



The night prayer.

By Annouid



“ ALL ARE YOURS, AND YE  
ARE CHRIST'S.”

*I brought my hard cold heart of stone  
And laid it on His shrine.  
Now all I have is His alone.  
And all that's His is mine.*

*The glory of His character,  
The Beauty of His grace,  
His loving, winsome gentleness,  
The sunshine of His face.*

*Oh, blessed, glorious heritage,  
To us poor mortals given.  
This transformation, so divine,  
That makes us meet for Heaven.*

*When we look back a million years,  
To this poor earthly life,  
We'll read the mystery of our tears  
The victories won thro' strife.*

*The reason why our feet have trod  
Gethsemaue's dark shade  
Why we were crucified with Him,  
And in the garden laid.*

*And not for all the stars that shine  
In yonder heavenly blue,  
Would we that better part resign,  
Which now makes all things new.*

*And when thro' many millions more,  
We find new heavens begun,  
We shall be little children still,  
And He our rising sun.*

## The Gospel of the Eucharist.

### *The Birth and the Magi.*

*Behold I bring you glad tidings ; this day  
a Saviour is born unto you. (LUKE, II, 10, 11.)*



HE mysteries of the natural and hidden life of the Son of God pass so quickly that they leave us behind-hand in speaking of His Sacramental life.

In fact, already the stable of Bethlehem, the shepherds, even the Magi have long since disappeared ; we must then hasten, and in order to get more in touch with the Church, shall, at one and the same time, consider the touching mystery of Bethlehem and of the adoration of the Magi, perpetually reproduced in our midst in the Blessed Eucharist. Thus uniting two festivals that cannot very well be separated and showing Jesus-Christ being born every day on our altars, as He was in the stable ; being adored every day on our altars by devout worshippers, poor and rich, as He was by the shepherds and by the Magi.

Behold then I announce to you with the Angel, glad tidings. To day again, aye even today is born unto you a Saviour, a Redeemer.

Whether we consider this mystery of the Saviour's birth in itself or in its principal circumstances and effects we necessarily draw the same conclusion, namely, that, by the Eucharist it is renewed and perpetuated throughout the centuries. On the altar Jesus really takes a second birth. He is there where He had no previous existence, begotten by the priest as had been foretold : " The mouth of the just will beget the Eternal Wisdom."

By what signs can we recognize the new-born King ? " You will find," said the Angel, a little Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger. Here the signs are the same. If you draw near the altar after the

consecration, if you open the tabernacle, what will you find. Something frail and helpless, something humble and little in appearance ; the Eternal become the Being of a day : the Immense confined in the small dimensions of a host ; the Infinite occupying scarcely an iota in space.

St Augustine says, it is the Child's nature to be silent. Here the Word is silent ; the living and uncreated Word mute. Here again Jesus is wrapped in swaddling-clothes, as formerly in the manger : look at the corporal spread out on the altar, or in the tabernacle, at the white species veiling Him in the Sacrament and see the swaddling-clothes of the Host, the Eucharistic swaddling-clothes of His love with which the priest covers Him at the consecration. Behold that priest especially the first time he performs that sacred function ; the first time he celebrates this august mystery : his heart throbs with the same emotions as the Virgin Mother's, his hand trembles, he scarcely dares touch the sacred Host, his God, he falls on his knees, he adores : yet, he can say with the Eternal Father : Thou art my well-beloved Son, it is I who have just begotten Thee here.

Finally He is laid in a manger, at Bethlehem which in Hebrew means — house of peace. — Is not the Church another Bethlehem, a new house of peace ? The sanctuary is the stable, the tabernacle the manger, and the ciborium is it not another crib holding the flesh of the Son of God, the Food of Souls, the Living Bread conferring immortality.

Alas ! and as a new point of resemblance, how many churches as bare as the stable ; how many tabernacles as poor and neglected as the manger ; how many vestments and ornaments bespeaking general indifference, lack of reverence. To work then, dear readers, to work for the Eucharistic Infant, and for the beauty of His abiding-places.

If the signs and circumstances are alike, the effects are absolutely the same. This second birth of Christ gives as much glory to God as that first. If in holy Mass and by Communion it procures for man so many graces, so much happiness, in the tabernacle itself, where He abides night and day, what adoration, what prayer, what reparation, what thanksgiving does He not continually

offer to God His Father ; what graces and blessed inspiration scatter broadcast to enlighten, console, bless and sanctify. I do not marvel that the priest, this Angel of the God of Armies, standing beside this new crib, in this other stable, voices the hymn sung by the Angels on Bethlehem's plains : " Glory to God in heaven and peace on earth to men of good will." We can say with the Prophet, a little child is born unto us. For us : truly for us and not for the celestial spirits, nor for the saints that reign in heaven, nor for himself who has nothing to gain from us ; but, for us, children of men, travellers in this valley of exile, for each one of us, and, moreover in personal love, in special affection. I cannot dwell on this thought without being deeply touched. What ! on the corporal, in the ciborium is a host expressly for me : The priest does not know it, but Jesus does : a host specially destined for me, which will not be given to any other, which is mine, and mine alone, and in which while performing the mystery of transubstantiation and the twelve miracles computed by Theologians, Jesus thought of me in particular, only of me and repeated my name. O marvel of love ! Surely great enough to satisfy even my egotism and allow me to lay my hand on that host and say : " Jesus you belong to me ! "

In the mystery of the Nativity. Mary and Joseph are the models of priests, the Shepherds and Magi of the faithful.

It was night when the Shepherds came to adore the Infant Saviour : like them, you too can come at night and kneel in adoration ; but, at least come in the day time. Choose an hour that suits you, be punctual to that hour, come with gladness as to a loving tryst and neath Mary's guard you will find Jesus himself in another crib ; you will feel, and taste and understand the sweetness and magnanimity of the Divine Infant ; those witnessing your fidelity and recollection, your spirit of faith and adoring love will be filled with admiration and like the Shepherds you will return praising and glorifying the Lord.

Come often and faithfully to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament ; come to satisfy His delight to be with the children of men ; come to unite your heart, your life, your

soul, your prayers, your joys, your sufferings, sorrows and trials to His ; come to love Him, console Him, bless Him, thank Him, petition Him ; no matter how often you come, or what special intention may bring you, you will always find His mercy and His grace, you will always be consoled and strengthened.

And on days of Benediction and Exposition, which are for Jesus, days of Reception, of Epiphany do not fail to come and visit Him more solemnly with the Magi. When you cross the threshold of the Church, this new Jerusalem, if you ask the guardian, where is He who is just born, King of the Jews ; he will show you the altar where the Holy Reserve is kept, but scarcely will you have taken a step or two, before the sanctuary lamp shining like a star in the firmament of the Church, will guide you to the mystical Crib, and you will cast yourself before it like the Magi to adore the Infant God. Like them also you will open the treasures of your hearts and offer Him the gold of charity, the incense of prayer, the myrrh of mortification ; you will worship Him as Man, as King, as God ; you will make a voluntary offering to beautify His Crib, to entertain more befittingly His sanctuary and that of His Mother ; He will accept the tribute of your fealty, the homage of your love, and bestow on you His promised " peace on earth to men of good will."

Doubtless the Magi would have been glad to prolong their stay and their adoration at Bethlehem, but duty recalled them and they returned by another way. You also, dear readers, recalled by your families and duties, you cannot remain always in adoration with the Angels, but like the Magi must quit the holy place, and return to your daily avocations, fortunate when you return more joyously, more courageously not compelled by some domestic tyrant, jealous even of God, Himself, to return by another way.

However that may be, always return by another way, a gentler way. After having communed with the Infant God, you will leave feeling better, calmer, happier, you will carry His spirit and His Charity with you, and be better disposed to do good and to contribute your share to glorify God and to save the souls of others by saving your own.

Tradition relates that having returned to their native country, the Magi prepared hearts to receive the Gospel, and that it was already well known and practised when the Apostles went there. Go and do likewise ; prepare souls for Jesus, make His holy Law known and loved ; speak of Him to those surrounding you ; moreover, do it so tactfully and so lucidly that when they hear the Word of God it may not be to them an unknown language, a strange dialect.

If you love Jesus have zeal for His glory. Use every available means to lead others to Him, God's ministers, like the Apostles, will some day take up and continue your work and Jesus Himself complete it.

Saviour of Souls, give souls to God, and to those souls the happiness of knowing and loving God, the grace and the happiness I wish you.

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## An Old Legend of St. Joseph.

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**F**ROM the second century after Christ comes down to us a quaint and beautiful story called the "History of Joseph the Carpenter." Containing the life of Joseph as told by Our Lord to the disciples, after the Resurrection.

It tells of the death of St. Joseph and how our Lady begged her Son to save His foster-father's life, but Christ, with great pity of her sorrow, said :

"Oh, My mother, most loving, surely upon all creatures which are born into this world lieth the same necessity of dying, for death hath dominion over all the human race. Thou also, oh, My mother, must expect also the same end of life, with all other mortals. Nevertheless, thy death, as also the death of this pious man, is not death but life forever."

So, tended lovingly by Jesus and Mary, whom he had so tenderly cared for in life, St Joseph passed away. and "angels came and wrapped his soul in a garment of dazzl-

ing purity and carried it to heaven." And Jesus promised that his body should be preserved until Judgment Day, and said to those who attended him to the grave :

Whoever giveth to the wretched and poor, to widows and orphans, of the work of his hands, in the day when thy memory is celebrated, and in thy name, he shall not be without goods all the days of his life. Whosoever shall

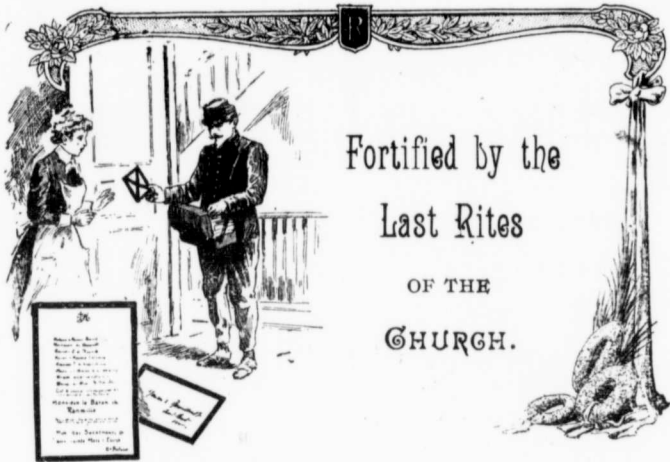


offer to drink of a cup of water to the widow and orphans in thy name, I will give him to thee that thou mayest go in with him to the banquet of a thousand years." Let us not forget, then, upon the nineteenth of March to honor the foster-father of Our Lord, that.

"Thrice happy saint of God, whose dying breath was poured forth in the fond, encircling arms of Jesus and Mary ; glorious death, that knew no fears, no terrors, no alarms."







Fortified by the  
Last Rites  
OF THE  
CHURCH.

CONSTERNATION fills the city as the sad rumour runs through it, like an icy blast, that the dearly loved Baron of Ranmille is dying... In his palatial home, the grief stricken family surrounded by sympathetic relatives, eagerly watch and wait for news from the sick room. Two of the cleverest physicians are in constant attendance at his bedside, fully determined, that, if he must die, it shall only be after every human aid and remedy known to their learned profession has failed.

Father James, Pastor of the Cathedral hearing the rumour hastens to the Baron's home with anxious inquiries. The lackey answers "that the report is only too true, that the Baron is very low, but that the Doctors have noticed a slight improvement within the last hour."

"Kindly take my card to the Baroness and ask her if I may see the patient."

The priest was not obliged to wait long for his answer; but to his sorrow found it different from what he expected. As if ashamed of his message the lackey said very low:

"Madam is very grateful to you. She desires me to tell you she regrets that she cannot receive you now, that her husband passed a fairly good night, and that the last bulletin announced a slight improvement."

Without further insistence, Father James left with the full intention of returning early the next day. Towards evening the most alarming reports are circulated and the Pastor in consequence much worried. As early as possible the following morning he makes another attempt to see the Baron.

The same lackey, with eyes that show traces of many tears, and expression that foreshadows the worst opens the door.

"The Baron is worse, is he not? Be kind enough to take my card to the Baroness."

"Madam cannot leave her husband's bedside... she is completely overcome.. she cannot see you..."

"At least, let her know that I am here, as priest and friend; and that when every human help fails, we must turn to divine."

"I would like to Father, but... my orders are imperative... still..." after a moment or two he turned and slowly ascended the broad stairway closely followed by the anxious priest.

They entered a large salon where scattered groups of relatives and friends conversed in subdued voices. At sight of the priest, as if he presaged the grim spectre death, fear and consternation is written on every countenance, chill silence greets him.

Finally, one of the sick man's relatives recognizes the priest and advances to meet him.

"I heard the Baron was very ill and came to offer the help of my ministry. This is feasible on account of the cordial relations always existing between us. Business may have absorbed his attention to the exclusion of religious practices, but at heart he was ever a true Christian... Please tell his wife that I am here."

As he spoke the portieres were drawn, and a woman pale as death, with disordered hair and eyes heavy with tears entered the room. At sight of the priest, an old acquaintance, nevertheless, and a friend of the family, she started violently but quickly recovered her self-possession.

"Madam," said he, advancing to meet her, "You know how deeply I sympathize with you... In those hours of anguish when human means are powerless we must turn to God..."

“ Consequently this is not merely a friendly visit I am paying you, but one in which as God’s minister I bring you the help of religion and the consolations of the Church for your dear husband. Allow me I beg of you, for the sake of his soul, and of his eternal happiness to see him.”

“ Father, I am deeply touched with your kindness nevertheless let me tell you things are not quite as bad as that... all hope is not yet given up... Oh ! ”



And in a paroxysm of grief she threw herself upon a sofa and hurst into tears. Then growing a little calmer continued :

“ The physicians watch him constantly... They will not allow any one to enter his room... The least emotion might be fatal !...”

When she was perfectly calm the priest rejoined :  
 “ You are a Christian, Madam, and so is your husband ; religion offers even for the cure of the body supernatural means. Why not try them... now especially that science is powerless ? ”

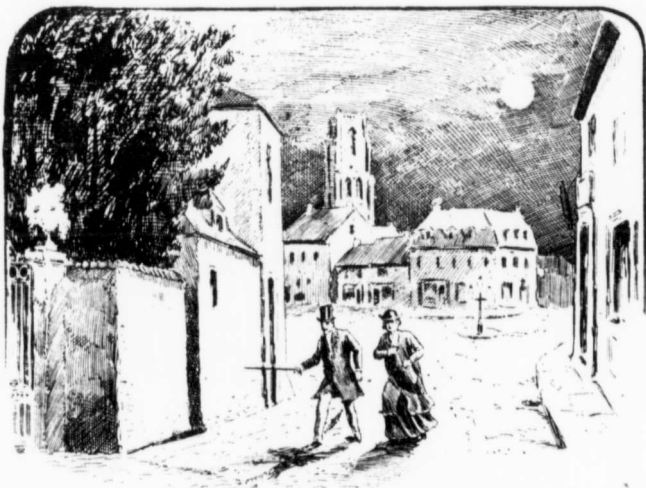
“ Your words are very true, Father, but science has not yet pronounced it ultimatum. My husband is in the Doctor’s hands... If, what I dare not even think of... be

sure, you shall be sent for... You cannot doubt our confidence in you."

"Permit me to insist, Madam, and respectfully implore you for his greater good to let me see him... At least ask the Doctor if I may."

Rising impatiently she enters the sick-room, speaks to the Doctor and returns to the waiting priest.

"Its impossible just now, but this evening, if necessary, I will send for you. Do not be anxious."



"God grant, Madam, it be not too late when you send!"

Two o'clock in the morning: A loud knocking arouses Father James. Divining the cause, he is up and dressed in a moment and runs in all haste across the deserted streets; in less than a quarter of an hour he is at the bedside of the dying,—I might say dead Baron, for he no longer breathes, though the Doctors positively assert his heart still beats. Full of sad misgivings the priest quickly absolves and anoints that still form but with the restrictions prescribed in doubtful cases.

A day or two afterwards eulogistic obituary notices, heavily black bordered funeral invitations all say: Fortified by the Last Rites of the church.

## THE EUCHARISTIC LIFE.

The Glorification of the Eucharist and the Work  
of Père Eymard, S. S. S.



HE spread of Eucharistic worship—I believe I have already demonstrated to you—is, then, the only remedy for two great scourges that menace the development of Christian life in the society of our day, and these scourges are denominated pride of intellect and the idolatry of the flesh. Père Eymard fully understood this. “Society is destroying itself,” he wrote in 1843. “because it no longer possesses a centre of truth and charity. Its dissolution is imminent. But society will be restored to full vigor when all its members shall be united around our Emmanuel.” To gather society to a unit around our Emmanuel! What a sublime idea! Yes, without doubt, but how realize it? How restore to-day “the beautiful reign of Jesus Christ on earth?” Is it not a dream, an illusion, a chimera? No, Père Eymard, enlightened with light from on high, discovers it in perpetual Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament, or, as he was pleased to put it, “in a perpetual feast of *Corpus Christi*.” “Let us not shrink from declaring,” he said, “that the worship of Exposition is the need of our age. This public and solemn profession of the faith of the people in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, in the truth of His sacramental Presence, is necessary. It is the best refutation to bring against renegades and apostates, against the impious and the indifferent. It is necessary for the salvation of society.”

The public exaltation of the Most Blessed Sacrament—this was the entire apostolate of Père Eymard. This was the end he pursued with unwearied obstinacy of purpose for nearly fifteen years. His panegyric may be expressed in these four words: He wished to glorify the Eucharist. I am under the impression, then, that I shall best respond to your pious desires by recalling, first, the importance

of this glorification, and then by pointing out how Père Eymard succeeded in realizing it.

O Mary, Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament—it is under this title that *Pope Pius X* recommends us to invoke thee—deign, I conjure thee, to give power to my words and render them fruitful in souls, for the greater glory of Thy Divine Son !

We must not think—and nothing is farther from my thoughts—that the Church of Christ waited for the nineteenth century in order publicly to glorify the Divine Guest of our tabernacles. No, certainly not. At all periods of her history, she has had at heart to fulfil this great duty of love and gratitude. I prove this by those innumerable, enraptured souls and prostrate bodies that I see from age to age, over all parts of the globe, rendering homage to the Most Blessed Sacrament.

“Glory to the Eucharist !” sing the martyrs of the first centuries. Before confronting the rage of the persecutor and the sword of the executioner, they fondly clasped the little Host to their breast saying : “O Christ, here present, it is for Thee that we are going to suffer, that we are going to die ! We adore Thee ! *Adoramus te, Christe !*”

“Glory to the Eucharist !” exclaim the great Doctors of the Middle Ages. They bring to bear upon the Eucharist the light of their powerful intelligence. They describe, with the enthusiasm of a Faith sure of itself, the harmonious order in which the mysterious phenomena of grace gravitate around central Phenomenon which contains the Author of grace Himself. Then, on bended knee, they incline before the snowy Host and sing : “O Christ, here present, we adore Thee ! *Adoramus te, Christe !*”

“Glory to the Eucharist !” respond the great artists. No conception of their fertile genius seems too beautiful to glorify the Eucharist. It is for It that rise high in air those imposing cathedrals, those graceful chapels. It is for It, to make for It a home, that those stone shafts shoot up toward heaven like mighty trees, and interlace their branches in elegant and defiant arches. It is for It the walls are covered with gold and precious marbles. It is for It that gleam the stained glass and the rose-windows. It is for It, to form for It a court, that painters and

sculptors call into life a crowd of saints. It is for It that the poets compose their most beautiful canticles, that the musicians create their sweetest melodies. And all the artists, architects, painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, bend their knee, bowing before the little white Host and sing : " O Christ, here present, we adore Thee ! *Adoramus te, Christe !* "

" Glory to the Eucharist ! " cry princes and nations. They organize in Its honor splendid fêtes. Whole cities may be seen strewing their streets with flowers and foliage, decorating their houses, and multiplying their triumphal arches. And kings and nations, bending the knee, bow down before the Immaculate Host, chanting : " O Christ, here present, we adore Thee ! *Adoramus te, Christe !* "

The public glorification of the Eucharist ! But has not Its most brilliant realization been accomplished in this country of Belgium since the thirteenth century ? Was it not from the heart of Christian Belgium that went forth that great thought of love and faith, that feast so touching and so popular which is called the Feast of God, *Corpus Christi*, and which soon spread throughout all Christianity ? Can we forget our nation's glories, those beautiful lilies of purity, Juliana of Liège, Eva of Saint-Martin and many others who, in the Middle Ages, were the indefatigable apostles of Eucharistic triumphs ?

But those triumphs, grand though they were, were repeated at too rare intervals. They were, doubtless, sufficient for those ages of robust faith. To day, alas ! it is no longer so. The faith of the nations is languishing ; incredulity has raised its head. Publicly, in a certain measure, and constantly is Jesus despised, insulted, outraged, in the Sacrament of His Divine Heart. This new situation imposes on us Catholics new obligations. Believers, jealous of the honor of their God, must bring to Him in compensation a solemn tribute of homage and adoration. Besides, this public glorification of the Eucharist appears so much the more necessary as they who do not wish it are more numerous and more aggressive

Who, then, are those opponents who would wish to prevent the public worship of the adorable Eucharist ?

In the first rank, we shall place the declared enemies of the Christian Faith. They are directing a fiery and

furious campaign against the Incarnate Word. They have sworn to annihilate His work. At any cost, they want to banish Him from our laws, our institutions, our manners, our families, our schools, our work-shops, from the hearts of all who labor, from the hearts of all who suffer. Behold their aim. They make no mystery of it and, to attain it more quickly, they employ all the passions, all forms of malice and hatred. They bring together, in view of decisive action, by absurd alliances, elements the most incongruous, interests the most opposed. Public manifestations in honor of the Eucharist have power to exasperate them. What they have brought about in other countries, they will do, mark my word, in your Catholic Belgium, if they do not find you always standing at the breach, ready to defend your rights, your works, your liberties, against their open or perfidious attacks.

Behind this army of evil, less numerous, perhaps, in this country than in others, is massed the compact crowd of indifferent: the indifferent who, self-sufficient, self-satisfied, and disdainful, pass by Christ whose remedies they judge ineffectual and out of date; the indifferent who excuse themselves and put off till later, when they shall have retired from business or politics, the care of religious questions; the indifferent who amuse themselves and, entirely given up to pleasure, deafened by the noises from without, fascinated by the glare of sensible things, think not of the perils that threaten them. The glory of the Eucharist does not interest the indifferent. They look upon it as a negligible quantity, even as an accessory with which Catholic worship is unseasonably encumbered.

Is this all? Does not the glorification of Christ encounter other adversaries today? Alas! Why should I not say it? They are found even in our ranks. Yes, in the Catholic army of shrinking soldiers who dare not boldly raise the standard of their Chief. Solicitous above all for their own comfort and interests, they instinctively fly the struggle, and remain systematically afar from the battlefield. Christians at the fireside, or behind the pillars of some dark chapel, as soon as they are under the eyes of the public, they hasten to dissimulate their Faith and



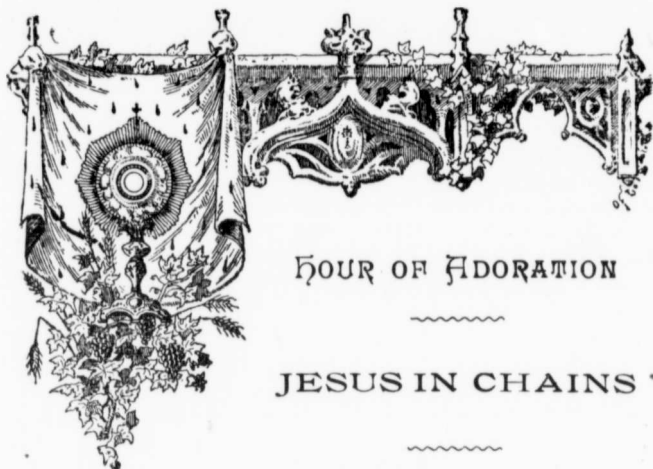
their colors. They reproach us, us, the soldiers, with what they call our imprudence, our rashness. "What is the use," they say to us, "of thus placarding one's Faith? Do you not see that such a defiant attitude, far from intimidating or discouraging our adversaries, only irritates them and stirs up their anger. Cease exciting them by manifestations, to say the least, useless. Then they will end by forgetting us and they will leave us in peace." To have themselves forgotten, to have themselves, in a way, pardoned for their Catholicity, this is the diplomacy of the timid followers of the Crucified. Thence, those strange contradictions which scandalize the good and rejoice the enemy. We see men who call themselves Christians, and who are such in effect since the waters of Baptism have flowed upon their head, we see them frequenting suspicious reunions where Christ receives more bloody outrages than He did on Calvary. We see them supporting, with their influence and money, impious journals which misrepresent our dogmas, travesty our history, insult our priests, pour abundant ridicule and blasphemy upon our most august Mysteries. We see them blush in public at the Church and their ministers, whom they honor in private. And when reproved with their culpable weakness, they say: "What would you have? We are not free! If we act in this manner, rest assured it goes against our grain, it grieves us to death" Against their grain! grieves them to death! That is the great excuse, the common excuse of all such cowardice, all such apostasy. Grieves them to death! as if conscience and Faith ought not to rise above every thing else in an honest and Christian soul! Grieves them to death! Oh! we know it. That miserable expression! We have heard it. For nineteen centuries, it has mournfully resounded in history. And the Catholic Church which in her Credo, speaks neither of Caiaphas, nor Herod, nor even of Judas, holds up to the reprobation of Christian generations the name of Pilate, the mean spirited, the cowardly! Christ suffered under Pontius Pilate! He died, because Pilate delivered Him to death!

The Pilates! They have multiplied for nineteen hundred years! Today their name is legion. They do not always deliver Christ directly to His enemies. They or-

dinarily confine themselves to certain compromises exacted, they say, by worldly propriety and social relations. Let them take care ! The slide down that fatal plane is rapid. They begin by a concession, and they end by a thorough compliance. What was in the beginning but a weakness, becomes with time laxity and custom. Let us ever be upright and determined, if we wish to remain Christians.

Behold, then, the principal obstacles that the glorification of Christ encounters today : hatred, indifference, and fear. These obstacles need neither alarm or discourage us. Far from doing so, they simply point out to us our duty. " They insult Thee, O my Jesus—we will chant Thy praises ! They despise Thee—we will publish Thy glory and Thy benefits ! They detest Thee—we will avenge Thee by our love ! They aim at concealing Thee—we will point Thee out, we will exalt Thee, we will glorify Thee ! And since, in order to give life to men, Thou didst institute a Sacrament which really contains Thy Body and Thy Blood, it is to this Sacrament, the scandal of the weak and impious, that, first of all, will be directed our homage and our adoration." Yes, it is in the Eucharist that we will seek our God to make to Him triumphal reparation. It is by the Eucharist, publicly exposed, publicly adored, that we shall impose silence on hatred, that we shall vanquish indifference, that we shall render strong and courageous the weak and pusillanimous. We shall, moreover, believe that we are thereby fulfilling a duty of social charity. Who knows whether all those outrages, all those blasphemies, all those sacrileges will not soon end by wearing the divine patience ? Who knows whether for us Catholics there is still time to ward off from our guilty society the strokes of heavenly vengeance ? Say not, I conjure you, that your reparations are of too little value to outweigh so many crimes. No, do not speak in that way. You have no right to do so. In the actual order of His providence, God willingly receives social compensations. For ten just, He could have spared Sodom, and do not forget, one act of love always weighs more in God's balance than a thousand acts inspired by hatred or impiety.

REV. F. CARUFEL, S. J.



## HOUR OF ADORATION

# JESUS IN CHAINS

### I — Adoration.

*And thy bound Him.* . . . " If the Evangelists had not testified to this, who would believe that Jesus was once in chains? And yet the Scriptures tell us the fact: " He hath delivered His soul unto death, and was reputed with the wicked."

This is a triumph for His enemies. They think Him weak, disarmed, vanquished, incapable henceforth of defending Himself in any way. Judas, Pharisees, servants, would ye, then, enchain the Almighty? Ah! tie Him as you will, bind Him as tightly as you can, multiply your knots, and rivet your chains more solidly, without His own good pleasure, it is in vain that you try to hold him. A single act of His will could in an instant deliver Him from all your bonds. But He does not will to make that act. It is then freely, spontaneously, that He presents His almighty hands to your cords, and yet they are *the only hands* that are able to break the chains of the whole human race.

Under these appearances of slavery, I adore Thee, O Jesus, alone truly free among all men, and at the same time the only Liberator of humanity. Under Thy chains, O Saviour, I look upon Thee as the source of all liberty, of all deliverance.

I adore Thee equally chained in the bonds of the Sacrament. Thy hands, Thy arms, Thy feet, Thy whole being, all excepting Thy Heart, are in chains. Therein Thou art less free than in the Garden of Olives, And yet I recognize Thee. I proclaim Thee, I would give my life to testify that Thou art there under the appearance of slavery, the Man-God, the Master of the world, the independent Being, free *par excellence*. I adore Thee captive in

appearance in the Host of Exposition, in all the consecrated Hosts, and under the blessed bonds of the Sacred Species which enchain Thee in the Sacrament.

I adore Thee captive in the hands of the priests, who at this very moment, in some parts of the world, are enchaining Thee here below by the words of consecration. I adore, and I recognize that all these chains are effects of Thy love.

I adore Thee captive in appearance, but sovereignly free in reality, acting with all Thy divine and human independence, in every Christian breast receiving Thee at this moment. Oh, pour therein with full hands the divine life!

Christian soul, before so great a mystery of love, contemplate, adore, and be silent!

## II. — Thanksgiving.

“ *And they bound Him . . .* ” In creating man, God bestowed upon him grace divine and made him His son by adoption. Original sin dragged him down to the rank of Satan's slaves. His unconquered, and often also his indomitable, passions enchained him in the bonds of vice and sin, depriving his soul of liberty and life. Jesus loved us, therefore He had pity on us.

By the merits of His captivity, He willed to break the chains of this pitiful slavery, and restore us to the primitive liberty of the children of God. Therefore it was that He presented His hands, His arms, His neck to the cords and chains of His executioners. And, nevertheless, what more dear to the heart of man than liberty? Is not sacrifice the supreme mark of disinterested love?

It was willingly, with sovereign joy, that the Divine Master allowed Himself to be chained. Without the bonds of His own love, what force would those of His enemies have had? With much more facility than Samson, Jésus could have freed Himself. But no, His love, which had bound Him, held Him captive, enchained in the hands of the Jews. He wanted to break the bonds of our sins, to restore us to liberty, to obtain for all Christians, and principally for the martyrs, the strength necessary to support chains courageously, and even to rejoice and glory in them as did St. Paul.

He willed to imprison Himself instead of us in bonds, in those bonds that would have been ours in hell for all eternity. He obtained by them, also, the power for priests to deliver souls from the bonds of sin.

Would that it had been permitted me to contemplate through the mysterious veil the inappreciable exchange Jesus made at that moment of His hands, own bonds for mine! While they sacrilegiously bound His hands, I should have seen an invisible hand breaking my chains, and oh! how I should have thanked Thee, my Divine Redeemer!

Jesus does not cease to renew through love for us at every instant and in every quarter of the globe, the sacrifice of His liberty. He chains Himself anew under the veils of the Sacrament. Every morning at the word of the priest, leaving in heaven His sovereign independence, He chains His liberty, His life, His Person, under the appearance of a little bread! There He applies to the souls that unite with Him in the Sacrifice of the Altar, the merits of His captivity in the hands of the Jews. Still more, He wishes to come Himself by Holy Communion to break with His own divine hands in my soul the fetters that hold me in sin. And this good Saviour has done it not once, but ten, twenty, even a hundred times, and more. And He does it not in one place, but wherever there is a priest to consecrate and heart open to receive Him! What prodigality of love!

I thank Thee, O Divine Father! I thank Thee, O Divine Spirit, for having, in order to deliver me from chains, consented to see the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity treated as a robber! thank Thee. O Jesus, my Liberator, for having made Thyself a slave for me and all sinners! I thank Thee for having consented to lose Thy liberty in the Eucharist in order to restore liberty to souls!

I thank Thee in the name of all those souls in heaven, on earth, and in purgatory, who owe to Thy bonds the recovery of their liberty along with the life of grace! I thank Thee for having so often delivered my soul from the captivity of sin.

What can I do for Thee to testify my gratitude? In spirit I lovingly kiss Thy chains, the instruments of my deliverance. I joyfully renounce my liberty to consecrate my body to mortification, to subject myself to rule, and to spend my life in an entire and continual dependence.

I want to chain Thee, in my turn, by the bonds of my love. I will make Thee a captive in my heart, that Thou mayest not go forth, and that I may incessantly bless Thee and thank Thee for so great a benefit.

### III. — Reparation.

"*And they bound Him . . .*" Jesus, the Son of God, is bound by men! The Creator, by His creatures! What a frightful crime! It is only notorious malefactors who have their hands bound, their hands, the instruments of their vices and wicked actions. Of what were the hands of Jesus guilty to deserve such punishment? They were never opened but to dispense benefits. To how many infirm they gave health! To how many lame, to how many paralytic did they restore the use of their limbs and their other members! To how many blind did they give sight! To how many dead, life!

Perhaps, Jesus recognized among the hands that chained Him, some belonging to those to whom He had restored health by His own blessed hands. Those divine hands which the executioners loaded with bonds, are the hands that created them, and that still keep them in existence.

After pinioning His hands, they put chains on His feet. They wind a cord around His neck, they throw Him down, they trample Him on the ground, they kick Him.

It is a singular coincidence that the Jews bound their Liberator on the very night on which they celebrated the Pasch, the anniversary of their own deliverance.

He, holiness by essence, is pinioned like a malefactor, treated like a robber. What confusion in His Soul, what suffering in His Body! And what is the cause of so many humiliations and sufferings! My sins! Yes, the bonds of my sins bind Him in a more painful manner than the cords of His enemies.

His Heart grows sad, above all, at the thought that His bonds will ever be powerless to unbind a multitude of souls obstinately chained in sin.

The bonds that retain Jesus captive in the Blessed Sacrament do not prevent His opening His hands to pour His gifts into souls. That is His sovereign happiness. It is for that that He remains captive in the Blessed Sacrament, that He wishes to descend captive into my soul in Holy Communion. How often, on account of the tepidity of my Communions, have I chained His hands and prevented His doing me good! How sad is Jesus when He is obliged to withdraw without being able to sanctify a soul!

Pardon, O Jesus, for all those wicked wretches who did not fear to throw around Thee these sacrilegious chains! Pardon for all poor captives in sin! Break their chains, and restore to them the liberty of the children of God. Loose the bonds which still retain the poor captives of purgatory far from Thee. Burst the chains that still keep me bound to sin and Satan. With the help of Thy grace, I wish to break them all. But of what use would it be to me that my Redeemer, by allowing Himself to be bound for me, has broken my bonds, if I forge them anew every day with my own hands?

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that I may never bear other chains than those of Thy love! By Thy sorrow, Thy sighs, and Thy tears, obtain for me contrition for my sins, and permit not that I perish for eternity.

#### IV. — Prayer.

“*And they bound Him . . .*” Jesus permitted Himself to be bound in order to deliver men from the chains of sin.

Ah ! if it were given me to comprehend the greatness of the benefit of this deliverance ! A God who deigns, in taking them upon Himself, to break the chains of my slavery, assuring me thereby the rich and inestimable heritage of heaven !

By the infinite merits of Thy chains, Divine Saviour, break the bonds of poor souls, bent under the heavy weight of guilty habits, and who would never know how to rise without Thy help. Break those of the souls who are more particularly dear to me.

Burst all my chains, especially those which, by attaching my heart to the creature, rob me of the liberty of loving and serving Thee alone. I promise Thee that my ties with sin and the world are broken.

It is not sufficient for a soul to detach herself from evil, she must also attach herself to Jesus Christ. The chains of the Divine Captive of Gethsemani have merited for her this grace. Grant it to me, O my Saviour ! Bind my spirit to Thy Divine Spirit, my will to Thine ! " Attach thyself to obedience in honor of my chains," said Our Lord to St. Mechtilde. " Be faithful to keep thy rules for the love of Me, and never say that what they command is unreasonable. . . ." Bind, above all, my heart to Thy adorable Heart that it may love Thee as Thou hast loved me. How happy is the soul bound to Jesus by love !

O holy bonds of my God ! O precious chains who will enable me to understand your beauty ! Who will give me to see you around my neck and on my hands that, like St. Paul, I may glory in being bound with Jesus Christ !

Bind me, O Divine Master, to the foot of Thy Eucharistic throne. Grant that I may spend there the best moments of my life, that without grave reason I may never fail to assist daily at the most blessed moment of all when the priest, by the words of consecration, binds Thee to the Sacred Spices of the Sacrament.

Above all, O Divine Saviour, according to Thy dearest wishes, do Thou daily prepare in me an abode worthy of Thee. Come, break therein the bonds of Thy Sacrament by diffusing in me Thy Spirit, Thy virtues, and Thy manner of acting. Chain me to Thy law, and above all to Thyself, by the bonds of the most ardent and tender charity.

RESOLUTION.—Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on the earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Offer daily to the Divine Liberator some mortification, especially an act of dependence, for the breaking of the chains of some soul weighed down by the burden of bad habits



## LOVE'S TRYST.

(Continued.)

❁ *R* like a lily pure, or rose half-blown  
 I fain had stayed, forgotten and alone,  
 To help adorn, or rest with adorous grace  
 In some lone precinct of the holy place.

*In silence mute my prayer of praise out poured,  
 In trembling awe the Godhead I adored,  
 I prayed, I pleaded for the lorn, the lost,  
 The moral shipwrecked, and the tempest-tossed.*

*Time dallied not ; too swift the moments sped ;  
 Night's gloomy shadows were around me spread,  
 When from the silence deep of which 'twas part,  
 I seemed to hear the beatings of a Heart.*

*My own heart throbbed ; alone at Jesus' feet,  
 I felt my being thrill with rapture meet,  
 Like to the birdling in its narrow nest,  
 That knows its mother's sheltering wing is best.*

*And yet I knew that not in worship lone  
 Pierced my petitions to that altar-throne,  
 The little lamp whose scintillating rays  
 Dispersed the gathering shadows, offered praise.*

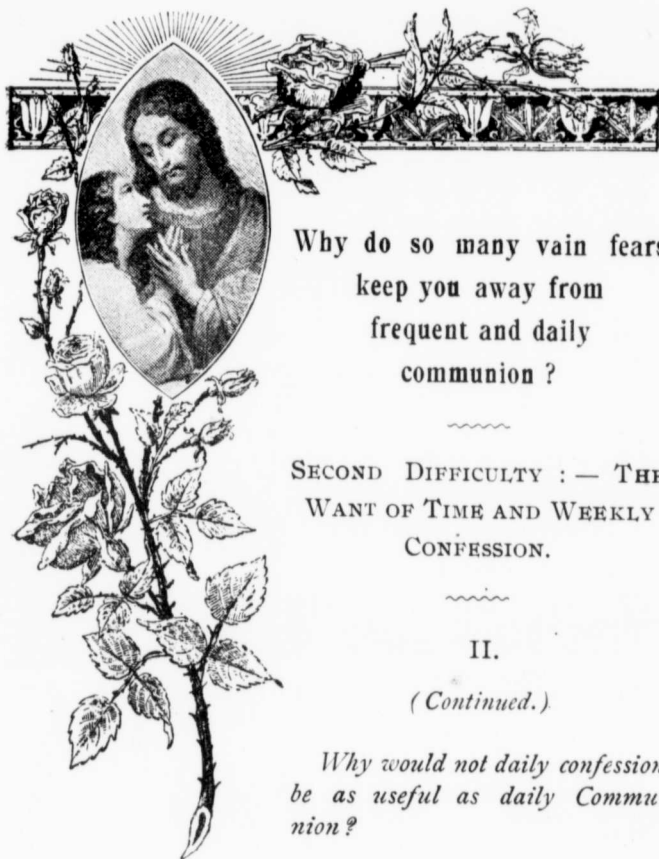
*Small flower-flame, by love kept glowing there,  
 It lifts, for all our needs, perpetual prayer,  
 While each adoring angel, bending low,  
 Offers some human heart's enraptured glow."*

*Ah, sweet apostle of the Eucharist,  
 We two shall henceforth keep that happy tryst ;  
 Too long have I my Savior's love ignored,  
 Too seldom His sweet Sacrament adored.*

*Thy glowing eloquence has won the day ;  
 E'en now I feel myself impelled to say :  
 'Outspread thy wings and thither fly, my soul,  
 The Eucharistic Prisoner to console !'*







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

~~~~~  
SECOND DIFFICULTY : — THE  
WANT OF TIME AND WEEKLY  
CONFESSION.

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II.

(Continued.)

*Why would not daily confession  
be as useful as daily Commu-  
nion ?*

You have, Christian soul, discarded the prejudice that weekly confession is *necessary* for communicating worthily every day. You understand that the confession preceding Communion is of *obligation* only for those that have the *certitude* of being in a state of mortal sin.

Now you ask : Why daily confession would not be as useful as daily Communion ?

I answer that there is no comparison between the two.

Jesus Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist to be the nourishment of souls that live in His grace, the antidote of their daily miseries' that is, of their venial sins. Every one knows how useful it is daily to receive this Sacrament devoutly, "in order that daily it may profit us." To approach the Holy Table *at least* once a year is not only *useful*, but still more *necessary* whether to obey the precept of the Church, or the command of Jesus Christ, who has said: "If you eat not My Flesh, you shall not have life in you," the life of grace and, consequently, that of glory.

The Sacrament of Penance, on the contrary, was instituted, not to nourish and preserve the life of grace in souls, but to heal them of grave wounds caused by mortal sin. "It is, then, not necessary for all souls, but only for those that have been wounded mortally by sin, just as corporal medicine is necessary for a man attacked by a dangerous illness." To others, the Sacrament is only *useful*, "because it is useful to accuse one's self of venial sins in confession." But would it be useful always? Would it be useful every day? In itself, yes, for every sacramental absolution is like a new bath in the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. We know of some saints who confessed every day. And yet in view of the circumstances that accompany this Sacrament, it follows that frequent confession, even weekly confession, it not always useful; and that the confession made more frequently than every eight days and, above all, daily confession, is in general almost always hurtful. There are several reasons for this: "first, because pious seculars have their family occupations, their profession, which might easily be neglected by their going to confession several times in the week; secondly, because the confessor who devotes much of his time to a few pious persons, might fail to hear the confessions of sinners who have much need of the Sacrament; thirdly, because those persons, and they are always women, who want almost daily confession, are generally weak-minded, and they become so much the more so as they confess oftener. The confessor who always hears them and who is not annoyed by it, soon acquires the reputation of a frivolous man, and even worse still if his penitents are young and talkative. He who has the pa-

tience to listen for a long time to one of this class several times a week, must be resigned to see his reputation assailed."

I say to you, Christian soul, that even the weekly confession is not always useful, because it may sometimes be an occasion of hurt to yourself and others. This would be the case if, for example, you desired to confess every week to the detriment of the duties of your state : or again, if there were only a few confessors and they were very much occupied in hearing persons who rarely approached the Sacraments and who might, perhaps, have great need of them, especially if they are men. " In this case," observes the judicious Frassinetti, " it would be proper to exhort them to go to Communion even daily, although confessing only every fifteen days, or even at longer intervals," the weekly confession not being *necessary*, I repeat, for frequent or even daily Communion.

## EUGHARISTIC STUDIES

### THE DIVINE CAPTIVE



NOTHING is so sad as the captivity spoken of by the prophet Jeremias in his Lamentations : Remember O Lord, what is come upon us ; consider and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to aliens ; our houses to strangers ; we are become orphans. We have drunk our water for money, we have bought our wood. We were dragged by the necks, we were weary, and no rest was given us. Our skin was burnt as an oven, by reason of the violence of the famine. The joy of our heart is ceased, our dancing is turned into mourning."

But the bitterest sorrow of all for the unfortunate captives, one keen enough to make the prophet cry out : My my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I cease

to remember thee, O Jerusalem, if thou dost not always hold first place in my affections and delights ;" was the thought of Sion desolate, the holy city deserted, and its magnificent temple a mass of ruins.

What was the cause of this captivity calling forth such heart-rending plaints ? Listen, while we quote anew : " Our fathers who are no more have sinned and we bear the burden of their iniquity. Woe to us because we have sinned." Therein, clear and unmistakable is our answer ; this captivity was caused by sin and on account of their inequities the Jews were led captives to Babylon.

Jesus is also a captive in His tabernacle ; but the remarkable feature about His captivity is, that it is wholly voluntary. If He is inclosed in the tabernacle, it is of His own free will. " My Father, Thou wouldst not accept the holocaust of the Old Law offered for sin, so I said : Behold Me : I come as it is written of Me to do Thy Holy Will."— " I will heal their deep wounds," says the Lord by the mouth of Amos, " I will love them spontaneously through pure goodness."

Neither is it to expiate His sins that Jesus is a captive, for, St. Paul tells us : " He is without sin ; " and again ;



“ He is holy, innocent, spotless, separated from sinners, and more elevated than the heavens.” Adding that God the Father treated His Son who knew not sin, as if He were sin itself, in order that we might be justified in Him by the grace of God.

To embrace this voluntary exile Jesus has left much more than the terrestrial Jerusalem so dear to the Hebrews ; He has left heaven ; He has left His Father Who placed all His delights in Him. “ You thought I came from God, I came from My Father, and I came into the world.”

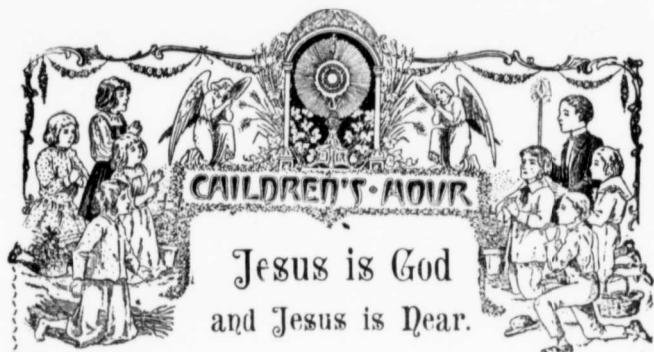
What mysterious chain holds the divine Captive in the tabernacle ? The strongest of all chains the one spoken of by St. Paul, that of charity which in the link of perfection. According to St. John : “ he who loves not knows not God, because God is love. It is in this that God has shown His love towards us, in that He sent His only Son into the world that we might live by Him ; and this love consists in that it was not we that loved God first, but He Who loved us first and sent His Son as the propitiatory victim for our sins.” Let us reverently and confidently cling to this loving chain retaining Jesus in His Mystic tent ; let us unite ourselves to Him by the closest ties in order that He may not reproach us as God did the Israelites by the mouth of His prophet : “ I was like a mother to them ; I carried them in my arms and they did not understand that it was I who took care of them ; like children we draw by leading-strings, I drew them by chains of love ; I took away the yoke that closed their mouth and I gave them to eat.”

May the chain of sin fall away and be broken ; and may the chain uniting us to the divine Captive be more closely riveted hour by hour, day by day until its triumphant cementation for evermore in the glorious home of the Eucharistic Captive.

#### OUR BELOVED DECEASED.

Mr. Denis Barrie. — Annie Quinlan. — Mrs Quinlan.  
— Miss Millie Nugent.

R. I. R.



Jesus is God  
and Jesus is Dear.

COURAGE! *though life is weary,*  
Courage! *though all seems dull,*  
Courage! *though in the conflict,*  
*There seldom is a lull—*  
*Jesus is God and Jesus is near.*

*Courage! though pain is ceaseless,*  
*Courage! though thou must moan,*  
*Courage! though in thy sorrow*  
*'t would seem thou art alone—*  
*Jesus is God and Jesus is near.*

*Courage! if thou hast fallen,*  
*Courage! if weak and faint,*  
*Courage! there's One close by thee*  
*To hear thy heart's low plaint—*  
*Jesus is God and Jesus is near.*

*Courage! if friends prove faithless,*  
*Courage! if love's denied,*  
*Courage! if down life's pathway,*  
*Unnoticed thou must glide—*  
*Jesus is God and Jesus is near.*

*Soon will the struggle finish,  
 Soon, soon will death consign ;  
 All, all below is passing  
 But God and truth divine.  
 Jesus is God and Jesus is near.*

*Then on, and pierce the darkness !  
 Despair not on the way ;  
 Remember—Heaven is nearer  
 Today than yesterday.  
 Jesus is God and Jesus is near.*

BROTHER EUGENIUS.

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### Little Francis 's way of getting near our Lord.

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IN an exemplary Christian family, the Father and Mother about to approach the holy table at Easter decided to take their three children with them, thinking it would please them as well as be a salutary example and preparation for the eldest who was to make his first Communion the next month. The following morning before seven o'clock the happy family started for the nearest church, even little Francis, only five years old, trotted along gaily, holding on to his Mother's hand.

When the time for communion had come, the Father and Mother went up to the altar rail with the deepest respect and devotion. The three little ones Francis especially, followed them with loving eyes and longing hearts and never took their eyes off them until they came back to their pew with clasped hands and radiant faces.

The sight touched the innocent children and the impression it made on little Francis was so vivid that he could not control himself but softly stole up to his mother and covered her hands with warm loving kisses.

Lifting her head, she whispered : " What is the matter dear ? "

" Oh ! nothing Mamma ; only I wanted to get close to Jesus also and it seemed to me that when I kissed your hands nestling so close to Him, I was kissing Him also."

## Example of a good Communion.

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A YOUNG man had a thousand obstacles to surmount if he would succeed in his desire to communicate frequently. Both his father and his employer aimed strenuously at making him abandon his pious practices. On the approach of a certain festival, the boy resolutely showed his intention of sanctifying the day by approaching the Sacraments. But to prevent his doing so, the employer signified to him the necessity of finishing a certain piece of work that morning.

"I shall find time for all," said Paul to himself. "I'll get up before daylight and, after my religious duties I'll go to the workshop."

But he had not counted on the interference of his father who to prevent his appearing in church on that festival, had hidden his Sunday clothes. Paul discovered on the eve the plot formed against him, and went to confide his trouble to his confessor. It would cost him much, he said, to present himself before the Divine Majesty in his working clothes. The priest reassured him, telling him that Jesus Himself and St. Joseph, workmen of Nazareth, had been poorly clad, and that purity of heart supplied for and is far preferable to elegance of dress.

Paul went to Holy Communion and, by his heroic victory over the obstacles placed in his way and over human respect, he merited the consolations and benedictions of Jesus Hostia.

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## A pretty Anecdote.

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A VERY pretty anecdote is told of Mother Judith de Bressoles, one of the foundresses of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, that community which played so important part in the colonization of Ville-Marie. This holy religious was distinguished by her ardent love for the Blessed Eucharist. Upon the occasion of a disastrous conflagration which destroyed the monastery, the Sacred Host was temporarily placed upon the snow, wrapped in



the veils. Mother de Bressoles, then advanced in years, knelt beside it upon the frozen ground, oblivious of the low temperature and of the lightness of her clothing, absorbed in an ecstasy. The Sacred Species were removed to an adjoining house, where the devout worshipper followed, remaining motionless upon the floor. In fact she became thus an object of solicitude to her fellow religious by whom she could not be found and who feared that she had perished in the flames. Towards morning they discovered her still bowed in adoration. The Blessed Sacrament being then removed to the chapel of the Congregation de Notre-Dame, the aged nun arose and followed It still on foot. Untill It was thus finally installed, she gave but little heed to the scene of devastation or to the destruction of the monastery. To her the all absorbing thought was of the honor that should be paid to Our Lord in the Sacrament of His love.

### The night prayer.

(See frontispiece.)

Jesus was the constant nourishment of Mary and Joseph's life of union and love.—They were so happy in looking at Him, in listening to Him, in seeing Him working, obeying, praying, for He did all things so well.

O how happy is the soul in contemplating the interior of the Holy Family, all that is said and done therein, the Gospel of the family of Jesus! The beautiful evenings spent in heavenly conversation and the prayers at Nazareth!

Nazareth had become a heaven of love, a paradise of the second Adam and of the new Eve, a heaven of the purest virtues, of the holiest love. What a delicious perfume ascended to the Lord from that delightful garden, in which flourished the Word Incarnate, Mary, and Joseph the Just! The Heavenly Father found therein His delights; the angelic spirits looked upon it in admiration; and as for me, I desire to glean from it love for a life pious and recollected in Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.