



MATER DOLOROSA.

C. CARLO.



ASPIRATIONS TO MARY.

*Mother, upon my lips to-day, Christ's precious Blood was laid ;
That Blood which centuries ago, was for my ransom paid ;*

*And half in love, and half in fear, I seek for aid from Thee,
Lest what I worship, wrapt in awe, might be profaned by me.*

*Will Thou vouchsafe, as Portress dear, to guard these lips to day?
Lessen my words of idle worth, and govern all I say ;*

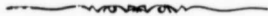
*Keep back the sharp and quick retorts that rise so easily :
Soften my speech, with gentle art, to sweetest charity.*

*Check Thou the laugh, or careless jest, that others harsh may find ;
Teach me the thoughtful words of love which soothe the anxious
[mind ;*

*Put far from me all proud replies, and each deceitful tone ;
So that my words, at length, may be faint echoes of thine own.*

*O mother, Thou art mine, to-day, by more than double right !
A soul where Christ reposed must be most precious in thy sight :*

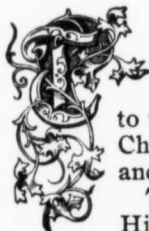
*And Thou canst hardly look on me, from Thy dear Son apart ;
Then give me from myself and sin, a refuge in Thy Heart.*



The Eucharist and the Rosary. The Joyful Mysteries.

Fifth Mystery.—The Finding in the Temple.

Thanksgiving after Communion.



WELVE years have passed since the holy old Simeon sang his "Nunc Dimittis" and St Luke introduces the Heavenly Boy to us again, telling us in the interval "The Child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom and the grace of God was in Him."

The zeal that drew Him from the Home of His Father was not visible in early childhood, but the heart of the Boy of twelve was ablaze with it and He allowed it suddenly to burst forth eighteen years before the public manifestation, and then as suddenly to sink back into its secret receptacle.

We can understand how deeply the Passover festival must have moved Him, now witnessed for the first time. Its symbols all pointed to Himself; its memorials were all to be made living realities in His own career. When the ceremonies were over and the time came to depart homeward, He clung to the Temple by an instinct of ownership too strong to be resisted. The interests of His Father mastered Him, and when His mother and father started for Nazareth He could not help returning to the Temple.

We all know the story of the sad search for the dear Child, and how Mary and Joseph found Him, when the days of anguish were over, sitting with the Doctors. His answer to His mother's "Son why hast Thou done so to us?" fore-shadows the whole Gospel. Then, we read at the close of St. Luke's recital: "And His mother kept all these things in her heart." These few words hold a deep lesson if we apply them to holy Communion. They call our attention to the definite and eminently practical conclusion of the *Thanksgiving*.

It would be a shabby thing, indeed, to treat our Divine Lord as we would an importunate guest, using a few short, formal words of greeting and then hurrying to find some excuse to leave his presence. We are grateful to a friend who condescends to call upon us for a few moments, and our "thank you" is often considered the most enjoyable part of the conversation by our friend. So it should be with the one dear, patient Friend of our souls.

Upon our Thanksgiving depends the fruit and effect of Jesus' morning visit to each of us. This fruit should not be limited to a moment of spiritual sweetness, it should remain with us and become profitable to our spiritual advancement.

The flighty, inconstant whimsical butterfly merely skims the surface of the flower. It plunges its suctorial proboscis into the honey-secreting organs, draws its little sip and then flies off to another plant; while the laborious intelligent and far seeing bee dips right into the corolla and proceeds to rob the flower of its nectar working, pillaging, filling its mouth and passing it on to the honey bag. A large surplus is then stored up in the hive for consumption during the flowerless season. Here is a striking picture of what our efforts should be after Holy Communion. We should first of all fully enjoy Jesus' presence in our souls, by a few moments of perfect recollection the holy calm of inward Silence." Silence is deepest praise—silence of faith, silence of admiration, silence of love.

When these moments of intense adoration are over, it is but natural that the soul should break out into a full concert of praise, letting every soul-faculty and heart-virtue sing forth its own hymn of exultation. In our inability to praise God adequately we then call upon the forces and powers of creation, and upon each of God's great works that they may praise Him who deigns to lower Himself to most miserable and unworthy of all His works.

We then appeal to the Angels, to the saintly souls who are safe "At Home" enjoying the face-to-face vision of Him who is called the "Bread of Angels." Our thoughts in their upward flight most naturally turn then

to our Blessed Mother who broke out in the most glorious act of praise earth ever heard : " Magnificat." We should then offer ourselves to Jesus Christ, saying to Him with a sincere, generous heart : " Thou didst give. Thyself for me, dear Jesus, I wish to offer a sacrifice of praise in return. This sacrifice will be the immolation of my many defects—pride, sensuality, vain desires, disordinate affections, ill-will—all these are Thy enemies tyrannizing over my imperfect soul.

Let me sacrifice them all here at Thy feet while Thy . . . grace is strong within me." We then whisper out a long list of petitions for our indigent selves and those who are dear to us light, strength, consolation and a strong personal love for our Eucharistic Saviour.

And should this be all ? Some there are who limit the Thanksgiving to this. To them it means a counted quarter ticked away by the clock and their duty is considered done. They then return to their vulgar round of daily toil and we see them the same, day in and day out. And why ? Because the thanksgiving is incomplete. He who understands the value of a Communion makes an effort to hold its virtue. During the short moments when Jesus is really present in his soul, he renews that " Finding " scene in the Temple. He questions the Doctor of all Doctors, the eternal Wisdom, and when the mystery of the Real Presence has ceased he is brimfull of the answers of His God and these answers he carries with him out into the great, bustling world. He keeps them in his heart, and by this standard he measures his daily efforts and struggles. Thus we may trace in his conduct the influence of the Celestial Bread he has eaten. Hitherto, that soul was known to grow impatient under the weight of trial ; now we see him resigned ; his past hasty temper and touchiness has given place to mildness : Yesterday, prone to ill feeling and acting on the principle of " an eye for an eye ; a tooth for a tooth," to-day, we admire his attitude of kindness and forbearance. His former cowardice is replaced by a generous effort ; his languor in God's service has become lost in the zeal he manifests for all that touches God's interests : and his indifference to the troubles of other hearts has changed into a spirit of compassion and devotedness. And all this is the fruit of

the whispered words of loving admonition heard during the short moments of the Eucharistic presence, the divine salutary extension of the quarter's thanksgiving.

Let us watch our thoughts and the movements of our soul, and try to give our Blessed Eucharistic Saviour the consolation of feeling that we wish Him to stay on longer—to come back to us soon again, to live with us and in us. We have so much to get rid of pride, haughtiness, sensibility to slights and insults, real or fancied, unkindness and rash judgments, want of considerateness for servants and dependants, anger and harshness in giving reproofs—all these are perpetually rising up in our hearts and must be put down. But, dear Jesus, if we find Thee in the Temple of the soul, it will all be easy work, not expecting any result from ourselves, but solely from Thy help.

Help us, then, dearest Lord, to make our lives one long Thanksgiving — one prolonged act of love while awaiting the " Finding " of Thee in the great Temple of Eternity.

MOTHER MOST SORROWFUL.

(See frontispiece)

The exile with its anguish of seven years is passed. Mary is at Nazareth. God speaks to her amid the flowers. She enjoys the company of her divine Son. She loves to watch Him play, to hear him talk. His very name is like honey on her lips!... God speaks to her also among the thorns. When Jesus was still young He sometimes amused Himself in the workshop making a little cross. What a mortal blow for the most loving mother? What an evocation of that " sword of sorrow " predicted by Simeon. Nevertheless, she murmured her Fiat as resignedly as on the day of the Annunciation. Alas! Blessed Mother, why this dolor; why this shadow of Calvary already? Was it not to expiate, with Jesus the crimes of humanity, and give us a perfect model of resignation in suffering. Whoever we are, the voice of God speaks to us as he spoke to the Blessed Virgin, sometimes amid the flowers and again amid the thorns. We have our days of gladness and our days of sadness. Thrice happy shall we be if like Mary, we have the sublime courage to whisper a resigned Fiat in sorrow as well as in joy.



LORD, COME AND
SEE

*Come to my heart as unto Bethl'hem's grot
A hovel home that love despises not :
Can love transform it to a pleasant spot ?
Lord, come and see !*



*Come to my heart as once to Bethany :
A brother's grave is there and piteous'y
Are tears and supplication calling Thee :
Lord, come and see !*



*How flocked of yore unto Thy blessed feet
The sick, the sad, Thy mercy to entreat !
I too have needs Thy pitying eye to meet :
Lord, come and see !*



*Come lay Thy hand upon each leprous stain ;
Come with Thy word of might the friend to
claim ;
The open festering sore, the hidden pain,
Lord, come and see !*

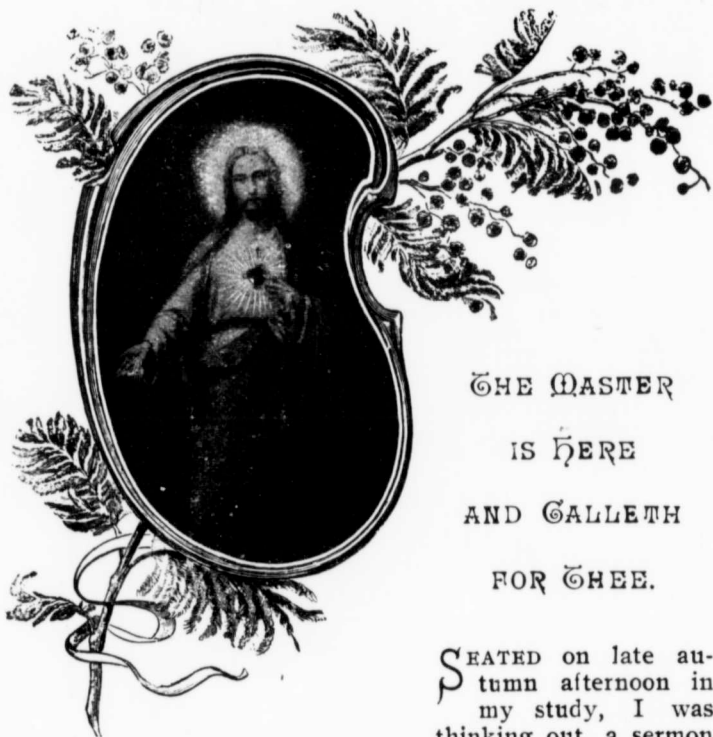
*Come to my heart, this dull cold heart of mine,
All inresponsive to a love divine ;
What lacks it to become Thy hallowed shrine ?
Lord, come and see*

*Happier by far than in the olden days
Judea's glorious Temple — what delays
Its song and sacrifice, its prayer and praise ?
Lord, come and see !*

*Perchance, like Temple Courts doth sinful stain
The word's loud trafficking, the greed of gain
Thy Father's house, the house of prayer profane :
Lord, come and see !*

*Come, Holy One, I yield myself to Thee ;
E'en scourge in hand, come, Lord and Love to me.
What change shall make me Thine, Thine
utterly ?
Lord, come and see !*





THE MASTER
IS HERE
AND CALLETH
FOR THEE.

SEATED on late autumn afternoon in my study, I was thinking out a sermon

for the following Sunday, when I heard the door bell. My door being ajar, I heard the maid answering a refined female voice:

"Yes, the father is at home. What name shall I give him?"

I did not hear the reply, but I was prepared when a knock came to my door.

"Come in!" I said

"Father, a young lady wishes to see you, Her name is Miss Wildman."

"Very well — I'll be there," and I went to the modest little parlor of the parish house, where a young woman arose and very courteously greeted me.

I had never seen her before, but her unmistakable air of breeding and her educated language told me at once she was a lady. She began by apologizing for intruding. She was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, she said, a non Catholic, an English woman, with very few relatives in this country, and accidentally hearing that my maternal grandparents' name was Wildman, she could not restrain the desire to speak to me, although she had never addressed a Catholic priest in her life before.

I could not repress a smile, although I perfectly understood her feelings ; but I hastened to assure her that I had not the most remote knowledge of my English ancestors, my mother having died when I was very young. Being born in this country I had almost forgotten my mother's maiden name or whether I even had relatives in England.

She seemed much surprised and declared it was not that way across the ocean. Kith and kin were sought for and acknowledged to the last generation. As I could not satisfy her in any point, or trace any sign of relationship, she arose with a little sigh to depart. In leaving she remarked that she hoped she had at least met a friend where she had expected to meet a relative, however distant.

I willingly agreed with her and invited her to call again.

Just at the door, she said, " I have been in your church several times, Father, and admired greatly the evident sincerity of your people, but it is such an unintelligible series of ceremonies, I mean your public worship, that although it is very beautiful it is quite mysterious and incomprehensible. The next time I call will you kindly explain some of your worship to me ?"

" With the greatest pleasure", I said. In the meantime I will give you a favorite little book of mine, Miss Wildman, and you will read it and tell me what you think of it ?" I gave her the " Faith of Our Fathers. " She thanked me and left.

I went back to my study feeling greatly interested and not a little amused. It was a fact, my busy parish work had robbed me of all desire to trace relationships, and as for my distant kin in England, why, I did not remember

where my dear mother was born. I felt, however, that Miss Wildman was sent to our rectory for some purpose and that I must wait patiently until God's time for revealing it.

In the meantime I placed her in my prayers, especially at Holy Mass. What a curious human nature we have. Even an imaginary tie will awaken interest and roll back the tide of years.

Miss Wildman did not return for several weeks. By that time I had almost forgotten her. But at last she did present herself, and I went gladly to see her. After the usual greetings she plunged right into what was uppermost in her mind.

"Father," she said, "did you mean to upset my whole fabric of religious belief when you placed that little book in my hands"?

"Indeed I did not, my child," I answered. I only meant to give you some replies to the questions you asked me about the ceremonies of our Holy Church. Did you not find them?" "I certainly found them", she answered, and I found a great deal more! Father it was an unseen providence that led me to you. I have been restless and dissatisfied with my own belief for a long time. I have often listened to my own father in the pulpit and my heart would not agree with his words. He is dead now and I hold his memory the most sacred thing on earth. I believe he would rise up in his grave, if it were possible, to reprove me for speaking to a Roman Catholic priest. But he was a noble character, a magnificent man. You would have honored him if you had known him. Her voice broke, and she covered her face with her hands for a moment: I was silent. I respected her feelings.

"Do you think for a moment," she resumed, "he would have taught me willfully what was error. He did not know. He was sure he was right." Then, I interrupted, if he lived a sinless life he is safe with God in paradise. His happiness is for all eternity and no doubt, through God's mercy, he has inspired you to look into the faith that has never satisfied you and see wherein you are disappointed."



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

That little book has explained away a volume of doubts, but not all ; sufficient, however, to make me determined to place myself under instruction with you, Father, with a view to becoming a member of your church."

Here was the providence of God Here was the reason. Miss Wildman had been inspired to seek out a priest, not knowing further than that she was seeking a namesake. My mental vision swept the whole divine scheme like a flash.

"My child," I answered, "I can only thank the good God who has so wonderfully led you to His Divine Heart. Gladly will I instruct you, and give peace to your soul. We will not delay an hour. Here is a little catechism. We will take it, question and answer, and your will tell me your difficulties and your doubts as we go along."

It was touching to see her eagerness. She began and I soon saw this was no ordinary pupil. She was well read in the so called theology of Presbyterianism and her arguments were hard to displace. She made an intelligent fight, and two hours passed before we realized it. I asked her to return and she suggested a time which suited me. Her face was radiant as she left and God's grace beamed from her eyes.

She came back, and I was surprised at the ease with which she had learned the catechism and accepted its dogmas. I wondered what would be her special stumbling block. I found it out when we came to the sacraments. At the chapter of the Holy Eucharist I saw her face grow pale. I waited.

"Father," she said impulsively, "I cannot believe Most High God could, or should submit to the degradation of being eaten as food. To me it is a terrible irreverence. My soul longs to believe in the Real Presence of the Lord in the consacred bread and wine, but how could He submit to the profanation that must come with transubstantiation: I shudder when I think of it. God would not, could not, descend so low. He is the king of the Universe, and while He was born in a stable and was lain in a manger that was enough ! Further humiliation is incredible."

Here was her stumbling block, the hard incredulity of Calvin. I waited to offer a silent prayer.

"My child", I said, "the great mystery of faith is only explained by love. Words are of little avail. I will not argue this point to-day, nor will I talk about it. I wish to ask you to do something first. Will you do it?"

"Surely you are not going to dismiss me", she said anxiously.

"No, no! no indeed." I said quickly. "I only wish you to do something. Will you?"

Anything at all, Father. I will do anything you tell me."

"Well", I said, "you pass the Cathedral every day coming here. I wish you to go in, take a seat in the first pew near the altar, fix your eyes on the little golden door of the Tabernacle, and say no prayer, but gaze at it, as if you expected to hear the voice of a friend! Remain there fifteen minutes, with your thoughts concentrated, and come back after this daily visit, a week from to-day. Can you do this?"

"How easy! How beautiful. I thought it was some great task you intended to try me with", she said. "I love that vast silent Cathedral. I find something to admire every time I visit it. Certainly I will go."

"But this is not to be a visit of admiration: it is a visit of obedience."

"I will go Father", she said earnestly, and as my time was up I dismissed her.

I prayed during that week that the Lord in the Tabernacle would look out on her unbelief and save her. The week seemed long passing, for I was interested beyond measure.

At last she returned and I knew God had been good to her. She did not wait to be seated.

"Oh Father", she said, "the Blessed Sacrament has conquered me! I believe it all! I wonder how I could ever have doubted. One day, the third day I had gone, I sat there in the first pew. I was alone in the big church and I was looking at the Tabernacle when it seemed to me that a flood of light broke upon my soul. The thought of the angel who announced to the Virgin Mary that the Son of God was made man seemed analogous

to the fact that the Lord announced to the disciples and the multitude, that His Flesh was meat indeed and His Blood was drink indeed. And if one wonder was possible so was the other. I thought of the great Last Supper and imagined I saw the Lord holding the bread and saying, This is My Body, and then when all was over Do this in commemoration of Me. Why! He made His Apostles priests and gave them power to change bread into His Flesh and Blood! Father it seemed easy to believe. I fell on my knees, and made my first act of faith in the Real Presence. I wept tears of joy and could hardly tear myself away from the altar. The whole sanctuary, the whole church, seemed filled with the presence of the living Christ, radiating from the Tabernacle. Every day since, my visit was a thanksgiving, and the kneeling down at the door of the pew, which I never did before, came spontaneously and lovingly from my heart. Father, I believe in the Holy Eucharist, and adore the Real Presence with every power of my body and soul."

Her glowing words came from the depths of her heart, I did not interrupt her. I saw her eyes were full of tears and indeed they were not far from my own. The hidden God of the Eucharist had made Himself manifest to her. How I thanked Him.

"You have much to be grateful for," I said. God has done a great thing in your soul." "Yes Father, and there is nothing for me to do but to prepare for my baptism and reception into the Church."

"As soon as you wish," I said. "It will be a great joy to receive you into the church and baptize you."

I continued her instructions and she left full of joy. I expected her the next day. She did not come; another day passed and another. I heard no tidings of her. I grew anxious and alarmed. She had never given me her address, and I blamed my thoughtlessness in not asking it. Two weeks passed by. Still no tidings. Words cannot express my grief, my distress. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind.

At last relief came. I learned she had taken suddenly ill. Her disease developed into appendicitis. Her friends had taken her to a non Catholic hospital, where an ope-

ration was deemed necessary. She refused decidedly to submit to it until she saw a Catholic priest, and although she had asked for me, one of the priests from the Cathedral was summoned hastily by phone, to whom she stated her desire to be baptized and to receive Holy Communion. Seeing she was well instructed he baptized her and gave her what she thought would be her first and last Communion.

The operation was concluded successfully and when she was sufficiently recovered she went to a health resort where she is slowly convalescing. She writes to me that her greatest joy is her daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament in a lonely little village where she is staying. "Oh, Father, if those outside the Catholic Church knew the sweetness, the happiness of the belief that our Lord is in the Holy Eucharist in our Tabernacles, and comes to be our Food, there would not be a Protestant Church in the world. They would be deserted. My daily prayer is nay, I say it every hour — Praised be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar !"

My story is ended. Of course I have used a fictitious name, but the facts are all true and emphasize the love of Jesus for souls, especially for souls that are in earnest in their search for truth. To all of these we can say truly, as we point to the Tabernacle. "The Master is here and calleth for thee"

RICHARD W. ALEXANDER,
in the the Missionary.

At Mass, how weary, distracted, and irreverent we often are, though our Faith tells us it is the same thing as if we had stood with our Lady and St. John beneath the Cross on Calvary ! At Benediction, how little are we filled with a spirit of interior devotion, and how often are little domestic arrangements allowed to interfere with our going there ! Are our Communion at all what we could desire in the way of preparation, or of thanksgiving, or of fervor in the receiving ? Are our visits to the Blessed Sacrament as numerous as our facilities and our leisure would allow, to say nothing of the necessities of our own soul and those of others to drive us there ?—*Faber.*

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

ANNA T. SADLIER.



THE universal topic at the present moment in Montreal, is the Eucharistic Congress. The significance of that event has been fully explained by the pastoral of His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, from the pulpit, in the newspapers and other periodicals.

It is, in fact, the public homage which the metropolis offers to the Christ, the Son of the Living God, to the Emmanuel, who is present on the altars of the Church. The Eucharist, being the cardinal doctrine, the central point around which blaze as a glorious aureola the faith and fervor of saints innumerable. In our own days, has sprung up, as it were, an ardor of worship, a new Crusade, in which the aged trembling, on the outer verge of life, and the child, in its first spring-time may have a part.

The holy Father Eymard, and the band of Apostles which he has enrolled in that enterprise, the most magnificent, that the ever vital spirit of catholicity has called forth, that of establishing the Eucharistic reign of Jesus Christ, more securely than ever, in the minds and hearts of his numberless subjects. In conjunction, with the kindred, or practically similar devotion, to the Sacred Heart, it has seized, by new and compelling methods, upon the people at large, and during the last two pontificates, has been specially urged upon the faithful by the encyclicals of the Universal Father.

Mankind is, as it were, weary, as were these of old in the wilderness, weary of the burden of the centuries, of the continual pressure, that is brought to bear by the false maxims of the world, its fads and its theories, which are daily being multiplied. For the day is far spent and the night of time, even now, perhaps, coming on. Jesus, solicitous, once more, lest the children of humanity faint

in the way, desires that they be fed, with the Bread that perisheth not, but which endures to everlasting life. Each generation of man, each century, as well as each country and each city, has had its special devotion. For the closing years of nineteenth and the opening ones of the twentieth, shall be the devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Eucharistic Lord. This shall be the all powerful remedy for the evils of the time.

Now Eucharistic Congresses, are one of the providential means of spreading this devotion from pole to pole, and incorporating it more and more with the lives of the people. Human experience has shown that the collective undertakings are more potent, than those that are merely individual, it is the day of organization. These Congresses are therefore the organized effort to pay the greatest amount of homage to the King of Kings, in the teeth of an infidel world; to devise means of drawing the indifferent to fervor, and the fervent to greater fervor; of making devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, a living factor in every Catholic life.

During the Congress, this most sacred of all the subjects, that can engage the attention of men, is made the subject of earnest prayer and study, science, theology, literature, eloquence and history are all pressed into the service. This beautiful, sublime devotion is considered in all its bearings.

The programme, already published, gives all the proceedings, of that wonderful week, in next September. There shall be meetings of women and meetings of men, of the clerical and the lay, to deliberate upon that great subject and to give the experiences of other countries and other peoples. There shall be Masses innumerable: many of them Pontifical and including, one specific feature, hitherto, confined to Christmas. Midnight Mass at Notre Dame. And all will culminate, in a magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament, participated in, not only by these who ordinarily take part in such processions, but by illustrious Catholics from various countries, and the representative of the Pope, His Eminence, Cardinal Vannutelli, shall carry the Sacred Host.

Now in addition, to the graces and benedictions, which this assembly must bring, down, upon the city of Mary,

which has been from its inception, a place of heavenly predilection, there is a human side to the matter. These Congresses are meeting—places, rallying points, for the great scattered army of the Lord. Catholics of various countries, there learn to know each other better, to understand, to appreciate, to labor for that harmony of thought and action, that true brotherhood, irrespective of nationality, ennobling and uplifting national sentiment which is the true Catholic ideal.

Some of the foremost Catholics of England, of the United States and elsewhere, have signified their intention, of taking part in the reunion, at Montreal. In their number are to be found, a large number of Archbishops, Bishops, and other ecclesiastics, notably, of course, the Cardinal already mentioned, who has been specially appointed by the Pope, and the much beloved Primate of the American Church, Cardinal Gibbons. The gracious letters of acceptance, that have been received, the pastorals, read in various churches, of Canada, on the subject, all point moreover to the hearty co-operation, of Canada, entire. It is in fact, an unspeakable honor for Montreal to have been chosen for the first time, on the continent of America, for one of these Congresses, which have hitherto, been held in great centres of Catholicity, like Metz or Cologne, or in the Capital of the British Empire.

The Congress, therefore, forever enhances, the dignity and importance of the Queen City of the North. It brings, thither, a vast concourse of people, so that even from an economic and commercial point of view, it is a distinct benefit to Montreal, which few even of those outside the Church, are so blind as not appreciate.

How much more the children of the Kingdom! Surely there is not a Catholic from one end of the city to the other, who will not be anxious to contribute his mite towards the success of the undertaking. There is always something which each one can do, if not in the temporal then in the spiritual. It would be the desire of Our Lord himself that even the poorest should have their share, in this sublime event. How he will bless the pennies of the poor given with a cheerful heart, and which together with the benefactions of the well to do, and the wealthy,

will make the temporal part of the preparations, a splendid success. To this end, meetings, have been held, at which the most generous enthusiasm has been shown, and men and women have eagerly volunteered for service. Little offerings of one kind, or another, may be made to those authorized to receive them or to collectors, who may be sent round. The Catholic Societies without exception, are well to the front, in their preparations for the event.

As to the spiritual preparations, who so poor in spirit, as not to be urged into generous emulation: and here again the smallest offerings, from the poor and the overburdened, shall bear fruit one hundredfold.

THANKSGIVING

— * —

VENERABLE PÈRE EYMARD.

New York City, January, 1910.

Rev. and Dear Father :

Having obtain a much-desired temporal favor through the intercession of Père Eymard, I write to make it known to you and enclose a little offering in thanksgiving for answered prayer. Kindly publish in THE SENTINEL.

Respectfully,

M. J., a suscriber.

New York City, February, 1910.

Rev. Dear Father A. Letellier, S.S S. :

The enclosed little offering is for a Holy Mass to return thanks to our Divine Lord in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, for a favor received through the intercession of Venerable Pere Eymard, for which I am very grateful.

Respectfully yours,

K. G. C., Child of Mary.

Sister N... N..., religious of one of the Brooklyn convents, suffered for years from acute earache, so severe that it allowed her very little sleep. One of the best New York specialists told her very recently that she had lost fifty per cent, of her hearing faculty, and gave her little hope of a cure. A Brooklyn physician corroborated the same, assuring her that very lengthy treatment would be necessary in such a case as hers. The Sisters at once began a *Novena* to the *Most Blessed Sacrament* through the intercession of *Ven. Père Eymard*. On the seventh day she was *entirely cured*.

Ware, Mass, October, 9, '09.

Rev. Father :

I beg you to publish the great relief I have experienced in a grievous sickness, through the intercession of Venerable Père Eymard. Thanks be to God and the Venerable !

A. B., a subscriber.

Acushnett, Mass., Oct. 11, '09.

Rev. Father :

I am most happy to be able to ask you to publish in honor of Ven. Père Eymard the cure of my husband of a sore on his knee, which was every day growing worse. It was so bad that amputation of the limb was feared. After making a *Novena* to Ven. Père Eymard and applying his picture to the knee during the nine days, I obtained a cure, which, according to promise, I now beg you to publish.

Full of gratitude to Père Eymard,

A Subscriber.

New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 15, '09.

Rev. Father :

When my daughter was in danger of losing her hand from bloodpoisoning in one of the fingers, you sent me a picture of Ven. Père Eymard, telling me to apply it to the finger and to invoke the Venerable. Your pious advice was followed, and we, that is, the whole family, are happy to declare that we were favorably heard. The amputation of only the tip of the little finger was found to be necessary. Her cure is so perfect that she has resumed her ordinary occupation.

L. S.

We have another cure to record, which took place also in New Bedford. Miss A. M. suffered from palpitation of the heart and trouble in the left arm, which rendered her incapable of exertion. "Having applied the picture of Ven. Père Eymard," she writes, "I was entirely cured. I now wear it with confidence, hoping in the protection of the Venerable."

Three weeks ago I was attacked by inflammation of the lungs. I could scarcely breathe. Having read in the *Messenger* the graces obtained through the intercession of Ven. Père Eymard, I promised him, if restored to health to publish my cure. I am now well and able to resume my duties. Thanks to the Venerable, for, from the moment I invoked him, I felt the effect of his power in heaven.

J. B.

Rev. Father :

Thanks to good Père Eymard ! My mother had been suffering from her eyes for two months. The remedies prescribed by the doctor relieved her for a time, but the trouble soon reappeared. I had a little picture of Venerable Eymard, which I gave my mother, urging her to have confidence. She invoked him at once, and promised to have her cure published in *Le Petit Messenger*. I am happy to tell you that she is almost well. I shall never forget Ven. Père Eymard.

S. A.

Montmagny, September, '09.

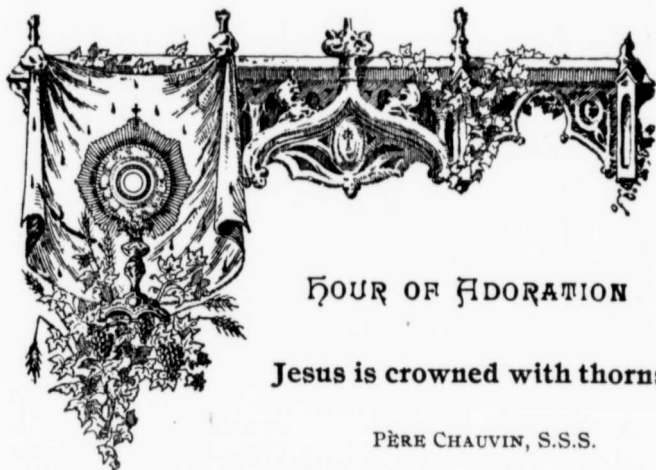
At the age of two months, my little boy was attacked by a grave hereditary disease. I made a Novena of Communions and prayers to the Blessed Sacrament, and promised to publish the hoped-for cure. My baby is now perfectly well, and I hasten to acquit myself of my promise while offering a thousand thanks to the Sacred Heart and to Venerable Père Eymard.

A grateful mother,

Mde P.

N. B.—We request those that commend themselves and their needs to our Venerable Père Eymard to lay aside every remedy during the time they are invoking his aid, that his protection may be made all the more evident, and that such favors may serve to advance the Cause of his Beatification.

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.



HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus is crowned with thorns

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Et plectentes coronam de spinis, posuerunt super caput ejus et arundinem in dextera ejus.

And plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand.

MATTHEW XXVII, 29.

I. — Adoration.

Nothing is so contagious as the example of the great. Pilate had several times given to Jesus the title of King of the Jews. The soldiers thought it was through mockery. Not satisfied, therefore, at seeing Him covered with blows in the flagellation, they wished to ridicule His royalty by clothing Him with regal insignia and rendering to Him the honors due a king. They began by despoiling Him a second time of his garments, and then threw over His shoulders an old piece of red cloth, to take the place of the purple mantle worn by emperors and the generals of armies.

For this King, now clothed in purple, a throne was necessary. The base of an old column will serve that purpose, and there they roughly seat the Saviour. Now comes the crowning. A diadem of thorns is quickly woven in such a way that it not only covered the brow, but the whole head under a network of thorns. With

their rods, the soldiers force it into the Saviour's head. This new King must have a sceptre. A reed, a sceptre of derision, emblem of fleeting dignity, was thrust into His right hand.

The regal investiture is complete ; homage must now be rendered. The soldiers, defiling before Jesus and bowing profoundly, exclaimed: "Hail, King of the Jews!" then rising, they struck Him in the face. And some there were who did not hesitate to spit on that adorable countenance. Their filthy spittle mingled with the Precious Blood which flowed from the wounds dug by the crown thorns ! Others snatched the reed from His hand and struck Him with it on the head, to bury more deeply the thorns in His skull.

Yes, Jesus is King. His royalty is a dogma of Faith. King He is, as well under the degradation of the prætorium or the annihilation of the Sacrament, as in the splendor of His glory in heaven. Lord Jesus, I believe in Thy royalty !

Oh, how great is this King crowned with thorns ! Oh, how great is this King concealed behind the veils of the Host, when we know by Faith that, under these veils of ignominy or feebleness, He is ever the King of the angels, the King of all glory and majesty ! Ought not this profound abasement to which He has vowed Himself for love of us, be to our eyes, enlightened by faith, a new feature of greatness and divine beauty ? one title more to His sovereignty over our heart ?— over mine in particular ?

It was of no use for the Jews to degrade as much as they could His regal dignity, for in spite of them, and even in a certain degree, because of them, Jesus' royalty will be declared and made more widely known. No potentate of this earth has ever been so honored, so loved, as King Jesus. At the foot of this King crowned with thorns, kings and queens have come to lay their crowns of gold. We have heard Godfrey de Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, exclaiming when they wished to place on his brow the royal diadem : " It becomes not a Christian to wear a royal crown in the city in which Christ bore a crown of thorns." Saint Elizabeth never prayed at the foot of her crucifix without first laying aside her crown.

Saint Louis forbade his children to wear circlets of gold on Friday. In all ages, kings and princes have made pilgrimages to venerate this holy relic of the Saviour's Passion. On the day of the great assizes of the human race, we shall behold the crown of thorns on the head of the Sovereign Judge, all resplendent with glory, as the diadem of His royalty and the trophy of His mercies.

Yes, with the holy Church of heaven and earth, we shall venerate it, adore it—this signal relic of Thy sacred Passion, O Lord ! Thy crown of thorns, O well-beloved Saviour, I shall look upon as the most beautiful, the most holy, august, and precious of all crowns. Has it not bound the most noble of foreheads, the most venerable of heads, that of the Son of God made Man ? Wherever they are found, I adore those most holy thorns that have been soaked in Thy Precious Blood, and have torn Thy divine forehead.

If I cannot at this moment adore the crown of thorns on the head of Jesus, I can with the eyes of faith, see and humbly adore the glorious scars it has left on that august Chief. Adore that divine head, which the filmy cloud of the species hides from you. Consider it all resplendent with glory, though wounded, torn, and bloody. It is on that august head rest all the complacency of God, all the hopes of the world. It is the seat of Eternal Wisdom, absolute Truth, and infallible Knowledge. It is the most sublime, the most glorious, the most powerful, the most beautiful of all heads, since it is the head of the only, the true God. August Head of my Divine Saviour, hidden in the Host, I humbly prostrate before Thee and adore Thee !

II. — Thanksgiving.

Who can comprehend the emotions of the Heart of Jesus while they crown Him so cruelly in the prætorium ? He tastes with inexpressible happiness every torment, affront, and shame. His eyes, veiled by blood and spittle, see not, perhaps, His executioners, whom His Heart still cherishes. He thinks of us, prays for us, and His glance, full of supplication, is raised toward the throne of His Divine Father, imploring pardon for us all.

His Heart rejoices at the thought that the frightful sufferings of His crowning are going to obtain the grace of expiation for all our sins and, above all, for those of which the human head is the organ, the cause, or the occasion. He knows that the head, by the beauty of its hair, the majesty of its forehead, the lustre of its eyes, the charm of its lips, may become for many a cause of spiritual ruin and eternal damnation. Behold why, wishing to expiate all men's profanation of God's best gifts, He joyfully allowed Himself to be crowned with thorns. With joy He allowed His forehead to be humbled, in order to expiate the pride of those that refuse to bow their head before divine authority, for those that blush to genuflect or prostrate before His Majesty veiled in the Sacrament. With joy, He allowed to be veiled with blood His eyes of ravishing beauty, in order to expiate all looks of curiosity, guilt, jealousy, and hatred. With joy, He allowed His pure lips to be sullied by filthy spittle, in order to expiate all detractions and calumnies, impure conversations, useless words, all that world of iniquity which springs from human lips. With joy, He allowed His face to be disfigured in every divine feature, in His hair, which so admirably set off the charms of His countenance. He desired to expiate the sins which men commit by ornamenting their head with finery, and thereby turning hearts from Him who alone has a right to possess them.

In one word, it was to obtain for us the crown of glory that Jesus allowed Himself with so much happiness to be crowned with thorns. The saints in heaven are wearing crowns only because Jesus bore His bloody diadem. Mary herself, whose forehead is graced by the most beautiful crown after that of Jesus—does she not owe it to the sufferings and humiliations of the prætorium? The angels—did they not behold their marvelously embellished at this blessed moment of Jesus' Passion?

How good Thou wast, O Heavenly Father, to have chosen the head of Thy most dear Son on which to place the sign of divine malediction, thus changing it into a sign of benediction? Mayst Thou be forever blessed and thanked?

I thank Thee, O Divine Saviour, for having in Thy boundless love consented that our thorns should cruelly pierce Thy divine head thereby destroying the ancient malediction. I thank Thee in the name of Mary, in the name of all our brethren, the angels and the blessed in heaven. I thank Thee in the name of all Christians who daily experience the salutary effects of Thy crowning with thorns. I thank Thee for all the graces it has brought to us even to this day.

Make me understand that it is, above all, in Holy Communion that Thou dost communicate the grace of patience and resignation merited by Thy crowning with thorns, that by an excess of tenderness Thou dost *Thyself* blunt the sharpness of life's thorns, rendering them more supportable, and changing them into roses for heaven. Make me understand that it is, above all, in Holy Communion that Thou dost form, ornament, and enrich ever more and more, the royal diadem with which Thou dost will me to be crowned in heaven. It will be only there knowing better the greatness of Thy goodness, that I shall be able to thank Thee as Thou deservest. I desire, nevertheless, even now to prove to Thee my gratitude, by willingly accepting all the thorns Thy loving hand will be pleased to drive into my head. Yes, with Thy grace, I cheerfully accept here below the crown of thorns that I may later receive from Thy hand the crown of glory.

III. — Reparation.

In the Passion of the Son of God, there appear two very distinct forms of punishment : suffering and humiliation. Suffering stamps every act of this terrible drama but it attains its highest intensity in Christ's death on the Cross. Humiliation appears not less throughout the whole Passion of Jesus, but nowhere does it manifest itself so strikingly as in the crowning with thorns. That is the mystery *par excellence* of the divine humiliations. How much did that thorny crown make Jesus suffer ? Who does not know that the pain of the thorns surpassed that of the stripes and blows ? Their wounds were so deep that they remained in the flesh and, in the human body, no part is so sensitive as the head. This torment alone would have been sufficient to cause death.

It was, however, less the thorns than the humiliations of that odious parody, which tormented the Divine Saviour. He, whose character was so grand, so noble, royal and divine, to be mocked in His royalty buffeted, spit upon, drenched with contempt and insults ! The King of Kings covered with ridicule ! Could they have inflicted on Jesus a greater humiliation ?

And this confusion was increased by all the opprobrium that men were to inflict upon Him during the long ages in the Eucharist ! At this moment of His Passion, Jesus, indeed, experienced in all their bitterness, every outrage, every dishonor that would be offered to His Divine Presence under the sacramental veils. Ah, what were the torments of the executioners, the humiliations, in comparison with the Eucharistic shame ! It was to recall this to His redeemed ones that Jesus appeared one day in the Host to Blessed Margaret Mary, showing her His Heart surrounded by the crown of thorns. Did He not wish to make us understand in a striking manner that, if the soldiers by that crown had so wounded His head, we, meserable Christians ! by crowning Him with thorns in the Sacrament, tear His Heart ?

Pardon, O Jesus, for all those executioners who treated Thee with so great cruelty ! Pardon for all sinners, for all the souls in purgatory who in any way concurred to make Thee suffer so cruelly !

Pardon for myself, who have had so great a share in that horrible torture ! Here are the hands that placed it on Thy august head ! Who can count the number of sharp thorns which, since my childhood up to this very moment, I have forced into Thy sacred brow ! Thou mightst say to me most truly as one day to Blessed Angela di Foligno : " I have not loved thee in jest—*per trufsam* ! " And with much more truth than she I might exclaim : " And *I*—it is just the contrary with me ! My love has been only a mere farce, deceit and affectation. Nay, worse than that even, I have responded to Thy love only by indifference and ingratitude." Pardon, O Jesus, all the sufferings which, by my sins of pride, my irreverence toward Thy Sacrament, I have inflicted on Thy august head and on Thy Sacred Heart ! Why can I not pluck out all the thorns that I have buried therein

and which have torn Thee so frightfully ! Grant me the grace rather to die than to add one more to the cruel crown I have had the misfortune to weave and lay upon Thee !

IV. — Prayer.

One day when Saint Catherine of Sienna, discouraged under the pressure of calumny, was offering her tears and prayers to Our Lord, and intrusting to Him the care of defending her, the Divine Saviour appeared, holding in His hand two crowns. one of gold and precious stones, the other of thorns. He said to her : “ My beloved daughter, thou must wear either the one or the other. Choose ! If thou takest the crown of thorns for this life, I will keep the precious one for the other. But if thou chooseth the crown of gold, thou shalt bear this thorny one after thy death.” “ Long ago,” replied the saint, “ I renounced my own will. I have, then, no choice to make. But if Thou dost wish for an answer from me, I will say that in this life I desire to be conformed to Thy Passion, and that my joy will be always to suffer for Thee ! ” With these words, Catherine took the crown of thorns in both hands, and placed it upon her head with so much force that the thorns penetrated on all sides. She ever after felt their wounds, thus sharing, as she had desired, in the sufferings of her Divine Spouse.

Jesus prevents me at this very moment as He did to Saint Catherine, a crown of gold and a crown of thorns, that of earthly joys, and that of suffering and contempt of honors, and He says to me : “ Which of the two wilt thou choose ? ” Left to myself, a slave to my sensual nature, I should, without doubt, choose a life of pleasure and satisfaction. But with Thy grace, in which I can do all things, I wish, O my Saviour, to walk after Thee bearing the Crown of thorns. Enlighten me, O Jesus, and make me understand that humiliation is a jewel of inestimable price. Seeing it shining so brilliantly upon Thy forehead crowned with thorns, and upon Thy whole Divine Person in the Blessed Sacrament, could I refuse to recognize its price and celestial beauty ? Thou art my Head, and I am Thy member. Thy august head was crowned with thorns, bound with a diadem of

humiliations and opprobrium. Would it not be a shame for me, Thy member, to reject that divine ornament, in order to adorn myself with false honor, to crown myself with deceitful glory? "It is not fitting that I should be a delicate member under a thorn—crowned Head."

O Divine Saviour, crowned with thorns, satiated with opprobrium, drenched with outrages, buffeted, covered with spittle, abandoned to the insults and mockeries of the pagans, it is in Thee that I place all my confidence to bear courageously here below the crown of thorns. Grant that this crown of tribulations may flourish in heaven as a crown of glory and a garland of joy!

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation on the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Accept courageously the sufferings of life in expiation of your sins.

—♦♦♦—
The Bread-Winner

Because of original sin man was condemned by God to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, and our Divine Redeemer, taking upon Himself our sins, accepted also in His own person that penalty of the Fall. During His mortal life at Nazareth, He supported by the labors of His hands as a carpenter all who were immediately dependent upon Him; but before He left the earth He became also the great bread-winner of the human family, giving Himself at the Last Supper as the food for all souls of men, in the holy bread of the Eucharist, the staff of life eternal, and then going out at once to earn and to pay its price by the sore travail which began that evening when the sweat was red upon His brow. The bread of the body may be dear, but the bread of the soul is always cheap, since it was purchased for us at so great a price by Christ, our Lord. After a drought in the corn-growing countries, or when there are wars or rumours of wars, the price of bread goes up, and the poor have to suffer; and then one cannot but contrast one's daily bread with the eucharistic bread which the poorest of the poor may purchase for himself at little personal pains at any time he pleases. Well might Calderon, the great poet-priest of Spain, call the Blessed Sacrament the

"Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase, Though no rain in April fall."

Let us pray for our beloved deceased.

Westmount, near Montreal: M. A. Mailloux. — Ottawa, Ont.: Miss Rose Sadlier Dinger. — Halifax, N. S.: Rev. Fr. McIsaac.

LITTLE JOHN'S LETTER

TO THE

BLESSED VIRGIN

Scene—a wharf of Paris. Resting against one of the parapets, a public letter-writer had taken up position. It is Papa Bouin at his desk. He is old and wrinkled, his great moustache grizzled, an old military cloak around his shoulders, and a pipe in his mouth.

Little Jean is a boy of six years, hatless, his head covered with blond ringlets, his jacket full of holes, his breeches patched, and his shoes far too large for his little feet. He draws near to Papa Bouin.

Jean.—" Good day ! I have come to write a letter."

Bouin.—" It is ten sous"

Jean.—" Ah, then, excuse me !"

Bouin.—" Are you a soldier's son, litt'e fellow ?"

Jean.—" No, I am, mamma's son, and she is all alone."

Bouin.—" Indeed ! That won't do for me ! And you have not ten sous ?"

Jean.—" Oh, no ! I haven't any sous at all."

Bouin—" And has not your mother ? Oh ! I see, it is a letter to have wherewith to make the soup. Eh ! little one ?"

Jean.—" Yes, that's it !"

Bouin.—" Come on ! For ten lines and a half sheet, one cannot be much poorer."

Jean was all expectation. Papa Bouin arranged his paper, dipped his pen into the ink and prepared to write :
" To Mr. ———. What is his name, little one ?"

Jean.—" Whose name ?"

Bouin.—" Why, the gentleman, to be sure !"

Jean.—" What gentleman ?"

Bouin.—" The man for the soup."

Jean.—" It is not a man."

Bouin.—" Ah ! you don't say so ! A lady, then !"

Jean.—" Yes. . . no. . . that is. . ."

Bouin.—"A fairy tale! Do you not know even to whom you are going to write?"

Jean.—"Oh! yes!"

Bouin.—"Say it, then! Hurry up!"

Jean.—"It is to the Blessed Virgin I want to send a letter."

Papa Bouin laid down his pen and took his pipe from his mouth. Then sternly:

"Little one," said he, "I hardly think you want to make fun of an old man. You are too young for a body to strike you. . . Look over the left, and see whether you find me there!"

Little Jean obeyed. Papa Bouin reflected a moment and looked at the child. Then he said quickly: "Name, name, name! It is always the same in the misery of this Paris! . . . What do they call you, little one?"

Jean.—"Jean."

Bouin.—"Jean what?"

Jean.—"Nothing but Jean."

Bouin.—"And what do you want to say to your Blessed Virgin?"

Jean.—"I want to tell her that mamma has been asleep since yesterday evening at four o'clock, and ask her to wake her, if she will be so kind, for I cannot."

Bouin.—"Why did you speak of soup just now?"

Jean.—"Why, because we want it so much. Before going asleep, mamma gave me the last piece of bread."

Bouin.—"And she? What had she to eat?"

Jean.—"For two days before she always said: 'I'm not hungry.'"

Bouin.—"What did you do when you tried to wake her?"

Jean.—"Why, as I always do. I threw my arms around her, I kissed her."

Bouin.—"Was she breathing?"

Jean.—"I don't know. Don't we always breathe?"

Papa Bouin turned his head away and said in a voice that trembled a little: "Did you notice anything when you embraced her?"

Jean.—"Oh, yes! . . . She was cold. It was so cold in our house!"

Bouin.—"And she shivered, didn't she?"

Jean.—" Oh ! no. . . She was beautiful ! Her two hands, which never moved, were crossed on her breast, and so white ! Her head was thrown back, almost behind the pillow, so that through the crack of her closed eyes, she seemed to be looking up to heaven."

Papa Bonin, aside : " I have envied the rich, I who have all I want to eat and drink. . . And here is one who has died of starvation ! . . . of starvation ! "

He called the child, took him up on his knee, and said to him gently : " Little darling, the letter is written and sent and received. Take me to your mother's house."

Jean.—" Oh, yes, I will ! But why are you weeping ? ",

Bouin.—" I am not weeping. Do men weep ? . . . It is you who are going to weep little Jean, poor dear ! Do know that I love you as if I were your father ? . . . Oh, this is nonsense ! . . . Unless. . . Well ! I too, had a mother. . . it is a long time to be sure ! But I see her again through you on her bed where she said to me on parting : ' Bouin, be an honest man and a good Christian.' The Virgin, hanging on the wall near the bed, a picture worth two sous, which smiled and which I loved, has just entered again into my heart. I have been an honest man, that is true, but as for a good Christian, well. . . "

He arose up, the child in his arms. Pressing him to his heart he went on as if speaking to some invisible being.

" See, old mother, here I am ! be satisfied. Let friends mock if they please. Where you are, I want to go, and I will bring to you this little one, poor angel ! He shall never leave me, because his little begging letter, though never written, has struck a double blow. It has given to him a father, and to me a heart."

PAUL FÉVAL.

