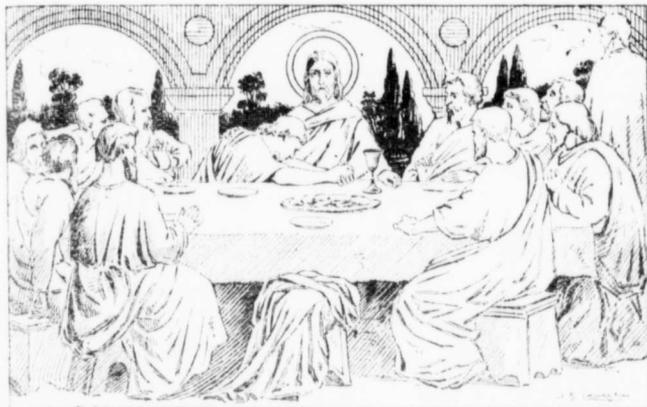




Musée du Louvre

LE SUEUR

JESUS APPEARS TO MAGDELENE.



HAIL! SAGRED FEAST

*My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow,
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.*

*Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.*

*Oh, let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.*

The Eucharist and the Rosary.

The Joyful Mysteries.

Fourth Mystery. — The Purification

Preparation for Holy Communion.



DO WE ever pause to think of the amount of time we spend in making plans for the reception of a visitor in our homes? We need not suppose a royal personage, nor even a representative of his, but simply one of our dear, long-tried friends who is willing to take us "as we are".

If we happen to be blessed with the good things of earth, how lavishly we spend in order that our friend may see for himself that "nothing is too good for him". If we happen to be in straitened circumstances, we resignedly keep the old, but think of all the brushing, shining, re-adjusting and embellishing we do upon it!

And this is, of course, just as it should be; but let us bring the lesson home to our souls now and see if we are not more anxious and active about the old time friend than we are when preparing to receive our dear, good God.

He who comes to us in Holy Communion is not one of earth's kings, nor a representative, nor an every-day earthly friend, but the great God of Heaven stooping to the lowest depths of our misery and infirmity. He who comes to us is the Son of God Himself longing to nourish our souls with His own substance.

Let us not be taken unawares. We know when He is coming, it all depends upon our own invitation, then why not be equal to the occasion?

The mystery of the Purification is brimfull of lessons for us all. The name itself is suggestive of the state in which we should keep our souls in order to receive Jesus worthily. Our souls should be purified, not only of all mortal offenses, but from all thoughts, intentions, desires, and affections which are of a nature to wound the delicay of the Divine Guest whose visit we expect.

Let us ponder over the fundamental virtues of this mystery to see if we possess the qualities which the Gospel attributes to the holy old man who, less fortunate than we, could open but his arms to receive his God.

First, "*He was Just*" — Justus — He possessed that primary justice which excludes from the soul all that is displeasing to God. He also possessed that higher justice which comprises an assemblage of pious habits and acquired virtues. We all owe this higher justice to the God who gives Himself to us. Let us prepare for our Communions by the exercise of the greatest of virtues: Faith, Hope, and Charity. Bossuet advises us to cultivate these virtues so that, by degrees, we may become so familiar with the act that they will rise spontaneously from the heart without any effort whatsoever on our part. Secondly: *Simeon was a God fearing man* — "Timoratus." It is quite natural that we should be penetrated with a holy fear when reflecting upon God's visit to us.

The morning Guest is the God whom the Angels adore in trembling and he who receives is the very essence of all that is despicable and sinful. With far greater reason than the Centurion we cry out: "Lord, I am not worthy"! And yet, we must not close up the avenues of the soul to the sweet sentiments of peace and confidence. The fear which we experience should tend to keep us recollected, but not to trouble us. Our fear should be filial. We must remember that Jesus comes to us because we need Him, and we need Him because we have made ourselves miserable and poor and mean, and He alone can make us better and nobler.

Thirdly: *Simeon was awaiting the consolation of Israel* — "Expectans consolationem Israel." Every faculty of our souls should be awake and calmly longing for the Divine Presence. Simeon's trustful love was rewarded by

the sweet smile of the Infant God reposing in his arms ; our trustful love will be rewarded by the possession of this same God in our hearts. Let us try to compensate for all that is repulsive in our spiritual infirmities by an ardent desire of profiting by His visit.

Fourthly : *Simeon was filled with the Holy Ghost.* "*Spiritus Sanctus erat in eo.*"

The Holy Ghost is love, and it is love alone that can attune those dull heart of ours to the melody of divine love that sings deep down in our hearts during the moments after Holy Communion. It is the Holy Ghost that gives us strength to be faithful to the graces which inundate our souls in the blissful moments when Jesus' Heart is pouring out Its treasures upon our beating hearts near which It lies.

Justice, fear, desire and love were Simeon's great virtues, but what of our efforts in contrast with this noble old soul awaiting the consolation of Israel? We pride ourselves upon having no grievous faults weighing us down, it may be so ; but let us bring a light and look carefully into corners, and oh ! the heavy curtain of spiritual cobwebs that hangs there before us ! — Vulgar passions which agitate the heart, superficial virtues that can stand neither wind nor storm and how little we realize all this, how little we seem to know of our real misery ; how little we understand the grandeur of the Eucharistic mystery ; what apathy there is about our efforts if we make any at all ! See the lurkings of self-love : the sway which routine holds over the holiest act of the Christian life and the iciness of the hearts that come in contact with the warmth of infinite love !

Dear Jesus ! the greater number of my Communions are but daily surprises. I am heartily ashamed of myself, and dread profaning the Holy of Holies. Still, I cannot bear to keep away from the Holy Table. I come to Thee, then, dear Saviour of my soul, and since I cannot prepare as I should, I beg of Thee to prepare my poor soul. I am unworthy that Thou shouldst come to me, but I love to think of the consoling words said to St. Catherine of Sienna, the saintly virgin Thou didst love so well : "If you are not worthy that I should go to you, surely I am worthy that you should come to me".

There are depths in my soul, dear Jesus, into which none but Thee can penetrate. Heart cannot melt into heart even when love is greatest. Come, then into these depths, dear Lover of souls, give me grace to go straight to Thee, to forget self, to struggle with my poor, sinful nature, to be sorry for all that hurts Thee, to love prayer and, above all, to cling to Thee in trustful love from one well prepared Communion to another.

Master.

(See frontispiece)

Magdalen's tears fell fast as she gazed into the empty sepulchre. Looking up she saw Jesus standing before her, but she did not recognize Him.

"Woman, why do you weep? Who do you seek?" he asked.

Thinking him the gardener she answered brokenly: "Oh! if you have taken Jesus away, tell me where you have laid Him?" Mary!

Only a word, yet, like a flash it penetrates her heart and floods it with love and joy. When Jesus had addressed her first and called her woman, that general term had unlocked no secrets; but the moment, He utters her name, the veil is lifted and she falls at His feet in an ecstasy of gladness whispering: Rabboni! Master!

"Do not touch Me", He gently admonishes.

"I have not yet ascended to my Father. Go and carry to your brothers this tidings: I go to my Father and your Father; to my God and your God.

Jesus does not repulse her adoring love, yet He asks her to leave Him and be the messenger, not only of his resurrection, but of His future Ascension, to her brothers. Jesus calls the Apostles His brothers. Before His death, He called them His little children, His friends; now that Redemption is accomplished He treats them as brothers. Henceforth are not all men called to become the adoptive children of God, and consequently the brothers of Jesus Christ? Yes, because coming in them by Communion, Jesus makes them not only participate in His divine life, but, as it were, other Christs.

CANADA

A EUCHARISTIC COUNTRY.



BY a Eucharistic Congress in America this year preferable to elsewhere? His Grace Mgr. Bruchési, in his eloquent address at the London Congress gives the reason: "Canada has a right to the honor of a Congress because it is a Eucharistic Country."

Yes, years ago Canada was ready to receive this new effusion of Eucharistic grace, ready to give this new homage to the divine King. Does not its history which is a continuous act of generous fidelity and indissoluble attachment to the God of the Host bear out the assertion?

Looking backwards four centuries we see this fair land, now ours an immense forest and the majestic St. Lawrence flowing through vast solitude, till in 1534 Jacques Cartier landed on its banks. In whose name did he come? What king was going to take possession? The king of France? Yes, but even more truly speaking the King of our Altars, for it was after mass in the church of St. Malo that Jacques Cartier and his companions set out on their voyage of discovery. Later on France would lose this valuable conquest, but the King of the Host retain it and find in its denizens loyal and devoted subjects.

The first moment of our existence with its ideal setting, how glorious it was! That first mass on our blessed soil! Cartier and his intrepid companions hastening to erect an altar, and the priest offering to God:

"On the threshold of a world opening its doors
The divine Holocaust the strength of souls."

This was the official conquest of Canada by the God of the Host. Canada was born during the consecration of the first Mass on the continent. The Eucharist is now in possession and must affirm its reign. Consequently God sends as laborers in His vineyard such rare souls and no-

ble leaders as Champlain, Maisonneuve, Laval, Brebeuf, Lalemant... Who imbued them with this Apostolic thirst for unknown lands, who upheld them in the most critical moments, the most sublime self-sacrifices? Assuredly Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus the divine Sun of the Tabernacle who enlightened their faith and rendered it so lively and so generous and filled their hearts with such heroic love as made of them all glorious martyrs.

No other nation can show in its origin or its existence glories more pure, heroes more Eucharistic than ours; and this indisputably proved by their zeal to erect altars,



multiply churches, honor the august Sacrament, obtain priest for their colonies, and so efficaciously that our country has grown up around the altars of these Missionaries, and in defending them when necessary, always grouping in the course of its evolution thrice secular, its new villages and cities around a church and a Tabernacle

Still more the very cradle of our native land is a rustic altar on which a priest offers the sacred mysteries in presence of De Maisonneuve and his companions who had just landed on this virgin quarter of the globe where later on Montreal should rear its stately towers.

What a beautiful sight to see those men of faith asking the God of the Sacrament to come Himself and pre-

side at this new foundation and bless this new city. Aye, and inaugurating their Apostolate by spending the first day before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Commenting on this, a sacred writer says: "It is worthy of note that the history of the Church does not record another similar fact. Generally exposition of the Blessed Sacrament is the culmination of Catholic cult, necessitating a concourse of exterior pomp, presupposing completed edifices and ample resources, whereas here, the only edifice was the cradle of nature, no exterior pomp, no resources whatever." Seeing therein an event of mystical import he asks two questions.

"Is not this city destined to be the foyer on that new Continent of the highest and most sublime devotion, that having for object the Real Presence of our Lord on our Altars." The Eucharistic Congress will be a conclusive answer to that question. "Who knows if in its Apostolic fervor, Canadian faith will not overflow on the old Continent to awaken the remains of a slumbering or an extinct piety." The future is God's, still our country will be worthy of this sublime mission if it knows how to keep intact the Faith of our Fathers towards the God of the Eucharist. Space will not allow us to speak of their intense love for the Blessed Sacrament. This noble work has been ably done by an inspired writer whose facile pen depicts, in its zeal and sublimity, the loving devotion of our national heroes to the God of the Sacred Host. Moreover, thanks to the gracious loyalty of Marie Aymong, the Eucharistic Flowers of New France have embalmed the universe with their rare sweet perfume.

Briefly referring to the sacred phalanx of our Virgins, we must mention the following fact: At Tours in 1635, just a century before the apparition at Paray-le-Monial, an humble nun knelt in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Suddenly, brilliant as the sun, Our Lord stood before her and pointing to Canada in the distance asked her to consecrate herself to establish His reign in that land. Her name is not unknown to you: venerable Mary of the Incarnation receiving from Jesus, Sacred Host Himself, the command to consecrate herself to the Missions of Canada.

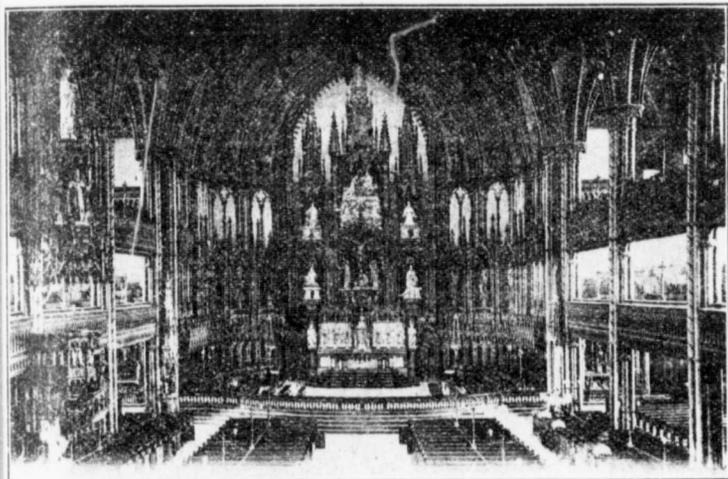
Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois also favored with an apparition of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and

multiplying by her prayers the wine destined for the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

Jeanne Leber, the recluse of Canada spending twenty years of her life in a little cell near the altar under the sole regard of her divine Spouse in the Blessed Sacrament.

Eucharistic were they not our glorious Martyrs?

Was he not worthy to redden our soil with his blood that brave Missionary hero, who learning of the pillage of the



Notre-Dame. Montreal.

Colony by the Iroquois died in protecting the altar and mingled his ashes with those of the burnt Tabernacle.

Shall not Christians formed by such Missionaries prove worthy inheritors of their faith in the Blessed Sacrament?

Is not the story of that gallant defender of his country, Dollard des Ormeaux, and his worthy companions, who before setting out to the combat unto martyrdom partake of the Bread of the Strong at the Hotel-Dieu, Montreal, touching enough, Eucharistic enough?

After the conquest of Canada by England it looked as if this young branch wested from the paternal stock must

perish with its religion and its language ; but no, it survived, kept its faith intact and is to-day more than distinguished among nations by its love for the Blessed Sacrament.

Can you show me a country where the counsels of Pius X on Communion have been more loyally observed; colleges where students display more real enthusiasm for the practise of frequent and even daily Communion; churches, like Notre Dame for instance, where the dawning of the New Year is sanctified by midnight Mass at which more than 10 000 assist and nearly all communicate. Mgr. Bruchési had good reason to state before the Catholic universe assembled at London that Canada was a Eucharistic Country.

Now while we claim the cult of the Eucharist as one of our most glorious national traditions we must not allow it to be said that the Catholics of the XX Century were the first to sever those sacred links, binding to the altar, all Canada in wondrous love for the hidden God of the Sacrament. No ! On the contrary let us, if possible, rivet them more closely and show our ever increasing love and faith ; and for this purpose spare no effort in giving the ceremonies of next September all the splendor possible as affirmation of our faith in the Eucharist, and solemn proclamation of the vital Christianity of our young nation.

Nevertheless we must not misunderstand. The true end of the future Congress is not merely a magnificent outward demonstration but principally, a loyal earnest crusade, whose primary, and I might add, only object, is to cause the Blessed Sacrament to be loved, honored, glorified and received not only, from the 7th till the 11th of September, 1910, but as long as life lasts.

This practical success so ardently desired will be ours according to our efforts to secure it. The cause is worth the trouble, and as Mgr Bruchesi said on the eight of December : "it is meet that this year our predominant thought should be the Eucharistic Congress and the means necessary for its full success."

In conclusion, let us weigh well and act up to the spirit of these admirable words of our loved Archbishop's pastoral letter : This success we must above all expect

from God ; so we shall ask it first in fervent prayer. Make an earnest effort to assist oftner at Church services offered in honor of the Eucharist : Mass, adorations and Benediction. Multiply our visits to the Blessed Sacrament but especially, receive Holy Communion more frequently and thus imbue our soul and our life with the most ardent love for the Eucharist.

After these solemn days, may every Catholic of Canada have the consolation of saying, that he made, at least, one Communion for the success of the First International Eucharistic Congress of Canada.

The Eucharistic Congress, 1910



AFTER England Germany, after Germany Canada, so, one by one, the nations become the temporary home of Eucharistic Congress.

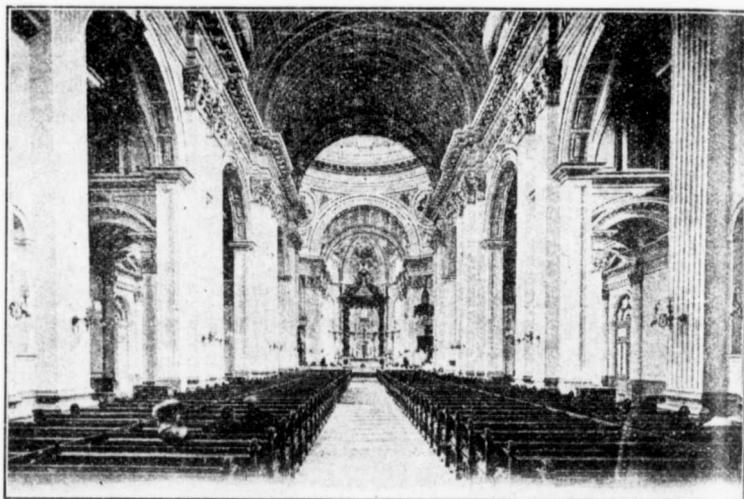
It is only the other day that the official report of last year's Congress came to hand, and already arrangements are in progress for the great gathering at Montreal in September next.

The proceedings of the last three years go far to prove how nobly and thoroughly the aim of the permanent Committee—to promote the honor of our Lord in the Eucharist, are carrying out their work. London's Congress will ever be remembered, not for the pusillanimous action of the representatives of the State, nor even for the magnificent protest of the Archbishop against the action of Mr. Asquith, but for the great and spontaneous act of devotion which it elicited and the enthusiastic reception which a Protestant city gave to the Cardinal Legate.

Last year the scene was changed. No longer a demonstration of a minute section of the people in the midst of millions of non-Catholics ; but an act of almost national homage, in what claims to be, and with good cause, the most Catholic city of the world, fair Cologne, on the kingly Rhine.

This year we are to have a new setting to now familiar scenes, as for the first time in the history of the Congress—the New World has been chosen as the most fitting place for the great gathering to be held.

The gracious and venerable Legate, Cardinal Vannuelli, will brave the long journey to once more bear his Eucharistic Lord in procession through the streets of a New World city, which gives way to no city in the Old World in its claims to be the Catholic city. Montreal has



St James Cathedral, the Nave

a huge task before it, but to such of us who know the temper of Canadian Catholicity, there is no doubt that Montreal will rank with London and Cologne in the annals of the Congress.

That the Congress will be a great success cannot be doubted, for Canada will bring all its wealth of Faith and store of enthusiasm, and will lavish both in honor of our Eucharistic Lord.

Archbishop Bruchési who is working most energetically for the glorious event has just returned from the States and is happy to report that everywhere both prelates and

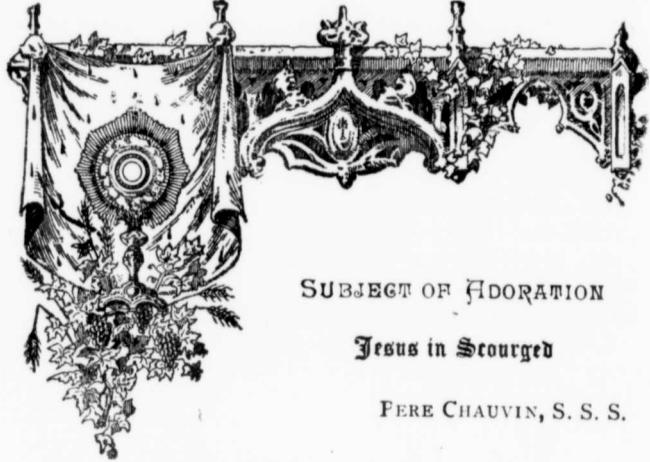
priests had given him the greatest encouragement in promoting the success of the Congress.

Among the distinguished visitors expected from Europe will be a special delegate from the Holy Father, two other Cardinals, and about ten Bishops. Bishop Heylen, of Namur is sure to come as permanent president. Bishop Maes of Covington, Ky., president of the American Eucharistic Congress and the Most Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York. During his short stay in New York, Mgr. Bruchési was the guest of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, at the rectory of the Church of St. John the Baptist, in East 76th Street.

Cardinal Gibbons in his gracious letter of acceptance says: "I beg to assure Your Grace that it will be for me, not only a pleasure, but also a duty to be present at such a solemn event. I recall the pleasure I felt at the Eucharistic Congress of London, when it was decided to hold the Congress of 1910 in Montreal, and indeed, no better selection could have been made, for I feel that Montreal is without exception, the ideal city of the North American Continent, to hold a Eucharistic Congress, by reason of the Catholic Spirit and sentiments of its people"...

A deputation of Catholics from England are coming, under the care of the Catholic Association and probably a party of workingmen as well. Apart from the primary object of spreading devotion to the Holy Eucharist, these Congresses would seem to have another mission—that of drawing the Catholic nations nearer to each other and spreading peace on earth to men of good will.





SUBJECT OF ADORATION

Jesus in Scourged

PERE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

Tunc ergo apprehendit Pilatus Jesum, et flagellavit.
Then, therefore, Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him.

(JOHN XIX, 1.)

I. Adoration

"*And he scourged Him.*" Our Lord had foretold that He would be scourged before being crucified. The first bloody act of the Passion is going to be accomplished, and Jesus is partly despoiled of His garments. The barbarous executioners set to work. "*The wicked have wrought upon My back,*" said the Prophet King David. They struck His back blow after blow, as the smith upon his anvil, sometimes on the shoulders, again on the back, on the breast, the arms, the lower limbs. Shreds of flesh flew into the air, leaving the bones bare. "They have added to the grief of My wounds," says the Prophet. The whips, the hands of the soldiers, the pillar, and the earth around it are reddened with Jesus' Blood. The executioners pause, worn out with striking, and the Divine Master, the cords that bound Him to the pillar being cut, falls to the earth in a pool of blood. What a spectacle! Jesus, the most beautiful among the children of men! There is not a sound spot in His whole Body. "From the sole of the foot to the top of the head, there is no soundness: wounds and

bruises and swelling sores. They are not bound up nor drenched nor fomented with oil," says Isaias. The whips have rendered Him unrecognizable. There is no longer any beauty or comeliness in Him." We have seen Him, and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him. We have thought Him a leper, and as one struck by God."

Beholding Jesus in such a state, the angels asked in amazement: "Is this, indeed, the Son of God? Is this He whom the Psalmist called high and terrible, a great King over all the earth? Can it be possible that vile worms of the earth dare to lash and bruise and tear His sacred Flesh with so much contempt?"

Do thou approach the pillar and, with the angels, prostrate on the earth drenched with the sacred Blood adore thy Divine Saviour in the frightful state to which man's malice has reduced Him. His shoulders are bending under the weight of the sins of the world, for "The Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Adore Him in the Sacred Host where we shall find Him more disfigured, apparently less a man that under the hideous wounds of His flagellation. And that innocent Flesh, covered with scars, comes in the moment of Communion to restore our impure and guilty flesh.

How beautiful, adorable, and powerful is Jesus under the whips of the flagellation! One single blow, one wound, one drop of Blood, would have been sufficient to redeem the human race from sin. But what would have sufficed for His justice would not be enough for His love. Jesus allowed Himself to be bruised with blows and deprived of a great part of His Blood. Every wound is a new fountain whence flows for us a stream of salvation. Jesus, I adore Thy sacred Flesh and Thy Precious Blood and, under this outward appearance, so humiliating, in the presence of Pilate and the Jews, I proclaim Thee my Saviour and my God.

II. Thanksgiving.

"*And he scourged Him.*" According to the revelations of Sainte Bridgit, the Divine Saviour embraced the pillar and held out His hands to be fastened to it. He bent His back, presented it to His executioners to undergo the humiliating and painful punishment of scourging. How patiently He received every blow! He uttered not a word, made no

complaint, heaved not a sigh. He offered to His Father all His suffering, asked of Him the reconciliation of sinners, implored and obtained innumerable graces of patience and resignation for all future sufferers. For many He merited the special grace to endure joyfully the torments of martyrdom.

What was the secret of His heroic patience? He allowed Himself to be scourged by men, that men might not be struck by His Father. Man frequently loses himself by indulgence in the gross and guilty pleasures of the senses. By submitting to the scourges, the Saviour would expiate their criminal excesses. As a tender mother who, seeing the father's arm raised against one of her children, runs with outstretched hands between them to receive the blow aimed at the child, so Jesus Christ interposed between God and the sinner, submitting to punishment in order to save the guilty one. Jesus thought of me while they were scourging Him. He received the strokes that I deserved by my sins, above all by those of the flesh? It was to expiate my sensual gratification under every form that He permitted His divine Flesh to be torn. His love was stronger than His sufferings. Beneath the strokes that bruised His Flesh, He said to the Justice of His Father, to the fury of hell, and to the ingratitude of man: "I can bear more. Go on striking!" Could I doubt Thy love, O my Saviour, when I behold Thee all covered with Blood and wounds for the love of me? One drop of Thy Blood would have been sufficient to deliver me from the slavery of sin, and Thou didst shed it all! Every one of Thy wounds proclaim Thy love.

One day, appearing to a religious as He was at the time of His flagellation, and showing her His bruises and wounds, the Saviour said to her: "My child, all these wounds demand love from thee!" Under this deformed exterior, Jesus seems more beautiful than ever, for all these deformities are unmistakable signs of His love, says Saint Augustine. Nevertheless, Jesus made a still more striking revelation of His Heart when He instituted the Holy Eucharist. Love so alters His appearance therein that He is no longer recognizable, even less so than in Pilate's pretorium after the scourging. The scars themselves are concealed under the sacramental veil, and so effectually that the Person of the Divine Victim is presented to our gaze under the appearance of a morsel of bread!

Kiss in spirit the pillar reddened with the Blood of Jesus, press your lips on each of the wounds of the Divine Victim, unite yourself closely to Him in the embrace of Communion. Preserving still in heaven His scars, the trophies of His victory, Jesus keeps them, also, in the Sacrament of His Love.

I thank Thee, O my Jesus, for Thy infinite liberality ! What shall I render Thee for such love ? Thou art all torn for the love of me. Like so many of the martyrs, I, too, wish to be torn for the love of Thee. If, however, I can offer Thee neither blood nor wounds, I will unite myself henceforth to Thee to support all the pains of this life.

III. Reparation.

Scourging with whips was a degrading punishment reserved only for slaves. Rods were employed for Roman citizens. Jesus, the King and the Saviour of the world, descends to the lowest ranks of mankind, and submits to the flagellation. The son of God struck with whips ! What a humiliation ! In becoming Man, the Word had taken the form of a slave : "*Formam servi accipiens.*" but here He receives their treatment. How deeply must His Heart have felt this ignominy !

With what barbarity His executioners fulfilled their horrible task ! The blows fell like hail on the Saviour's virginal Flesh. They raised a perfect tempest around Him, tearing off His divine Flesh in pieces, adding wound to wound, blow to blow, torture to torture. Their whips ran over shoulders, breast, back, and all other parts of the sacred Body. From all His wounds flowed the Blood in great drops. All His bones could be numbered.

Oh ! who can comprehend the Saviour's sufferings ! No flesh was so sensitive so delicate as His, because none was so perfect, so virginal. His Body had been formed with care by the hands of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the purest of virgins. And it was this masterpiece of God that man disfigured to such a degree that it became unrecognizable ! Oh, what injury to Divine Majesty !

Did the sweet Victim find in His pain one look of pity, or of compassion ? No, the Prophet had predicted, and the prophecy must be accomplished : " They are not bound up, nor dressed, nor fomented with oil."

Pardon, O Divine Saviour, for all this bad treatment, these humiliations, this shame ! " They know not what they

do." But what am I saying? The real executioners are not the Jews who scourged Thee, but all sinners. The Prophets had foretold it; "*The wicked have wrought upon my back.*" "*He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins.*" It was the sensual especially that wrought upon the back of the Divine Saviour. The flagellation being in a special manner a physical suffering, sensible, one of the sense of touch, Jesus, by undergoing it, desired to satisfy for the flesh, by taking upon Himself their chastisement,

Look, O Christian, look upon that Body covered with Blood— consider those shoulders, those hands, those arms, that breast one mass of wounds—they are so many mirrors in which you may behold the deformity and the number of your crimes. Every time you despised the divine Law, every time you abandoned yourself to the delights of the senses, you gave a stroke of the whip on the sacred Flesh of your Saviour. And Jesus, at the moment of the flagellation, accepted the blow and offered the pain to His Father to obtain pardon for you.

Pardon, O Jesus, for all sinners who are at this very moment giving themselves up to guilty pleasures! Pardon, for the souls at this moment expiating them in purgatory! Pardon, O Jesus, for all my own sins of impurity! Immortification, the criminal impressions of my senses, have enveloped my soul in clouds, in deep obscurity, so that it is inaccessible to the touch of divine grace, insensible to the things of eternity. Save it by the merits of Thy Wounds and Blood poured out during Thy scourging, I beg of Thee, O Divine Saviour! I am broken-hearted with sorrow at finding myself among those that have maltreated Thee. With all my heart I hate the unlawful pleasures that have given Thee so much pain. Woe is me, if I do not love Thee after all Thy love for me!

I compassionate all the humiliations the wicked have ever made Thee endure in the Most Blessed Sacrament, all which Thou didst foresee and really suffer in Thy flagellation. The punishment of the prætorium lasted only an hour, but down through the ages it has been prolonged in Thy sacramental life. "*And I have been scourged all day, and My chastisement hath been in the mornings.*" If we truly love Thee, can we be insensible before such a spectacle?

Angels of heaven, gather in great numbers around our tabernacles and, if we cannot protect your King from these new injuries, come at least to weep and mourn with us.

I unite my tears with thine, O Mary. It is the Flesh of thy flesh they are striking, it is the Blood of thy blood that is flowing on the earth! Thy body is, indeed, not attacked, but thy heart is in shreds. Lend me, O Mother, thy eyes to weep, thy heart to love and compassionate!

IV. Petition

The Divine Saviour, bound to the pillar, cruelly beaten, His Body bruised, bloody, furrowed with wounds, horribly torn and disfigured by the hand of the executioners—behold a spectacle calculated to fill every Christian, every religious soul, with sorrow! It is a pressing invitation to all the disciples of Christ to follow the Master in the way of mortification of the senses.

The first evil of our soul to which Jesus desires to apply a remedy, the first vice that He wishes to attack, is sensuality. That fatal inclination leads us incessantly and almost in spite of ourselves, to flatter our flesh, to seek our ease, and to satisfy all our sensual appetites. Nothing is more to be dreaded for the soul than this disorderly love of the sensible good. Nothing exercises over us a more imperious sway than the inclination to satisfy our senses. There is no vice that bows down the heart of man under a heavier servitude. Its seductions are so powerful that they entwine the soul in a thousand bonds of slavery, bonds which before long it knows not how to break. These pleasures of the senses are, again, the most powerful chain the demon has to keep man captive to his rule, and to precipitate him into the abyss of perdition. It was, then, at this flesh of sin, that is, at this formidable enemy of sensuality that Jesus, in His Passion, struck the first blow. It was, and He knew it well, the secret source of all our disorders, and He wished to undergo on its account a quite exceptional punishment.

Jesus teaches us by that the conduct we ought to maintain toward our enemies. We must first gain the victory over sensuality, for thereby we become free, strong, courageous for every struggle against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

What an imperious inclination have I not daily felt to gratify my senses! Without help that comes not from myself, but

from Thee, O my God, I should surely have succumbed. That help I now, more than ever, claim from Thy goodness. I feel my heart ready to deliver itself to the ephemeral joy of creature love, my revolting senses imperiously demanding the guilty, or at least the frivolous, pleasure. In spite of them, make me follow the way of mortification Thou hast taught me in Thy flagellation. The open wounds of Thy Flesh are like so many blood-stained lips that say to me: "Mortify thy senses!"

Inspire me, O Jesus, with a profound and salutary horror for all those shameful and abominable pleasures that make so many slaves of this earth! Grant me to flee from impure joys which so easily glide into the heart, destroying the virtues in their germ, and leaving behind only desolation, ruin, and death.

I wish to combat in my soul all softness, all inclinations to sensuous delicacy, eagerness for pleasures and the enjoyment of the senses and taste, also the seeking of my own ease. I wish to live constantly under arms and, by a struggle without truce or mercy, to curb my senses under the yoke of faith. Make me understand ever more clearly, O Jesus scourged, that there is no virtue, no perfection possible without mortification of the senses. Teach me that henceforth their cannot be between Thy conduct and mine so great a contradiction.

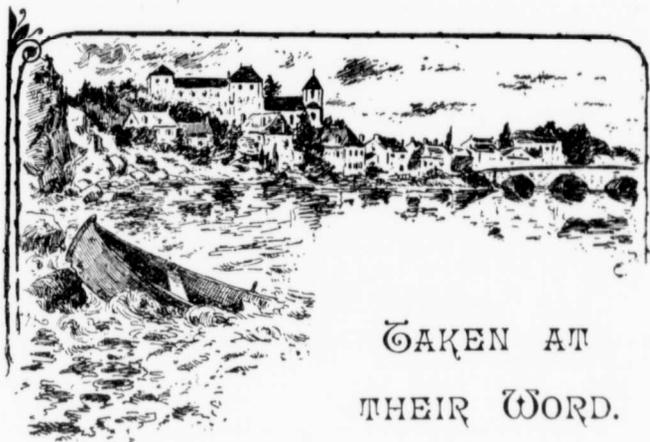
I will say to my eyes: Ye shall not see! —to my ears: Ye shall not hear! —to my sense of smell: Thou shalt not inhale! —to my palate: Thou shalt not taste! to my hands and the other members of my body: Ye shall not touch! And if, through surprise, through negligence, or malice, my command is not obeyed, after the example of the saints, I will arm myself with the avenging discipline, I will strike my flesh, I will make it tremble under the blows of flagellation until it learns to submit. Every fault shall be punished according to its gravity. What the saints have done, why shall I not do with Thy help, O Jesus? To what heroism were they borne in their struggles against the senses! Fasts, watches, macerations, hair-cloth, disciplines, iron instruments of penance, all that hatred of the flesh and the love of Jesus could devise to torment the senses—behold what is met on every page of their life!

And if, despite my own efforts and Thy grace, O Divine Master, I have not yet the courage to inflict such punishment on myself, do take the whip in Thy own hand, and make me like to Thee ! Should not God's adopted children share the same fate as His only Son ? Still more, if the Father allowed Thee, His cherished Son, to be so treated, with how much more reason His adopted sons ? Thou teachest us by the pen of Saint Paul : "For whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth, and He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Saint Gregory the Great says to us : "Thy scourges, O God, are the marks of Thy love." And again, Saint Bernard says : "The soldier feels not his bruises when he sees his captain covered with wounds."

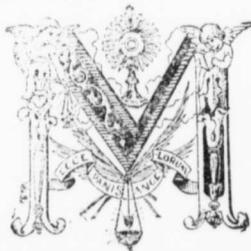
As for the rest, I know, and it is for me a great encouragement, that the hand which strikes me now will one day crown me, not with the crown of thorns— that Thou has reserved for Thyself. O Jesus !—but with a crown of glory acquired for me by Thy sufferings.

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. Resolve to impose on your senses the privation of any enjoyment, even the most legitimate, that might encourage softness and delicacy.

"If in our prayers we do nothing else than sit down beside Our Lord, feeling that He knows and loves us, even though we do not say a word and are as dry as a stick, our prayers are profitable, and we shall draw from them a real good. It is as if, when dispirited, dry and tired, we were to sit down by some one who loves and understands us without saying a word, and were to rise up refreshed by the intercommunion between the two souls."



TAKEN AT
THEIR WORD.

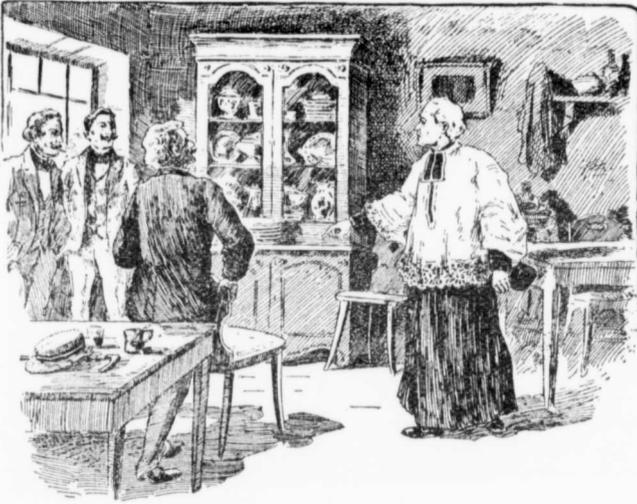


ANY years ago, in a quaint old city of Languedoc, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament with its long cortege of young girls, penitents, religious, clergy and laity slowly wended its way through the main streets.

Picture to yourself solemn hymns, chiming bells, discharge of artillery, sweet notes of those privileged to follow the Lamb, streets carpeted with verdure, spanned with arches, gay with flags, banners and festoons of many colors, beautiful, brilliant, fragrant repositories, little children with golden curls and innocent faces more angelic than human, and last but not least, the charm Corpus Christi held for us when in childhood's happy days our mothers robed us in white—surplices and we scattered poppies, blue bells and daisy's before the King in the Monstrance ;—and you shall have an idea of the fervor and solemnity with which the good people of Aubenas manifested their piety and faith on this eventful day.

Still, as my tale is founded on facts truth compels me to admit, that even this model town had its proverbial

blacksheep : three young fellows who considered it beneath their dignity to take part in the procession though not to station themselves in a tavern close by, where they could see it pass and ridicule it to their heart's content. After all, why should this cause surprise, our century is not the first in which ignorant bigots imagine they show their cleaverness and freedom from what they call vulgar prejudice by insulting the most sacred truths; senseless beings who pride themselves on their superiority because they have the hardihood to laugh at God and



His cult, and hold as creed that those who blaspheme the name of God are more rational than those who believe in His existence ; living examples of the truth of the old adage : as a man grows more irreligious, he grows more callous and indifferent, and sometimes sinks even to the level of beasts.

But I'm wandering from my subject. I merely wanted to state that at Aubenas there were only three who took no part in the religious celebration—today there might be many more;—three young men who had no eyes to see or heart to feel the beauties of the loyal demonstration. Nothing appealed to their better nature, nothing won

one word of admiration, though surely there was material enough in the sweet graciousness of fair white-clad virgins, the recollection of the multitude, the fervent prayers, sweet hymns, the tout ensemble so soul-inspiring yet so impossible to describe. They seemed bent on having fun and making fun of everything even such trifles as the way this one walked, that one looked, the other dressed. But when the clergy and the priest who bore the Sacred Host under a dais passed, ridicule gave way to profanity and so loudly did they voice their sentiments that a venerable old priest filled with righteous indignation left the ranks and going to where they stood, firmly but kindly said :

You know, don't you lads, that when Jesus walked the streets of Judea, the multitude gladly went out to meet Him to listen to Him and to receive the favors and blessings He dispensed so liberally ; yet these people did not know Him. Who, then are you, that you should insult this same Jesus veiled in His Sacrament ? Is He not even more loveable now ? Is He not the same compassionate Saviour, tender and merciful to all who invoke Him ? Is He not the same powerful God who passes to-day through this fair city to bless its inmates and their homes with peace and happiness He alone can impart. We all acclaim, love and honor Him, you alone insult and wound Him ! Oh lads ! surely you do not realize how wicked and unseemly your conduct is. Give it up ! Come with me and take part in the procession, come and join your prayers and homages to the rest, come and make amends for your levity by your recollection.

But they only laughed at the earnest appeal and scorned the invitation.

Surprised at their strange obduracy, the priest sadly asked :

" Are you not afraid the God you are ridiculing might punish you ? "

" Let him ", retorted one. " I'm not afraid of His thunder. "

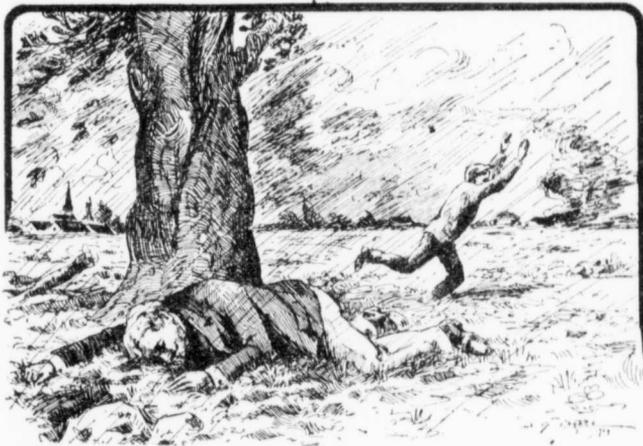
" Poor unfortunate ! God heard you ", said the priest turning to accost the second : " You will be wiser and more reasonable, will you not ? You will ask pardon for yourself and your companion ? Ward off, I beg of you the effect of the awful imprecation he has just uttered. "

Not wishing to appear less audacious than his friend whose keen grey eyes were watching him so intently he answered.

"When one has a bountiful harvest in his barn, lots of money is his purse and every comfort in his home, he can easily defy God's anger." "Oh that's going too far", broke in the third; its terrible!"

"Coward, hissed the incensed man. You have to cross the lake to reach home, and you're afraid your boat will upset. Yes you're afraid, you Coward!"

The ugly taunt did its work: stifling the last remnant of faith and fear of God he swore though in a voice that showed his trepidation:



"Oh no, I'm not afraid! I belong to the clique alright! I'm not any more afraid than you are."

The deeply afflicted priest seeing he could do no good went away imploring God's mercy on them.

During this scene the procession had continued its way. Soon all vestige of it disappeared and the trio were left to themselves and their reflections.

Notwithstanding their apparent bravado, the vague uneasiness that follows wrong doing made them so uncomfortable that they spent the rest of the day trying to drown the disagreeable feeling in wine and song.

Towards evening a high wind arose, big black clouds, forerunner of a storm, covered the sky and one of the three breaking the silence which had prevailed for some time said: We had better go home now before the storm breaks, but first let us wake an appointment to meet here again next Sunday. Its a fine old place and we are sure of a good time here."

Yes, provided there is no procession and no visit from a meddlesome old Capuchin, retorted the two.

They had not gone far when the one whose home was across the lake left the others who continued walking. Soon the storm broke in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder pealed, the lightning flashed and trembling with fear they sought shelter under a large tree.

The gravity of the situation sobered them. A deafening peal, a blinding flash, and the big tree fell carrying with it, its human freight.

A minute or two afterwards one of them recovered consciousness and called his comrade. Getting no answer, he took his hand but the icy touch of the corpse made him shudder. Recalling the stricken man's imprecation and his defiance of God's thunder he shrieked:

We are accursed. And jumping up he ran as if he were pursued across the fields to his father's house about half a mile distant. When he drew near he saw it a mass of flames and was told thunder had struck it.

Pardon, my God, he moaned. I am indeed accursed. His reason was not proof against the awful shocks so close and so clear of divine vengeance. He became a raving maniac. The next morning among the fatalities to the throne of Him whose mercy is as infinite as His reported as a result of the storm was the following:

A young man rowing across the lake was overtaken by the gale. His boat upset and though he was an expert swimmer, and battled bravely for life, he had no chance in that angry lake whose waters have not yet given up their prey, except his hat which was found quite near shore.

Needless to say the next Sunday's appointment was never kept. Only one of the trio remained, a living witness that we may not vainly provoke the anger of heaven: his reason never returned.

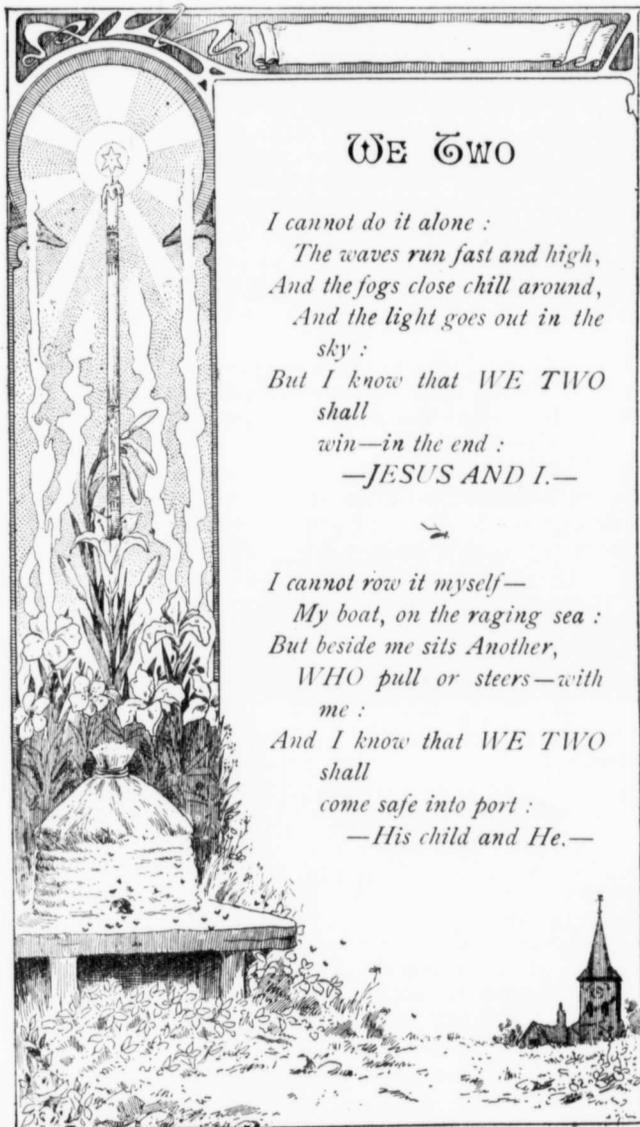


Speak, heart so true and loving
 Thou shalt not speak in vain.
 Say, what will make Thee happy
 And still thy yearning pain?
 Thou knowest, Son of God above,
 To love is the reward of love.

But say, what shall I give thee,
 So well thou servest Me?
 Will length of days delight thee
 And joy? Thy choice's free.
 Ah! no dear Lord, fain would I prove
 To love is the reward of love!

See! all my gifts await thee.
 I ask for faith alone.
 Speak, and whate'er thou namest
 It soon shall be thine own.
 Thee, Thee I seek — all joys above —
 To love is the reward of love.

Ah! soul, well hast Thou spoken,
 In choosing Me for thine.
 Become My spouse forever
 Thy heart responds to Mine!
 Yes? Its thee, and thou to Me!
 Thus love, love's sole reward shall be!



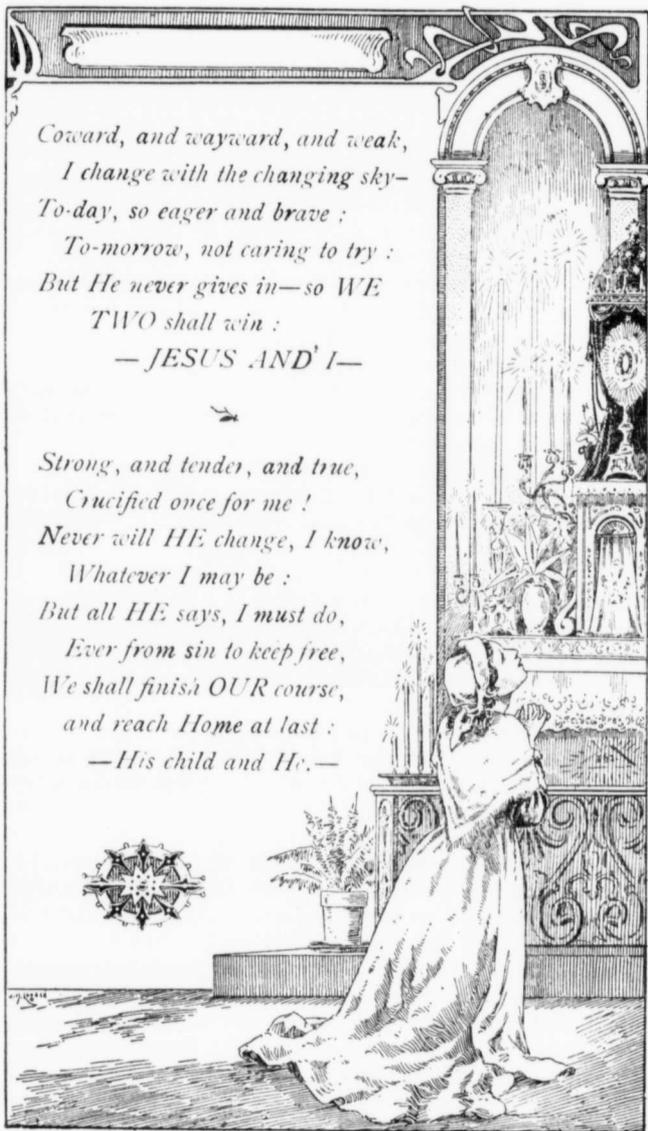
WE TWO

I cannot do it alone :
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the
sky :
But I know that WE TWO
shall
win—in the end :
—JESUS AND I.—

I cannot row it myself—
My boat, on the raging sea :
But beside me sits Another,
WHO pull or steers—with
me :
And I know that WE TWO
shall
come safe into port :
—His child and He.—

*Coward, and wayward, and weak,
I change with the changing sky—
To-day, so eager and brave ;
To-morrow, not caring to try :
But He never gives in—so WE
TWO shall win :
— JESUS AND I —*

*Strong, and tender, and true,
Crucified once for me !
Never will HE change, I know,
Whatever I may be :
But all HE says, I must do,
Ever from sin to keep free,
We shall finish OUR course,
and reach Home at last :
— His child and He. —*



THE MOTHER OF A PRIEST.



OME time ago the Buffalo Union and Times commented editorially on a letter written to a friend by a mother on the day following the ordination of her son. Here is the letter :

Dear Friend,—Bless, bless God, I am the mother of a priest. It was to you I wrote, twenty five years ago, when the child was given me. I recall it ; I was foolish with joy ; I felt him living by my side ; I stretched out my hand toward him. I touched him as he lay in his cradle as if to assure myself that I really possessed him.

Ah, what a distance between the joys of then and those of to-day, which lift up my soul and fill it with sentiments it has never known before. To-day, I am the mother of priest !

Those hands that, when they were so small, I kissed with warmest love those hands are consecrated ; those fingers have touched God. The understanding that received enlightenment from me, and to which I taught life's aim, has developed, it is flooded with great truths ; study and grace have made it surpass my own intelligence, and now, behold it is consecrated to God. That body which I have cared for and protected, which has made me pass so many nights in tears, when sickness would rob me of my treasure— that body has become large and strong ; behold it is consecrated to God !

That body has become the servant of a priest's soul : it will fatigue itself in order to uplift the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to give to each and every creature who asks and seeks of Him, their God.

That heart, ah ! heart so holy and so good, so true to me through all the years—that heart which trembled at contact with aught that was of earth ; behold it is the heart of the Lord's anointed ! The only love that heart doth know we call by the sweet name of Charity.

My son ! my son ! It is I who know his nature, and what priceless treasures are concentrated in his character; they will be his safeguard against the world and against himself. When in the secrecy of his priestly work God may put in his path some faltering soul, faltering or lost, he it is who will know how to find words to lift up that soul and make it trust in the goodness of God.

Oh, yes ! my child will do good, he will be according to God's heart, he will be all charity. Yes, yes ! I am the mother of a priest, of a true priest.

What shall I tell you of yesterday's ceremonies ? I was there, but I saw nothing save only him ; when he knelt, when he stood upright, when he lay prostrate, when he arose, when he passed away so recollected from beneath the hand of the Bishop — a priest forever !

And this morning he has said his first mass, in the little chapel of a humble convent, where pure and loving hands had adorned the altar with lilies and roses, white and red ; no pomp was there save the silent flowers and the modest love-lit candles ; his server, a child, his congregation, I seemed alone—I, his mother and a few dear friends.

Ah ! when they wish to paint the happiness of heaven should they not try to picture the happiness of a mother who sees God descend at the voice of her son, to a mother lost in adoration so deep that she has forgotten that she lives, and who gazes upon but two objects, God, and her own son.

At a moment I heard him move as he bent down before the sacred host. I prayed no longer, or at least I know not what to call my emotions. Yes ! it was the ecstasy of a Christian mother. I was saying thanks, my God, thanks forevermore !

This priest, he was—mine ; it is I who formed him ; his soul was lit up by mine. He is mine no longer, he belongs to Thee, O my God. Protect him from even the shadow of evil ; he is the salt of the earth ; keep him from being contaminated. My God I love Thee, and I love him, I respect him, I venerate him for he is Thy priest.

At the moment of communion the young server recites the confessor ; the celebrant has turned around, he has

raised his right hand, it is the absolution which descends upon his mother.

My poor child, a sob has escaped him : he takes the holy ciborium, he has come to me : my son, he brings me my God. What a moment ! What a union ! God, His priest, and I ! Was I praying ? In truth I cannot tell. My being was wrapt in a peace that has no name. I was bathed in tears, tears of love and gratitude. I was saying in a low, subdued voice : " My God ! my son ! " Yes for one who is a mother I believe this was a prayer.

Oh ! I am too happy. I shall never again complain. In my life there have been beautiful days: this was the most beautiful of all, because unmingled with thoughts of earth. Adieu, I cannot write more, my tears flood this paper, they are the tears of my happiness

" Let us learn to master the idea that Jesus is living in the Blessed Sacrament. In the whole range of that marvelous Kingdom of life, from the life of the smallest thing in the depths of the sea, up through the glorious existence of Mary to the ever living God, there is none more wonderful than that which is lived in the narrow circle of the Host. There is the everlasting life of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. There is the life of Jesus, of the Eternal Word, in His assumed human nature. Every breath of our prayer, every aspiration of our love, every sigh of our agony stirs the mighty ocean of the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. O wondrous life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament ! O wondrous life of Jesus ! However profoundly He may be hidden from our sight, yet He is open to all that passes around Him, so that He catches the slightest wish of any one of us who visits Him, and His heart is trembling alive to the whispered accents of our love. Though His disguise is so perfect that the frail species are like a wall of adamant sheltering Him from all creation, it is so pervious to our prayers that the slightest whisper reaches Him behind the veil."