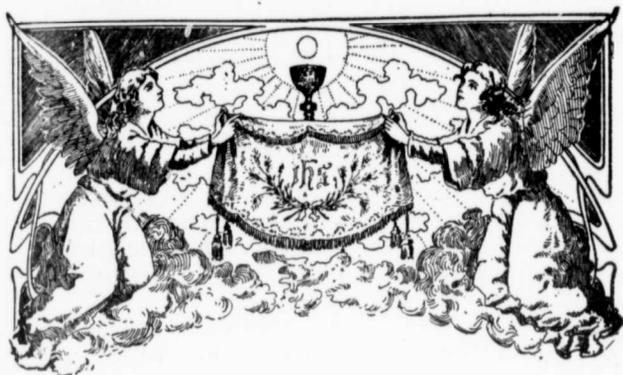




The Blessed Virgin and the Holy Angels.



May.

BY MARY W. BEAUFORT.

SING with me the glad Hail Marias
To the Queen of Heaven above;
Weave into a crown of roses
Thoughts of reverence and of love.

Sweetly sing on earth her praises;
Daily "hail" her "Full of grace"
Let it be your dying whisper,
Till you see her face to face.

The Apostle of the Holy Eucharist.

ANNA T. SADLIER.



N the splendid church of the Blessed Sacrament in Montreal, coincidentally with various similar celebrations throughout the Catholic world, took place, in the early days of February, a triduum of thanksgiving for the introduction at Rome, during the month of August last, of the Cause of Father Pierre Julien Eymard, founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of the B. Sacrament, who was signalized by the Cardinal Prefect of the Pope as "the most beautiful figure amongst those saints whom France has given to Church during the past century."

The ceremonies of those three eventful days consisted of Pontifical High Mass on the opening day, with Masses, Vespers and Benediction on the following days, and sermons by eminent preachers. It was a veritable festival of rejoicing for those in the immediate vicinity of the stately temple on the mountain slope. The triduum, which likewise commemorated the baptism of the Apostle of the Eucharist — a grace for which in his lifetime he had never ceased to thank God, — gave emphasis to the solemn approval of the Church on the life and works of the "St. John Baptist, the precursor of the Eucharistic reign of Jesus-Christ." Cardinals Svampa and Andrieu, two of the principal members of the commission, expressed the opinion that Father Eymard was "raised up by God in our epoch to rekindle in souls the love of the Holy Eucharist," and that his initiative was "the origin of the Eucharistic movement which in the last fifty years has been daily growing in the Church." The founder of that new Congregation was, in fact, to quote a high authority, "a priest of unbounded faith, who in the last half of the century had the holy audacity to undertake, in honor of the Divine Sacrament, something which seemed impos-

sible, but which has been realized, — namely, the giving of the Perpetual Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, and the procuring of the unfailing attendance of adorers all day long and all night as well."

It would be impossible to estimate by any human standard the work, so clearly providential and Heaven-inspired, that has been already accomplished by this herald of the Most High, or indeed the other works which he initiated. Few things in ecclesiastical history are more remarkable than the wonderful outburst of Eucharistic devotion that, during the closing years of the last century and the opening decade of the new, has swept as a wave from continent to continent. Not of course, that devotion to the Blessed Sacrament had ever waned and died. It was ever, and must be ever, the central point, the cardinal principle of the religion of Christ. It is the sacred vestal fire that has been kept alive through the ages, in the fire of persecution, in the chill of indifference, or in the obscurity of ignorance. It has given to the Church its martyrs, virgins, its confessors. It alone has made possible the realization of that one immortal promise linking God with man, "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world"; and it has shone round the Church of God as a glorious aureola, marking her out from all spurious imitations, all heretical claimants, to wear the garment of the Bride.

But with Father Eymard sprang into being a concentration of energy in the direction of the Holy Eucharist, — one of those providential movements that are adapted to each particular epoch of ecclesiastical history, and are so clearly Heaven-directed as to afford in themselves a proof of the truths of revelation. The "good day-laborer of Jesus Christ" was prepared and strengthened for his sublime vocation by an apparition of Mary Immaculate, who approved of his purpose, saying that all other mysteries of her Son's life were commemorated by a religious Order, but that the Blessed Sacrament alone had none. The future apostle was, moreover, presented by that Mother to the Lord of the Tabernacle Himself, who accepted Pierre Julien's consecration. Thenceforth the young levite, all on fire with the sacred flame of his ideal, gave himself up entirely to the service of the Eucharist.

"I made a vow," he says, "to devote myself to death in a society of adorers; and promised Our Lord that nothing should stop me.... Where is Jesus, my Saviour? In heaven and in the Blessed Sacrament. Heaven is but for angels and saints; the Blessed Sacrament is for me." With such sentiments, it is not surprising that he accomplished such wonders in the fifteen years of his sacerdotal ministry. At its outset he addressed a touching supplication to the Holy Father, with an outline of the Constitutions of his Order; and received from Pius IX, the warmest encouragement and approval, that saintly Pontiff declaring that the Blessed Eucharist should be made better known and loved by every possible means, and that Father Eymard's idea was evidently from Heaven.

What glorious results have followed from the devotedness, the fiery ardor of that single priest, was so humble that he wished to be forgotten after his death, to be confounded with the poor, and also to die, if it so pleased God, upon the roadside or in a stable! He founded, in the first place, a Congregation of Priests Adorers, who, as an eminent contemporary expresses it, are "the chamberlains in regular attendance upon the Eucharist; the guards who relieve each other at the foot of the altar." In the second place, Father Eymard founded a community of women, "the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament," who should assist in the carrying out of his grand ideal. And, that the laity might not be excluded from the special service of the Tabernacle, he established an archconfraternity on the easiest conditions. Merely one hour of adoration in any church or oratory, every month, suffices, to enroll a member. This organization, daily on the increase, has been enriched by successive Pontiffs with wonderful indulgences. Added to all this came the Sacerdotal League, binding its priestly members to the propagation of frequent and even daily Communion. This, too, has, of course, received the specific approval of Rome, accompanied with the exhortation of the Holy Father to the practice amongst the faithful of this apostolic and primitive devotion.

Everywhere the Eucharistic movement has seized upon the people, and has resulted in such splendid manifesta-

tions of faith and fervor as that witnessed in London last summer and wherever Eucharistic congresses have been held. It is as if those hidden springs of love, which everywhere and always kept green the piety of the peoples, suddenly burst forth into a torrent, which must eventually sweep before it those fearful evils that obstruct the path of life. For thus is being realized the sublime dream of Father Eymard — "to group society, re-animated by a new fervor, around the Emmanuel." "The worship of the Exposition," cries the apostle himself (and that is the central ideal of all he has banned), "is the crying need of our time. It requires this solemn protestation of the faith of the nations in the divinity of Christ, in the truth of His Sacramental Presence. It is the best possible refutation of the arguments of renegades, of the impious, the indifferent. It is necessary in order to save society."

And Father Eymard left it as a glorious heritage to his sons to promote this public adoration of the Sacred Host by every means in their power, and to exhaust themselves in propagating the Eucharistic cultus from one end of the earth to the other. He exhorted them to press into that service science and literature and art, to preach without ceasing the divine mystery of the Altar, to provide for retreats and novenas and tridiums. And this work, the very epitome of spirituality and holiness, is being proclaimed, as it were, from the housetops by that devoted band of men who, in the splendid churches they have erected, perpetually adore, and cause multitudes of their fellowmen likewise to join in adoration.

It is fitting, in the words of one of the sweetest singers* of religion and its mysteries, that the children of Pierre Julien Eymard, so soon to be raised to the altars of the Church,

Should bear his message, speak his grand design
 To all mankind, that every soul might bless,
 Adore and thank the Sacrament Divine,
 And serve It with love's true devotedness ;
 Might grave the motto of the great Eymard
 On every Christian heart, from shore to shore :
 Thy Eucharistic Kingdom come, O Lord,
 And triumph everywhere forevermore !

From the *Ave Maria*.

* Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Ascension Hymn.

A hymn of glory let us sing ;
 New be the songs of triumphing,
 For Christ by a new path hath gone
 To God and to His throne.

*With Mary the disciples met
 On mystic Mount of Olivet ;
 They saw the wonder, and adored
 The glory of the Lord.*

*To whom the angel-message given :
 " Why stand ye looking up to heaven ?
 This Jesus who hath left us, thus
 Shall come all glorious."*

*O Saviour, draw our hearts above
 With strongest bands of faith and love !
 There, seated by the Father's side,
 Thou dost forever bide.*

*Be thou our joy on earth, dear Lord,
 Who shalt in heaven be our reward ;
 Let all our glory be in Thee
 While countless ages flee.*



The Virgin of the Fishes.

By R. F. O' Connor.



It was the dawn, — a sweet Spring dawn, with all its fresh fragrance and coolness. The sky was not yet blue, and the moon's silvery disk continued shining amid the palling stars. In the distance, fishing boats with spreading sails were gliding over the amethyst — colored sea, steering toward the shore with their nets full of fish caught by

moonlight.

The fishmongers were gathering in the vast square of the city, coming from every quarter, — some from Wondello, others from Acqua Santa and Falsa but particularly from Sferracavallo. Here and there they go, with their supple bodies and hamstrings of steel, carrying on their brown heads hampers full of the product of the fishing, clad in no other garment than a simple bright colored shirt, and large trousers of coarse white cloth tucked up above the knee.

The gathering is complete. Each one stands before his basket of fish still palpitating with a remnant of life. Suddenly the crier's voice is heard, — a sonorous voice which rings through the pure air loud as a trumpet. The marketing is quickly done: buyers and sellers are in a hurry to get home, where the little family is anxiously awaiting father's return.

The sun was already rising above the waters, shedding warmth and life around. Scattered promiscuously upon a bed of green seaweed, the inhabitants of the sea were ending their ephemeral existence and the eye was dazzled with the sight of the back, breasts and fins of those creatures, dear to human appetites, in heaps which presented a medley of color of varied brilliancy. Bidding was brisk; and the baskets, overflowing with sardines, gurnets, mackerel and other fish, disappeared with astonishing rapidity.

As each basket was sold, the crier did not fail to deduct one of the finest fish in the lot, — it was for the Virgin. They knew that; and none of those men of rugged aspect, but of robust and simple faith, would have thought of opposing the traditional devotion. They would rather have given two than one for that sweet Virgin, of whom they asked help and protection on sea and land. And the sacred basket was filled before their eyes with the finest and rarest kinds, — regular mouthfuls for a king! The haul had been abundant, and the fishermen were joyfully jingling the money with which they filled their pockets, laughing and joking among themselves with that air of good-fellowship which contentment gives.

“The Madonna won’t be badly off to-day for oil to burn in her lamps,” observed one, with pious satisfaction.

“They may be able also to present her with flowers,” added a young fellow who was particularly devout to her.

The auction over, no one remained in the square but Uncle Vanni, the crier, and his comrade, Japico, the doyen of fishermen, to whom had fallen the envied lot of the Virgin’s fish, for which, out of respect for the heavenly protectress, he had paid without chaffering. The latter, after taking leave of his comrades, was likewise going away, when uncle Vanni caught him by the arm.

“Look, comrade! It seems to me there’s some one before the image of the Madonna, — am I deceived?” Japico, shading his eyes with his hand, looked in turn.

“Yes” said he, “there is some one! It’s a child, — quite a little mite scarcely higher than my boot. Good gracious, what is she doing there all alone? She is on her knees — and praying.”

"It's singular!" observed Uncle Vanni shaking his head. "What prayer can a child of that age be addressing to the Madonna? Does she know anything but the 'Hail Mary'?"

Very much puzzled, both men went over to the little girl.

"What are you doing there, little one, all alone?" the crier asked.

The little one — a tiny creature whose infantile body was scarcely covered by a tattered dress — turned toward them a tearful face, almost hidden under the tangled fleece of her black locks, whose meshes fell over her eyes.

"I'm hungry!" she moaned, raising her big black eyes toward them.

"What is your mother doing then, that she lets you go out like this, without giving you something to eat?"

"Mother is asleep yonder," replied the child, indicating with her little brown hand a poorlooking house.

"You should have remained with her" said Uncle Vanni, gently, "and waited until your mamma awoke."

"Mother said to me: 'Nuzza, I'm going to take a sleep; and if early to-morrow I'm still sleeping, you mustn't wake me, my little heart! You'll go straight to the Virgin of the Fishes — you know who's there near us — and ask her for bread. Pray hard: the good Virgin will give it to you; Mother then took me in her arms and embraced me, crying. Then she fell asleep, with a face so white —'"

And, without troubling herself any more about the persons present, the child turned toward the holy image.

"Good Virgin!" she said imploringly, all in tears,

"I'm hungry, — oh, very hungry! Give me a bit of bread!"

The two men, heart-wrung, looked at each other. Those old sea-wolves, who did not flinch before the storm, were quite moved at hearing the simple story of this little creature, hardly three years of age. They understood what the little one could not understand, and their eyes became moist.

Uncle Vanni looked thoughtfully at the money in his hand. But this sum belonged to the Virgin: it was consecrated to her for the purchase of the oil that filled the lamp which, day and night, burned before her statue.

One charitable thought animated the crier and his companion. Their eyes rose in silent prayer to that meek-eyed Virgin who was always smiling down from her rustic frame fitted into the old wall with large cracks, in which grew wild plants flowering in golden buds. The face of the old fisherman was presently lit up with a sudden inspiration.

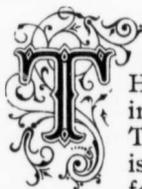
"Comrade," said he, the Lord's Mother bids us before all things to succor the wretched!"

On that day the Virgin of the fishes hadn't her lamp lit, but little Nuzza was not without bread and not only bread but also a home. For brave Uncle Vanni and his excellent wife adopted the orphan as their daughter.

The good Virgin with the meek eyes had heard the dying mother's prayer: henceforward her child would be no longer alone in the world; the little waif lost on the human ocean had found a safe haven and maternal care.

From the *Ave Maria*.

The Holy Eucharist, the Masterpiece of Love.



HE Gospel tells us that JESUS, on the eve of His Passion, having loved His own who were in the world, loved them unto the end. The institution of the Holy Eucharist, then, is the culminating point of our Saviour's love for us.

But how is this, you will ask. Does the Holy Eucharist show greater love towards us than the life or the death of JESUS? Yes; it does. For it contains within itself the fulness of both His life and His death. His life and His death are two mighty streams of glowing virtue and shining merit whose waters pour out into the ocean of the Eucharist, an ocean that knows no shores but those of eternity. Not a single drop has been lost or

forfeited aught of Its value. Our Lord lived and died but once within the little bounds of Palestine, nigh 2,000 years ago. Holy Eucharist repeats that same Divine life, not once only or twice, but hundreds and thousands of times, not in Palestine alone but over the entire face of this vast globe of ours, not for a number of years but as long as struggling mankind continues to run its weary course. The Holy Eucharist enfolds the life and death of JESUS in the immensity of number, space and time — and therefore I call it the Masterpiece of Divine Love.

“Unto the end.” “Take ye and eat.” This is My body which shall be given for you, today, to-morrow, unto the end. You will die and will pass on your inheritance to coming generations. Century after century shall pass by, and the great gift shall still be on earth, to draw from the cold hearts of men the first rays of Divine Love, and to smooth the passage from this world to the heavenly fatherland. Unto the end.

Unto the end. Ever young and ever old, ever sweet and ever mighty, ever living and ever enlivening, It bears within Itself the past, the present and the future: JESUS, the Son of Mary, the Church and her supernatural life of grace, the Resurrection and its never ending morn of glory.

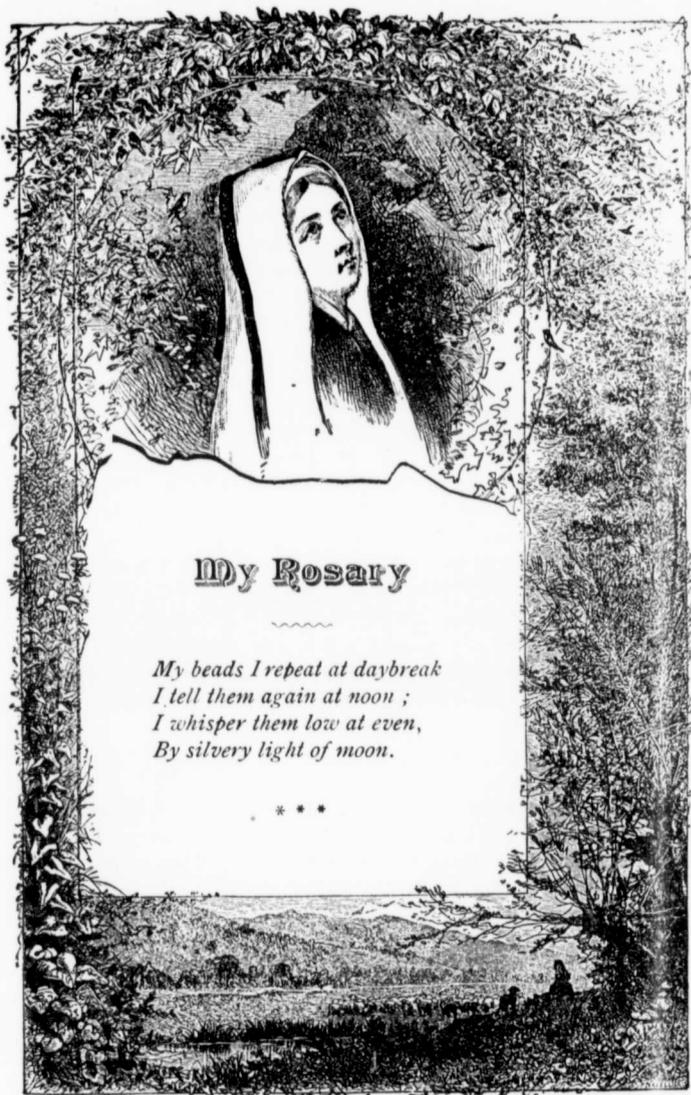
—o—

Reflexions.—If we would speak the language of heaven, we must learn the alphabet of it here.

Jesus is the Saviour of sinners. Mary the mother of sinners, and to us sinners He is still uttering from the Tabernacle the words which He uttered on the cross and in His commandment: “Behold thy Mother. Honor thy Mother.”—Father Dignam, S. J.

When we have handled something fragrant, our hands perfume whatever they touch; let our prayers pass through the Blessed Virgin’s hands, and she will give them fragrance.—Blessed Cure d’Ars.

In Order to Please God.—To care very much about God, we must know Him; He is the All-Holy, Whom it is wise to know and to understand. Let us have recourse to Mary. She is his Mother and so can tell us about Him. She is our Lady of Good Counsel, and so will teach us what to do and what to avoid in order to please Him and win Him for our own.—R. G. S.



My Rosary

*My beads I repeat at daybreak
I tell them again at noon ;
I whisper them low at even,
By silvery light of moon.*

*And faith fills my soul at sunrise,
With gladness of coming day ;
While hope with bright promise lightens,
Each step of my onward way.*

* * *

*But love-holy Presence-deepens,
As shades of the midnight fall ;
With love do I count in darkness,
My beads they are blessings all.*

* * *

*With love do I count in silence,
My beads-great the mystery ;
For Christ in His holy Temple,
Is telling them now with me.*

* * *

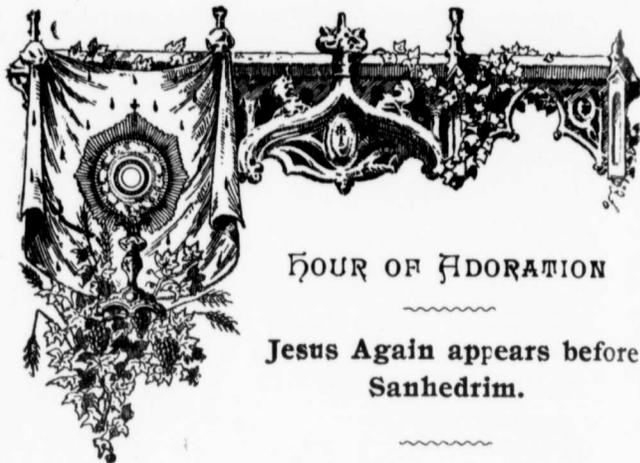
*White hosts in unbroken decades.
The Lord's hidden life reveal ;
White hosts that the Light of Heaven,
Do hide, but yet not conceal.*

* * *

*And when all my days are numbered
Lord, let them in Thy sight be,
The beads we have told together.
Communions, my Rosary,*

HONORA McDONOUGH.





HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus Again appears before Sanhedrim.

I. — Adoration.

The day has dawned, the day, says the Prophet Isaias, "of treading down and of weeping."

The Great Council is now convoked *to deliver Jesus to death*. The meeting of last night was only a simple interrogatory. The ordinary form of proceeding permitted not the sentence to be pronounced during the night. All the Sanhedrites, with the exception, perhaps, of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, now come in haste at the call of the High-Priest. "For their feet run to evil and make haste to shed blood." It was, indeed, necessary to hasten that they might end before the beginning of the Pasch, that is to say, the evening of the fifteenth of Nisan.

Jesus, His hands bound, His face covered with spittle, is led into this assembly of scoundrels, His executioners pushing Him violently. There is a question of having Him condemned by Pilate. It is important, then, to surprise on the lips of the Accused some word by which they may arraign Him before Pilate of having committed a crime against the government, of having formed a project of usurping royal authority.

Not only by Caiaphas, but by all the Sanhedrites, is He pressed to respond to the perfidious question: "*Si tu es Christus dic nobis* — If Thou art the Christ, tell us." The capital question is put at once. As the Christ, the Messiah, according to the prophets, should be a King at the same time, if Jesus answers; "*I am*," they will immediately accuse Him of wishing to usurp the royal power. And thus the Prisoner will Himself have furnished the chief accusation, grave enough to deserve condemnation to death by the civil authority.

Jesus baffled their cunning. He proposed to them this dilemma, to which they could give no answer: "If I shall tell you, you will not believe Me. And if I shall also ask you, you will not answer Me, nor let Me go." Reply wise and divinely calm! Jesus exposed the depths of their heart and unmasked their evil intentions.

In a majestic tone, the Saviour added: "But hereafter the Son of God shall be sitting on the right hand of the power of God." You who arrogate to yourselves the right to judge the Son of Man, you will be judged by Him, and you will see Him seated on a cloud at the right hand of the power of God. No mere mortal could speak in this way—thus to transport His judges from an earthly tribunal to that of God, to convoke them there for judgment and condemnation!

These words of Jesus excite only hatred and fury. His enemies cannot listen to Him announcing that He will come in all the pomp and majesty of His glory, without interrupting Him. They ask in a threatening tone; "Art Thou, then, the Son of God?" Their conclusion was logical. Whoever says that he will sit at the right hand of God to judge with Him, proclaims himself more than a creature and equal to God. A mere creature would never presume to seat himself with God, on the same throne, at the right hand of the Almighty! By this utterance, Jesus declared that His title of Son of God and His quality of Messiah are inseparable, and He intended His avowal to embrace both the one and the other.

Silence fell upon that assembly as it anxiously awaited the answer of the Accused. "The Sanhedrim, and with it all the Jewish religion, listened. Hell, which, according to the teaching of theology, had long been in doubt as to the Divinity of the Messiah, listened. The past, thrilling with the prophetic spirit, the future radiant with the genius of her doctors and empurpled with the blood of her martyrs, heaven ready to take up the eternal hosanna—all listened. Every knee was prepared to bend. The grand, the supreme proclamation was about to be uttered before the only tribunal divinely invested with religious authority."

And Jesus, in a solemn tone, responds: "*Yes, you have said it. I am He!*" Vainly have they struck Him in the face and covered Him with insults! That countenance, disfigured with spittle, is solemnly affirming before His executioners that He is the only Son of God! To your knees, O Christian, at the feet of Jesus Christ . . . adore and be silent!

Perhaps, on beholding Our Lord so disfigured by the maltreatment of that frightful night, and still more by the outrages of our own day offered Him under the poor and lowly species of the Sacrament, we, too, are tempted to put to Him the question: "Art Thou, indeed, Jesus Christ, the Messiah, the Son of the living

God, the splendor of the glory of the Eternal Father, the figure of His substance, and the invisible image of the Almighty?"

No, after the solemn declaration which I have heard from Thy lips, I can no longer hesitate: "Yes, Thou hast said it—*I am He!*" O Jesus, I believe that, under those humble appearances, both in Thy Passion and in Thy Eucharist, Thou art the Judge of the living and the dead. I believe that Thou wilt one day come at the right hand of the power of God to Judge all mankind. Yes, I believe, and I adore!

I believe that the solemn declaration of Thy Divinity is the expression of Truth itself. I believe that at this very moment, both in heaven and on the altar, Thou art the Son of God, not only the adopted Son, but the real Son of God, consubstantial, equal to the Father and to the Holy Ghost. I believe, and I adore!

II. — Thanksgiving.

If the day which is about to break is among us execrable, since it is that of Our Saviour's death, it is, on the other hand, the day above all others blessed, since it is that of our Redemption.

When Jesus saw through His prison-bars the first dawn of morning, raising as best He could His manacled hands toward the rays of light, from the bottom of His Heart He thanked His Father that this day had at length arrived.

This day so desired by the patriarchs! This day enthusiastically foretold by the prophets! This day after which He Himself had so ardently sighed! "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized: and how am I straightened until it be accomplished!" If we could have penetrated into His Heart at this moment, we should have seen with what joy He saluted the aurora of this great day, which was to be that of His sacrifice and of our salvation. It was at the dawn of this day that His enemies summoned Him to say whether He was the true Messiah promised to the people of Israel.

What kindness in Jesus' response! It contains no reproach, no injurious epithets. He wished to conquer His executioners by love. Rightly might He have convinced them of hypocrisy and overwhelmed them forever in shame and ignominy. But no. He would first make them feel that He read the bottom of their hearts and, although deeply wounded at the thought of the uselessness of His answers, He willed to enlighten them for the last time by a new and formal proof of His Divinity. If these poor Jews still obstinately refused the light, He would have nothing with which to reproach Himself. Even on the threshold of death, His love would have tried to convert them. After these formal declarations of His supreme jurisdiction and His Divine Sonship, ought they

not to have fallen on their knees before their Victim and made Him a sincere and public apology ?

Jesus' thoughts were with us, also, when proclaiming His Divinity. Even in the midst of His enemies He remembered us, He thought of *me*. He wished to instruct me, to confirm my faith, and to teach me to proclaim it in His Divinity, even at the peril of my life. He wished to be the first to sign with His Blood the proof of that Divinity. It was then that He became the King of Martyrs. During the past eighteen centuries 11,000,000 Christians have given their life in confession of His Divinity,—just answer to the testimony which He Himself rendered at the price of His Blood through His love for souls.

I thank Thee, O Jesus, in the name of all the martyrs who owed to Thy courage the price of so great a benefit ! thank Thee for willing to remain in the Blessed Sacrament in order to apply to them Thyself the grace of that strength which Thou didst merit by the confession of Thy Divinity.

I thank Thee, O My Jesus, for having preserved to me faith in Thy Divinity, for having come so often Thyself to nourish, strengthen, and increase it by this Sacrament of Faith ! What shall I render unto Thee for so much love ? Ah ! would that it were given me to mingle my blood with Thine in proof of Thy title of Son of God ! But of this I am not worthy. I wish, nevertheless, everywhere and always, without human respect, to confess my faith in Thy Divinity. When in speaking of the Eucharist, some doubt of Thy presence and say ; " Is it indeed Christ ? Tell us." With Thy grace, O Divine Saviour, were it even at the price of my blood, I will answer : " Yes, you have said it. It is He ! "

III. — Reparation.

It is probable that during the rest of the night the members of the Council thought less of repose than of taking means to consummate their criminal undertaking. At the break of day, St. Matthew tells us expressly, it was only to decide upon what plan to follow *in order to make Him die* that they held council.

Consider the eagerness of the Sanhedrites for evil. Their sitting of the preceding night had been prolonged to a late hour, and yet at the first glimpse of dawn they are again on the alert to finish their work of vengeance. " There is no question of reconsidering the sentence pronounced the evening before. JESUS is irrevocably condemned. The only question is to deliver Him to death with juridical forms and solemnity calculated to impose upon Pilate and the people." They are determined to put Him to death, come what may, in order to crush His doctrine, His faith, and His name.

In spite of the revelation which Jesus had made of the sentiments of their heart, in spite of His description of the terrible Last Judgment, in spite of the solemn affirmation of His Divinity, in spite of His adorable patience ; in a word, in spite of all His efforts to convert them, they harden their heart in their crimes, and pursue without truce or mercy the execution of their horrible designs. Compassionate the Divine Saviour, whose Heart is so desolate at not being able to save these poor souls. Fix your gaze on that livid Face, disfigured by blows and spittle. His judges mock at His title of Judge, Messiah, Son of God !

How they rejoiced on hearing from the mouth of the Accused the affirmations which would serve as a basis for His condemnation ! They anticipated already that the title of Messiah, in particular, would furnish the chief of the grave accusations to be presented before Pilate. According to the prophets, the Messiah was to be a king, so if Jesus declares Himself the Messiah, they are right in concluding that He aspires to royalty. They can, then, charge Him with this offence at the governor's tribunal : " We have found this Man saying . . . that He is Christ the King."

The crime of the Jewish nation is consummated. " He came unto His own and His own received Him not." How many governments of our day have inscribed at the head of their programme the downfall of Christ and His holy religion !

God in His turn will not delay to strike them dead. The nations that reject Jesus Christ are irrevocably condemned to perish. And these very Jews, so proud, so insolent, will soon be forced to serve as the footstool of Him whom they are now treating with so much contempt.

Pardon, O Jesus, this national crime of the Jewish people ! Pardon for all the affronts Thou dost received in their parliaments from the lips of those that ought to adore and proclaim Thee, in the name of society at large, the Son of God ! Their fury is unchained, above all again to Sacrament of Thy Love. They decree Thy death, Thy civil death, being no longer able to attack Thee in Thy natural life. They confine Thee within the precincts of the church and, if they do not dare to chase Thee from the soil of the country, they act in such a way as to humiliate and lower Thee as much as possible. Their countersign, their battle-cry, is always the same : " Let us cut Him off from the land of the living, and let His name be remembered no more."

Pardon, O Jesus, for the souls that, at this very moment, are expiating in purgatory the crime of human respect. Pardon, O Jesus, for having, perhaps, myself blushed at Thy name, at Thy Eucharist ! Henceforth nothing will be capable of hindering me from showing myself a Christian, from confessing my faith and love everywhere and at all times.

IV. — Prayer.

Properly speaking, there is but one single good really desirable here below for the Christian, and that is the knowledge of God and of His Son Jesus Christ. In this consists eternal life. The revelation, then, which Jesus makes of His Divinity is one of the greatest benefits granted to mankind. For the world to be saved it was necessary for Jesus to reveal Himself, to manifest His Divinity, to lay down His law and His morality.

But, alas ! the majority of Christians pay no attention to it. They think not even of putting to Jesus Christ in His Host this question of the Jews : “ *If Thou art the Saviour of the world, tell us. Art Thou the Son of God ?* ” No, they live near Jesus Christ and His churches without troubling themselves in the least about their Redeemer. O Jesus, have pity on our society in so wretched a plight !

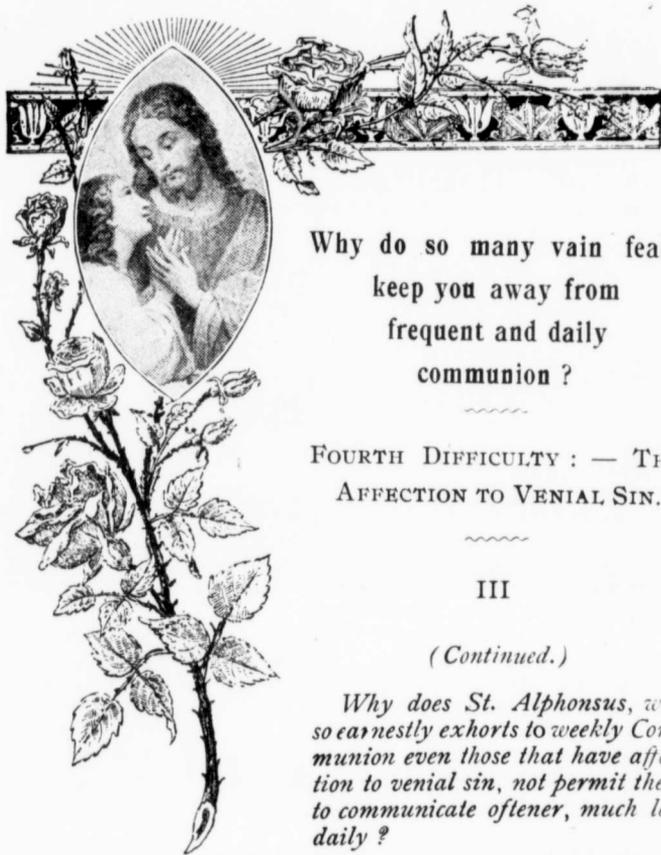
At least, dear Lord, excite in their soul a doubt, that they may sincerely put to Thee the question of questions, and that Thou mayst answer it. Dispose them to receive this fundamental truth of Thy Divinity and to believe it firmly. Make them rise from their torpor. Reveal Thyself to them. Show them Thy Divine Presence shining in the Host !

Reveal Thyself to the wicked and give them the grace of faith. Reveal Thyself to the indifferent that they may believe with practical faith and constantly act up to their belief. Reveal Thyself to pious souls that, knowing Thee better, they may love Thee more and live only for Thee.

Grant that I may never blush to confess Thy Divinity, O Divine Jesus-Hostia ! Grant that in Thy Presence I may never forget that Thou art my Saviour and my God !

RESOLUTION.—Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus, actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Earnestly beg Jesus to reveal Himself to the impious, to pious souls, and to yourself, that He may be better loved and better served.





Why do so many vain fears
keep you away from
frequent and daily
communion ?

~~~~~  
FOURTH DIFFICULTY : — THE  
AFFECTION TO VENIAL SIN.

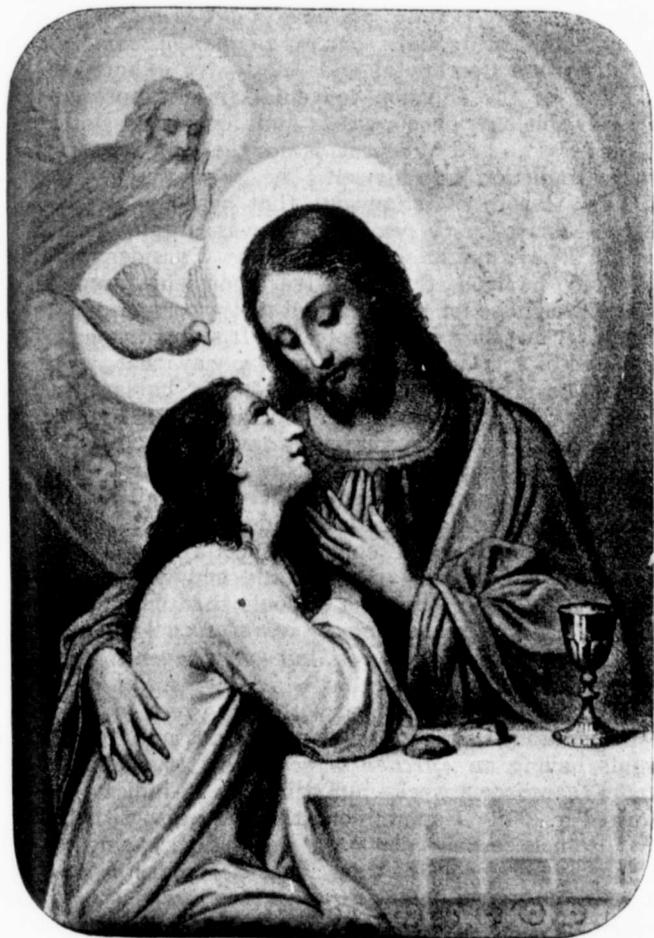
~~~~~  
III

(Continued.)

Why does St. Alphonsus, who so earnestly exhorts to weekly Communion even those that have affection to venial sin, not permit them to communicate oftener, much less daily ?

IN the two preceding paragraphs you have seen, Christian soul, that the Doctor of the Church, St. Alphonsus, teaches you : first, that it is lawful to communicate with *affection to venial sin* and that, consequently, in communicating even with this *affection*, you perform a *holy* action ; secondly, that we ought, in consequence, exhort souls in the grace of God to approach the Holy Table devoutly every eight days, although they have this *affection*.—But you cannot understand why he does not permit them in this case to communicate *more frequently*, still less *every day*.

Is not that an inconsistency ? you ask me. What ! the holy Doctor exhorts me to communicate *devoutly* once a



week, although I have an *affection to venial sin*, because I communicate lawfully, also *holily*. With the same *affection to venial sin*, would I not communicate lawfully,

consequently *holily*, if I did so two or three times a week? And if I communicate lawfully, consequently *holily*, two or three times in the week, why not four, five, six times? . . . Why not every day? . . . And if, communicating daily with an *affection to venial sin*, I perform an action lawful and *holy*, why exhort me on account of the affection to venial sin to approach the Holy Table only once a week, and forbid my doing so oftener? . . . I repeat, is not the holy Doctor here in contradiction with himself?

I say to you, Christian soul, that here St. Alphonsus shows himself *very prudent*. He was a saint, and the saints always aim at acting *prudently*. Consider the time in which he lived, the excessive rigor which regulated the dispositions for frequent and daily Communion, and see what *prudence* exacted of him. It seems to me that it exacted of him to write in such a way that, wishing more, he might not lose the less. For having taught (yet with great moderation), contrary to St. Francis de Sales, that one who preserves an *affection to venial sin* may be permitted to communicate once a week, he saw himself the object of violent attacks. His doctrine was treated as scandalous, and he had to defend himself on two occasions by clear replies. Reflect a little, Christian soul, on what would have been said and written against him, to the great detriment of souls, had he taught that they who have an *affection to venial sin* might communicate not only once a week, but *oftener even every day?*

It was, very necessary that St. Alphonsus in his words and writings should proceed with very great *prudence*. It was prudence that suggested to him not only to permit souls having an *affection to venial sin* to communicate more than once a week, but still more to indicate, as required by daily Communion, the same dispositions that St. Francis de Sales prudently demanded, having regard to the exigencies of his time: that is, besides *detachment from venial sin, a great desire to communicate, the having surmounted the greater part of one's evil inclinations, and obedience to the advice of one's confessor.*

I say *having had regard to the exigencies of his time*, for St. Francis de Sales could not have been ignorant of

what St Alphonsus wrote later : " Down to the pontificate of Nicholas I., at least, that is, in the ninth century, to communicate every day, it sufficed to have no grave faults upon one's conscience and to be without affection for any of these faults, or to have confessed them rightly." Here we see no question of a *great desire to communicate* (which the holy Fathers knew well how to excite both by word and writing where it did not before exist), nor of *having surmounted the greater part of one's bad inclinations*, nor, in fine, *of the advice of the Spiritual Father*. And what sufficed then as an habitual disposition ought certainly to suffice in the time of St Francis de Sales, as it suffices to day ; for since the ninth century the Church has promulgated no precept imposing for daily Communion anything more than the state of grace.

But woe to St. Francis de Sales if, in his time, he had taught that the state of grace *alone* sufficed for communicating worthily every day ! Woe to him, again, if, besides the state of grace, he had been satisfied with exacting *only detachment from venial sin*, without any other disposition for daily Communion !

It was for this reason that St Alphonsus, as well as St Francis de Sales, took into consideration the state of mind of his contemporaries, and demanded for daily Communion, besides the state of grace, *detachment from venial sin*, as also the other dispositions mentioned above. He wished to show himself *prudently* rigid, in order that the rigorist of the day, who were already raising up so many difficulties, would leave him in peace, while in his sermons, confessions, writings, he so zealously and fervently exhorted all souls in the state of grace to communicate every week, whether they had or had not an *affection to venial sin*.

Meanwhile, God alone knows how much these holy Doctors, so inflamed with love for the Blessed Sacrament, so passionately eager for daily Communion, prayed in the secret of their heart to hasten the moment in which they would be permitted to teach freely and openly what the austere rigorism of their time forced them to keep silent through *prudence*.

But the time came when the illustrious Mgr. de Ségur could write : " One only disposition is *of precept* for

communicating worthily and usefully, and that is, the state of grace, accompanied by the firm purpose of shunning at least mortal sin and the occasion of mortal sin. Behold the law which rules all Communion, frequent, or non-frequent, the daily Communion of the priest, as well as the Paschal Communion of the ordinary Christian. The time has come when the pious, learned, and experienced Frassinetti is able to teach openly: "The Christian who communicates every day, although with imperfections and venial sins, receives daily an increase of sanctifying grace. Behold the good that I see, and which appears to me truly great. This great good—it is to be noted—is gained even by him who communicates with an *affection to venial sin.*"

The time has come in which a review which carries with it authority,—*La Civiltà Cattolica*,—could wisely observe: "If the conditions well known,—but UNKNOWN to ST. AUGUSTINE AND ST. THOMAS,—of detachment from venial sin, of the usage of meditation, were absolutely required by the holiness of the sacrament for the daily Communion of laics, we do not see why the confessor should not exact them equally, even with greater reason, of priests, in order to allow them the daily Celebration which is terminated by Communion. This is certainly *not* the common practice, and it has never been inculcated, as we know.

"They will say—this objection has been presented—that the priest celebrates the Divine Sacrifice in the name of the Church. We confess that we do not seize the force of this reply. The sacerdotal dignity does not necessarily imply daily celebration for every priest, still less does it exact it or authorize it in him who brings not thereto the dispositions of purity and holiness which ought certainly to be found in a more eminent degree in the priest for the celebration of the Sublime Sacrifice than among the simple Faithful for the reception of the Eucharist."

Lastly, appears the Decree of Pius X.!

Might we not say that St Alphonsus himself forswore these times when regretting, so to speak, the too perfect dispositions demanded by him for daily Communion, he wrote: "The more infirm you see yourself" (*is not affection to venial sin a great infirmity?*), "the more ought

J
H.
th
Hi
wi
loy
pec
rou
the
rat
dig
riot
stri
self
O
wat
hear
we
com

you to seek the remedy that Holy Communion offers you, according to the word of St. Ambrose : ' I who sin constantly, constantly ought to have a remedy.' '' To walls that incline, we place props, not to straighten them, but to prevent them from falling.—You see no progress, you say. And if you did not communicate, would you be better ?—No, you would be worse !

The Blessed Virgin and the Angels.

(See frontispiece.)

THE Son of God made man, Our Lord Jesus Christ, is not only the king of men but of the Angels also. These heavenly spirits were created for Him, to form His court and to sing His praises. They worship Him as their Creator and acknowledge as their glorious Queen, His spotless Mother, the blessed Virgin. They are filled with admiration in her presence, they serve her most loyally, they give her highest honor and offer her respectful homage. While she lived on earth they hovered round her, eager to contemplate, glad to serve the Mother of their Creator. Their example teaches us to venerate the Mother of God in a manner befitting His royal dignity. Come then with humble confidence to her glorious throne, love her with all the faculties of your soul, strive by every means in your power to honor her yourself and lead others to do likewise.

O gentle Queen, raised above all the Choirs of Angels, watch over us, keep us and guard us, and inflame our hearts with divine love, so that after this earthly life, we may through your intercession, be admitted to the company of these heavenly Spirits.





The Last Evening of May.

*I*N the mystical dim of the temple,
 In the dream-haunted dim of the day,
 The sunlight spoke soft to the shadows,
 And said: "With my gold and your grey,
 Let us meet at the shrine of the Virgin,
 And ere her fair feast pass away,
 Let us weave there a mantle of glory,
 To deck the last evening of May."

*The tapers were lit on the altar,
 With garlands of lilies between ;
 And the steps leading up to the statue
 Flashed bright with the roses' red sheen.
 The sunbeams came down from the heavens
 Like angels, to hallow the scene,
 And they seemed to kneel down with the shadows
 That crept to the shrine of the Queen.*

*The singers, their hearts in their voices,
 Had chanted the anthem of old,
 And the last trembling wave of the Vespers
 On the far shores of silence had rolled.
 And there—at the Queen-Virgin's altar,
 The sun wove the mantle of gold,
 While the hands of the twilight were weaving
 A fringe for the flash of each fold.*

*And wavelessly, in the deep silence,
 Three banners hung peaceful and low—
 They bore the bright blue of the heavens,
 They wore the pure white of the snow—
 And beneath them fair children were kneeling,
 Whose faces, with graces aglow,
 Seemed sinless, in land that is sinful,
 And woelless, in life full of woe.*

*Their heads wore the veil of the lily,
 Their brows wore the wreath of the rose,
 And their hearts, like their flutterless banners,
 Were stilled in a holy repose.
 Their shadowless eyes were uplifted,
 Whose glad gaze would never disclose
 That from eyes that are most like the heavens
 The dark rain of tears soonest flows.*

*The banners were borne to the railing,
 Beneath them, a group from each band ;
 And they bent their bright folds for the blessing
 That fell from the priest's lifted hand.
 And he signed the three fair, silken standards,
 With a sign never foe could withstand.
 What stirred them ? The breeze of the evening ?
 Or a breath from the far angel-land ?*

*Then came, two by two to the altar,
 The young, and the pure, and the fair,
 Their faces the mirror of Heaven,
 Their hands folded meekly in prayer.
 They came for a simple blue ribbon,
 For love of Christ's Mother to wear ;
 And I'm sure, with the Children of Mary,
 The Angels of Mary were there.*

*Ah, faith ! simple faith of the Children !
 You still shame the faith of the old !
 Ah, love ! simple love of the little,
 You still warm the love of the cold !*

*And the beautiful God who is wandering
Far out in the world's dreary wild,
Finds a home in the hearts of the children,
And a rest with the lambs of the fold.*

*Then back once more from the altar
The white veils swept on, two by two ;
And the holiest halo of heaven
Flashed out from the ribbons of blue ;
As they laid down the wreaths of white roses
Whose hearts were as pure as their hue ;
Ah ! they to the Christ are the truest,
Whose loves to the Mother are true !*

*And thus, in the dim of the temple,
In the dream-haunted dim of the day,
The Angels and Children of Mary
Met ere their Queen's Feast passed away,
Where the sunbeams knelt down with the shadows,
And wove with their gold and their grey
A mantle of grace and of glory
For the last, lovely evening of May.*

FATHER RYAN.

De Profundis Alleluia



IN the little village there are three houses, three houses which look alike but which in reality are not at all alike.

The one to the left, a nice house ; three windows on the upper flat, two on the lower ; door in the centre ; white walls, grey shutters, slate roof.

It is Easter Sunday and eight o'clock

Where is the master ?

Asleep . . . his two eyes are tightly closed. Let him sleep.

Nine o'clock....Where is the Master now?....

Still sleeping, but one eye is partly open....He will waken soon.

Ten o'clock....high Mass....Where is the Master now?

Lounging in his morning gown. Leisurely sipping his coffee.

Eleven o'clock.... Where is the master now?

Smoking his cigar. Reading his paper.

Twelve o'clock.... Where is the Master now?

Just finished dressing. With a last look in the glass and a last twirl to his mustache, he takes his hat and cane : he is going out with Madam....in an hour or two.

Indeed !....Where is Madam?

Making herself beautiful ! An operation at which she has been engaged for the last hour. In another hour or two she will have done and be ready to go out with her husband. The weather is beautiful, the sun brightly shining, the trees budding, the birds singing an ideal day for a walk. And besides Easter Sunday is the day on which elegant costumes are displayed. All the world goes out to see....and to be seen.

This evening Madam will be radiant. The adulation showered upon her, the admiring glances, the whispered words of praise that greeted her this morning will course through her veins like some rare old wine with its blissful intoxication.

Happy couple ! What a glorious Easter for them ! What a well-spent day....

O God !....

And you think these people live?....No they are dead ! And on the white walls of their home the joyous Easter sun falls as on a tomb !

They are dead and their guardian Angels knew it and wept on their threshold this morning. The Easter Angel passed radiant with joy : Alleluia, my brother, Alleluia !....

And the guardian Angels sadly answered : Alas ! There is no resurrection here. De Profundis, my brother, De Profundis !....

The one in the middle, a nice house, three windows on the upper flat, two on the lower door in the centre ; white walls, grey shutters, slate roof.

Madam the nurse, the children all the house-hold are gone to mass....

All but the poor master and he is lonesome. Why didn't he go to mass also ?

He go to mass !...Why he's a man !...And besides, what would they say ?...

They say...They say...Did you ever meet Mr. *They Say* ?

Mr *They-Say* personifies all those who have not the courage of their convictions and who weakly excuse their want of character by saying : I know very well what I should do but I do not do it. I am a coward !.

Don't for a moment imagine Mr *They-Say*, personifies respectable, sensible members of society.

What would these latter say if the master went to mass ?

Simply that he was doing his duty, whereas now he neglects it.

But the master is evidently more afraid of the senseless crowd and consequently buries himself in his house Easter Sunday morning as in a sepulchre.

In a sepulchre. I Speak literally. That man is a corpse. Upright men despise him, God upbraids him : "You bear the name of living and you are dead ; I will blot you from the book of life".

Heaven grant this poor deluded corpse may arise before the hour of doom !

His angel guardian wept on the threshold of his dwelling.

The radiant Easter Angel sang as he passed, Alleluia, The Angel guardian of his wife and children repeated with equal joy :

Alleluia !

But the father's and husband's sobbed :

De Profundis, my brother, De Profundis !

The one to the right, a nice house, three windows on the upper flat, two on the lower; door in the centre, white walls, grey shutters, slate roof.

Papa—"Marguerite, come and fasten my necktie."

Marguerite—"In a minute, Papa, I am just finishing tying my shoe-lace."

Mamma—"Nurse, bring me baby's white dress."

Nurse—"Here it is Madam."

Master George—Mamma, where are my ruffled cuffs.”

A merry happy crowd they are, all talking together without rhyme or reason, but all intent on one thing, to be ready in ample time for mass...O the exemplary family ! What a beautiful morning they will spend down there in God's temple. How merrily they will return home, joy overflowing from their pure hearts like the sun's rays from the blue heavens. In the afternoon, one and all go back to assist at Vespers and Benediction in glad thanksgiving for the morning's communion. And don't you think the homeward walk through the fields is laden with perfume other than spring breezes and budding plants? After supper comes the family gathering, where in parents, children and friends while away the hours with music, laughter and song, and taste once more the fulness of Eastertide.

No tears on that threshold.

The guardian angels of that happy band are radiant with joy.

And when the Easter Angel passed singing :

Alleluia, my brother, Alleluia !

They repeated : Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

And the house vibrated with the glad refrain : Alleluia.

In the little village there are three houses ; three houses that look alike but that are in reality not at all alike.

A Beautiful act of Faith.

AMONG the many notable happenings in the life of a missionary in the South, the following touching incident certainly deserves a prominent place.

About three or four miles from Piscataway, Prince George's Co., Maryland, embosomed in the woods and severely alone in its marked isolation stood a little cottage tenanted by the only Catholic colored family in that section of St. Mary's Parish. Not that the colored settlers of the surrounding country were few and far between, or

that many colored Catholics did not frequent the Parish church on Sundays and Holidays ; but it happened that this little Catholic cottage was perched in the very centre of what may be called a Baptist and Methodist camp ground, fully fourteen miles from the priest's house, which was at their principal mission near the county seat, Marlborough, known in history as the birth-place of the Photo-Bishop Carrol. In short, everything favored a lukewarm or nominal Catholicity, if not speedy apostasy since no priest could attend St. Mary's more frequently than once a fortnight.

At one of these visits an urgent sick call from the little cottage reached the priest, just in time to save the messenger a father journey of fourteen miles. Off at once the priest started arriving at the cottage at nine o'clock. The last mile had to be trudged on foot. Up to the ankles in slush and mud, the priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament approached the house. But what a scene presented itself to his eyes.—The whole family, the sick mother excepted out of doors on their knees in the mud, hands clasped, heads bowed, not a syllable to break the sublime stillness ! With an eye of divine faith they saw the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, coming, and, forgetting even themselves, fell prostrate in the mud before Him.

The priest was moved to tears. Who could witness that scene without emotion ? And yet a more touching sight remained to be witnessed, which defied all efforts at self-possession. Coming to the door, what was his surprise to find the damp, clay floor from the threshold to the sick bed carpeted with new shawls, and the whole sick room wainscotted with sheeting newly washed and ironed, rivaling the snowflake in its whiteness and purity ! Barrels of flour, potatoes, tables, trunks and boxes—everything, in short, that was not in keeping with the best articles of furniture, they had covered with the same upholstery. In vain he motioned to have the shawls lifted up, and for some moments stood outside the door ; but not a hand touched them till he had picked his muddy steps as well as he could past them, and deposited the Blessed Sacrament on the table.