with a glorious and coveted purple when it gushes from wounds received in defence of " His altars and his fires." But to shed it under the blows of the public executioner, is the very depth of ignominy. Now, Jesus, the Holy One, poured out His in the Garden, prostrate, His face to the earth, weighed down by fear and sadness, and upon the Cross, despised and abandoned by His Father, as a culprit condemned by the divine wrath. He poured it out under blows, rods, and nails, like a criminal executed by public justice. His Heart thrilled with indignation under the undeserved chastisement, the cruel outrage done Him : but at the same time, He abased Himself in humble resignation, since we had merited them, we whose place He had taken ! — Ah, with what excess of love He pours out every drop, He who was so delicate and sensitive, although Its effusion was provoked by the barbarous whips, clubs, and nails, by the cruel flagellation, the crowning with thorns, and the Crucifixion !

#### IV. — Prayer.

Let us fix our eyes on the Heart of the Saviour, opened by the lance of the soldier on Calvary, whence flowed the last streams of the redeeming Blood. Let us gaze upon this Heart always open in the Eucharist, laving and cleansing souls, and fertilizing the field of the Church with its inexhaustible fountains. Let us render to It our service of adoration, of gratitude, of compassion, and of prayer for the sublime destiny which God has given It, for the powerful, beneficent, and loving office that it exercises for the glory of the Father and for our salvation by containing and pouring forth the most Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

" Behold the Heart that has so loved men, that has spared Itself in nothing, that has exhausted Itself, in order to prove to them Its love ! "—(Words of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.)





## OFFERING OF STONES

FOR THE

Reconstruction of a Chapel to the Most Blessed Sacrament at "Reparation Hill," Pte-Aux-Trembles.

*I. Object.* — To concur in the construction of a chapel where Our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament may receive the adoration of the faithful and of the Religious Brethren of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

*II. Means.* — The contribution or the collection of subscriptions representing the value of one or of several stones for the edifice.

The prices of these stones are within the reach of all persons of good will.

1. An ordinary rough stone, 25 or 50 cts.
2. A cut stone, 1, 2, 5, 10 dollars, according to the dimensions.

*III. Advantages.* — 1. Those who will concur by their offerings in the erection of this chapel to the Most Blessed Sacrament shall have a special share in the masses, stations of the cross and all other good works performed in it.

2. Those who will contribute or collect the sum of at least \$25 shall, furthermore, be called Promoters and shall have their names entered on a special register to be preserved in the archives of the chapel.

Seen and approved,

† PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.

\* \* \*

As if eager to kneel once more in this hallowed spot whence so many prayers burning with the incense of Reparation have ascended to the great white throne and where they have redescended in floods of graces and blessings on fervent humble supplicants, many pilgrims have already profited by the fine weather to return there in large numbers.

The Scala Sancta is used as a temporary chapel and can accommodate even a greater number than the former chapel recently destroyed by fire which, with God's help and your generosity, will soon rise triumphant from its ruins.


We earnestly trust that this year also pilgrims will come in crowds to honor Jesus, Our Savior and Eucharistic King and Mary His Immaculate Mother. Regular Pilgrimages take place Tuesdays and Fridays with solemn exercises of the Stations of the Cross, procession of the Blessed Virgin and hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

This Chapel may be easily and comfortably reached by the Bout de L'Isle cars which run through the city. The cost from no matter what part of the city is 30 cts. return fare.

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#### Indulgences attached to the Pilgrimage.

1. Plenary on the Feasts of the Invention of the Holy Cross, the Ascension, Pentecost, *Corpus Christi*, the Assumption, the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
2. Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines, every Tuesday and Friday.
3. Indulgence of 300 days, every day of the year.
4. Indulgence of the Portuincula for the faithful who visit the chapel of the second of August.



“Let there be Light.”

**T**HE Prisoner of the Temple crowns the altar; time  
and space,  
Meet in the sacramental veil, to kne before His  
face.  
And faith and hope in hearts unite to take the precious  
gift  
Of Love Divine come down to earth, the fleecy cloud to  
rift.

As snowflakes dropping from the heights in crystal  
beauty shine,  
The pure white hosts a light impart, to chasten and  
refine,  
The Son of Man in clouds appears, that bear His hand  
and seal,  
That melt away and to the soul, the Sun of God reveal.

A first communion is the soul's first lifting of the veil,  
That hides from dark, material sense, the pure and  
holy Grail.  
The Savior to His Kingdom come, God's will on earth  
is done. —  
“Let there be light, and there was light.” — It is the  
Holy One.

Communion be the milestones on the way to heaven's  
goal, —  
The path of Love's celestial Ray, to guide aright the  
soul,  
And each a first communion be, of joy unknown  
before,  
Until the soul at last be free, to enter in the door.

—HONORA McDONOUGH

May, 1906.



## HOLY VIATICUM.



THE night was beautiful beyond expression, Myriad stars, those peerless jewels of the azure vault, studded the immensity of the heavens. Gold dust, diamond dust, emerald dust, and, the marvel of it all, inhabited dust nevertheless. At intervals, one of these wonderful jewels seemed to leave its setting and to glide downwards to the very extremity of the horizon ; — then a second, followed by a third, in whose wake came twenty and a hundred others, aye thousands just like the first. In simple language, a shower of falling stars, that most brilliant and wonderful of pyrotechnical works, quaintly called by our brave villagers, “the tears of St. Lawrence,” after whom both church and village were named and in honor of whose feast the display was being held this night. But it did not last long and the rustic spectators, unaccustomed to late hours, soon dispersed. Gradually the most peaceful and unbroken silence fell around us. Not a leaf stirred in the old oak ; the mountain zepthers scarcely rippled the placid lake ; the ever restless poplars were motionless ; the drowsy hum of insect life as hushed as if we were in a desert instead of a fertile valley, even the sound of our own footsteps was inaudible in the soft green sward. In the distance shone a few stray lights adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. It was a blissful moment of silent communion when we heard nothing around us in that star-lit valley to fret our soul with its

din ; when earth with its sadness and sorrow and sin seemed to melt away and we stood close to The Gates Ajar."

Captivated by the charm of this midsummer's night, tired out with the busy day's work, we sat on the moss-grown steps of Calvary, neath the shadow of the Sanc-



tuary sentinel gliding across the flowering ivy which loving hands had trained to climb up the sides of the quaint old church.

Bear with me if I repeat : the night was beautiful, heavenly ; one of those in which we involuntarily echo the poet's pleading : "O night, suspend thy course ! O ye Stars of heaven, bless the Lord ! O ye light and

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Darkness, bless the Lord ! O ye beauties of Nature, bless the Lord !” Poetry ! I hear you murmur. Even so ! Lacks it grace or rhythm or meet perspective for the ideal atmosphere ?

The venerable priest whom I accompanied arose. Reluctantly, I followed his example. Leaning his weight of eighty years on my strong young arm, he walked a few paces, then stood and gazed down upon his sleeping parish and said reminiscently : “ yes, this night is singularly beautiful and I am glad to be able to enjoy it with you. Stars of heaven, bless the Lord ! See how clear they are ! How they sparkle, how they light up the cold granite yonder in God’s acre ! Still, I saw, last winter, with the temperature 18° below zero, a yet more perfect night. Let me tell you about it.

It was the night of the fourteenth of December. I had just finished saying my beads as the clock struck eleven. My fire had gone out and I was feeling tired and chilly ; my eyes were heavy with sleep when I was startled by a loud knock, accompanied by an imploring : “ Father, come ! Please come quickly. Papa is dying.”

I hurried as well as one can at my age. As soon as I opened the door, a little boy, all out of breath and weeping bitterly, almost fell into my arms. I tried to console him but my own eyes grew moist as I listened to his sad story :

“ This evening when returning from his work with a heavy load of lumber, poor Papa upset the load and the cart passed over him. The first intimation we had of the accident was when the oxen entered the yard alone. Instantly, we suspected something wrong and started out to look for poor Papa. We found him quite a little distance away, lying white and still, conscious, but covered with blood and very badly hurt. Brother Jim ran for the Doctor, Mamma sent me for you. Oh ! please come quick Papa is calling for you and only you. He wants you to bring him the good God.”

At these words I hurried still more. From the tabernacle, where Jesus always keeps vigil I took the Sacred Host and reverently placed it in the pyx which I laid close to my heart, secured the holy oils and set out escorted by the sobbing child and my trusty sacristan.

Through respect for the Blessed Eucharist, I recited the beads aloud and was answered by my companions.

It is more than an hour's walk from the presbytery to the farm house you see down there under the bend of the hill. As it was a lovely moonlight night, we thought we could safely cut across lots in order to shorten our route, but unfortunately we lost our way and fell into a ditch, where luckily for us however the soft snow saved us from serious hurt.

When finally we reached the house, the Doctor had



already arrived and done all in his power to alleviate the sufferings his practised eye told him must eventually and speedily end in death.

As I advanced towards his bed and his eyes fell upon the sacred pyx, he roused himself with a supreme effort and cried out.

"At last! He is come, the good God! Come to bring me pardon and mercy! Lord I am not worthy."

His child-like simplicity and great humility moved me deeply. He could not raise his hand to make the sign of the cross, so I traced it on his already clammy brow.

In a feeble voice, he requested those surrounding him to leave the room as he wanted to make his confession.

The avowal was soon over and the family recalled. Then he bade them farewell in the following words :

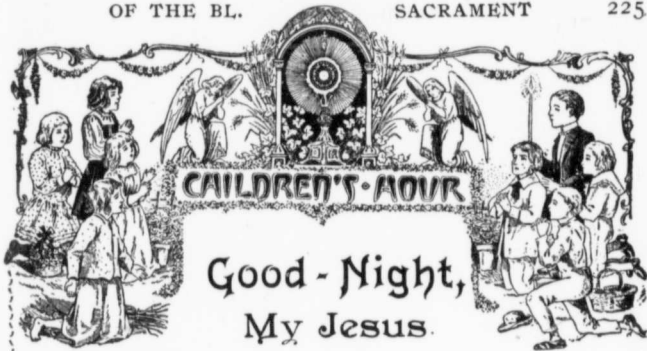
“ Dont cry or grieve inordinately for me. I am not going to the devil, but to God and I shall meet those who have gone before and we shall all meet again some day if you remain good and faithful Christians.” I then anointed him and administered Holy Viaticum. After a few moments' silence he murmured : “ My God, I thank Thee. Father, I thank you.”

Shortly afterwards the end came. Calmly and peacefully he passed away as I raised my hand over him in a last absolution.

Am I not right ? Was not that night on which I had the consolation of at least lessening that poor wounded creature's physical pain and the happiness of opening the heavenly portals to a faithful child of Christ and of the church, more beautiful than this ? It also had its poetry, its divine charm, its incomparable beauty, this glacial night of last winter. Poetry, forsooth ! Can you quote any words more beautiful ? Jesus Christ and His Angels coming thus to meet a departing Christian soul.

But tell me, dear friend, if you can, what will become of other departing souls when in those vast regions there will be but few ministers of the Lord ; when through the unjust laws recently enacted the religious life of our people will be destroyed or at least considerably lessened ; when the priest will be only a passing missionary ; when ten miles and more must be traversed to bring Holy Viaticum to the dying ?





Good - Night,  
My Jesus.

*J*ESUS, dear, the day is over;  
Now I leave my labor light,  
And before I seek my slumber,  
Come to say a sweet " Good-night."

*Would that I might tarry near Thee,  
Rest before Thy lonely shrine;  
Thou would'st whisper loving secrets,  
And I'd tell Thee all of mine.*

*But I cannot linger, Jesus,  
I must leave Thee for awhile;  
Now bestow on me a blessing,  
And a fond, approving smile.*

*I will leave my heart beside Thee,  
It will rest securest here,  
And within Thy fond embraces,  
It will grow to Thee more dear.*

*So " Good-night " once more my Jesus,  
Grant, no matter where I be,  
All my thoughts and all my dreaming,  
Be of Thee and only Thee.*

## A Model Child.

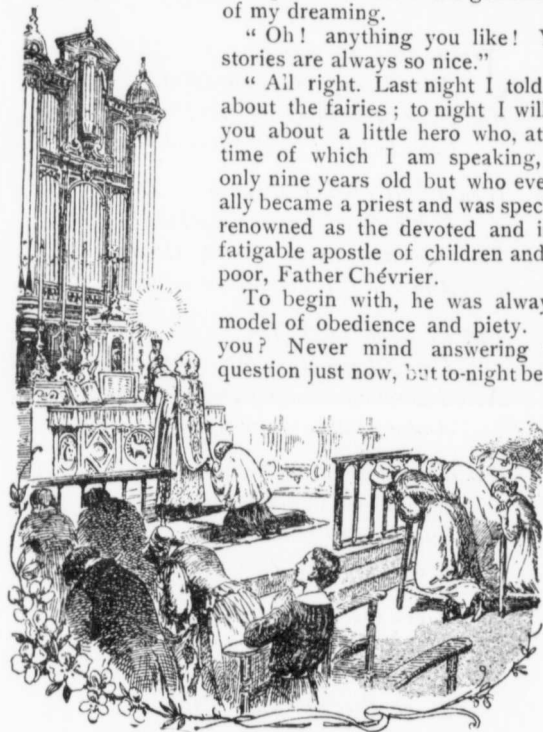
UNTY, tell us a story, clamor six merry youngsters literally surrounding me as I sit in my cozy arm-chair, idly dreaming, idly yearning for—what even I myself could scarcely define—a vague indefinite longing to make all hearts happy, all lives glad.

“Tell you a story! What about?” I ask reluctantly rousing myself to meet this practical test of the genuineness of my dreaming.

“Oh! anything you like! Your stories are always so nice.”

“All right. Last night I told you about the fairies; to night I will tell you about a little hero who, at the time of which I am speaking, was only nine years old but who eventually became a priest and was specially renowned as the devoted and indefatigable apostle of children and the poor, Father Chévrier.

To begin with, he was always a model of obedience and piety. Are you? Never mind answering that question just now, but to-night before



you go to sleep promise our dear Lord you will try and be even better than I am sure you already are.

Whenever his Mamma was obliged to punish him, as happened sometimes,—for, after all he was only a lively boy, and who ever heard of a boy going through his never-ending pranks without—well, at least deserving a good scolding now and then?—her invariable punishment was to say in a stern voice: Go to your room, Sir? It may not sound much to you but to the sensitive heart of the child who loved her so dearly it seemed terrible, as without attempting to excuse himself he obeyed. But after a few minutes, he would come back all in tears, begging: “Mamma, please forgive me. I will be a good boy. I can’t bear you to call me, sir. I am your own little pet, Anthony! And of course, as you all know by experience, Mamma forgave him and kissed away his tears. Think of it children, his docility was so perfect that his mother, could say: ‘My son has never disobeyed me.’

In the innocence of his heart and the vivacity of his faith, this little lad of nine summers believed that the Lord Jesus came down visibly on the altar at the moment of consecration but that only the priest had a right to look upon him, while the people were obliged to bow down in order not to behold the glorious sight which would dazzle them.

One day, overcome with longing, he raised his head at the elevation and saw without the least surprise a resplendent globe of light surrounding the chalice. Ashamed of his temerity, he hurriedly bowed down like the rest of the congregation. It was not till long afterwards that he found out that this visible manifestation of Jesus’ presence was extraordinary and fervently thanked the kind Savior who had thus graciously deigned to strengthen his dawning faith. From that time the Blessed Eucharist became his life, his greatest delight. As a special favor, he asked to be allowed to serve the five o’clock Mass and often anticipating that early hour he remained praying outside the church waiting, as it were, the awakening of the dear Lord Jesus.

And now my story is ended and it’s time to say good-night; but before we do, won’t we all make up our minds to try to be as good obedient, kind and gentle as this little hero and when we are asked if we love Our dear Lord very much, answer like him: “Oh yes, I love Him as big as heaven and earth!”

## Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament.

(Continued.)

3. Plenary Indulgence daily, under the same conditions, for an hour's adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed or enclosed in the Tabernacle provided that in the latter case a lamp burns in the sanctuary.

The great privilege of this Archconfraternity is that if a member makes several hours in the course of a month, say an hour every week, or even every day, he or she gains a plenary indulgence for every hour on condition that communion was received in the morning.

4. Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines for those same hours of adoration on days when communion was not received.

5. The Indulgences granted to the Seraphic Order and commonly known as della Stazione del Santissimo Sacramento. Consequently each time a member makes a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in a public chapel or oratory and recites six times the *Pater, Ave,* and *Gloria Patri* he may gain all the indulgences of the Stations of Rome, Jerusalem, St. James of Compostello, of the Portiuncula, that is to say an almost incalculable number of plenary and partial indulgences.

6. A plenary Indulgence at the hour of death by invoking the holy name of Jesus. Those Indulgences except the last are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

(Briefs of 20 Dec. 1858 ; of 26 Feb. 1875 ; and of 11 May 1897.)

### IV. — Plenary Indulgences.

Christmas. — Holy Thursday.

Easter Sunday. — Ascension if the members having confessed devoutly adore the Blessed Sacrament for a few moments.

### V. — Partial Indulgences.

Feast of the Circumcision.

Feast of the Epiphany.

Septuagesima Sunday.

Sexagesima Sunday.

Indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines :

Ash Wednesday.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

- The Thursday, Friday and Saturday after Ash Wednesday.
- The first Sunday in Advent and every day that week.
- The second Sunday in Advent and every day that week.
- The third Sunday in Advent and every day that week.
- The fourth Sunday in Advent and every day that week.
- Passion Sunday and every day that week.

Indulgence of twenty years and twenty quarantines :

Palm Sunday.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of Holy Week.

Indulgence of thirty years and thirty quarantines :

- Good Friday ; — Holy Saturday.
- Every day during the Octave of Easter.
- The 25th April Feast of St. Mark, Evangelist.
- Rogation Days ; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

The Vigil of Pentecost.

Indulgence of thirty years and thirty quarantines :

Pentecost Sunday and every day that week, Saturday included.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

The Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of September Ember days.

Indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines :

The third Sunday of Advent.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

The Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of December Ember days.

Indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines :

- The Vigil of Christmas.
- Christmas, at midnight mass.
- Christmas, at early mass.

Indulgence of thirty years and thirty quarantines :

- Feast of St. Stephen, First martyr.
- Feast of St. John, Apostle.
- Feast of the Holy Innocents, Martyrs.

*Conditions :* Visit to a church and prayer for the Sovereign Pontiff's intention.

**Indulgences of the Holy Places in Jerusalem.** Those indulgences, formerly granted only to pilgrims visiting the Holy Land and gained only at the cost of long tiresome journeys, are the most precious in existence. The Sanctuaries of Jerusalem, the



hallowed spots where Our Lord lived, suffered and died have each in their turn been enriched by the Church with multiplied favors, worthy of the great mysteries they recall and the graces they revive. The number is so considerable that the church itself does not compute them nor allow her children to do so either. What a great privilege to be able by a simple visit to a church, accompanied by prayer, to participate in those riches and obtain the same graces as if, after travelling thousands of miles, we followed step by step in the streets and places of Jerusalem the footsteps of the divine Saviour.

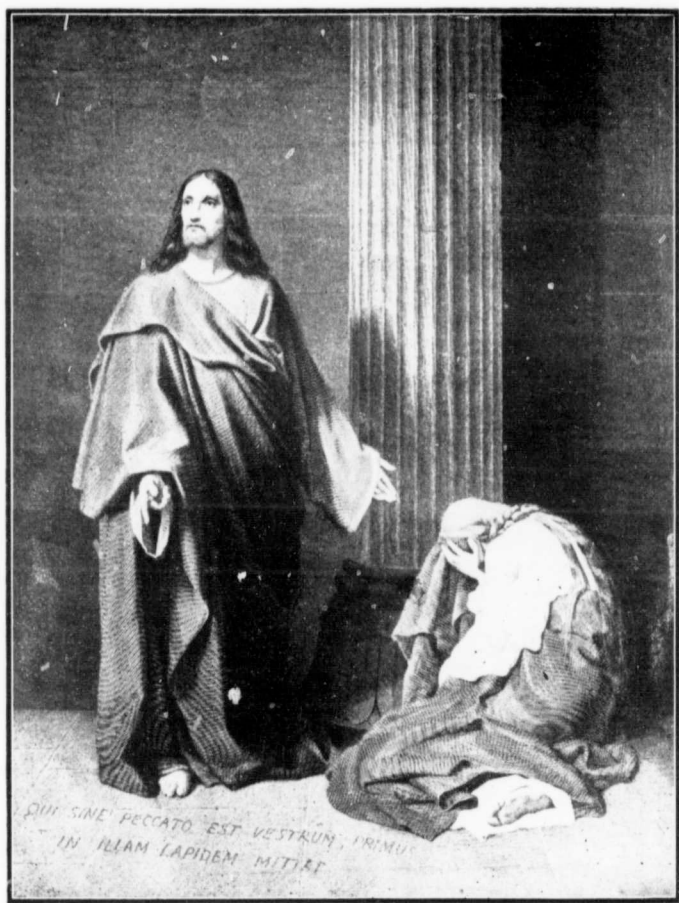
#### Indulgences of St. James of Compostello.

The Church of St. James of Compostello is the most ancient and most renowned pilgrimage of Spain. Formerly crowds flocked to it from all parts of the world, drawn by the fame of its miracles and its exceptional indulgences. These indulgences are still in full force and though faith does not in our day lead the same vast multitudes to this shrine, nevertheless, we may make this pious pilgrimage in spirit and gain the same numerous indulgences as if we knelt there in reality.

#### Indulgences of the Portiuncula.

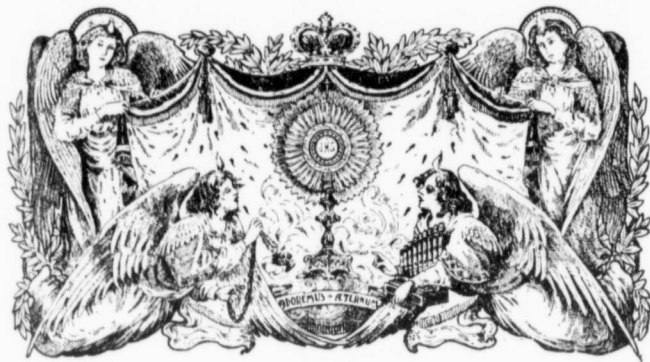
Who has not heard of the famous indulgences of the Portiuncula, that church that witnessed the birth and first development of the Seraphic Order and that has since then participated so brilliantly in the glory of its holy founder? Who has not heard especially of the wonderful indulgences of the second of August? Who-soever on that day visits this sanctuary, if only for a few minutes gains a plenary indulgence and that every time the visit is repeated. The privilege of the Portiuncula has since been extended to other churches and the eagerness with which the faithful visit them on the second of August attests how deeply they appreciate the favor. But these sanctuaries are few and often far between and in consequence many are debarred from the precious fruits of those visits. This regrettable circumstance does not affect members of the Archconfraternity because even in their own parish and in no matter what church or public oratory they may gain on the second of August the indulgences of the Portiuncula under the same conditions and to the same extent. It suffices that after confession and communion they visit a church and that at each new visit they repeat six times the Pater, Ave and Gloria prescribed.

*(To be continued.)*



Jesus and Magdalen.

By Signol.



## Magdalen.<sup>1</sup>

(July 22nd.)

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair,  
 She heard in the city that Jesus was there;  
 She marked not the splendor that blazed on their board,  
 But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,  
 Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned on her cheek,  
 And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,  
 It seemed as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,  
 That one so unhallowed should treat in that hall;  
 And so said the poor would be objects more meet,  
 For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd at His feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,  
 She dared not look up in the heav'n of His eyes;  
 And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,  
 As her lips to His sandals she throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow,  
 In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow  
 He look'd on that lost one—her sins were forgiven,  
 And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

<sup>1</sup> See frontispiece.



## Particular Practice for the Month of July.

The Fitness of Children and Young People for Communion.



ALTHOUGH children and young people have so great need of Communion, yet are they fit for it? Can they bring to it the dispositions, whether of necessity or propriety, that the reception of this Sacrament calls for?

To this query we may answer by a single word, by an expression dear to modern economists: "The need creates the means." If the soul of the child needs the Divine Bread for the support of its supernatural life, the Father in heaven has to provide it with the dispositions proper for procuring It, just as He has given to all creatures, along with the instinct of self-preservation, the means of securing it.

To state the case precisely, we must say that, if the dispositions demanded of children are to be judged according to prevailing ideas and commonly received usages, very few children, very few young people, will be thought capable of weekly, not to speak of more frequent Communion. No allowance is made for the conditions belonging to their age, and, above all, of that excessive restlessness which manifests itself exteriorly by the necessity for action, noise, talk, and amusement, and in their interior,

by the difficulty to fix their thoughts upon one subject even for a short time, to reflect, to reason, to think. That restlessness again shines forth in the rapidity with which their impressions and sentiments change and pass, and in the inconstancy of their resolutions. We forget that, although these defects cause numerous interruptions in what we might denominate an ideal preparation for Communion, yet for the children themselves they do not amount to even a fault; that if they do commit many of them, they are mostly venial, and that in every case such defects are to be attributed more to age than to individuals. For the same reason, they should not render those children unworthy of the reception of the Sacrament so full of condescension, in which Jesus, longing to give Himself to all, exacts from each only what he can offer. We, alas, forget all this! We demand of children efforts in the case of holy purity, watchfulness over self, recollection, and prayer as great as from persons of more advanced years and greater piety, nay, even from religious and priests! For their weekly or monthly Communion, for their Communion even on great feasts only, or sometimes only at Easter, we look for dispositions of fitness which sound theology does not claim for frequent Communion!—Is this right? Is it charitable? Is it in conformity with what we know of the indulgent goodness, the tender pity, of the Heart of our Master? Does it not proceed, rather, from an arbitrary interpretation of the law of Communion, like to that which the Pharisees arrogated to themselves when imposing insupportable burdens on the weak, against which the Saviour indignantly exclaimed? Jansenism, that lineal offshoot of Pharisaism, has here left its deleterious impress.

But the judgment of the Church is altogether different. She is a true mother. She knows what great condescension must be practised toward the least of her children. She declares, by the voice of the Council of Trent, that children, as soon as they have attained the age of reason, are obliged to communicate at least at Easter. This age is that of discernment, generally seven or eight years, when they are capable of distinguishing the Bread of Heaven from ordinary nourishment. If the Church obliges them, it is because she deems them capable of worthily satisfying

this holy obligation. We should, however, calumniate her were we to maintain that she exacts of children of this age what persons of thirty or forty can scarcely give.

St. Thomas, that faithful interpreter of the thought of the Church, says: "We may without fear give the Eucharist to children as soon as they begin to have the use of reason and can conceive devotion toward It." "*The use of reason*," says the doctor—not the perfect use, nor in the same measure for all, but rudimentary, ordinary, mediocre—not the perfect possession, the plenitude of reason, ripe from logical deductions and experience, but the dawn, the awakening of the reason that begins to be conscious of itself. Their reason must be sufficiently awake "for them to conceive devotion toward Communion." Yes, they must know what the Church ordains for us to believe about Communion. They must have the desire to nourish themselves with It, in order to preserve their soul from mortal sin, to obtain the strength to keep the law of God, and thus to reach eternal life. They must, be purified by confession from every grave fault, in order to receive in a state of grace the God of all sanctity. They must, in fine, approach with respect this Table, so hospitable to good-will, so terrible to rashness. This is sufficient to form "the devotion necessary for the fruitful reception of the Eucharist," for young children, as well as for everyone else, at Easter, on feasts, monthly or weekly.

But if we desire to grant them frequent Communion, we shall demand from them the dispositions of fitness, above all the struggle against the affection to venial sin, the habit of daily prayer, at least vocal, a more exact fidelity to the duties of their state, and an effort, pretty well sustained and at least courageously resumed, for the correction of their defects and the empire over their passions. All this is very well; it is just and lawful. These better dispositions are, however, to be demanded only in the measure in which, at such or such an age, they may generally be furnished; also in that in which each child can have them agreeably to his special degree of intelligence, his education and his sphere of life. All circumstances that concur to determine his actual situation must be taken into consideration. The most elementary idea of justice ordains conformity in the supernatural order to

what is observed in the physical or intellectual. We demand of child noting above his years. Let us, then exact of him for Communion, though with less perfection, only such dispositions as are necessary and proper, only such as we look for in grown persons. A tree naturally produces less beautiful fruits when young than at a later day.

Thus understood, the devotion required of children for Communion is easily attainable. There are, without doubt, many children in our boarding schools for girls, in our Christian colleges, in our Sunday-schools and asylums who possess it, and who, consequently, may be admitted to the Holy Table frequently and even daily.

We say more: Every child judged capable of absolution is capable of Communion, also. And why not? If we have judged him worthy of pardon, it is because he repented of his faults and is firmly resolved not to fall into them again. He has been sincere and humble in his accusation, has listened to our remarks with docility, and has promised to follow our advice. He believes in the great mystery of divine justice which demands the expiation of sin, of Mercy which pardons them, of the Blood of Jesus shed on the Cross to wash them away, and its incomprehensible, though most real, spiritual effusion into the sullied soul, which becomes again pure and living. In his heart he has, at least, the beginning of love, which the Sacrament of Penance has rendered perfect in its essence if not in its expression. What is wanting, then, to this child for his lawful admittance to the Sacred Banquet? Nothing, excepting that we open to him the door and excite in his soul the desire to enter, by fixing his attention on the great Gift of God there awaiting him.

There is another reason which ought to make us admit more readily the aptitude of children for Holy Communion, and that is, their Baptism, which makes them true children of the Heavenly Father and members of the Spiritual Body of Jesus. I know not whether we give sufficient attention to the supernatural grandeur of the Christian state which, by rendering us participants of the Divine nature, rouses in us the sacred needs of Divine life, creates for us the duty, and gives us the right, to

satisfy those needs by the reception of the Flesh and the Divinity of Jesus ; for such is the nourishment that He instituted as the essential condition of its conservation and progress. Baptism prepares the soul for the Eucharist : " What baptism commences, that is, the vital union of the soul with Christ, the Eucharist finishes," says St. Thomas. So that all the supernatural powers of Baptism tend by their nature to the Eucharist in virtue of the impulse given them by its Institutor. It cannot be, then, that this tendency would fail to act upon the baptized, would not lead and dispose them for Communion. Not only are faith, hope, and charity introduced into the soul by baptism, but with the last named and the supernatural gifts that accompany it, in order to assist in its operations, the increased Love, the personal Gift, the Holy Spirit has entered. He dwells therein, directing its powers and cultivating its endowments Who can doubt that " aiding us by His unspeakable groanings in the great duty of prayer which we owe to God," He ardently longs for the coming of Christ into the soul by Communion, for the extension of the Incarnation, by the increase of the members of the Word, which is procured by Communion, for the perfection of the union contracted with Him by Baptism, and for the perfection of love, which can be effected only by Communion ? who can doubt that, desiring these magnificent results, the Spirit of Love " aids " the soul of the child, also, to prepare for it by keeping it pure, enlightening its faith upon this central point of Catholic dogma and by exciting in it holy desires for a good, the full value of which, without doubt, it does not comprehend, but which this Divine Spirit makes it feel to be above all other goods, because it is Jesus Himself, the infinite Good ? " The Spirit helpeth our infirmity." Why do we not put more faith in this secret, but august, preparation for Communion carried on by the Holy Spirit in the souls of children in which, by a love truly gratuitous. He personally resides after baptism ? He can wish for them only the highest good, the eternal possession of God in glory, and, consequently, the possession of the Son of God in Communion.

No consideration is more powerful than this to dispose the heart of the priest towards children, to excite in him



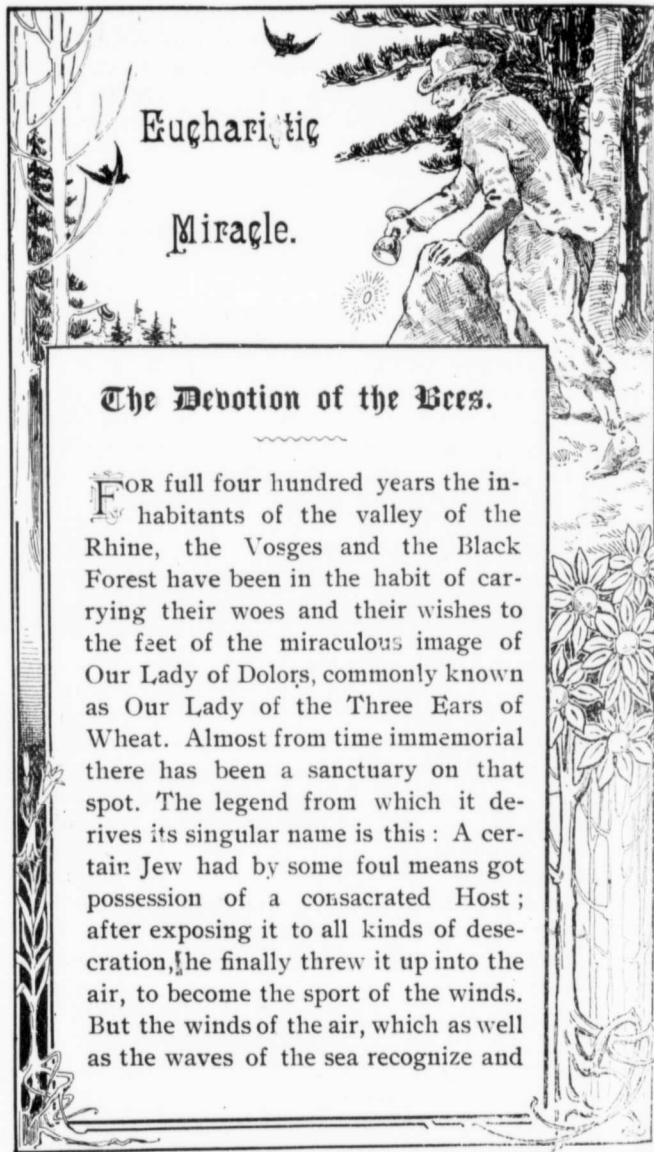
the desire to give them to Christ, their Saviour, by feeding them with His Flesh and Blood. It will urge him to all those acts of self-devotedness in preparing them at an early hour for Communion, and perseveringly following them up during their whole life. He will give himself, above all, to solid instruction for their enlightenment, to powerful exhortation for their encouragement, and to assiduous confession, in order to clothe them with the nuptial robe and introduce them to the Banquet.

Was it not the contemplation of the image of His Father in the soul of children, in which no voluntary stain soils its brilliancy or disfigures its features, that made the Divine Master so easy of access to them, and drew from Him this ineffable word, in which is breathed all His Heart's tenderness for them: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come to me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such." The kingdom of heaven is theirs, because He is in them. But the kingdom of heaven is the King of heaven, the Divine Father, Jesus Himself. If by glory He is one day to dwell in them in all His plenitude, if He is already initially in them by Baptism, why not introduce Him as soon as possible by Communion, which increases the gifts of Baptism and prepares and assures the possession of heaven?

May this word and example of Jesus inspire the conduct of all priests in their direction of children with regard to Holy Communion! Jesus longs to see them coming that He may act directly upon them by the communication of His Flesh: "That He might impose hands upon them." He wishes to clasp them in the tenderest embrace and the most intimate union: "And embracing them." He implores us to *suffer* them to come, by which words He intimates that we should facilitate His approach to them and lead them to Him, "Suffer them to come to Me." — Let us not be of the number of those that prevent them, even under the pretext of increasing in them respect.

— R. P. TESNIÈRE.

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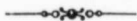
### The Devotion of the Bees.

FOR full four hundred years the inhabitants of the valley of the Rhine, the Vosges and the Black Forest have been in the habit of carrying their woes and their wishes to the feet of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Dolours, commonly known as Our Lady of the Three Ears of Wheat. Almost from time immemorial there has been a sanctuary on that spot. The legend from which it derives its singular name is this: A certain Jew had by some foul means got possession of a consecrated Host; after exposing it to all kinds of desecration, he finally threw it up into the air, to become the sport of the winds. But the winds of the air, which as well as the waves of the sea recognize and

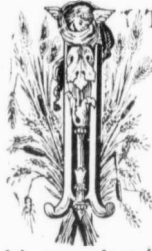


reverence their Lord, deposited the Host on three fine ears of wheat ; and upon these a swarm of bees, alighting on the field of corn, hastened to build a shrine of wax around the body of their Creator, to protect it from injury. Thus these tiny creatures paid Him their tribute of homage. At the same time passers-by were attracted to the spot by the sound of celestial strains of music, and by observing that all the ears of corn in the vicinity, with the flowers that grew among them, turned their heads and bent them in one and the same direction.

On beholding the wondrous sight the villagers fell on their knees in awestruck adoration ; then they went to the nearest priest to inform him of what had occurred. From that time forth the place became a favorite pilgrimage ; and many a miracle is recorded as having been wrought there, and many a favor has been obtained by the pious worshipper.



“He Whom Thou Lovest is Sick.”



**T**his Morning. Men and women hurry to and fro, too engrossed with the interest of the new day to notice a priest passing silently through the thorough fare.

What is it that gives to his countenance that nameless peace? Whither is he going so early this morning?

See! A street-sweeper at one of the large crossings seems to know. Quickly his torn hat is lifted and eyes somewhat blurred by dust gaze with awe upon the figure turning toward the dwellings of the poor.

Only a street-sweeper! But the humble tribute of faith is balm to the Saviour passing through the unbelieving crowd as He goes on His mission of mercy to the sick.

Just as of old! But more abased is His Divine Majesty to day than when in visible manhood He visited the sick of Judea.

In the thoroughfares of Palestine, Divinity shone in the marvelous beauty of His human countenance. It vibrated in the magic cadence of His human voice arousing souls from the lethargy of sin.

Independent of human ministry He could seek the dwellings of the afflicted, whether in palace or hovel, as He willed.

But in the Host all is changed! The light of His countenance, the music of His voice are veiled and hushed.

Voluntarily deprived of His natural powers, He must depend upon human representatives to bear Him upon His wonted mission of mercy.

The Incarnate Creator dependent upon a feeble creature to fulfil the ministries of His love!

Do His Priests understand? Do they divine His heart's desire? Surely!

Regardless of self, in all seasons, at all hours, they hasten to bear the sunshine of the Saviour's Presence into homes darkened by the gloom of sickness.



The Divine Healer.

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How the light of that Veiled Presence cheers the sick-room !

How the Divine Friend soothes, as none other may, the keenest suffering !

The expectation of the Master's coming outweighs the tediousness of physical weakness and pain.

It is His visits alone that can render the longest illness calm and blessed.

Even after He has vanished His benediction lingers within the household, however full of hardship it may be, filling it with the peace for which His priest pleaded as he crossed its threshold.

" Truly Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to day and forever."

Compassionate, all-powerful as of old, He is, were it possible, more eager than of yore to come to His loved ones who cannot go to Him.

In juda He visited the sick as Teacher, Guest, Physician. To-day He comes to them to be something " still nearer and dearer," the very " Bread " of their souls without which they will pine and grow feeble. Only He can understand how much they need the " strong Wine " of His Precious Blood beneath the strain of physical distress. Only He can fathom the desolation of one accustomed to frequent Communion when deprived of their Sacramental Union with Him, even for a while.

His priests, understanding the ardor of His own desire to be in illness as in health the " daily bread " of His children, regret that the pressure of numerous duties sometimes prevents them from bearing the Divine Consoler every day to one in sickness.

The loss of even one Communion is, they know, a loss to the Redeemer as well as to His redeemed, because of His love.

Yet how often in illness is it not the unexpressed cry of some loving soul,— " If I could but receive Communion ! but how can I trouble the priest ! how can I expect the ' Lord of glory ' unless as Viaticum, to come to me ! "

" O ye of little faith, "—As though the Lord's anointed could regard as troublesome the fulfilment of so blessed a duty. The longer the distance, the longer will he bear clasped to his bosom his Incarnate Creator in embrace which angels might envy.

We wrong our priests when we reason thus. We wrong the love of Him who in the majesty of His risen nature deigned to cook a meal by the shore of the sea that He might minister to even the bodily needs of His timid Apostles.

Scripture teems with the condescensions of His love, which only His enemies criticized.

The Pharisees alone blamed Him for entering the homes of sinners. Not even an angel could be worthy of such a Guest.

If the graciousness of His pity fills us with childlike trust, His Majesty ineffable, though veiled, fills us with reverent fear.

But He knows the "clay" of which we are made, and does not look for worthiness. "The creature's need is the creature's strongest plea," irresistible to the Saviour who has come so far to seek us.

Bethlehem, Gethsemani, Golgotha, the altar, our homes! Far, indeed, has the Son of God stooped from His throne in the Father's Kingdom to become our "daily bread."

The love-cry of Calvary echoes with its old eloquence from the altar: "'Sitio,' I thirst to be the chalice of eternal life," the "desire," as they are to me, of the least of my little ones.

Shall we resist the plea of so loving a Redeemer?

"Jesus Christ," says Saint Gregory of Nazianzen, "desires to be desired," how ardently, Zacheus tells us. How eagerly was not his mere wish granted!

Make haste, for to-day I must abide in thy house,"—as though the Master were impatient to enter the home of one who ardently desired Him.

He is just as impatient to day.

The bands that hide the light of His smile and hush the thrilling, accents of this voice may not still nor change the love of His Heart.

Wish for Him,—ask for Him,—and with an eagerness, born of love beyond our fathoming, He will come.

"With haste," like Zacheus, we will "make ready" with joy, the home which Jesus Christ is to enter.

The spotless linen outspread upon the rude altar will whisper of the manger which His Mother's hands strove

to render less unfit for Him to rest upon in the guise of infancy.

The light of the candles will reflect the light of faith that pierces the fragile veil of the Host until it seems as if we had *seen* Him in spite of His disguise.

"I will deal confidently and I will not fear" for "God is my helper." Why then should the consciousness of our unworthiness, while it humbles, make us fear?

Cannot the "Blood of the Lamb" render sins "red 'even' as, scarlet, white as snow?"

The cry of Peter, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man," humble though it was, met with stern rebuke.

The confidence of the woman out of whom He had cast "seven devils" was recompensed by a miracle.

"He whom thou lovest is sick," and the Saviour came and called the dead back to life, so irresistible was her simple message. If He delayed it was only to reward it more magnificently.

Let us imitate Magdalen's trustfulness. When sickness enters our household let us, too, send for the Master. If we are called presumptuous, she who fathomed as perhaps none other the depths of mercy that is infinite, will plead for us.

He who inspired the desire will understand it.

Be it through the crowded thoroughfares of a great city where some humble street-sweeper may alone recognize Him, or through the rough roads of deserted country where no tribute of homage however lowly, will greet Him on the way, He will come and work, if need be, a miracle for "one whom He loveth."

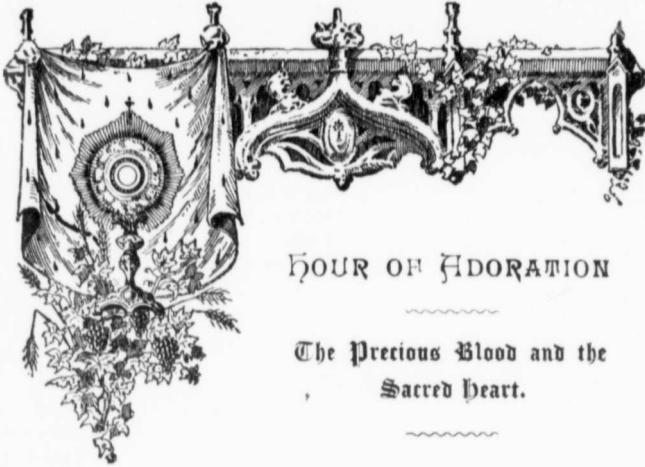
One whom He loveth! True of each creature however unworthy.

There is not one of us who may not send with truth, Mary's simple message, and then should we pass through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," we need not fear.

Our Redeemer Himself will come to lead us through the "Valley" to the "City of the Everlasting Hills," where we shall see Him without veil and be with Him, in His own Eternal Home without possibility of separation forevermore.

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## FOUR OF ADORATION

### The Precious Blood and the Sacred Heart.

#### I. — Adoration.

“This is the chalice of My Blood.” Such were Jesus’ words when presenting to His own the golden cup of His Precious Blood, which, He had substituted for the substance of the wine, though retaining the ruddy appearance of the grape, in order not to shock our fastidiousness. — Ah! I know a chalice made of material more precious than gold, enriched with the rarest stones, shining with a far purer brilliancy, a chalice not formed by the hand of man, a chalice living and loving, holy and sanctifying, a chalice which contains the adorable Blood of Jesus in Its reality, in Its life, in Its constant and indefatigable action — that chalice is the thrice-holy Heart!

I adore that Heart as the furnace in which the Blood of the Son of God was elaborated during the time of His human life, as the reservoir in which It is preserved, as the un failing source from which It is shed abroad, as the centre to which It incessantly returns only to pour Itself out again! — I adore this Heart of the First-Born of mankind condemned to death, as the immaculate vase, fragile and passible, whence flowed all the Blood that was shed through the wounded members of the Saviour, and which was Itself broken by a last blow, that Its remaining drops might be shed for the salvation of the world! — I adore this Heart of the First-Born of the resurrection, impassible and immortal, overflowing with the unalloyed joys of beatitude, and offering to the ravished adoration of the elect the victorious Blood that had purchased them from death! — Lastly, I adore It, still the incorrup-

tible vase, but concealed under the material appearance of the Sacrament, blending the semblance of death and humiliation with the realities of life and glory, in order to send up to God from the depths of this earth of sin and indigence the atonement that He expects from it, to pour out unceasingly upon mankind during the hardships of their earthly pilgrimage the beverage of eternal life, and to have always in readiness for them the bath which cleanses from every stain.

I adore in the Eucharistic Heart of my Saviour His true and real Blood in Its perfect and incorruptible purity. I Adore It in Its life independant of every exterior cause, rising above time, its vicissitudes, and its decay. I believe in Its inestimable price, which renders It worthy of the adoration that angels and men give to God Himself. Why do I believe in Its worth? — I believe, because it was formed of the purest drops of the blood of the Virgin-Mother, carefully selected by the Holy Spirit Himself. I believe, because It has become the Blood the most exquisite, the purest, the most quickening, and the Most worthy of existing among all the children of men. I believe, because It was taken by the Word as His own Blood, penetrated by the Divinity even to Its least globules and substantially deified. I believe, because It has been enriched by all the virtues of the Holy One of God, by actions to which It has lent Its faithful and generous concurrence, by sufferings that consummated Its perfection, and by all the merits of the triumphant resurrection which recompensed them.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

“ This is My Blood which shall be shed for many.”

The term shedding, pouring out, by which the Divine Master designates the gift that He makes to us of His Precious Blood, does, indeed, well express the powerful streams, the perpetual diffusion, the universal inundation of His Blood. The showers of spring and autumn do not fall more abundantly from the skies, the rivulets do not gush more quickly from their source, the torrents do not rush more impetuously down the mountain side, the seas do not extend further their broad expanse of waters, than the Precious Blood flows from the Heart of Jesus under the impulse of Its love.

The Heart of Jesus is the only source whence originate those streams of purity, of life, and of consolation, carried forth by the Precious Blood: “ You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains.” He who has received under what form soever, one of those gifts of grace, which are all tiny portions of the Infinite Good, has drawn from the Sacred Heart a drop of the Precious Blood; for every grace, every help from On High, every celestial gift, is a fruit, a transformed drop of the Precious Blood.

Let us apply our soul to the source of the Precious Blood that we may taste abundantly of Its effusions and bless It in them. The liberal, the prodigal Heart of Jesus shed It by the wound of the circumcision made in the tender flesh of the Infant of eight days, by the ruddy sweat that bathed the whole person of the Man-God in His agony, by the furrows opened on His shoulders and His breast, by the biting blows of the flagellation, and by the punctures in His forehead and head made by the sharp thorns of the mock crown. Again, did that Heart shed Its life-blood through the cruel wounds dug by the weight of the Cross on His sacred shoulder, and those of His knees from the triple fall on the way to Calvary ; through the gaping wounds of His hands and feet ; and lastly, through the opening in His side made by the lance after death.

All the Blood of the Sacred Heart flowed even to the last drop in those successive effusions.

But not yet satisfied, and desiring to give all at one stoke, He took the Eucharistic chalice and, presenting it to all men of all times, He gave to each the whole plenitude of His Blood ! And when all have satiated their thirst, It still remains in all Its fulness, always offered, always fresh, always sweet, always inebriating : The chalice which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ ? ”

How is it possible not to taste even to inebriation the invigorating joys of gratitude when we drink at the source of the Sacred Heart, accessible to all, the living waters of the Precious Blood, which love sends forth with eagerness so spontaneous, with abundance so liberal, with perseverance so magnificent : “ *Et calix meus inebrians, quam praeclarus est !* — And my chalice which inebriateth me, how goodly is it ! ” What can prevent us from intoning with gladness the canticle of thanksgiving : “ I will take the chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord.”

### III. — Reparation.

“ This is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins.”

It was for the remission of the sins with which Christ charged Himself that He shed His Blood. This determinative reason for the effusion of the Precious Blood necessarily impressed upon It the character of humiliation and suffering, because it was an expiatory punishment imposed and accepted. And the Sacred Heart, the luminous source of every joy, became the dark and sorrowful piscina, in which sinners ought to wash away their stains in the humiliation and sorrow of penitence : “ — In that day there shall be a fountain open for the washing of the sinner.”

Approaching with fear and contrition to the Sacred Heart in the Sacrament which is a memorial of His Passion, we shall see how cruel and ignominious were the effusions of the Precious Blood when the Sacred Victim was capable of suffering ; and we shall discern, also, that even now, when endowed with impassibility, It embraces a state of humiliation which forcibly recalls the abasement of His Passion and Death. The sight ought to fill us with as much compassion for the sweet and patient Victim of our crimes as contempt for ourselves and hatred for sin.

Certainly, there are some glorious occasions to shed one's blood : for instance, it covers the soldier with a glorious and coveted purple when it gushes from wounds received in defence of " His altars and his fires." But to shed it under the blows of the public executioner, is the very depth of ignominy. Now, Jesus, the Holy One, poured out His in the Garden, prostrate, His face to the earth, weighed down by fear and sadness, and upon the Cross, despised and abandoned by His Father, as a culprit condemned by the divine wrath. He poured it out under blows, rods, and nails, like a criminal executed by public justice. His Heart thrilled with indignation under the undeserved chastisement, the cruel outrage done Him : but at the same time, He abased Himself in humble resignation, since we had merited them, we whose place He had taken ! — Ah, with what excess of love He pours out every drop, He who was so delicate and sensitive, although Its effusion was provoked by the barbarous whips, clubs, and nails, by the cruel flagellation, the crowning with thorns, and the Crucifixion !

#### IV. — Prayer.

Let us fix our eyes on the Heart of the Saviour, opened by the lance of the soldier on Calvary, whence flowed the last streams of the redeeming Blood. Let us gaze upon this Heart always open in the Eucharist, laving and cleansing souls, and fertilizing the field of the Church with its inexhaustible fountains. Let us render to It our service of adoration, of gratitude, of compassion, and of prayer for the sublime destiny which God has given It, for the powerful, beneficent, and loving office that it exercises for the glory of the Father and for our salvation by containing and pouring forth the most Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

" Behold the Heart that has so loved men, that has spared Itself in nothing, that has exhausted Itself, in order to prove to them Its love ! " — (Words of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.)





## OFFERING OF STONES

FOR THE

Reconstruction of a Chapel to the Most Blessed Sacrament at "Reparation Hill," Pte-Aux-Trembles.

*I. Object.* — To concur in the construction of a chapel where Our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament may receive the adoration of the faithful and of the Religious Brethren of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

*II. Means.* — The contribution or the collection of subscriptions representing the value of one or of several stones for the edifice.

The prices of these stones are within the reach of all persons of good will.

1. An ordinary rough stone, 25 or 50 cts.
2. A cut stone, 1, 2, 5, 10 dollars, according to the dimensions.

*III. Advantages.* — 1. Those who will concur by their offerings in the erection of this chapel to the Most Blessed Sacrament shall have a special share in the masses, stations of the cross and all other good works performed in it.

2. Those who will contribute or collect the sum of at least \$25 shall, furthermore, be called Promoters and shall have their names entered on a special register to be preserved in the archives of the chapel.

Seen and approved,

† PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.

\* \* \*

As if eager to kneel once more in this hallowed spot whence so many prayers burning with the incense of Reparation have ascended to the great white throne and where they have redescended in floods of graces and blessings on fervent humble supplicants, many pilgrims have already profited by the fine weather to return there in large numbers.

The Scala Sancta is used as a temporary chapel and can accommodate even a greater number than the former chapel recently destroyed by fire which, with God's help and your generosity, will soon rise triumphant from its ruins.

We earnestly trust that this year also pilgrims will come in crowds to honor Jesus, Our Savior and Eucharistic King and Mary His Immaculate Mother. Regular Pilgrimages take place Tuesdays and Fridays with solemn exercises of the Stations of the Cross, procession of the Blessed Virgin and hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

This Chapel may be easily and comfortably reached by the Bout de L'Isle cars which run through the city. The cost from no matter what part of the city is 30 cts. return fare.

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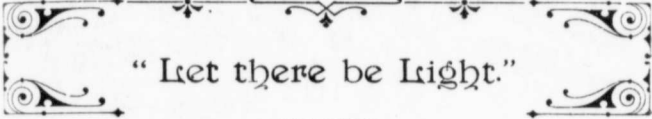
#### Indulgences attached to the Pilgrimage.

1. Plenary on the Feasts of the Invention of the Holy Cross, the Ascension, Pentecost, *Corpus Christi*, the Assumption, the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

2. Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines, every Tuesday and Friday.

3. Indulgence of 300 days, every day of the year.

4. Indulgence of the Portuincula for the faithful who visit the chapel of the second of August.



“Let there be Light.”

**T**HE Prisoner of the Temple crowns the altar; time  
and space,  
Meet in the sacramental veil, to kne before His  
face.  
And faith and hope in hearts unite to take the precious  
gift  
Of Love Divine come down to earth, the fleecy cloud to  
rift.

As snowflakes dropping from the heights in crystal  
beauty shine,  
The pure white hosts a light impart, to chasten and  
refine,  
The Son of Man in clouds appears, that bear His hand  
and seal,  
That melt away and to the soul, the Sun of God reveal.

A first communion is the soul's first lifting of the veil,  
That hides from dark, material sense, the pure and  
holy Grail.  
The Savior to His Kingdom come, God's will on earth  
is done. —  
“Let there be light, and there was light.” — It is the  
Holy One.

Communion be the milestones on the way to heaven's  
goal, —  
The path of Love's celestial Ray, to guide aright the  
soul,  
And each a first communion be, of joy unknown  
before,  
Until the soul at last be free, to enter in the door.

—HONORA McDONOUGH

May, 1906.






## HOLY VIATICUM.



THE night was beautiful beyond expression, Myriad stars, those peerless jewels of the azure vault, studded the immensity of the heavens. Gold dust, diamond dust, emerald dust, and, the marvel of it all, inhabited dust nevertheless. At intervals, one of these wonderful jewels seemed to leave its setting and to glide downwards to the very extremity of the horizon ; — then a second, followed by a third, in whose wake came twenty and a hundred others, aye thousands just like the first. In simple language, a shower of falling stars, that most brilliant and wonderful of pyrotechnical works, quaintly called by our brave villagers, “the tears of St. Lawrence,” after whom both church and village were named and in honor of whose feast the display was being held this night. But it did not last long and the rustic spectators, unaccustomed to late hours, soon dispersed. Gradually the most peaceful and unbroken silence fell around us. Not a leaf stirred in the old oak ; the mountain zepthers scarcely rippled the placid lake ; the ever restless poplars were motionless ; the drowsy hum of insect life as hushed as if we were in a desert instead of a fertile valley, even the sound of our own footsteps was inaudible in the soft green sward. In the distance shone a few stray lights adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. It was a blissful moment of silent communion when we heard nothing around us in that star-lit valley to fret our soul with its



din ; when earth with its sadness and sorrow and sin seemed to melt away and we stood close to The Gates Ajar."

Captivated by the charm of this midsummer's night, tired out with the busy day's work, we sat on the moss-grown steps of Calvary, neath the shadow of the Sanc-



tuary sentinel gliding across the flowering ivy which loving hands had trained to climb up the sides of the quaint old church.

Bear with me if I repeat : the night was beautiful, heavenly ; one of those in which we involuntarily echo the poet's pleading : "O night, suspend thy course ! O ye Stars of heaven, bless the Lord ! O ye light and

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Darkness, bless the Lord ! O ye beauties of Nature, bless the Lord !” Poetry ! I hear you murmur. Even so ! Lacks it grace or rhythm or meet perspective for the ideal atmosphere ?

The venerable priest whom I accompanied arose. Reluctantly, I followed his example. Leaning his weight of eighty years on my strong young arm, he walked a few paces, then stood and gazed down upon his sleeping parish and said reminiscently : “ yes, this night is singularly beautiful and I am glad to be able to enjoy it with you. Stars of heaven, bless the Lord ! See how clear they are ! How they sparkle, how they light up the cold granite yonder in God’s acre ! Still, I saw, last winter, with the temperature 18° below zero, a yet more perfect night. Let me tell you about it.

It was the night of the fourteenth of December. I had just finished saying my beads as the clock struck eleven. My fire had gone out and I was feeling tired and chilly ; my eyes were heavy with sleep when I was startled by a loud knock, accompanied by an imploring : “ Father, come ! Please come quickly. Papa is dying.”

I hurried as well as one can at my age. As soon as I opened the door, a little boy, all out of breath and weeping bitterly, almost fell into my arms. I tried to console him but my own eyes grew moist as I listened to his sad story :

“ This evening when returning from his work with a heavy load of lumber, poor Papa upset the load and the cart passed over him. The first intimation we had of the accident was when the oxen entered the yard alone. Instantly, we suspected something wrong and started out to look for poor Papa. We found him quite a little distance away, lying white and still, conscious, but covered with blood and very badly hurt. Brother Jim ran for the Doctor, Mamma sent me for you. Oh ! please come quick Papa is calling for you and only you. He wants you to bring him the good God.”

At these words I hurried still more. From the tabernacle, where Jesus always keeps vigil I took the Sacred Host and reverently placed it in the pyx which I laid close to my heart, secured the holy oils and set out escorted by the sobbing child and my trusty sacristan.

Through respect for the Blessed Eucharist, I recited the beads aloud and was answered by my companions.

It is more than an hour's walk from the presbytery to the farm house you see down there under the bend of the hill. As it was a lovely moonlight night, we thought we could safely cut across lots in order to shorten our route, but unfortunately we lost our way and fell into a ditch, where luckily for us however the soft snow saved us from serious hurt.

When finally we reached the house, the Doctor had



already arrived and done all in his power to alleviate the sufferings his practised eye told him must eventually and speedily end in death.

As I advanced towards his bed and his eyes fell upon the sacred pyx, he roused himself with a supreme effort and cried out.

"At last! He is come, the good God! Come to bring me pardon and mercy! Lord I am not worthy."

His child-like simplicity and great humility moved me deeply. He could not raise his hand to make the sign of the cross, so I traced it on his already clammy brow.

In a feeble voice, he requested those surrounding him to leave the room as he wanted to make his confession.

The avowal was soon over and the family recalled. Then he bade them farewell in the following words :

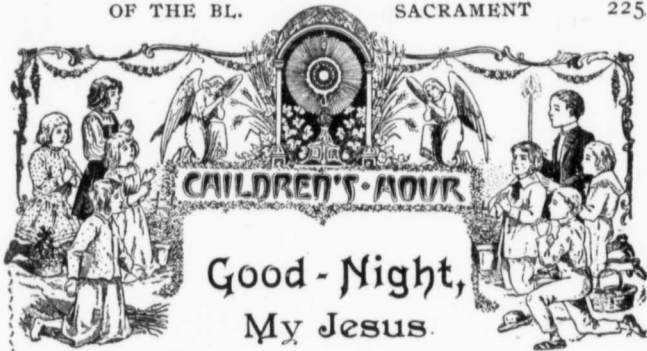
“ Dont cry or grieve inordinately for me. I am not going to the devil, but to God and I shall meet those who have gone before and we shall all meet again some day if you remain good and faithful Christians.” I then anointed him and administered Holy Viaticum. After a few moments' silence he murmured : “ My God, I thank Thee. Father, I thank you.”

Shortly afterwards the end came. Calmly and peacefully he passed away as I raised my hand over him in a last absolution.

Am I not right ? Was not that night on which I had the consolation of at least lessening that poor wounded creature's physical pain and the happiness of opening the heavenly portals to a faithful child of Christ and of the church, more beautiful than this ? It also had its poetry, its divine charm, its incomparable beauty, this glacial night of last winter. Poetry, forsooth ! Can you quote any words more beautiful ? Jesus Christ and His Angels coming thus to meet a departing Christian soul.

But tell me, dear friend, if you can, what will become of other departing souls when in those vast regions there will be but few ministers of the Lord ; when through the unjust laws recently enacted the religious life of our people will be destroyed or at least considerably lessened ; when the priest will be only a passing missionary ; when ten miles and more must be traversed to bring Holy Viaticum to the dying ?





Good - Night,  
My Jesus.

*J*ESUS, dear, the day is over;  
Now I leave my labor light,  
And before I seek my slumber,  
Come to say a sweet " Good-night."

*Would that I might tarry near Thee,  
Rest before Thy lonely shrine;  
Thou would'st whisper loving secrets,  
And I'd tell Thee all of mine.*

*But I cannot linger, Jesus,  
I must leave Thee for awhile;  
Now bestow on me a blessing,  
And a fond, approving smile.*

*I will leave my heart beside Thee,  
It will rest securest here,  
And within Thy fond embraces,  
It will grow to Thee more dear.*

*So " Good-night " once more my Jesus,  
Grant, no matter where I be,  
All my thoughts and all my dreaming,  
Be of Thee and only Thee.*

## A Model Child.



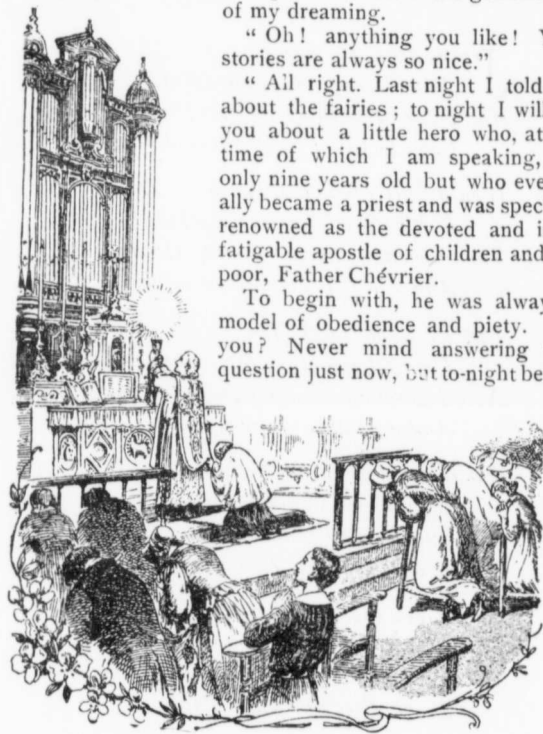
UNTIL, tell us a story, clamor six merry youngsters literally surrounding me as I sit in my cozy arm-chair, idly dreaming, idly yearning for—what even I myself could scarcely define—a vague indefinite longing to make all hearts happy, all lives glad.

“Tell you a story! What about?” I ask reluctantly rousing myself to meet this practical test of the genuineness of my dreaming.

“Oh! anything you like! Your stories are always so nice.”

“All right. Last night I told you about the fairies; to night I will tell you about a little hero who, at the time of which I am speaking, was only nine years old but who eventually became a priest and was specially renowned as the devoted and indefatigable apostle of children and the poor, Father Chévrier.

To begin with, he was always a model of obedience and piety. Are you? Never mind answering that question just now, but to-night before



you go to sleep promise our dear Lord you will try and be even better than I am sure you already are.

Whenever his Mamma was obliged to punish him, as happened sometimes,—for, after all he was only a lively boy, and who ever heard of a boy going through his never-ending pranks without—well, at least deserving a good scolding now and then?—her invariable punishment was to say in a stern voice: Go to your room, Sir? It may not sound much to you but to the sensitive heart of the child who loved her so dearly it seemed terrible, as without attempting to excuse himself he obeyed. But after a few minutes, he would come back all in tears, begging: “Mamma, please forgive me. I will be a good boy. I can’t bear you to call me, sir. I am your own little pet, Anthony! And of course, as you all know by experience, Mamma forgave him and kissed away his tears. Think of it children, his docility was so perfect that his mother, could say: ‘My son has never disobeyed me.’

In the innocence of his heart and the vivacity of his faith, this little lad of nine summers believed that the Lord Jesus came down visibly on the altar at the moment of consecration but that only the priest had a right to look upon him, while the people were obliged to bow down in order not to behold the glorious sight which would dazzle them.

One day, overcome with longing, he raised his head at the elevation and saw without the least surprise a resplendent globe of light surrounding the chalice. Ashamed of his temerity, he hurriedly bowed down like the rest of the congregation. It was not till long afterwards that he found out that this visible manifestation of Jesus’ presence was extraordinary and fervently thanked the kind Savior who had thus graciously deigned to strengthen his dawning faith. From that time the Blessed Eucharist became his life, his greatest delight. As a special favor, he asked to be allowed to serve the five o’clock Mass and often anticipating that early hour he remained praying outside the church waiting, as it were, the awakening of the dear Lord Jesus.

And now my story is ended and it’s time to say good-night; but before we do, won’t we all make up our minds to try to be as good obedient, kind and gentle as this little hero and when we are asked if we love Our dear Lord very much, answer like him: “Oh yes, I love Him as big as heaven and earth!”

## Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament.

(Continued.)

3. Plenary Indulgence daily, under the same conditions, for an hour's adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed or enclosed in the Tabernacle provided that in the latter case a lamp burns in the sanctuary.

The great privilege of this Archconfraternity is that if a member makes several hours in the course of a month, say an hour every week, or even every day, he or she gains a plenary indulgence for every hour on condition that communion was received in the morning.

4. Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines for those same hours of adoration on days when communion was not received.

5. The Indulgences granted to the Seraphic Order and commonly known as della Stazione del Santissimo Sacramento. Consequently each time a member makes a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in a public chapel or oratory and recites six times the *Pater, Ave,* and *Gloria Patri* he may gain all the indulgences of the Stations of Rome, Jerusalem, St. James of Compostello, of the Portiuncula, that is to say an almost incalculable number of plenary and partial indulgences.

6. A plenary Indulgence at the hour of death by invoking the holy name of Jesus. Those Indulgences except the last are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

(Briefs of 20 Dec. 1858 ; of 26 Feb. 1875 ; and of 11 May 1897.)

### IV. — Plenary Indulgences.

Christmas. — Holy Thursday.

Easter Sunday. — Ascension if the members having confessed devoutly adore the Blessed Sacrament for a few moments.

### V. — Partial Indulgences.

Feast of the Circumcision.

Feast of the Epiphany.

Septuagesima Sunday.

Sexagesima Sunday.

Indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines :

Ash Wednesday.



Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

- The Thursday, Friday and Saturday after Ash Wednesday.
- The first Sunday in Advent and every day that week.
- The second Sunday in Advent and every day that week.
- The third Sunday in Advent and every day that week.
- The fourth Sunday in Advent and every day that week.
- Passion Sunday and every day that week.

Indulgence of twenty years and twenty quarantines :

Palm Sunday.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of Holy Week.

Indulgence of thirty years and thirty quarantines :

- Good Friday ; — Holy Saturday.
- Every day during the Octave of Easter.
- The 25th April Feast of St. Mark, Evangelist.
- Rogation Days ; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

The Vigil of Pentecost.

Indulgence of thirty years and thirty quarantines :

Pentecost Sunday and every day that week, Saturday included.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

The Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of September Ember days.

Indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines :

The third Sunday of Advent.

Indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines :

The Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of December Ember days.

Indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines :

- The Vigil of Christmas.
- Christmas, at midnight mass.
- Christmas, at early mass.

Indulgence of thirty years and thirty quarantines :

- Feast of St. Stephen, First martyr.
- Feast of St. John, Apostle.
- Feast of the Holy Innocents, Martyrs.

*Conditions :* Visit to a church and prayer for the Sovereign Pontiff's intention.

**Indulgences of the Holy Places in Jerusalem.** Those indulgences, formerly granted only to pilgrims visiting the Holy Land and gained only at the cost of long tiresome journeys, are the most precious in existence. The Sanctuaries of Jerusalem, the

hallowed spots where Our Lord lived, suffered and died have each in their turn been enriched by the Church with multiplied favors, worthy of the great mysteries they recall and the graces they revive. The number is so considerable that the church itself does not compute them nor allow her children to do so either. What a great privilege to be able by a simple visit to a church, accompanied by prayer, to participate in those riches and obtain the same graces as if, after travelling thousands of miles, we followed step by step in the streets and places of Jerusalem the footsteps of the divine Saviour.

#### Indulgences of St. James of Compostello.

The Church of St. James of Compostello is the most ancient and most renowned pilgrimage of Spain. Formerly crowds flocked to it from all parts of the world, drawn by the fame of its miracles and its exceptional indulgences. These indulgences are still in full force and though faith does not in our day lead the same vast multitudes to this shrine, nevertheless, we may make this pious pilgrimage in spirit and gain the same numerous indulgences as if we knelt there in reality.

#### Indulgences of the Portiuncula.

Who has not heard of the famous indulgences of the Portiuncula, that church that witnessed the birth and first development of the Seraphic Order and that has since then participated so brilliantly in the glory of its holy founder? Who has not heard especially of the wonderful indulgences of the second of August? Who-soever on that day visits this sanctuary, if only for a few minutes gains a plenary indulgence and that every time the visit is repeated. The privilege of the Portiuncula has since been extended to other churches and the eagerness with which the faithful visit them on the second of August attests how deeply they appreciate the favor. But these sanctuaries are few and often far between and in consequence many are debarred from the precious fruits of those visits. This regrettable circumstance does not affect members of the Archconfraternity because even in their own parish and in no matter what church or public oratory they may gain on the second of August the indulgences of the Portiuncula under the same conditions and to the same extent. It suffices that after confession and communion they visit a church and that at each new visit they repeat six times the Pater, Ave and Gloria prescribed.

*(To be continued.)*