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OF THE

Blessed Sacrament



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ASSOCIATION OF THE EUCHARISTIC WEEKS

I. — Reason and need for the Work.

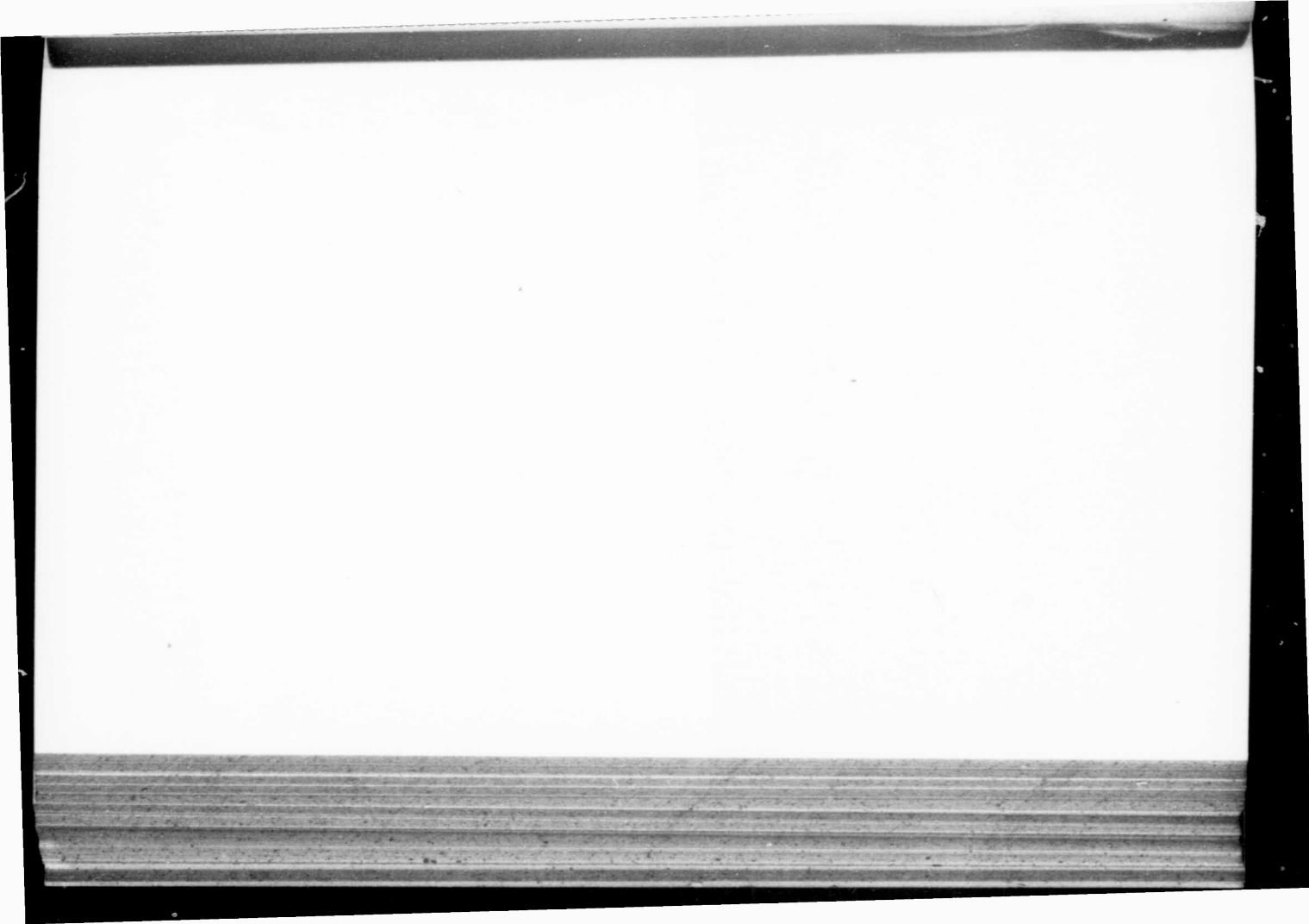
This work has for its special object the honor of Our Lord, perpetually exposed upon the altar. Solemn and Perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament is the first end of the Congregation, and in all its chapels wherever they may be, exposition and adoration is continued day and night, attended by all the pomp and royal splendor that are due to the presence of the King of Heaven and earth. Hundreds of waxed tapers burn upon the altar, and rare flowers at any season, exhale their perfume to honor the King of kings.

The motives that urge us to this devotion are : Gratitude for the abiding presence of Jesus, the source of untold blessings. The desire to compensate our Lord for the humiliations and contempt heaped on Him, particularly during His Passion and for the insults and sacrileges offered to Him in the Sacrament of His love.

The work of Exposition is also truly apostolic in impressing most powerfully upon the minds of sinners, the Reality of Christ's Presence and the love that keeps Him a Captive. Wonderful conversions have thus been wrought. It gives to the faithful also, the grace of expressing the Most tender and personal love for our Lord by affording an opportunity to relieve His poverty, and solace the loneliness of His Eucharistic state. These, therefore, are some of the reasons why the Congregation perpetuates and solemnizes the royal service of the Blessed Sacrament.

II. — Organization of the Work.

1. Membership imposes no additional devotions, the only obligation is the enrollment of one's name (Christian and surname.)





Annunciation to the Virgin



CHRIST IN AGONY

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“ Couldst thou not watch one hour with Me ? ”  
’Twas thus the suffering Saviour spoke,  
When, in the throes of agony,  
His chief apostle He awoke !  
“ One little hóur,” ’twas favor small  
To ask from those who pledged their lives  
To Him who was their Lord and All,  
But, -- flesh is frail, and weakness thrives !  
How can we blame these men who slept ?  
Are we more strong, — more true than they ?  
Ah ! no ; for us, too, Jesus wept ; —  
And how do we His grief allay ?  
We watch not, pray not, share with Him  
No lonely hours of silent pain, —  
God grant that, ere life’s light grow dim.  
We seek Him, and with Him remain !



## Particular Practice for the month of March:

TO IMITATE THE HIDDEN LIFE OF JESUS IN THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament lives a life, hidden and obscure. He, the mighty King, is enclosed in the Tabernacle, where no outward sign reveals the love and power of the divine Dweller. He is not only hidden, but also, He is annihilated, so far as His sacred Humanity is concerned. He is there, Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity, yet we do not see Him; moreover, the veil which hides Him leads the senses, almost reason itself to say, "He is not there, He cannot be there." Apparent contradiction: Jesus is living yet we cannot see or even suspect any movement on His part, any sign of life. He is there in the integrity of His members, yet He appears reduced to an almost imperceptible particle. What love of the hidden, interior life in this God who uses His Sovereign might only to veil Himself from mortal eyes!

He prays continually to His Father, yet we do not hear Him speak; He performs no visible, distinct action, yet His annihilated state is His constant, efficacious, invisible action; He lives an interior life, a hidden life, a life of sacrifice, a life of immolation, yet His heavenly Father, who sees in secret is the only witness of His incessant adorations, of the propitiatory offering this pure victim makes of Himself. O God, our Saviour! Thou art truly a hidden God! Thou art verily so in all the stages of Thy mortal life, but no where art Thou more so than in the Blessed Eucharist, where it is Thy will so to remain until the end of time.

What a holy life! What a gloriously meritorious life in God's sight and how conformable to that of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar, is a life hidden in God, unknown, unnoticed, unseen by men. Living in their midst, yet not of them! Sharing their life and labours, while the heart holds ceaseless converse with our Lord and is fed by an invisible food of which they

have no idea ! Performing daily duties as if interested in them, while our only real concern is to do God's holy will in its slightest detail ! Conversing with persons whom duty or circumstances present, yet entertaining ourselves interiorly with God by ejaculatory prayer, ever buoying our meanest and most earthly action upward with an act of love, — the love that runneth and rejoiceth, the love that looks beyond earth's shadows dim. Always recollected, yet in such a simple natural way as to avoid the notice of even the most observant ! Interiorly annihilated without any exterior sign, and thus scarcely a moment goes by in which the good Angel does not register some victory, be it ever so small, a loving intention giving it merit in Gods' sight, but He alone seeth and heareth and knoweth all, while we go our way strong in the pure, free love that tendeth ever upwards ! Humbling ourselves, yet without effort or affectation, avoiding more than anything else the wish to appear hidden or unknown ! Seeking no rest in any heart save only God's alone, walking with vigour, on towards the goal, till our task is finished and the Master's dear voice bids us welcome home !

O interior, hidden life, veiled under an ordinary exterior, how precious in God's sight, yet how very rare on earth ! Nature instinctively seeks to appear. This instinct is not always conquered even in the most spiritual souls, but is ever seeking to assert itself under pretext of God's glory, or the edification, of the neighbour ; but apart from a marked vocation, either through interior attraction, or through obedience, the instinct of grace is to bury ourselves with Jesus Christ, to live in solitude and silence, to appear as little as possible, to hide virtues and the graces and favors of God in the deepest obscurity. If we could perform miracles, we should do so to avoid the notice of men and to resemble Jesus Christ.

To be known only to God, is the desire of all truly interior souls ; it is a pathway hard to choose, but let us ask St. Joseph, the model of the interior life, to obtain for us the grace to choose this pathway and to walk it bravely, unflinchingly to the end.

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## The Blessed Sacrament and St. Joseph

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**T**HANKS to the Blessed Eucharist, we need not envy the glorious patriarch St. Joseph, for our happiness equals his. His greatest privilege is to have been chosen from among men to be the foster father and the guardian of the Child Jesus.

In this two-fold capacity he was witness of the birth in the stable, of the first miracles of the Man-God ; he lived many years under the same roof in the sweetest intimacy with Him ; finally, he died under his eyes, in the shelter of His arms. Beautiful life ! Happy death ! Praise and thanksgiving to the Blessed Sacrament, through whose power we may all be as favored and happy as was this great Saint.

If St. Joseph is present, in the stable of Bethlehem at the birth of the Child Jesus ; if he worships the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the manger ; if he hears the triumphant "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*" of Angelic choirs ; if he looks with admiration on the adoration of the lowly shepherds, and of the gifted Magi — can we not assist as often as we wish at Holy Mass, where the sweet Child Jesus is born, as in another Bethlehem, wrapped in Eucharistic forms and laid on the altar ? Can we not lift up our glad voices and join in the "*Gloria*" of the myriad angels prostrate there in loving worship, in fervent adoration ? Can we not see rich and poor, learned and ignorant ; kneel at His feet to offer Him the gold of Charity, the incense of Prayer, the myrrh of Penance and Mortification ?

In the mystery of the Purification, St. Joseph accompanies Jesus to the Temple, and listens to the prophecy of the venerable old man Simeon, fortelling the glory of the new-born Saviour, His persecutions, His sorrows, His sufferings. Often during Mass, do we not listen to a voice from the pulpit, pleading, entreating, exhorting, recounting in burning accents the love, the annihilations, the sufferings of Jesus, the Victim of Propitiation for all in general, for each one of us individually ; inculcating the divine science of knowing, loving and serving this King, in order to arrive at His everlasting kingdom, in order to respond to His infinite love, His infinite sufferings, His infinite abasements ?

St. Joseph lived many years under the same roof with the Infant God ; how many times did he not hold Him on his knee, carry Him in his arms, press Him to his heart in happy guardianship ! Babyhood gone by all too quickly, what familiar conversations between the youth and his foster-father, what glad companionship ! And we, in the church do we not share the dwelling of the Infant God ? Do we not live close to Him in His blessed company ? Is not Nazareth here with its manifold blessings ? From the depth of His Tabernacle, from the radiant Ostensorium, does He not shed on us His light, His warmth, His truth, His gentle sympathy, His soul-satisfying love ?

You will see Him on certain days as St. Joseph did in the Temple in the midst of doctors and priests. What do I say ? It is not only near us, in our churches, we possess the Son of God, but also in ourselves ; in our very soul.

Perhaps this very morning, the breath of His peace stole over your heart, as He entered to be your Guest divine and descended into your yearning soul which craved for nothing half so intently as for His dear coming. Thus He unites Himself to us even more intimately than He did to His Foster-Father. St. Joseph never had the happiness of receiving Holy communion. We are, then more favored than he.

This thought is beautifully illustrated by a Christian Artist in a painted fresco of a group representing the Holy Family. The child Jesus has his left arm in Saint

Joseph's right, and we naturally infer they are speaking confidentially. Of what? The picture will clearly show. With His hand lovingly caressing His foster-father Jesus shows him some ripe grains of wheat, a sheaf of which he carries under His left arm, and with the other hand, the lovely youth points to a grape vine on which the fruit hangs ripe and beautiful; thus revealing to Saint Joseph one of heaven's own secrets, the mystery of the Blessed Eucharist. A tear glistens on Saint Joseph's cheek, an expression of sorrow wrung from his very heart. "O My Son!" he seems to say, "I shall, then, be deprived of this divine nourishment?"

St. Joseph had the great happiness of dying in the arms of Jesus, who dried his tears, spoke to him of heaven, received his last look, his last sigh. By holy Viaticum, Jesus will come to us, to our bed of suffering, to console us, to bless us. He will bend over us to wipe away the sweat of death and whisper, "courage, good and faithful servant, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

St. Joseph entered heaven only on the day of our Lord's Ascension; Jesus let him depart alone for Limbo, there to await His coming. He will not let us depart alone, but will accompany us by Holy Viaticum on our journey to eternity.

We can here aptly apply those words written on St. John the Baptiste: "Joseph was one of the greatest and most favored Saints on earth; but the least of Christians, the humblest in the kingdom of God since the preaching of the Gospel and the institution of the Blessed Eucharist is greater and more favored than he."

MGR. PICHENOT.

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



## THE LENTEN SEASON

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THE Church clothes herself in penitential garb and asks her children to unite with her in considering the passion and death of our Lord and Saviour. She leads us in spirit to the solitude of the desert and asks us to there behold our beloved Lord fasting forty days and nights in preparation for His passion and death.

Holy Church would have us enter into our Divine Lord's thoughts and there see revealed His love for every one of us by the atonement He makes in our behalf and the infinite graces He lays up to save us. She bids us realize that as long as we call upon Him to save us by the application in the Holy Sacraments of the infinite merits of His passion, He will heed our call.

Our Lord's life on earth was indeed a hidden life. For thirty years, He lived in the obscurity of Nazareth, and even in His three years' public life, we read of Him more frequently in the hamlet than the city, on the mountain, in the desert, and by the sea. And so He climaxed this spirit of seclusion and retirement by His forty days' preparation for His suffering and death.

Did He not do all this to teach us and induce us to imitate Him? He needed no solitude to bind Him to His Father, for He never was separated from Him. He did all this for our example, that we who know and meet the evils and see the dangers of unrestraint might the more readily practice mortification of spirit and betake ourselves at least from time to time to seclusion and solitude.

Lent is the time that most favors this. It is a time set apart by the Church for prayer and fasting — for restraint, recollection and piety. The good Catholic conforms, everyone who desires to save his soul responds, and so marked and general is the observance of this season that the outside world cannot but notice it and be influenced by it. It is a time of grace and blessing. So the Church proclaims it, and, applying the words of St.



Paul, that it is "the acceptable time, the day of salvation," bids all the faithful pass the season in a truly holy and self-denying manner.


Let us, then, respond to the call and spend a good Lent. Its days should be full of mortification of every kind ; appetites, senses must all be restrained, lest they lead us to ruin. And while we take our eyes off things around us, we can look into things unseen ; live more in faith and things of the soul than in the idle speculations of the mind and the gross indulgence of the body ; live more in the future than in the present ; live more in death than in life. And while we will thus be mortifying the bodily man, the spiritual in us will rise to a purer life and to closer union with God, in preparation for the joys of eternity. Let Lent be well passed, and it will be a great means of sanctifying our whole year afterwards.

And while we are denying the body, cannot we refresh and satiate our soul, if we wish, at the banquet of the Holy Table ; let us do so often, that we may be nourished, be made strong with this bread of life, to conquer our temptations and be always united with God and always ready to meet Him.

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### For our Immaculate Mother

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 crown of solid gold, set with diamonds and precious stones, is being made for the statue of the Blessed Virgin which is venerated in St. Peter's, Rome. It is to be placed on the head of the statue on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the Immaculate Conception decree next December. The other day Pius X received in private audience Mgr. Radim Tedeschi, secretary of the commission appointed by Leo XIII to arrange for the jubilee, and handed him a magnificent unset diamond, saying he wished it set in the crown as a personal gift from himself. The diamond was formerly in a ring recently presented to the Holy Father by a devout admirer.

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## A HEART'S ENVY

*By Eleanor C. Donnelly.*

Alone in the silent chapel  
I worshipped on my knees,  
When the flood of my heart's devotion  
Found voice in words like these.

I envy the shining paten  
Where the sacred hosts repose ;  
And the chalice where my Saviour's blood  
Glows like a crimson rose.

I envy the tabernacle  
Where the hidden, God abides :  
And the rich ciborium of gold  
Wherein he meekly hides.

I envy the holy pyx-case,  
That yields his blest retreat ;  
And the monstrance with its sun-like rays,  
That shrines him, sure and sweet.

The altar-lamp, I envy  
That burns before the Christ ;  
And the holy altar-stone whereon  
The lamb is sacrificed.


But why, my heart ? I answered,  
(While the monstrance glimmed bright ;  
And the other sacred vessels kept  
Their vigils safe from sight :)

Oh ! why, my heart, thus envy  
These blest but soulless things —  
These eucharistic sentinels  
That guard the king of kings ?

Lo ! Tabernacle, paten, grail,  
And pyx in thee I own —  
Love's monstrance, lamp, ciborium,  
Love's lowly altar-stone !

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The Crime of the Synagogue

N the Church of St. Gudule, in Brussels, is a beautiful little chapel of the Most holy Sacrament greatly renewed and richly decorated, wherein, since the fourteenth century, three miraculous Hosts are worshipped and venerated in loving reparation for the outrages inflicted on them through the virulent hatred of the Jews. These Sacred Hosts, since enshrined and honoured in this Chapel have become the source of innumerable graces and blessings both spiritual and temporal to the numberless pilgrims who visit the far-famed shrine.

A wealthy Jew named Jonathas, resident of the City of Eughien, in Hainault, was noted for his bitter hatred of the Christians. Having learned that one of his fellow Jews, John of Louvain, had embraced Christianity, but only in outward appearance, he interviewed this traitor and offered him a large sum of money if he would obtain some consecrated Hosts for him. He consented, this second Judas, to betray his Master into the hands of sinners: but, despite his wickedness, it was not easy to carry out his promise in Eughien; consequently, he left the City and travelled to Brussels where, after some days, he succeeded in effecting an entrance into St. Catherine's Church, situated on the outskirts of the village, in a lonely, unfrequented spot. He forced open the Tabernacle door, and no angel's voice bidding him desist, he stole the Ciborium containing sixteen consecrated Hosts, but the Divine Dweller therein made no protest. Do we marvel at His patience? It is not to us as great a mystery as the Blessed Eucharist Itself?

Once in possession of the Sacred Hosts, he hastened to return and present them to Jonathas, who received them with satanic joy: At last, it was in his power to outrage the Christian mysteries, to vent his hatred, his fury, his malice on the defenceless victim, but he had calculated without Him who says "vengeance is Mine;" before he

had time to profane the Sacred Hosts, he was assassinated by some unknown foe, while walking in his garden. His wife, seeing in his tragic death a punishment from heaven, and fearing the same fate as her husband's on account of her co-operation in his guilt, hastily left Enghein for Brussels where she gave the Ciborium, which she now regarded with terror, to her co-religionists.

The Sanhedrim assembled to deliberate on the manner in which this object of Christian worship should be treated. Unanimously they named the place and the day of a profanation which should satisfy their hatred in outraging Him, whom their deicide fathers had nailed to the Cross on Calvary. The place designated was the synagogue, situated at the corner of 'Twelve-Apostle's street, and the day, the tenth of April, which fell on Friday of Holy Week.

They began their sacrilegious orgies by emptying the contents of the Ciborium on a table and then abandoned themselves to the fury of their impiety, their virulent hate, vomiting forth the most horrible blasphemies against Christ and his religion.

Proceeding from words to acts, they armed themselves with knives and swords, and struck with repeated blows Him, who had so loved them as to utter from His very heart the pitying cry, "Jerusalem, O Jerusalem etc." Slowly, blood began to trickle under the cruel knife-thrusts, frightening those emissaries of Satan so much that the weapons fell from their powerless hands; they began to tremble and were overcome with fear, as formerly those outragers of the living Christ, on that sad night when He agonized beneath the olive trees of Gethsemani. But not one of the guilty throng thought of adoring Him who gave them this visible proof of His living presence.

They remained incredulous: Nothing could soften their ordinate hearts. Their first fear being overcome, they anxiously sought to cover up any traces of their crime, and for this purpose, they decided to send the outraged Sacrament to a Jewish synagogue in Cologne. A woman named Catherine consented to carry the Sacred Hosts, but once in possession of them, she was tormented with such anguish and fears that she changed her route

and went and delivered the sacred deposit into the hands of the pastor of our Lady of the Chapel, relating to him all that had occurred.

Wenceslas, duke of Brabant and prince of Bohemia, was informed of the event. He immediately had the culprits arrested and tried by an impartial court of Justice. Being fully convicted of sacrilege, they underwent the punishment their awful crime deserved.

The sentence was carried out in Brussels ; between the gate of Namur and that of Hal, on the eve of the Ascension, in the year 1370.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE

GENERAL Ziethen, one of the veterans of the Seven Year's War, gives us a noble example of true moral courage. One day having received an invitation to dine with Frederick the Great, he begged to be excused, saying :

" I pray you tell his Majesty that this is a day on which I am accustomed to receive Holy Communion, and I do not wish to put myself in the way of distraction."

Some days after, the King said to his favorite General: " Well, Ziethen, how did your Communion go off the other day ? "

At which all the courtiers laughed. But Ziethen, rose, approached Frederick, and said gravely :

Your Majesty well knows that I have dreaded no danger, and that I have fought against odds for you and the country. What I have done I am ready to do again when your Majesty commands me. But there is one above us mightier than you, than I, than all mankind. I will never allow any man to insult Him in my presence, even in jest ; for in Him is my faith, my hope, my consolation."

The King, much moved, held out his hand to the noble old General, and said with great earnestness :

Happy Ziethen ! I respect your religion. Preserve it carefully, and rest assured that what has now taken place shall never again be repeated in my presence."



THE IDEA OF GOD

A French philosopher who lived in the last part of the eighteenth century claimed that if man were to receive no religious instruction whatever, no idea of a Divinity would exist in his mind, and that (a thing which has never been known) he would pass through life without the thought of a Supreme Creator.

He set out, therefore, to look for a child who had never heard the name of God spoken, either by a priest (which would have been very easy in that age of unbelief and persecution in France) or by a mother who should have found her happiness in fulfilling this duty.

He was successful in his quest and found a beautiful little boy, fair and delicate. He was able to get possession of the child by means of a small sum of money given to parents without affection, and he took him at once to his country-seat.

Here the child had for his master Nature itself; later the philosopher became his teacher, interpreting Nature to him. This education lasted several years without any change. The young pupil grew up, his intelligence developed, but he had learned nothing whatever of God, to his master's great joy.

"Soon," the philosopher said to himself, "I shall be able to present to the Academy of Paris a young man who has never dreamed of such a thing as a God.

One morning at daybreak, as the philosopher was taking a solitary walk in the woods of his park, he saw the child go down into the garden.

"Where can he be going in such haste! Why is he out so early?" the man asked himself.

Hiding himself behind a hedge, he saw the boy go up on a little hill overlooking a pond, in the crystal of which were reflected all the splendors of the rising sun. It was

the hour of the awakening of the birds,— the moment when, with joy and fluttering wings, they greeted the return of light with their sweetest songs. It was the hour when the flowers, covered with pearly dewdrops, opened their corollas and exhaled their perfumes.

On his knees, in the midst of the flowers whose beauty he rivalled, the child mingled his musical voice with the songs of the birds and thus greeted the rising sun.

“ O Sun, how beautiful thou art ! The Creator who sent thee to the world made thee splendid indeed. O Sun, dost thou see the Creator of all things ? If thou dost, tell Him that I love Him, and that I, too, would like to know Him. If thou seest Him, give Him for me a kiss on His eternal forehead.”

He ceased speaking, and, putting his hand to his lips, he wafted a kiss to that God whom he already loved with all his heart.

From his hiding-place behind the trees, the philosopher saw and heard all. Moved to tears, and trembling in every limb, he ran up the hillside, embraced the boy with transports, and cried : “ Who ever told you that there was a Creator in heaven ? ”

“ Who told me ? ” replied the child. “ That sun, which you could not have put up there : these flowers, which come out of the earth without your hand being there to push them up ; this heart, which neither you nor I cause to beat in my breast.”

As the child spoke, he was glorified and illumined with the rays of the rising sun ; his heart, which had just experienced this aspiration toward God, bounded in his young breast.

At the sublime outburst the philosopher beat his brow and exclaimed : “ O unbelievers ! what dupes ye all are ! ”

The Ave Maria.

A house full of love is far better than a house full of gold without love.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

Christian Virtues—The Love of our Neighbour

The Eucharist, source of love of our Neighbour



I. — Adoration.

“ I have given them this Sacrament, that they may be one, as we are one,” St. John XVIII. 23.

Let us adore our Lord Jesus Christ addressing those words to His Heavenly Father, at the moment when He manifested to man, love carried to excess in the institution of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist : the greatest of all the sacraments, giving us God Himself, the author of all grace. God Himself, omnipotent as He is, can give us no greater proof of His infinite love. Rightly do we call the reception of the Blessed Eucharist, Communion, for according to St. John Damascene, by It we partake of the humanity and divinity of Jesus Christ, by It we are mutually united.

The sweet name Communion, defined by the holy fathers, signifies unanimity among the faithful, What more significant forms, what more typical symbols could Jesus have chosen to inculcate in this sacrament His teachings of loving fraternal union, than vermilion grapes pressed together losing their natural form and appearance, and emerging from the winepress in a ruby liquid ; or golden wheat-sheaves ground into flour ? In each case the substances so completely united as never more to be capable of separation. Such are the expressive figures by which Jesus Christ clearly demonstrates the effect of the mutual union He produces between hearts.

The sacraments naturally confer the graces for which they were instituted : consequently, if the Eucharist is the sacrament of fraternal charity, of mutual love, it is also its source.



“We are,” says St. Paul, “but one body, but one bread, we who eat at the same table, and drink of the same chalice.”

In the first ages of the Church, it was customary for the sovereign Pontiffs to send the Blessed Eucharist to Bishops stationed in distant countries in token of unity and brotherly love.

The unanimous voice of the Council of Trent solemnly proclaims the Eucharist, “the sign of unity, the bond of love, the symbol of peace and concord among Christian people.”

The Eucharist infuses into our hearts and lives charity towards our neighbour, because it unites us with Jesus Christ, the God of charity. It is truly, as the holy fathers declare, the heart of our God placed in our midst, and ardently burning with love for all mankind. This flame taking possession of us by Holy Communion must infallibly inflame us, must enkindle love in our hearts.

Moreover, by this sacrament we contract, as it were, a spiritual relationship with our brethren, eating of the same sacred Body of Jesus Christ, drinking of the same adorable Blood, we become one, according to St. Cyril, and being made one with Jesus Christ, it follows that like the first Christians after the breaking of bread, we also become one heart and one soul.

O Eucharistic Jesus! Christ King! My God and my All! I magnify Thy wisdom and Thy merciful omnipotence! I believe and love and adore Thee in this sacrament, where with marvelous generosity and unspeakable charity Thou dost give Thyself to us as the mysterious and powerful link closely uniting the faithful.

II. — Thanksgiving

What an inappreciable blessing the Eucharist confers by bestowing on us charity towards our neighbour! Nothing in life is so desirable, so necessary as this beautiful virtue. With Tertullian we can exclaim, “How noble is this sacrifice, how sublime this Sacrament, of which we cannot partake without imbibing the sweetness and peace of fraternal union!”

It is, first, peace with God. To love our neighbour is to fulfil the greatest of commandments, after that of owing God: to love our neighbour is to venerate God's image printed on every created being: to love our

neighbour is to honour God's presence in his soul by sanctifying grace, presence becoming more close and intimate through Holy Communion : hence to love our neighbour is simply to love God.

It is, secondly, peace with our equals. The Psalmist long since sang with exquisite sweetness of the joy and happiness of mutual love. What better or more agreeable than to live together in brotherly union ?

The Eucharist was instituted to establish this desirable peace and to assure its reign. It lends sweetness, kindness, loving patience and gentle forbearance to social and domestic relations. The officers commanded by General Marceau were astonished to see this man of a naturally violent, unruly temper, gradually become gentle and patient. " You wonder at the transformation ? " said he, " Well, I owe it to my Communions : were it not for them, I should be impetuous enough to cast you all into the sea. " In how many other cases might not the same answer be given ! Amiability and kindness in mutual intercourse naturally flow from Holy Communion.

It is, lastly, peace with ourselves, with our conscience. Is it not true that our most grievous, our most frequent faults, are sins against fraternal charity ? In producing the love of our neighbour, in increasing the ardor of mutual charity, the Blessed Eucharist gives us peace, lessens our faults : while, at the same time, it compels us to practise a greater number of christian virtues. In fact, to love our neighbour, we must exercise humility which causes us to esteem him as much, if not more than we do ourselves : patience in bearing with his faults, in submitting to his ill-treatment : mortification in imposing on ourselves the inconveniences naturally resulting from the services we render him.

III. — Reparation

Where harmony and peace reign, happiness is sure to be found : but, on the other hand, what a sad spectacle discord and disunion present, and what an untold number of disasters, misfortunes and calamities they breed ! But the main cause of all sin, evil and unhappiness is that we forget the Blessed Eucharist, we neglect to partake of its life-giving powers, its fraternal love-feasts. Hence, God's sublime order is reversed, and the world teems with sorrow and unhappiness. We forget the Blessed Eucha-

rist, we do not eat of the " Bread of Life " ; charity languishes and expires : people and nations become divided, giving themselves up to implacable hatred, arming themselves against one another, seeking to destroy one another by war and murder.

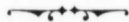
We forget the Eucharist, we no longer come to sit at that table where the mighty and the powerful are not always the guests of honor. Hence, human society is disorganized : inferiors conspire against superiors : selfishness, that is to say, the love of self to the detriment of others, becomes the universal law, trampling under foot the fundamental laws of justice, wisdom and honesty.

We forget the Blessed Eucharist, we do not approach to partake of Its strength, and thus the sacred links of family life are snapped by passion : affection pledged at the nuptial altar is disregarded, filial piety is only an empty name : the terrestrial trinity, Father, Mother, and Child, so typically resembling the glorious celestial Trinity, finds its loving domestic ties severed, its haven of peace and joy changed into an abode of misery and confusion : yes, all those evils and many others too numerous to mention result from life spent without partaking of the Blessed Eucharist. Hearts no longer refreshed and sustained by the " Bread of Angels," by the sweet presence of the Eucharist King, gradually lose their loving sentiments : they grow cold and selfish, incapable of loving sympathy or tender compassion.

IV. — Prayer

O Jesus, Eucharistic Victim, we unite our prayers to that of Holy Church, asking Thee to give us, through the Blessed Eucharist, the grace of peace and charity so desirable, so necessary in social and domestic intercourse. In substance this is the prayer the priest offers every day at the Canon of the Mass : *Te igitur.....*

Let us take the resolution to recite frequently and fervently this beautiful prayer used at the secret of the Mass, in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. " Deign, O Lord, to grant us, by Thy mercy, the precious gifts of unity and peace, so admirably represented by the sacred oblation on the altar. "





An Apostle of the Eucharist,

Reverend Peter Julian Eymard.

(Continued.)

ONE afternoon in the month of January, 1851, a few days before his death Father Eymard writes: "I went to pay a visit to the shrine of our Lady of Fourviere where one thought completely absorbed me, namely that our Lord in the Eucharist, had not to glorify His mystery of love, to offer Him continual adoration and worships, a religious community, whose sole end it should be and who should devote and consecrate all to its service. I tried to reason out the thought but always came to the same conclusion: "there must be one..." I promised the Blessed Virgin to interest myself in its behalf... A vague indefinite promise, made without any intention of sacrificing my vocation as Marist. Oh, what blissful hours I spent there! Such as the elect enjoy in their heavenly abode! "Why were you so enraptured"? We asked? "Did you see the Blessed Virgin?" Not expecting such a question, truth forced from him an affirmative answer which deep humility tried to hide by the scarcely articulated "Yes," but which nevertheless, caught the ear of his interlocutors. We did not dare question further though we were eager to know if he had been favored by a sensible exterior vision of our Lady, or merely by an interior manifestation. Whichever it was, from that moment dates the ardent zeal, the indefatigable tenacity which no obstacle could daunt in his work for the Blessed Sacrament.

He thought of organizing an association of men and women, united to the third order of Mary by a spiritual tie, and devoted to the adoration and service of the Blessed Sacrament. He submitted his idea to his superior. It was a grand thought and his superior, Father Colin, a man of deep spirituality and keen intelligence, understood its greatness and strongly approved it, but advised Father Eymard to defer its inception for some time.

With the humility of the saints, he submitted to the decision and faithfully continued the performance of his daily duties, though incessantly pursued with the longing to carry out his cherished ideal. Those four years were years of cruel trials: on the one hand, the Eucharistic attraction ever drawing him, doing violence to his soul, asserting itself at all times, in all places; on the other hand, his vocation, the duties of his state, the rules of prudence compelling him to resist and to hold himself in obedience. It was the fiery ordeal through which so many of God's chosen ones have passed, emerging purified, resigned, submissive to the will of God, blind instruments in His Sacred Hands.

Meanwhile, as a first step, Father Eymard had established a day of monthly adoration in the Chapel of the institution. Apparently, the day was not long enough for his fervor, as this sentence found among his notes



meanwhile, as a first step, Father Eymard had established a day of monthly adoration in the Chapel of the institution. Apparently, the day was not long enough for his fervor, as this sentence found among his notes

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indicates, "In my room was a dormer-window through which I could see the Blessed Sacrament, and there I often kept vigil throughout the night."

We quote from his writings: "To-day being grand congé given in honor of St. Joseph, I sent all the inmates on a picnic; then, I celebrated Mass as usual. During



thanksgiving, I was filled with such unspeakable happiness and peace, that the very thought of it moves my soul even yet (written in July, 1868).

In that hour, our Lord asked of me, so lovingly, so pleadingly as not to be expressed, the greatest sacrifice of my life,—that of my present vocation,—and compelled by his love's overmastering power, I ac-

quiesced, at the same time taking a vow to devote myself until death to found a Community of Adorers. In my fervor, I promised nothing should deter me from my purpose, had I even to eat stones and die in a hospital."

In 1583, an eminent dignitary of the Church consulted the Sovereign Pontiff for Father Eymard, relative to the

proposed foundation. Pius IX replied, "It is a glorious idea, a sublime project. I will heartily endorse and encourage it, provided the Lord makes it materialize."

But the means of inaugurating this work? Ah! they were a long time under earth "sprouting" according to Father Eymard's quaint expression.

During the month of August, he had a petition presented to the Holy Father, in which he clearly exposed his plans for the proposed Community, neither concealing nor exaggerating the difficulties attending it. His words, replete with humility and submission, show nevertheless, an undaunted courage springing from the conviction that he is doing God's holy will. The petition reads as follows: Allow me, most holy Father, the least of your children to depose at the feet of your Holiness in all simplicity the interior longing of my soul. During four years, which seemed interminable, I resisted this attraction, fearing it might be the result of natural sentiment or satanic ruse... Most Holy Father, here is my thought: at the sight of the love which Jesus in His adorable Sacrament bears us, the isolation in which He is left, the lack of practical piety and fervor among so many Christians, the ever increasing indifference and coldness of the children of men; in presence of such manifold, pressing needs of the Church, I asked myself, "why should there not be a Community of men whose mission, whose vocation, it should be to pray perpetually at the feet of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament?"

The petition then goes on to describe the various apostleships in which the Community might engage and concludes thus: My cause rests in your hands, Most Holy Father. I will await in peace your supreme decision, considering it as the decree of the divine will. If your Holiness should not judge expedient that we establish this new Community, I will abide by your judgment, certain that God will have spoken by your mouth. Pius IX replied "I am convinced this thought comes from God. The Church urgently needs such a religious order. Let us employ every available means to make the Blessed Sacrament known, loved and adored."

Pending the Holy Father's decision, Father Eymard went to the sea-coast, seeking relief from a dangerous

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lung affection under which he was suffering. Writing home he says: "I arrived yesterday, and am somewhat lonesome, being a complete stranger in a strange country. It is a very cold place where I find myself, longing for familiar faces and scenes; but heaven is overhead,



and the Tabernacle close to me. Thus even here. I have all I require."

Alone with Jesus, in His intimate companionship, he was nerving himself for the most painful sacrifice of his life. He dearly loved the Society of Mary, of which he

was a member, and in which he was loved, esteemed and greatly respected. To break asunder links cemented by seventeen years of ever-increasing affection was heart-rending, more painful still than sundering natural family ties, for as in religion Jesus Christ Himself is the link uniting the members, so the union and affection is deeper than any human natural affection.

The society of Mary was his only Mother, and though to respond to God's call he may be forced to leave her loved shelter, yet he will always remain her affectionate child. Speaking of his intended departure, he says, "I shall always remain a member of the society through gratitude and affection. One does not easily forget so kind a mother."

His interior anguish at this time was almost unbearable, still he struggled against his Eucharistic inclination, even as it were against God, in order to observe his vow of obedience, and to defer to the authorized counsels of his directors; but the hour of victory was close at hand. The year 1856 was to witness the glorious result of so much suffering, courageously and generously borne. Finally, God swayed the will of his superiors, and in the beginning of the month of May, at their suggestion, Father Eymard set out for Paris, to make his decisive retreat under wise, holy and experienced directors.

Writing from there, he says, "I know neither the name nor principal work of the Community wherein I am domiciled; it seems something like a Trappist monastery! But the Blessed Sacrament is here, and that suffices replacing all else."

(to be continued.)

"Our Lord wishes respect but as a spontaneous act which conducts us to His Heart; afterwards leading us to rest in His peace and in His love."
VÉN. F. EYMARD.

"Saints did not do hard things because they were saints, but doing the hard things made them saints."

THE PASSION OF JESUS

Solo. By the Blood that **RICHARDSON.**
flowed from

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The bass staff begins with a G3 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

Thee, In Thy bit - ter a - go - ny,

The second system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The bass staff begins with a G3 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

By the scourge so meek - ly borne,

The third system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The bass staff begins with a G3 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

By Thy pur - ple robe of scorn,

The fourth system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The bass staff begins with a G3 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

Chorus. Je - su, Sa - vior, hear our cry!

The fifth system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The bass staff begins with a G3 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

Thou wert suff-'ring once as we;



Hear the lov - ing Li - ta - ny,



We, Thy chil - dren, sing to Thee.



By the thorns that crown'd Thy head,
By Thy sceptre of a reed,
By Thy footsteps faint and slow,
Weigh'd beneath Thy cross of woe :

By the nails and pointed spear,
By Thy people's cruel jeer,
By Thy dying prayer which rose
Begging mercy for Thy foes :

By the darkness thick as night
Blotting out the sun from sight,
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield Thy parting breath ;

By Thy weeping Mother's woe,
By the sword that pierced her through
When in anguish standing by,
On the cross she saw Thee die.

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Are you throwing money away when you have Masses said ?

IT is surprising how readily the most fixed ideas will undergo a revolution in the minds of those who hold them, especially in time of danger, and more particularly if they are founded on falsehood or bigotry. As an instance of this the following illustration will afford some amusement to our readers :

Not many years ago, a rich Englishman, whom we shall call John Smith, although that was not his name — was travelling between Kamouraska and la Malbaie. It was in the month of November, and the weather not of the best. He had confided his precious existence, precious in his own eyes at least, to Baptiste Riverain, master of the shallop "Marie Alice," which her captain firmly believed to be the finest little craft in the world. In himself he had no pride — not even dwelling on the thought that but for his skilled management of his bark she might be as apt to come to grief as many another, equally fleet, trim and beautiful, which had gone to destruction in the hands of less confident navigators.

Not so with Mr. John Smith, a retired grain merchant, whose fortune was due to hard work and a lucky combination of circumstances. He had a high opinion of himself, and a correspondingly low one of other people, especially those whom poverty had destined to hard labor, whether on sea or land. In his eyes poverty was criminality. His eye swept the figure of the humble ma-

riner with an expression almost of contempt as he exclaimed in a tone of authority :

" Baptiste, I wish you to take me to la Malbaie by the shortest route. I am to dine and sleep to night with my friend, the Hon. M. Nairue, and it is not my habit to make my host wait for me. I will pay you the usual sum. Come, now, to the quay at la Malbaie, by six o'clock ? Is it a bargain ?"

" I will do my best, monsieur, but it will depend upon the winds and the waves, and the will of God. Just now, the breeze is pretty stiff. One can never tell, though, at this time of the year."

" You Canadians are very superstitious," said Mr. Smith. " You always bring God into everything ; why, suppose that He will intervene in so slight an affair as a little trip on the water, which you make perhaps three or four times a week, your priests should see to it that you have a little more education."

Without making any reply to these sarcastic remarks, Baptiste went on with his preparations for the trip.

In the twinkling of an eye everything was ready, and the " Marie-Alice," all sails spread, was on her way. They had not proceeded very far when Mr. Smith began as follows :

" And how is the Cure, Baptiste ?" " He is very well, monsieur," answered the sailor.

" And so he ought to be. He lives on the fat of the land. He does nothing but receive your tithes and those of your comrades as you pay them in. Tithes, I said ; that was a mistake. The word does not cover his emoluments. You give him the greater part of your earnings, under the pretext of Masses, indulgences and I know not what beside. That is so, is it not, Baptiste ?" queried Smith, with an ironical smile.

" It is not so monsieur," replied Baptiste, gravely, but without anger. " I assure you that if you were in his place you would not be satisfied with what he receives. It is more often pennies than shillings, monsieur. However, we consider it our duty to support him who has devoted his life to us, and we do it as we can." Then, assuming a tone of solicitude, he continued : " It

is not with us as you Protestants, who, I judge from what you say, do not support their ministers."

"You are entirely wrong, Baptiste," answered Mr. Smith with some asperity, "We do pay our ministers."

"Ah!" replied Baptiste, quickly; "in that case you are also expected to provide for their wives and children, monsieur. That goes without saying; and I will engage that they and their families cost you a great deal more than does our lonely Cure -- and, furthermore, that you are not nearly so well served."

"Perhaps that is true, in one sense," said the Englishman, who was not entirely destitute of the spirit of fair play upon which his race so vaunt themselves, and who was, moreover, some what taken aback at having unexpectedly met in the poor boatman a foeman more worthy of his steel than he had thought possible in so benighted a race as those French Canadians. "In some respects we may not be as well taken care of, Baptiste, he continued, "but we certainly pay them no more, nor as much as you do your Cures. They ask nothing from their congregations to defray the expenses of miracle-working. They do not profess to sell us graces from Paradise. We do not put money in their palms for the release of our departed friends from the flames of purgatory. We pay nothing for the supposee forgiveness of our people are intelligent, and our religion was made for the intelligent."

"Ah, yes," responded Baptiste, his hand on the tiller, so that the Englishman did not observe his heightened color or flashing eyes; but his voice was under perfect control as he went on:

"Miracles seem impossible things to you; moreover, it is hard for you to believe in them; but, as our Cure very proudly and sensibly says, the whole world is a miracle, and as difficult to understand as what you are pleased to term miracles. I have heard that you Protestants have faith in our Lord Jesus-Christ, in His death on Calvary, His resurrection from the tomb and His ascension into Heaven. If you guarantee the truths of the Gospel on these points, why can you not also believe in other miracles?"

Mr. Smith was considerably non-plussed. As he had no answer to this argument he replied : " My poor Baptiste, you can not help it if you are ignorant. These things are too deep for discussion with a man like yourself who has never been taught the real truths of religion. It would be a waste of time. I assure you, for one thing, that you are throwing money away when you have Masses said. Tell me, have you ever obtained one favor thereby ? "

" And, so you do not believe in the virtue of prayer, monsieur ? I thought all Christians did. I see that you are disposed to be prejudiced no matter what I say. If I told you I had obtained graces and favors you would not believe me. So it is not worth while to discuss the subject any longer, for we can never come to an understanding, and you are only wasting time in trying to change my opinions. I place much more confidence in M. le Cure than I do in you, Monsieur. Besides, just now I have no time to argue further, for I see a great cloud on the side of Cape-a-l'Aigle, which betokens a severe storm. Excuse me, Monsieur."

Mr. Smith was not a brave man ; he became alarmed. The cloud was certainly there, and growing larger every moment. The wind began to blow with great violence, and the rain to fall in torrents. The captain of the " Marie-Alice " was put to it to keep his vessel in her course.

" Baptiste, do you think there is any danger ? " inquired his passenger, from under the shelter of the heavy oilskins which the boatman had thrown him for protection from the storm.

" There is always danger in a gale like this," answered the mariner between his teeth.

" But, is it imminent ? Is your boat fit to weather this tempest ? "

" I hope so, Monsieur," was the response ; " I will do my best."

The waves rose higher, the winds waxed fiercer, the brave little bark strained every fibre against the fearful odds that threatened to engulf her. Smith shrunk farther and farther into the shelter of the water-proofs. We know not whether he prayed ; at any rate he was silent.

At last, the fury of the storm began to abate, the waters

subsided, and the passenger more dead than alive ventured to put forth his head as he inquired in a feeble voice :

" Do you think we shall get there all right, now, Baptiste ? "

" I hope so, Monsieur ; but I can not say. The sea is nasty, and the weather may take an ugly turn again. It is a real miracle that we have gotten this far along," he continued with a cruel emphasis not lost on his hearer ; " we are in the hands of God, Monsieur, who does sometimes interfere in such little things as a sudden squall at sea, we Catholics believe. "

" Baptiste," said the other, after a moment's silence, " what do you usually do in such an emergency as this ? "

" You see very well, Monsieur. I govern my boat as best I can. It needs all one's energy and all one's senses, as you perceive. "

" Yes, I know. But, are you not accustomed, in time of danger, to promise some Masses ? Why did you not do that to-day ? "

" Mr. Smith, this is not the time to ridicule my superstitions," said Baptiste, in a tone in which indignation and reproach were mingled.

" Baptiste, I am not ridiculing your belief in the least. I asked the question seriously, and I now repeat it. "

" Very well, Monsieur, since you wish to know, I will tell you. When the sea behaves as it did just now I commend myself to God and make an act of contrition with the hope of saving myself, but also with the resignation to die — if it be the will of God. Where do you suppose a poor devil like myself would get the money to offer for Masses ? "

" It seems to me that if for no other reason than that your family needs you, it would be your first thought to make such a promise. " Baptiste said nothing ; he was too much occupied with his boat at that moment to give his attention to anything else. Smith moved uneasily, hemmed and hawed — and finally said : " Listen, Baptiste ; promise a Mass — two, a dozen if you wish, and I will pay for them. "

Baptiste, still busy at the helm, waited an instant before replying.

"Very well, that is understood, but on one condition — that you never again ridicule the religion of Catholics, Monsieur."

"I never will," said the Englishman.

An hour later the "Marie-Alice" touched the quay of la Malbaie and Baptiste bade adieu to his passenger, who was entirely changed; he had become modest, gentle and grateful, where he had been self-assertive, loud-voiced and arrogant, and it is to be presumed that on this evening he had not much appetite for his dinner.

But Baptiste carried in his pocket a double fare, besides an offering for Masses, which would be quite welcome to the poor, hard-worked Cure, to whom the delighted boatman gave it at the first opportunity.

Pius X and Church Music

SOMEWHAT over ten years ago Pius X, as Cardinal Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice, in a letter to the president of the Venitian Society of St. George, expressed this wish: "Oh, if we could only succeed in having the faithful sing in the Mass the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sonus* and *Agnus*, as they do now the Litany of Loreto and the *Tantum Ergo*, it would be for me the most beautiful of Church music. Many times do I picture to myself a thousand voices singing in a large church the Mass of the Angels." As we have said, ten years have passed by since he expressed that wish, and now, behold! He has become Pope; his wish is to be solemnly realized; a choir of one thousand voices, made up from all the Roman seminaries and colleges, is to sing in the traditional Gregorian in the Papal Mass — the Mass de Angelis (of the Angels) — in St. Peter's, on the Centenary of St. Gregory the Great. Who will gainsay a special dispensation of Divine Providence in all this?

After a painting by Del Sarto.

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upon the register of the Association and an annual offering of not less than two dollars (\$2 00). Any one contributing a hundred dollars (\$100.00) becomes a Benefactor and is made a *member for ever*.

2. Membership is open to all, and deceased friends may share in the spiritual benefits. To obtain which, the person proposing a name must comply with the above conditions, *and in addition have the name of the deceased* entered upon the register.

3. Members of the Association are divided into thirteen divisions or bands, to each of which is assigned, one particular *week* in each quarter, or a total of four weeks in each year.

4. While no special act of devotion is obligatory, nevertheless, members are urged to gain the Indulgences offered by complying with the usual conditions, and are recommended to show particular devotion to our divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

5. Every Thursday at 8 o'clock a. m., Mass is celebrated in the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, and Benediction is given in the afternoon at 4.30, for the members of the different weeks.

6. The last week of each quarter, which is devoted to the dead, the Mass celebrated every day at 8 o'clock a. m. in the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament is specially offered for the deceased members of the Association.

III. — Indulgences and Spiritual Favors.

1. All members are sharers in all spiritual good works effected by the grace of God in the Congregation of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament ; these are : masses, communions, adoration by day and night, choral services, benedictions and other pious works of religious life.

2. Plenary Indulgence on the day of their admission to membership, provided that, besides the usual confession and communion, they visit on that day the church of the Congregation, or their own parish church, and there pray for some time for the intentions of His Holiness.

3. Plenary Indulgence on the first and last day of each service week (aggregating eight plenary indulgences per annum) on the conditions above mentioned.

4. A plenary Indulgence at the hour of death.

5. By Brief dated March 5th, 1875, His Holiness Pius IX, has also granted a plenary Indulgence to those who every three months (or four times in the year) will perform in favor of the suffering souls the works of the Eucharistic Weeks. This Indulgence, applicable to the holy Souls, can be obtained on any one day of the week at discretion, provided a church be visited on the day of Communion.

For any particulars, apply to the Father Superior of the community of the Blessed Sacrament, 320, Mount-Royal Ave., Montreal.

➤ MONTH OF ST JOSEPH ◀

WE have just published, for the benefit of English-speaking Catholics, a translation of Father Eymard's beautiful work entitled "The Month of St. Joseph." Devout clients of the foster-father of our Saviour will welcome this little manual, which won such popular favor in France when it was first published many years ago. It bears the approval of the highest ecclesiastical authorities of France. The English translation has the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of New-York. It contains meditations for every day of the Month of St. Joseph, a number of appropriate ejaculatory prayers, and a series of beautiful readings on the dignity of St. Joseph. As a devotional manual the book is unique in every way. The spirit of the great Apostle of the Eucharist, Father Eymard, runs through every chapter. The way he associates St. Joseph with the Blessed Sacrament will appeal to all that have experienced the loving care of St. Joseph and the power of his intercession before the throne of God. The work will undoubtedly create for itself a host of admirers, and it is destined to do much good. It is neatly bound in red cloth, and sells for 40 cts.

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