

The Sacred Heart of Jesus.



To the Sacred Heart.¹

LOVE'S OFFERING.

THERE'S a lonely Heart in the altar shrine,
 The home His Love has won,
 When the silent stars in the welkin shine,
 And busy day is done.
 For an erring world, through the weary night,
 He keeps His vigil there,
 From the eventide till the dawning light,
 That wakes the morning fair.
 With a yearning Heart, to His chosen spouse,
 In Paray's distant clime,
 All His woes He told, our souls to rouse
 With fire of love sublime ;
 The redress to make He so sorely needs
 For sinners' poisoned dart,
 By the daily gift of our thoughts and deeds
 To soothe His outraged Heart.
 May my heart, dear Lord, as the tiny gleam
 That at Thine altar sways,
 Alone for Thee always burn and beam
 With clear and steady rays ;
 And the livelong day, with its every beat,
 Intone a hymn of praise
 To The tender Heart, the guardian sweet
 Of all its earthly ways.

—JOS. R. V. SWEENEY.

¹ See frontispiece.



Particular Practice for the Month of June.

Holy Communion for Children and Young People.



AMONG the multitude fed in the desert by the Saviour, who provides for the needs of body and soul, the Evangelist says there were "women and children!" They were so numerous that they were not counted, but numbered with the five thousand men: "And the number of them that did eat was five thousand men, besides women and children." Like the men, they received as much of the miraculous bread as they wished to satisfy their hunger. After the eating of the material bread, Jesus did not exclude them from the spiritual banquet of His word, which He served to that multitude enraptured with joy and admiration. To the children, as well as to the adults, He revealed the sublime mystery of His Flesh, true nourishment, of His Blood, true drink. It was upon children as upon men that He imposed the necessity of feeding on It under pain of eternal death. To children as to men, He revealed Its marvellous efficacy for eternal life. He showed them united in It all the beauties of the divine life, to incite them to the desire of feeding on It daily as their fathers had done on the Manna of the desert.

Then, no exclusion, no categories. It is for all, for children, for young people, for grown up men and women, that the Father and the Saviour of both one and the other offers His Flesh. Upon all without exception He imposes the duty of eating It in order to have life, for It is the only Bread, the only aliment properly so called, of the supernatural life: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, you shall not have life in you!"

We purpose to lay down upon this most important question some fundamental considerations from which to deduce practical consequences.

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It appears to us that the ruling principle in this matter may be formulated in the following words: Children, boys and girls,—and what we say of children may still more forcibly apply to young people of both the one and the other sex,—ought to be allowed to communicate according to their need and capability. This ought to be the measure of Communion for them.

The need of children for Communion may be proved by so many reasons that, when considering them, we are tempted to ask whether their need is not more legitimate and urgent than that of adults.

First, their spiritual or supernatural life, as well as their intellectual, moral, and physical being, is in the state of formation. There is question of their developing a good supernatural temperament and vigorous spiritual health, which are capable of confronting and sustaining to the end the labors and combats of life. Now, if instruction and discipline are the necessary elements of this formation, Communion is its only nourishment properly so called. It ought to lay the foundation for it just as material food does for physical growth. The Divine Restorer of all things instituted it as the Food which substantially sustains life. It is the Sacrament of spiritual growth, which goes on increasing until it reaches eternal perfection. No lasting development of life received in Baptism can be hoped for except from the reception of Holy Communion.

Childhood and youth are the ages in which are contracted habits which, having once become second nature, will color the whole life. The mind is then docile, the heart easy to gain, the character has not yet assumed its definitive bias, even the body is supple; the whole being is, so to say, malleable, ready to take whatever direction may be given it, with the chances of always following them. — "It is a proverb," says the Wise Man, "A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it." If we are zealous to give to the child habits of submission, studiousness, good breeding,

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modesty, sobriety, religion, and prayer, why do we not inculcate the habit of Communion? Why do we not familiarize him with the practice of this act, without doubt the most holy of all, but which ought to be, on account of its necessity as well as its advantages, an ordinary one frequently repeated at every age of life?

Children and young people have need of Communion on account of the weak sense of morality inseparable from their age. It is not only their bodily members that are not completely developed, nor their physical temperament that is not formed, but the mind, the heart, the character, and with greater reason the Christian temperament, also.

They are weak, inconstant, easily deceived, ignorant of a multitude of necessary things; above all are they wanting in experience, that sure and practical knowledge, which nothing but age and mingling with the world can give. The young are, at the same time, quick, curious, thoughtful, proud, impatient of restraint, rash, and presumptuous. St. Ambrose portrays in three words this weakness of childhood, which is not the negation of its qualities and charms, but which is the counterpart and the first manifestation of that fatal dualism excited in human nature by original sin. "In this age," he says, "all is weak, the body, the mind, and experience. To react upon this weakness, something else besides instructions and counsels, threats and warnings, something else besides the moral causes that act only indirectly on the human will, is needed. Divine grace, which acts physically upon the soul, which rectifies its tendencies and strengthens its powers, which directs them efficaciously toward the difficult attainment of virtue and which aids them to reach it by constant concurrence, is necessary. The assiduous reception of the "Bread of the strong," which "infuses into the character supernatural energy," is necessary.

Besides the weakness inherent to their age, their period of transition and incomplete formation, young people need to communicate often in order to find at the Holy Table the arms which the Divine Master offers them to struggle against the temptations that assail them with more cunning and fury at this critical moment of their existence: "Thou hast prepared a table before me against them that afflict me." The point of attack aimed at by

the demon in the generality of young people and, above all, in boys is chastity. He knows well the first awakening of hot blood ; of sensuality, which increases with physical development ; of the heart beginning to feel the need of lively and reciprocal affection ; of the imagination over-excited by the sight of the world, by reading, conversation, and bad example ; of curiosity eager to dive into secrets hidden from it. He knows how much this progressive expansion of life favors the revolt which begins as soon as the spirit is conscious of the empire that it ought to exercise over the flesh, and ends but with life itself : " For the flesh lusteth against the spirit . . . for these are contrary one to another." Taking advantage of the inexperience of the young Christian soldier, surprised in the midst of these troublesome elements, the tempter deals upon him mortal blows, burying in his flesh those envenomed darts whose sting will long torment him, and filling the cup of his pleasures with subtle poisons, which create an insatiable thirst for new intoxication. Satan has in the world devoted agents of seduction and scandal. He finds in friends, and even in brethren seduction and scandal. Acting at one and the same time in the interior, which he disquiets and inflames by the agitation of carnal desires, and from without by the creatures that he associates to his murderous designs, he corrupts the heart, kills the body and ruins the soul of thousands of children.

Who, then, what means, what power, if not the " Gift of God," the grace of God, will sustain the young in their struggle for years with temptations against holy purity, with those obstinate, furious, wearying, exasperating assaults which the angel of darkness incessantly hurls against them? Only the " Gift of God " at its supreme power. This gift is God Himself, Christ, the Vanquisher of Satan, who enters into their soul to abide therein, and to protect them. He applies the power of His crucified Flesh to cure the ills of their rebellious flesh. He pours His virginal Blood, like a cooling stream, upon their life-blood hot with feverish desires. He makes the perfumed splendor of virginal purity shine upon the brow of those youths who will later on become the chosen sons and daughters of humanity.

The Wise Man frankly declares that it would have been absolutely impossible for him to remain chaste without a special gift from God. He esteemed it already a great grace "to know that impossibility and the necessity of recurring to God : " As I know that I could not otherwise be continent except God gave it, and this also was a point of wisdom to know whose gift it was." He was, however, a child of remarkable intelligence, and he had received from God a naturally good soul : " And I was a witty child and had received a good soul." But this superior spiritual nature had been united to a corrupt body, the furnace of impure fermentation. This was sufficient reason why, if left to his own strength in the struggle against concupiscence, he should not remain pure. Strong in his humble and loyal declaration, the youthful sage cast himself into the arms of God and lived, supported on Him, strictly united to Him by constant prayer. As long as he remained faithful thereto, he remained chaste : " I went to the Lord and besought Him."

How then, except by uniting them closely to God, can we hope to preserve our children who, alas ! have not all been endowed with a soul so good, a mind so elevated, but who at their birth receive members in which the original wound is aggravated by hereditary defects? By the bond of prayer, but, more fortunate than the Wise Man, by the living bond of the Flesh and Blood of the Son of God, by sacramental Communion. It should be dealt out to them in proportion to the ardor of the evil desires they have to subdue, the violence of the temptations they have to overcome, the wounds they have to heal, and the natural vices concupiscence tends to corrupt the whole being. Let us oppose to it the antidote " of the Flesh of Jesus who, by attracting to Himself by uniting to Himself, will purify the whole mass." St. Thomas, speaking in the words of St. Augustine, says : " Every Communion well made, is a diminution of concupiscence and an increase of charity."

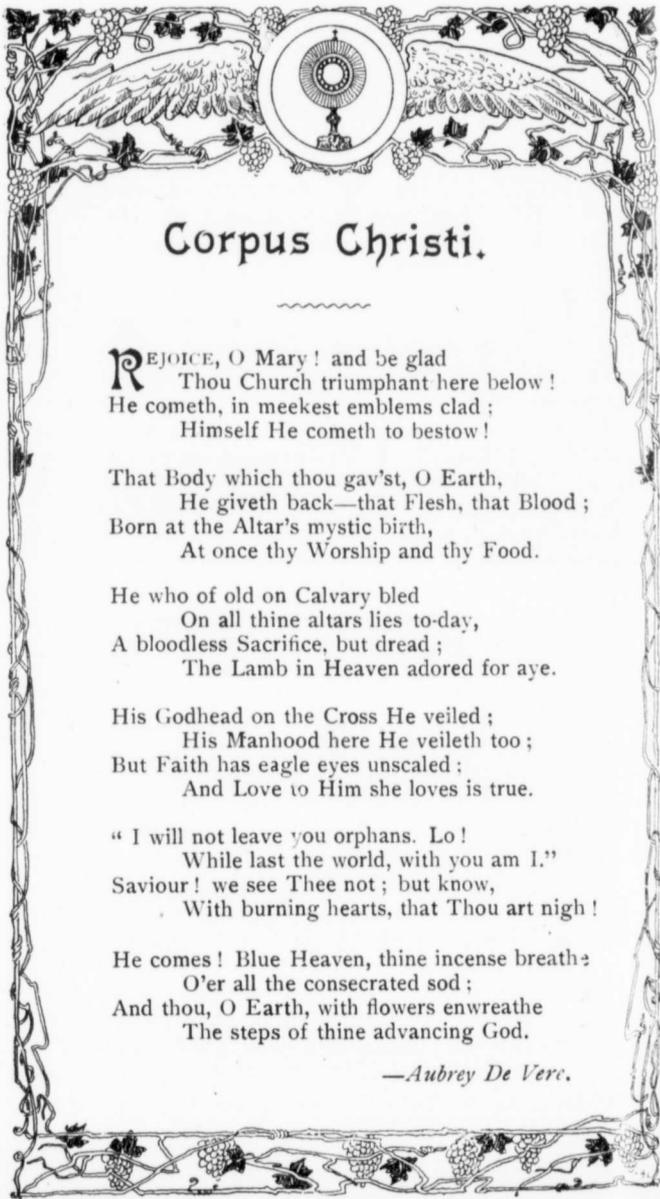
Lastly, the need of Communion for children and young people is confirmed by the fact, that they are the hope and the reserve corps of the Church. They will remain what we shall make them. If we do not form them into true Christians, instructed in their religion, believing

according to our Faith, living the Christian life, putting their salvation above every other affair, burning with the apostolic flame for the service of their brethren and the defence of the interests of the Church, their Mother, we shall not have prepared them for future struggles, as we are in duty bound to do. If they succumb under the violence of impiety, if they are borne away by the torrent of immorality, if they capitulate before open hostility,—all which characterize the action of modern society with regard to souls, whose eternal destiny they desire to know only to prevent their arriving at it, we shall have to answer before God who has confided to us their salvation.

Now, we cannot form such Christians into vigorous members of Christ without nourishing them assiduously with the life of Christ. That they find this life in our sermons and instructions, that they strengthen it by the habit of daily prayer, that they are encouraged and trained to it by their enrolment in Christian associations for young people, in which they meet good example and are excited to emulation, is all very well. But not to add to these varied means in order to perfect them and give them their plenitude of efficacy, the assiduous frequentation of the Sacrament of Life, is to fail in the comprehension of Christ's plan and in conformity to His institution. The Holy Eucharist confers life in abundance, since it constantly increases substantial love in the soul, and the truly Christian life is nothing else than the union of the love of God and our neighbor.

Let us, then, prepare the harvests of the future by Sacramental culture. It is the surest, the most energetic, and, in truth, the most fertilizing of cultures. We know too well, when considered in the light of Christian perfection, of Christian apostolate, the small value of those men who frequent our churches very faithfully, who contribute to our works of charity or education, but who rarely communicate, except at Easter. O let us not propagate such a race! But let us inculcate from childhood the ordinary and normal necessity for Communion. Let us make all children communicate every Sunday that they may learn the holy habit in youth and preserve it in old age. "For how can they find in their old age what they have not gathered in their youth."

— P. A. TESNIÈRE S. S. S.



Corpus Christi.

REJOICE, O Mary! and be glad
 Thou Church triumphant here below!
 He cometh, in meekest emblems clad;
 Himself He cometh to bestow!

That Body which thou gav'st, O Earth,
 He giveth back—that Flesh, that Blood;
 Born at the Altar's mystic birth,
 At once thy Worship and thy Food.

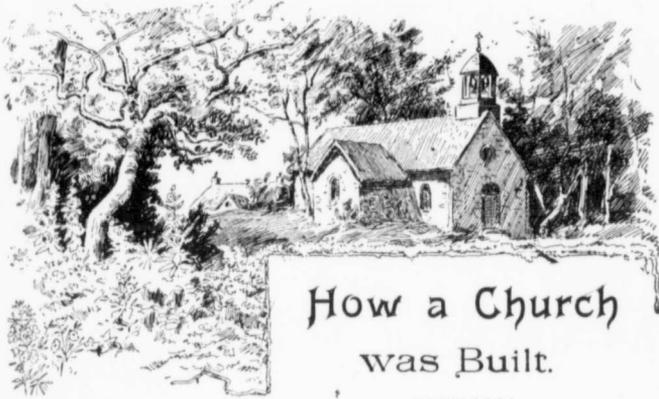
He who of old on Calvary bled
 On all thine altars lies to-day,
 A bloodless Sacrifice, but dread;
 The Lamb in Heaven adored for aye.

His Godhead on the Cross He veiled;
 His Manhood here He veileth too;
 But Faith has eagle eyes unscaled;
 And Love to Him she loves is true.

"I will not leave you orphans. Lo!
 While last the world, with you am I."
 Saviour! we see Thee not; but know,
 With burning hearts, that Thou art nigh!

He comes! Blue Heaven, thine incense breath:
 O'er all the consecrated sod;
 And thou, O Earth, with flowers enwreath
 The steps of thine advancing God.

—Aubrey De Vere.



How a Church was Built.

DURING the winter of 1818, a white-haired but still active-looking man called at the bishop's palace and asked to see Mgr. Alexis Saussol, the distinguished prelate then presiding over the diocese of Séez. If the porter eyed him rather curiously, so might you, had you seen him standing there with his long, brown, serge vest, trimmed with big buttons, his old-fashioned waistcoat, almost hiding his short pants, and disclosing uncouth cowhide boots and light tan leggins. A novel and picturesque figure ; yet one, withal, whose honesty and integrity were as plainly visible as the furrows on his bronzed, weather-beaten face.

Satisfied with his scrutiny, but, wishing to know more about this odd-looking creature, before ushering him into the bishop's sanctum, he asked :

"Where do you come from ?"

"Why, from my home, of course," was the answer.

"What do you want with the bishop ?" — "Nothing only to speak to him for half an hour." — "Your name, please ?" — My name is of no account. His Lordship does not know me, yet there is no reason why I should hide it, I am called old Jacotin Delangle." — "Can you not tell me what you want with the bishop ?" — "No, It is a matter of business that only concerns us both." — "Seeing further remonstrance useless, the porter led him into the

bishop's presence. But once there, the poor fellow got confused and did not know exactly how to begin. He turned and twisted his three-cornered-hat, opened and closed his lips, from which no sound issued; his embarrassment was so apparent that the kind-hearted onlooker came to his relief and questioned him about the object of his visit." Its this. — You see my Lord, its a long way from the village of Andennes where I live to the town of



St. Maurice where we are obliged to go to hear mass; the old people have a very hard time getting there; my poor aged mother nearly perished on the way at Christmas. So you see things must be changed, they can't go on like that." — "But, my good man, I can't help it." — "Aye! but you can. If you only wish you can remedy matters." —

"Surely you don't think I can draw your village any closer to St. Maurice." — "No, your Lordship, I am not asking you to do that. I am merely asking you to make a parish of our village; then we won't be any worse off than our fellowmen." — "Is there a church in your village?" — "No, but it is not very hard to erect one; you have only to say the word and we will do the rest." — "Old Jacotin and his neighbors; it will not take them more than three or four years to do it either." — "You are very rich, then?" — "I am not very rich, my Lord. I possess

one hundred crowns rental and about six francs ready money."—A hundred crowns will not go far towards building a church."—"I know that, but with good-will, courage, and the assistance of friends and villagers, it will not take so much money to carry on the work. Luckily for us, there is stone on our land that we can use. I am in earnest when I say we can carry our point, if you will allow us. Moreover, you must see as clearly as I do that things can't remain as they are in our village."—"On whose ground will you build the proposed church?"—"On mine. It is paid for and belongs to me."—"And the cemetery and the presbytery!"—"On mine, also. It is big; big enough for all. Don't think about details, only give your consent and I will look after the rest."—"I admire your courage, my good man, but I am sore afraid you will never succeed; you will be like the builder spoken of in the parable who began to erect a tower which he could not finish, and who was laughed at.

Having judiciously answered all the bishop's arguments, Jacotin asked :

"If we build a church, will you give us a Curé?"

The promise being given he retired saying : — "That is enough, my Lord, I have your word; you have mine; between honorable people that is as good as a bond."

* * *

Nearly twenty months went by without anything further being heard from old Jacotin. His project seemed so impracticable that the bishop gave up all hope of its realization, and dismissed it and its suggestor from his mind. Consequently his surprise was great when the old man called again to see him on the 30th of September, 1820. Almost the first question he put to him was : — "Do you still think about your church?" — "We think of it all the time, my Lord; it is a settled affair." — "How settled?" — "The stones are drawn, ready for use. That was about the most difficult part of the work, because, as there are no beaten roads in our mountainous district, we were obliged to carry them on horseback, or, worse still, in our arms. I begged for lumber, which I got in abundance; the foundation is sufficiently advanced

to allow us to have the corner stone blessed ; but, it appears it must be named, I intended to name it, St. Alexis, after you, but, on second thought, preferred that you yourself should do us that honor." — " I shall do so with great joy. I see by the papers that yesterday, the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel, Our Lord granted an offspring to the royal family, so it seems to me I can give you no more propitious patron than this peerless defender of the King's rights. Call your church St. Michael-des-Andennes ; and, if you finish it, I, myself, will come and bless it."

The old man went away repeating again and again: St. Michael-des-Andennes, our glorious patron saint !

Two years and a half elapsed. Meanwhile, though Jacotin and his children worked as hard as any of the masons, the walls rose but slowly and were not ready to be roofed in until the spring of 1823.

Jacotin then returned to Séez to give an account of his work ; and, to the bishop's half quizzical query : " what about your church ? " The church is built, all finished with the exception of windows and doors which are being put in with all speed. Here is the plan and some certificates, to show you that all is in readiness for your promised blessing." — I congratulate you heartily and will gladly keep my word and bless your new church just as soon as I possibly can."

Finally, the ninth of August was definitely fixed for the ceremony.

As soon as old Jacotin heard the good news he hastened to Séez, ostensibly to thank the bishop, but, in reality to accomplish something else even more important in his estimation, so much so, that though his heart was full of the matter, he was at a loss how to broach it to the bishop and kept beating about the bush all to no purpose, until at last, in sheer desperation, he blurted out : " Your Lordship, it's very far from St. Michael's to Mr. de Frette's where you generally stay ; and — and — the day of the blessing, surely, you will say mass in our church ? " — " Without the least doubt, my friend." " It will be a high mass, will it not, my Lord ? A low one would not seem just right for such an important occasion and — and." — " Make your mind easy, I

will say a high mass." — But, my Lord, the fact is — you do not say mass after breakfast and it's very far from our church to the castle — it will be late when the ceremony is over, and—you will be exhausted if you have to go so far for breakfast and—" He stopped abruptly, not daring to say the rest. The bishop, guessing his wish, said kindly — "Tell me, Jacotin, what you want me to do?" — "My Lord, if it does not displease you, and every one is satisfied, will you — will you, take dinner that day at my house? It would tire you less than going



further and every one would be delighted." — "Yes, my dear friend, I will be happy to take dinner with you" — "But, my Lord, there will be many there, a family gathering, all the parish most likely." — "If all the parishioners are like you I will be more than pleased to meet them; and, now, are you satisfied?"

The ninth of August dawned at last. A few days previously a large packing case was sent to old Jacotin's address, which, on being opened, disclosed fine linens, church ornaments and sacred vases, things he might naturally have forgotten to provide. They were the gift

of the Duchess of Angoulême to whom the preceding facts had been related.

On the other hand, several of the villagers who went yearly to Paris to sell the produce of their farms, combined together and bought a bell, which they were obliged to carry from the main street to the church across the rocky roads that rendered this district so inaccessible.

Nature vied with the happy villagers in making this gala-day all that could be desired. Long before the appointed time, a vast crowd filled the prettily-decorated little church, which was blessed with as much solemnity and pomp as any great cathedral, and within whose humble walls, worshipped hearts as loyal and grateful as ever throbbed in human form.

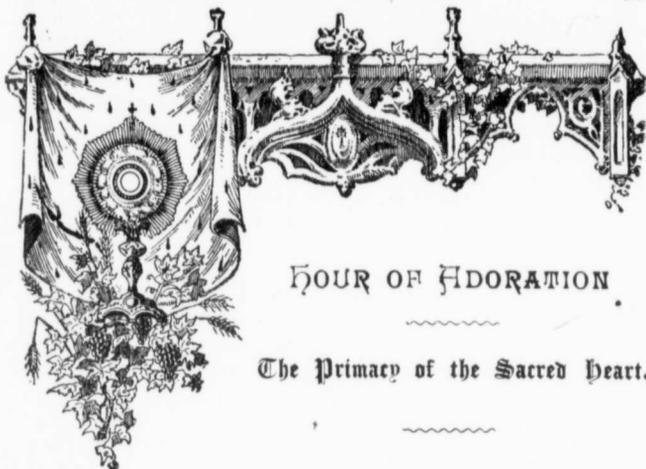
After the function, the bishop accompanied by his assistants and several priests, who had come to take part in the festival, sat down to dinner at long tables, laden with good cheer ; and, for accomodation's sake, set out in old Jacotin's freshly swept and gaily-decorated barn.

Old Jacotin ! To-day, at least, that title is a misnomer. He seems as full of youthful enthusiasm and exuberant spirits as a school boy ; and even goes so far, as to say half-jestingly to the guest of honor : —

“ My Lord, I have kept my word, now it's your turn to keep yours. I promised a church, there it stands. You promised a curé, where is he ? A church without mass would only recall the Republic of 93 and, besides it's too far to go from here to St. Maurice for mass.” — “ You shall have your Curé,” smilingly answered the bishop ; “ but first of all he must have a roof to cover his head, he can't sleep under heaven's blue canopy.”

“ We will build a house for him, but we must have him right away ? ” — “ Granted ! But where will he live in the meantime ? ” — “ In my house ; it is not very large, but it will do until his own is ready.” — “ Where will you and your family go ? ” — “ We will move into our barn. You have dined there ; and I can easily live and die there too, without murmuring, if God should call me before I am able to get back to my own house.” And so things were finally arranged to old Jacotin's great delight.

After a most exemplary and edifying life, old Jacotin died on the 17th of June, 1846, universally respected and regretted.



HOUR OF ADORATION.

The Primacy of the Sacred Heart.

I — Adoration.

To the Heart of the Son of God made Man belongs the Primacy of being, of dignity, and of excellence. We ought to give Him the first place in our love, our worship, and our life.

In the adorable compound of the Word Incarnate, the Sacred Heart of Jesus occupies the first place, because It is, at least as the symbol, the sanctuary in which resides His Divinity, the principle of His divine and human life, the furnace of His love, the source of His virtues, the sublime strength which made Him embrace and support all the sufferings of His Passion and even death itself, the treasure-house of all the gifts of grace and of the living Gift of Himself in the Eucharist. That Heart is, in fine, the cause of His own glory, and the eternal centre of the glory of the elect.

The Heart of Jesus is the love of Jesus. Is not love the good *par excellence*, the good infinite in itself?—*Deus caritas est*, and the cause of all the good that has ever been created in the world of nature and of grace. Père Eymard wrote: "The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus is the end of the Incarnation, the Redemption, and of the Eucharist Itself, because It is the consummation of love!" May It hold the first place in our love, also, in our worship, and in our life!

May It hold the first place in our love, by our esteeming It above everything else, by our preferring It to everything else! Let us make in our heart a dwelling-place reserved absolutely for It alone, which It may possess without division.

May It hold the first place in our worship in such a way that all our religion, all our devotions, whether toward Mary, toward

the Passion, even our devotion toward the Eucharist, may end in the adorable Heart which gave us Mary and His Blood, and which ceases not to give us His Sacrament!

May It hold the first place in such a way that It may possess, inspire, conduct, correct, and sanctify our whole interior life! This is the adoration that the Primacy of Its unique excellence, Its sovereign dignity, Its supreme authority demands for It. It is thus that It will reign over us.

Blessed Margaret Mary tells us: "The Sacred Heart wishes to establish Its reign, and It has said to me, 'I shall reign! I shall reign in spite of Satan and of all those that Satan excites in opposition to Me. Satan and his adherents shall be confounded!' The adorable Heart of Jesus wishes to establish in all hearts the reign of Its pure love, by proposing to Christians in these last ages the object and the means most proper to engage them to love It, and to love It solidly. This is what It has given Its unworthy slave to understand. May all, then, yield to It! May all be submissive, may all obey Its divine love! This is the most earnest desire that this adorable Heart has given me."

II. — Thanksgiving.

The Sacred Heart possesses and exercises in our behalf the Primacy of goodness and love. It desires to hold the first place in our gratitude.

The creature having no right over God, no claim to demand, it is evident that all the gifts and favors of nature, of grace, and of glory flow from the altogether free, spontaneous, and gratuitous love of God. God has so loved the world as to give it His only Son. The Son so loved men as to deliver Himself to death to ransom them. He has so loved His own who are still on earth as to go to the extreme limit of love by making Himself their never-failing food; and He will hereafter love them so much that He will give Himself to them without measure or end in the communication of His glory and beatitude.

How could it be possible that all goods and delicate attentions, all lights and helps and support, all consolations and victories, all hopes and tenderness and joys would not be ours with the gift of Himself, which Jesus makes so generously and multiplies so abundantly?

But this eternal love of God, which gave to us the Word at Bethlehem, — this love of the Word Incarnate, which gave to us the Christ of Calvary, which still gives us the Christ of the Altar with all His gifts, is the Sacred Heart. When revealing It to the modern world, Jesus says in an outburst of tenderness: "Behold this Heart which has so loved men that It has spared nothing, even exhausting and consuming Itself in order to testify to them Its love!" Every good thing, then, comes to us from that Heart, and it is thus that It exercises the Primacy of love and benevolence.

In return for all this love, the Sacred Heart longs to hold the first place in our gratitude. To satisfy that most legitimate desire, all the thanksgiving of our heart should incessantly mount toward It ; all Its benefits should be for us an occasion for proclaiming to It our thanks, For the Holy Mass and Communion, for the great protection of the abiding presence of Jesus in the tabernacle, for the never-failing assistance of our guardian angels, for the maternal love of Mary, our Mother, and the devoted vigilance of the Holy Church, we owe heartfelt thanks. For these and all other benefits, our hearts should spring up to the Sacred Heart, devoting itself to It in humble, faithful gratitude — gratitude that knows no bounds, that is never satisfied, but that is constantly seeking to express itself still more. Yes, our gratitude should lead us to abandon ourselves blindly to Its ever-benevolent guidance, which is always aiming at our welfare, no matter what It may permit to befall us.

“ Jesus-Christ made known to me,” says His blessed confidante Margaret Mary, “ that He wished by solid devotion to His Divine Heart, to gather an infinite number of faithful servants, of perfect friends, and of children truly grateful.” And she adds : “ It is certain that there is no one in the world who would not experience all kinds of favors from Heaven if he had for Jesus-Christ a grateful love such as is testified to Him by devotion to His Sacred Heart.”

III. — Reparation.

The Sacred Heart claims the Primacy of suffering endured for redemption from sin. This prerogative gives It the right to possess the first place in the compassion of our heart and in our contrition for sin.

When in spite of all the sins of mankind and the irreparable misfortunes with which they inundated the world, the Son of God enjoyed undiminished plenitude of happiness in the bosom of the Father, His love for us urged Him to assume the responsibility of our prevarication together with its rigorous chastisement. Having taken for that end the possible condition of guilty man condemned to suffering and death, He took upon Himself all our sins and bore them on His shoulders even to the Cross, that He might wash away their stain in His own Blood and destroy their guilt by His death. All humiliations and ignominies, all sorrows of mind and heart, all sufferings that bruise and wounds that tear the body, He has taken upon Himself, He has embraced them, He has delivered Himself up to them, He has been wounded, devoured ; consumed by them. He has suffered in His own Person more than all men in the world ever endured. He has suffered the greatest possible torments. He endured them in all their keenness, without the least alleviation. He suffered them freely

and voluntarily. He sanctified them, He rendered them fruitful by His perfect virtues and infinite merits. He threw into them, above all, His love for His Father in order to avenge Him, to satisfy Him, and all His love for man in order to save Him. And His Heart, open upon the Cross and always open on the altar, the first Inspirer of this design, the principal Instrument of this work, proclaims Its Primacy in His redemptory suffering: "Come and see whether there be sorrow like unto My sorrow!" He was the Man of sorrows. He exhausted in Himself the reality of every suffering. Jesus is the only one who knew how to render sorrow holy, vivifying, victorious, and glorious. He is the only Repairer of God's glory, the only Redeemer of all mankind.

IV. — Prayer.

Jesus with good right claims the first place in the compassionate love of our heart, the first place in the contrition and penitence which we ought to conceive for our sins, and in the implacable hatred with which we ought to pursue sin. Has He not a right, He who for love of us, suffered more to restore us to the life of grace than our mother did in giving us birth, — has He not a right to behold our hearts consecrated to compassionating Him, to consoling Him with all the tenderness and pity that they possess? He demands, he seeks, He implores this consolation from His redeemed. "Do thou, at least," did He say to Blessed Margaret Mary, "do thou endeavor to comfort Me by making Me some return!" Ah! let us, too, weep over Him as over the Being the most beloved and the most to be pitied, our only Well-Beloved.

Let us arm ourselves against sin with love for Him who was its innocent victim. We conceive and ask true sorrow, generous and victorious hatred for evil only in proportion as we see in sin the cause of all the sufferings and death of the Just One, and comprehend that the malice of sin is as great as the Passion of Jesus, that is to say infinite. Let us, then pursue it to the death in ourselves and in souls, wherever it makes ravages, hourly crucifying, even with increasing hatred, if that were possible, its innocent Victim.

Disclosing the abyss of His unfathomable bitterness, Jesus said: "What I endure from their ingratitude is more painful to Me than all that I endured in My Passion!" "And He ask me," says Blessed Margaret Mary, "whether I would not stay by Him on the Cross, telling me that I ought to lament, to weep with Him incessantly to obtain mercy, that sin might not reach its height, and that God would pardon sinners through the love He bears this amiable Heart." The generous daughter replied: "O my Saviour, discharge upon me all Thy anger, efface me from the Book of Life, rather than the loss of those souls that have cost Thee so dear!" May such generous dispositions be our own. Amen.

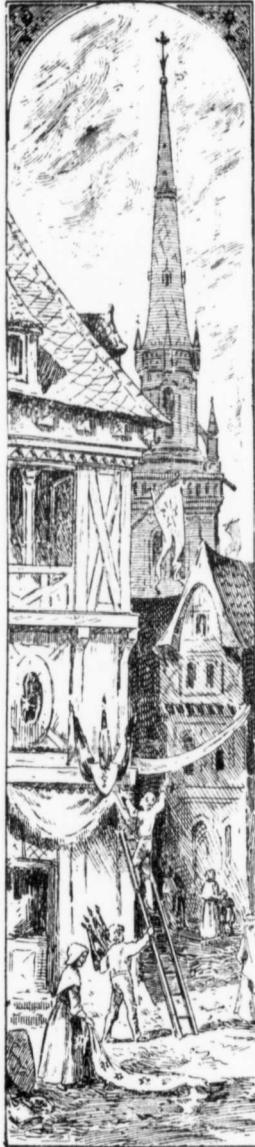


CORPUS CHRISTI.

Thoughts Suggested by the Feast.



IN sad days of failing faith in a supernatural and revealed religion, the glorious feast of Corpus Christi dawns like a refuge from a tempest that seems ready to fall from the cloud-laden sky and deluge the world in the dark waters of atheism. Faithful, adoring hearts, catching the meaning of the day, flee to the tabernacle as to a mountain of prayer, and in reverent silence pray for the return of God's vivifying breath upon a people who knew not the One that is in their midst. Corpus Christi ! What can it mean for this age of transition, of uncertainty, of doubt ? With advancing civilization we behold a growth of general corruption, a curiosity of heart, a petrifying of the moral sense, which even the most optimistic feel to be abnormal and portentous. By many these signs of the times are interpreted as evidences that the "wrath to come" is at hand. By others, as evidences of the birth-throe of the coming kingdom, in which the darkness of heresy and unbelief will be dispelled by the blazing light of eternal truth emanating from the Church of God. But while men conjecture and speculate, dense clouds are gathering more and more darkly on the religious horizon, and to many a timid heart it seems as if the fountains of the great deep

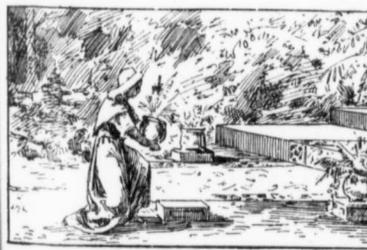


were again being broken up. Even the strong in faith tremble at the boldness of the emissaries of Satan in their attacks upon the Church. True, they know and believe in the promise given that God will abide with His Church unto the end of time. But they find no promise that the Church will be free from misrepresentation, from persecution, and from martyrdom. She says to her priests to-day, with the same emphasis her Divine Founder said to the twelve when He sent them out with the power of miracles: "Beware of men: for they will deliver you up in councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues. And you shall be brought before governors, and before kings for my sake, for a testimony to them and to the Gentiles — and you shall be hated by all men for my name's sake; but he that shall persevere to the end, he shall be saved."

Kneeling before the Eucharistic Throne on this Corpus Christi day, we hear from afar the sounds of dread war declared

against the Church and the truths entrusted to her keeping by Jesus Christ. Is it strange that the hearts of many sink within them? They see with a prophet's vision the awful cataclysm drawing near, and they feel themselves impotent to avert it. The fair land of France, where the tabernacles of the Lord were kept and guarded by devoted sons and daughters, has proved false to the faith of her fathers. The monasteries and convents wherein the Blessed Sacrament was honored and adored, and the blessings of heaven were invoked upon the nation, are now desolate, or they blaze with sacrifices in honor of Mammon. The country is rushing fast to ruin. Atheism in belief is being followed, as among nations it has always been, by degradation of morals. Iniquity seems to be running its course to the farthest goal, and the light of faith is burning low.

Other nations, it is true, have spared the hand of violence against the Church, yet the dreadful state of religious indifference into which they have



fallen, their opposition to religious education, their sanctioning of the dreadful evil of divorce, is frightful to contemplate. The Church mourns. From her imprisoned Pontiff bent and worn with the burden of years, there comes the wail of Isaiah : "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib : but Israel hath not known me, and my people hath not understood. Woe to the sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a wicked seed, ungracious children : they have forsaken the Lord, they have blasphemed the Holy One of Israel, they have gone backward. For what shall I strike you any more, you that increase transgressions ? the whole head is sick and the whole heart is sad."

Now, some such meaning must Corpus Christi have for us. It should fill our hearts with joy and hope, for our "eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." Let us not fear the foes of the Church, but, strong in faith, sing joyfully before the tabernacle on Corpus Christi day, as David sang before the Ark of the Covenant : "Our God is our refuge and strength and a helper in troubles."

It is related that a company of workmen, engaged in digging a tunnel, were shut off suddenly from the supper world by a caving in of earth. At once their comrades set about their rescue. When they reached the endangered men they found them busy with pick and shovel at their usual task. "We were not worried," they said ; "we knew you would come and help us." Thus it is with Catholics who have strong faith in the Real Presence. They may be hemmed in by the darkness of irreligion and infidelity, but they keep right on in their service of God, stimulated and enheartened by the vision of the glory of the Blessed Sacrament.

So, also, in the hour of adversity. Pain, sorrow, tribulation cannot arrest the courage or suppress the hope of those that believe in the abiding Presence of Jesus. Why does a child in the cradle sleep amid the rolling thunder ? Because the mother's foot is on the rocker. And safe are we if we have faith in our Eucharistic God.

O Eucharistic Lord, who didst say : "I am the bread of life : he that cometh to me shall not hunger"—to Thee we entrust the conversion of our dear America ! By the

superabundance of Thy love and grace, amend our deficiencies, and give us strength for the task before us. Bless us that our labors fructify even a hundredfold. Look with gracious eye upon Thy Holy Church, Thy spouse, for whose love Thou didst shed Thy precious blood on Calvary's cross. Multiply her tabernacles in every land. Gather before the altar in adoring love all tribes and nations, and fill Thy temples with Eucharistic adorers. O Sacramental Jesus, renew on Corpus Christi day, in Thy dear Church the love and piety and faith of Thy apostles on the night when the Bread of Life was first broken and the Chalice of Salvation first lifted. May frevent adoration of the Most Holy Eucharist become the glory of the Catholic Church! Then, indeed, shall we be the "Children of the Lord's Supper," then, then, indeed, shall we be strong in virtue and holiness, for "The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? And the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?"





The Story of Saint Clare.

The lives of the saints are to catholic hearts an oft told tale. They beguile the fancy of childhood, they shine upon us in prismatic tints from cathedral windows amid clouds of incense and the soulful harmony of the organ. But why is it, alas, that they fade from our memory as the fairy tales of childish days, the romance of youth, the dream of old age? They come into our lives as ships that speed towards us over the summer sea, the sunlight gleaming upon their white sails, the dancing waves dashing against the prow. We stretch out our arms to them in welcome and yearn to follow. But a clouds comes over the face of Nature, the wind changes, the beautiful vessel stands a moment with canvas set, all hesitation, all suspense, and then the breeze fills her sails once more, and she has glided away from us forever. Were they real, these wonderful men and women, who are crowned with the diadem of eternal blessedness? Surely, they were never such as we, so weak, so unstable, so useless !

Among these saints that haunt, as it were, the shadows of the Tabernacle, stands the amiable figure of a woman, bearing aloft a monstrance with the Sacred Host. She stands in the doorway of a grim monastery that crowns a rocky eminence. She is clad in the rough brown habit of St. Francis, and she is an immortal figure, a type of Faith, the Christian faith we need to-day. Faith was pictured of old leaning upon an anchor, an emblem of truth. But here is a type more true to life, faith in the Blessed Sacrament. The woman is Clare of Assisi. The infidels have stormed the city, and now they have found its jewel, the Convent of St. Clare. They have battered at the convent doors, and the sound of their cries is like the roar of the coming tempest. The saintly abbess has risen from her sick bed at the call of her nuns. Human help is far away. They are but poor weak women, but

there is One to guard them, Jesus, whom they have guarded—Jesus, at whose feet their lives have passed in silent prayer for themselves, for the world, for Assisi. In sublime faith Clare takes in her trembling hands the golden vessel, and, standing above the doomed city, calls upon the God who stilled the waves of the sea. And at sight of the Sacred Host, surrounded with light, at the vision of the seraphic face of her who stood alone before them all in the might of her courage, terror fell upon the infidels, and they fled away as shadows before the sun.

But who is Clare, and what is her story?

The "Little Flowers of St. Francis" lend to it poetic beauty. She is a daughter of the nobility, fair and young, surrounded by all that wealth and affection can give to human desire. We meet her first at dead of night kneeling before the altar of St. Mary of the Angels, "where her locks were shorn off, and she became the bride of Jesus-Christ." She has thrown aside the pleasure heaped up with its most brilliant gems—to choose poverty and penance. She has scarcely tasted of the cup of happiness before she has dashed it aside for the chalice of the Lord. While life was fairest in its promise, she has chosen the bitterness of the Cross, the Master's choice,—so sweet to those who love the Master,—because she has measured time with eternity. She has studied earthly joys from the side of heaven, as we look at a fine silken fabric through a glass, and see its texture grow coarse and common.

And so the picture fades into the convent shadows. But while the rest of her family, whose future was so full of



SAINT CLARE

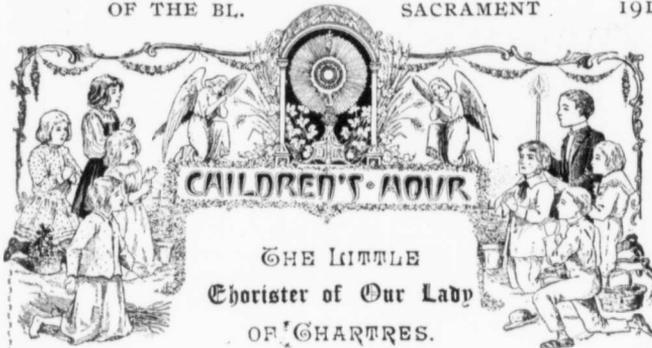
promise, leave no trace upon the pages of history, Clare's name is written upon them in letters of gold. God has chosen her for the foundation stone of a great religious order, and its character of penance and prayer is in contrast to the pleasure loving age in which she lived.

She is the friend of the gentle Saint Francis, a sister almost, though she may have heard his wise counsels but seldom. She shares his simplicity his childlike spirit, and once, in kindly charity to her, as to all the rest, he comes to dine with her. It is a holy gathering, when Clare and Francis and some of their religious assemble in the wood after they have prayed together in the church so full of sweet memories. The simple repast is spread upon the bare ground. St. Francis blesses the food, and speaks to them of God. And straightway they are rapt in spirit at the thought of the joys of heaven. The inhabitants of Assisi ran from far and near to St. Mary of the Angels, for lo, the wood and all around seemed to be on fire, and blazed fiercely. But it was only the love of God that consumed the hearts of the religious, made visible to mortal eyes. When they came to themselves, the humble repast was quite forgotten, for they had tasted of celestial joy, and cared not for the sustenance of the body.

Clare's life is spent in prayer and penance, and divinest charity. The Blessed Sacrament is ever surrounded with her love and veneration. She spends hours in prayer before It. She cares for the altar, and weaves the linen and makes the sacred vestments.

The death of Clare was the triumph of faith lost in certainty. When the shadows fall upon her she is calm and happy as one already beatified. "Go, my soul," she says, "to meet Him who hath created Thee, who hath sanctified thee, and cared for thee, as a mother for her child." To one of her religious it is given to see the dying saint welcomed by the angels of Heaven. A troop of glorious virgins come to surround her bed, in robes of purest white and one more fair than all the rest, in raiment of light, is crowned with shining jewels. She comes to Clare and folds her in a loving embrace, and in the very moment almost of that celestial kiss, the soul of Clare is lifted to the skies.

— E. LUMMIS.



THE LITTLE
Chorister of Our Lady
OF CHARTRES.

IN this old city of Chartres, there was a poor widow named Marie, who had only one child, a son named Jean. She was obliged to work hard to obtain a scanty livelihood for herself and boy; her heart was divided between Heaven and him, and no hardship or privation distressed her while she had the solace of these two. Jean was very beautiful, with regular features, dark blue eyes and brown curling hair, lithe, active and graceful in his movements, while his countenance always shone with a pure, joyous expression. The boy's exceeding loveliness made him a pleasant sight for the eye to rest upon; but when his devotion, recollection and diligence were noticed, every one was edified who observed him assisting at the public services at the cathedral, and at length the Bishop's attention was attracted by his modest piety which, combined with his beautiful aspect, gave him an angelic appearance, and he appointed him a chorister of the cathedral. His heart was divided in three parts, one of which he gave to God, one to the Blessed Virgin, one to his mother, and all these three affections being in full exercise filled it to overflowing. He was never absent from a religious ceremony; there never came a festival of the Blessed Virgin without his being there to assist; and whenever a stranger passing through the narrow streets of Chartres happened to meet him and attracted by his innocent and modest beauty inquired his name, he invariably answered, with a sinless sort of pride: "I am a chorister of Our Lady of Chartres."

On the eve of *Corpus Christi*, the mother and son, who had been shriven, and were prepared to receive the "food of Angels" on the morning of the festival, returned to their



humble home, filled with a tranquil joy which is known only to the "pure in heart." While she was preparing their frugal meal of brown bread and goat's milk, he sat upon the door-sill weaving a garland of field flowers that he had gathered in the meadow, to lay at the feet of the image of Our Lady of Chartres; he intended to leave them out on the grass that night, so that when he took them to her shrine soon after day-dawn the next morning they would be all sparkling with dew. After they had satisfied their hunger, with grateful thanks for the blessing received, Marie opened a closet, and taking out a nicely folded bundle, laid it upon her bed, and opening it, lifted up a surplice so beautifully done up that it looked like a fleecy cloud.

"Here, my son," she said, "is your surplice, smelling sweetly of lavender and so well bleached and ironed that it looks like new! See! every plait is folded by a thread, and the pretty Bruges lace on the edge has not a crooked mesh in it! And these are the garments you are to wear, fair and white, and smelling of sweet garden herbs, as is meet for the service of the Lord. To be pure within and without for the sacred function, is as it should be. Before you go to bed, bathe yourself, that you may have nothing to distract your thoughts in the morning."

"How good you are, my *maman*," said the child, kissing his mother's cheek. "It is going to be a lovely *jeûte*. Did you know that the good Countess of Merincord had crowned Our Lady of Chartres with a beautiful crown of diamonds? You will see how they glitter when the wax candles are lit on her altar in the morning; and then, *maman*, the Bishop's sisters and some of the girls of the congregation have got the sacristy filled with flowers, and are going to stay there all night to dress the altar with garlands and fill the vases with roses and lilies.

"Yes, my son; but why does such a thought come to you?" said the mother, as she scanned the heavenly countenance, which was slightly uplifted, and gazing far away

beyond the luminous track of the moonlight or the clouds.

"Because," he answered, "it makes me so happy to serve her before her blessed image here, when the thought of her fills up my breast and makes it beat and beat until it seems to get too big for me; and sometimes when I am in the crypt all alone the old brown image grows, and turns so fair and beautiful that I think it is alive, for Our Blessed Lady smiles and holds out her Babe toward me."

"And then, what dost thou do, my child?"

"I bow my head down on the altar step, such a strange feeling comes over me,—it is not fright, *maman*, but something more happy than I can tell."

"You fall asleep, my child, and dream those holy things," said the prudent mother. But she treasured all that he had said in her heart, and felt sure that Our Blessed Lady had vouchsafed to reveal herself to the child.

* * *

The following evening Marie was kneeling in the crypt of the cathedral, near the altar of Our Lady, watching her little son as he, with the other young choristers, attended the Bishop in the procession of the Sacred Host. When the white-robed procession, chanting the *Pange lingua* in devout tones, having passed behind the altar, returned to go around the large grotto the third and last time, the widow was surprised not to see her son in his place. She looked carefully, thinking she might be mistaken, but he was not there. When the function was over the faithful retired, but this poor mother, who had been suffering such indescribable anxieties for a half hour or more, went into the sacristy with a hurried yet modest mien, and in low, tremulous tones inquired of every one she met: "Have you seen my son?" and "Can you tell me where he is?" But no one had observed his disappearance, and it was only then that they noticed that he and his taper were missing.

"Perhaps," said the old sacristan, "he is in the crypt; I often find him there alone before Our Lady."

Then the priests, monks, choristers, and lastly the good Bishop himself, sympathizing in her anxiety, and knowing that for no light reason would she have disturbed them, went to the crypt with the distressed woman, for all loved the gracious child, and were secretly troubled at his disappearance.

"He has forgotten himself praying at the tomb of the martyrs of Sebaste," whispered the good Bishop to one of

his priests, as with lighted torches they once more entered the Church of the Grotto.

"He may be lying ill in some remote corner," said Father François, the pastor; "he would have died rather than disturb the function by complaints, if he were ill."

"Has any one been to his mother's cottage to see if he's there?" inquired the Bishop.

"He is not there, my lord Bishop; one of the choristers went there at once, but there is no sign of him. Certes he did not leave the cathedral, for I watched him all the time; there was such an angelic look on his face that I could not keep my eyes away from him, said a monk.

"Our Blessed Lady of Chartres has taken her little chorister to herself," whispered an aged monk. "He was only fit for such heavenly company."

Every part of the church of the crypt was searched, but they could find no trace of the child; they explored every niche, corner, turn and angle; they called him again and again, but no response came, and they at last concluded that he had either slipped out of the church unperceived, or been lured away under false pretences by some evil-minded person, or—dreadful suggestion—had fallen into a deep pit, at the bottom of which there was water three or four feet deep, that was right behind the old Druid's altar where the statue of Our Lady had ever remained since its discovery by the Teuton Knights Ritters. Snatching a torch from the hand of a bystander as soon as she heard this, the distracted mother ran toward the spot, and throwing herself upon the floor, she extended her arm as far as she could reach down, that the light of the torch she held might be cast into the depths of the pit. Suddenly, after peering down into the gloomy depths, her piercing gaze described something white floating on the water, and she uttered a wild cry of anguish that quickly brought all the party around her.

"He is there, my lord Bishop; my child is lying there at the bottom of the pit. I saw his surplice—I should know it anywhere!" she cried, throwing herself at the Bishop's feet, while torrents of tears streamed over her face.

"Have courage, my poor child," said the Bishop, deeply moved by her distress, as he laid his hand upon her head. "Have courage, and trust in Our Blessed Lady for help.

The Bishop selected a strong-limbed, stalwart fellow, who stood looking as proudly while the rope was being adjusted

under his arms, in sight of the Bishop, as if he were being knighted by the Prince of Chartres himself. All being ready, he was cautiously lowered, and there at the bottom of the pit he found the child drowned, and already stiff in death.

"I have found him," shouted the man, "but he is dead."

No one had ventured to attempt to console the trembling, sorrowing mother, who, up to that moment, had been agitated, with an anguish so bitter as almost to rend her heart; but when she heard the man's voice ringing from the darkness and silence of the pit, saying, "I have found him, but he is dead," she appeared to be suddenly stunned in a way that struck awe into the hearts of all around her.

The tears of all present mingled with those of this woman who was so full of faith, and they knelt praying and sobbing around the steps of the altar where the little chorister, white and beautiful, with a smile upon his lips that irradiated his countenance with a heavenly expression. While she, gazing upward, prayed in an ecstasy of faith, a quiver was observed to pass over the marble features of the child; then the lids of his eyes were heavily raised, as when one is oppressed with sleep; a tinge of red gave back the hues of life to his lovely features; the still, chiselled smile broke broader and brighter over his face; he lived! he breathed! Lifted and folded to his mother's breast with a cry of joy, he was lost in sweet wonder at the hymns of praise which suddenly arose around him from the lips of those who witnessed the miracle; they had wept and prayed with the widow—now they as heartily rejoiced with her that her "lost was found"—that "her dead was alive." Then the little chorister of Our Lady loosened himself from his mother's embrace, and knelt in his accustomed place, before Our Lady's altar, while his voice rose clear and sweet in the *Laudates* they were chanting.



Archconfraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament.

I. — Its nature and object.



HIS Association, which was erected into an Archconfraternity by a Papal Brief dated May eighth 1897, is a spiritual affiliation of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament founded by the venerable Père Eymard of sainted memory to share its end of adoration and its zeal for the glory of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. Its ultimate object is to honor Our Lord in His Sacrament of love by obtaining for Him the frequent and fervent adorations of the souls He has redeemed and over whom He wishes to reign here below; to increase in Christians faith in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, the faith that expands in piety, zeal, self-sacrifice, good works; to strengthen and fortify souls by means of this sacrament, true source of all life and of all virtue in the church.

II. — Conditions of Admittance.

All Catholics and at any age may be received. The only conditions are the following.

1. The promise to make every month an hour of continuous adoration before the Blessed Sacrament whether exposed or enclosed in the tabernacle. The day, hour and church are left to the associate's choice and if so desired may be changed from one month to another.

2. Register name and surname in a special register in one of the houses of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament or one of its affiliated centres.

III. — Indulgences and Spiritual Benefits.

After inscription, the Associates participate in the following indulgences and spiritual benefits:

1. Union and share in the merits and good works of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament; in the numerous societies of Priests' Eucharistic League and the other Associations of the Congregation.

2. Plenary Indulgence on the day of admission: the conditions being confession, communion, visit to a church wherein the Blessed Sacrament abides and prayer for the Sovereign Pontiffs' intention. *(To be continued.)*