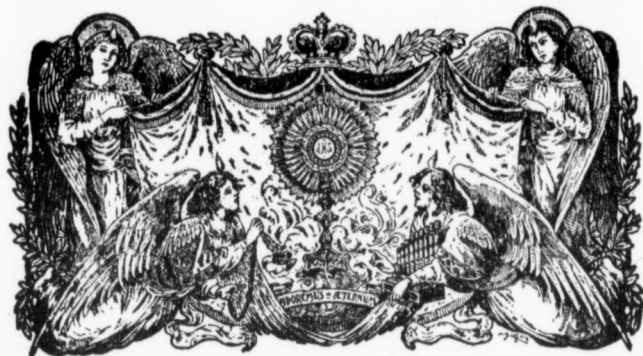




JESUS IN AGONY.
BY AZAMBRE.



At the Foot of the Tabernacle.

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*THE poor, the weak and the tempted  
Find their hope and their refuge there  
They who kneel at the feet of Jesus  
And silently breathe a prayer.*

*For He, the great Master of Heaven  
The King whom the angels adore  
Can give balm to the wounded spirit.  
And peace to the heart once more.*

*Can aid them and shield them and guide them,  
In the devious ways of life  
Till they bear themselves as heroes  
Through its burden and its strife.*

*He will give in His mercy forever  
The aid of His wondrous grace  
Till they see in the beauty of heaven  
That sweet Lord face to face.*

*They who come in the golden morning  
Or at evening calm and fair  
Will find while the years are fleeting  
Still the Master waiting there.*

T. D. S.

## Particular Practice for the Month of November.

### Holy Communion for the Dead.



VERY returning November, when the autumnal wind plays havoc with the golden-brown and ruby-red leaves, scattering, whirling, tossing them at its will, casting them on the earth in quaint, fantastic shapes ; when nature, yesterday luxuriant and beautiful, to-day presents to our view but barrenness and decay, the soul in face of this death of earthly things naturally turns to the thought of its own beloved dead. Remembrance of them re-awakens. They emerge from the moss-covered tomb of oblivion, retaking their old familiar place at the family fireside, recalling the sweetness of their companionship, reopening the wound of separation, filling us with yearning, sadder than tears, for their dear living presence. They appear sad yet, at the same time, calm and serene while they tell us of their mysterious world where peace embraces sorrow, where expiation is fraught with love, where punishment is enveloped in hope, where temporal justice purifies, sheltered from all attacks of evil, and daily rises towards eternal justice. In their world, no more pride to combat, no more passions to repress, no more intellectual errors, no more sensuality, no more pitfalls for unwary feet, no more betrayals, no more cowardice, no more falls. Satan is eternally banished from this kingdom acquired by the blood of Jesus and filled with His inamissible life.

The God to whom they belong does not manifest Himself to them ; their King exiles them until such time as their festal garment is whitened, until their crown is polished, until their immaculate girdle is set with faultless and spotless gems. As long as the diamond lacks a facet, or the crown a link, so long must the chisel and the crucible continue their purifying work. Though suffering intensely, yet they bless the Eternal Beauty to whose image they are made and this causes their sweet and

resigned expression. Their suffering is proportioned to the purity they invest, while words cannot express how perfect that purity is. They suffer from their purgation, from the dross of sin and from the arrows of divine love piercing them. The thought of their sins and the thought of God constantly pursues them, one to fill them with remorse, the other to consume them with desire, and from one to the other the merciless whip of justice lashes them. They are powerless to help themselves, their time of merit is past, no satisfaction now remains but that of suffering

I am mistaken. In virtue of the admirable union of souls established by the life of Christ, those suffering souls can receive from us what they cannot procure for themselves. We can quench their thirst, mitigate their pain, calm the acuteness of their sorrow, lessen the ardor of their desires, hasten the hour of their amnesty and open for them the portals of everlasting bliss. Of our satisfactions joined to those of the Son of God we can form their ransom, of our tears vivified by the Holy Ghost the dew to extinguish the cruel flames.

If the remembrance of our dear departed pursues us more insistently during this month, it is because they more eagerly ask for our help and plead for our succor. Do not let us disappoint them. Moreover, is it not consoling for us to help those we loved on earth, to hold living communication with them, to hear their grateful acknowledgment of our timely assistance? St. Francis of Sales tells us that assisting the dead by masses, prayers, or suffrage of any kind contains in itself all the works of mercy, corporal and spiritual.

Do we realize that the Communion of Saints, which gives us the power to aid the suffering souls, finds its highest expression, its most intimate source, its true efficacy, its most active energy in communion with the Saint of saints, in this great universal life circulating through the Eucharist in the veins of the Church animating its most distant members? If we can only help our departed because Christ lives in us, let us then draw from the Eucharist this life in its very source and spread afar its liberating and beneficent tide. If all satisfaction rests on the merits of Jesus Christ, necessarily they are enclosed in

the Sacred Host, while through It we can make them ours and dispense them at our will. If the dead can only be purified and saved through the death of Christ, let us at the altar partake of the Victim whom the mystic sword transpierces that His Blood may first purify our own sinful soul and then flow in cleansing and consoling streams into the depths of the burning abyss.

Our merits, even the least of our good works, may become so many suffrages accepted by God in favor of the departed. But Communion is the principal, the most meritorious among them all, a satisfaction of agreeable odor, an infallible intercession. Saint Gertrude relates that she once asked Our Lord why she felt so happy when she had communicated in behalf of the suffering souls, and He deigned to reply : because it would not be right for me to refuse the fervent prayers you, on those days of my visits, pour out to Me for the relief of My suffering spouses in Purgatory. "You have," says a devout writer, "the ell in your own hands by which you may measure out your own happiness ; if your are charitable to others, they will not be less so to you."

God hears in favor of those poor souls the simple prayer of our heart the pious desire wafted to heaven on the wings of christian charity. Our cry of pity touches his heart and disarms His justice, but how much the more when He sees in us, praying with us, His well-beloved Son to whom He can refuse nothing and on whom our prayer leans ; how much the more when Jesus Himself inspires our supplications, giving them irresistible impetus and the ardor of His charity.

Finally, we can help the souls in Purgatory, by suffering in their place and every disagreeable, laborious work accomplished by us for them diminishes the sum of their pain. Let us, then, go to the Eucharist, this new Calvary where Jesus calls us but to share His crucifixion. Let us courageously undertake the difficult work of purification, of scrupulous preparation, of arduous and perfect holiness communion supposes or produces. Let us drink from the chalice of Jesus Christ the strength to accept generously for the relief of our dear departed, life's meny trials. Let us suffer through the labour necessary for fervent communion, and from communion draw the grace to suffer

more meritoriously all the rest ; what a mint of satisfaction is thus placed in our hands !

Apart from those works wherein our personal actions and merits play the principal part, the Church puts at our disposal the treasury of the merits and expiations of Jesus Christ. Indulgences are only the superabundant satisfactions of the great Victim. Oh ! that we had the charity to work with their sweet instrumentality ! They are given to us with such inexhaustible liberality, while they constitute the largest and easiest way of communication towards the regions of the other life. In order to mark the source whence they flow, the church places to the gaining of every indulgence one essential condition, namely, communion, desiring we should find in our union with Jesus the right to draw from His wealth ; in fact, so that we may distribute some, she gives us the plenitude. How well won and how well accepted is the indulgence based on a pure and fervent communion.

If then our heart responds to the mournful cry of these dear departed, exiled from heaven and debarred for a while from God, the object of their yearning ; if it sorrows at the thought of their anguish, let us offer them by prayer and especially by communion proofs of efficacious compassion. Holy Mother Church, who mourns with them because she is a mother, invites us thereto in many ways.

Some years ago, our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, approved and indulgenced a short prayer, a summary of our means of action for the relief of the suffering souls, giving among them to Eucharistic communion, the place of honor It deserves. Let us say it every day this month :

#### PRAYER.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, grant, I beseech Thee to the souls in Purgatory eternal rest ; to those who shall die to-day the final grace, to sinners true repentance, to pagans the light of faith, to me and mine Thy blessing. To Thy most loving Heart, O Jesus, I commend all those souls, and for them I offer Thee all Thy merits with those of Thy Blessed Mother and of the angels and saints, and all the masses, communions, prayers and good works performed this day throughout the Christian world.

Ind. 100 days, daily. (Brief 13 March, 1901.)

**Blessed are the Dead Who Die in  
the Lord.**

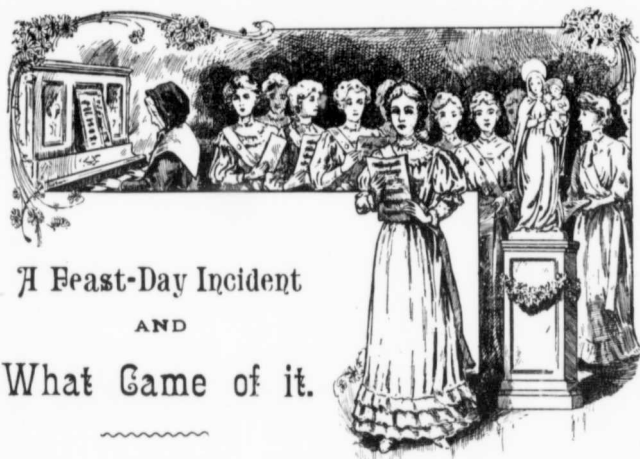
**B**LESSED are they who die in Him,  
Who sleep Death's tranquil sleep!  
And yet our longing eyes are dim,  
Our hearts with sorrow deep  
Grow faint and weary by the way  
As, one by one, they go;  
Blessed are those he calleth, yea!  
His best beloved, we know.

Blessed are they who die in Christ!  
He is their Judge—but He  
Who for their dear souls sacrificed  
Himself on Calvary  
Will, like a loving parent, greet  
And gather to His breast  
Earth's children who, with weary feet,  
Have sought in vain for rest.

Blessed are they who in Him die!  
Life's troublous journey o'er,  
Within their Father's arms to lie  
In peace forevermore.  
Our human hearts never understand  
His mercy—so we weep  
When leading loved ones by the hand,  
He giveth them sweet sleep.

Blessed are they who die in Thee!  
We strive to pierce the veil  
Which shroudeth death's deep mystery,  
But human efforts fail  
To learn its secret. God most just  
It is Thy will that we  
In life, in death, should ever trust  
Our best beloved to Thee!

De profundis.



A Feast-Day Incident  
AND  
What Game of it.

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It was the month of November, and the pupils of a certain convent school were busy preparing to celebrate the feast of St. Cecilia with a sacred concert. The programme was a novel one, consisting of some English hymns lately published by the Sisters of Notre Dame. There was to be no libretto ; but before the singing of each hymn, the words were to be recited by a pupil chosen from the members of the choir.

The last rehearsal was in progress. A hymn in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was about to be sung when the girl chosen to recite the verses demurred for some reason, and at last refused, saying she did not wish to repeat them at the concert. The Sister in charge looked pained and disappointed, as it was rather late to appoint a substitute.

At this juncture a young Protestant stood forth from the ranks and said appealingly : " Mother, may I recite the hymn ? I have learned the words."

" You ? My child, it is in honour of the Blessed Sacrament."

" I know, Mother ; and I would love to recite it if you will allow me."

A look of relief passed over the Sister's face, and a murmur of approbation sounded through the class.



“ Well,” answered the nun, “ as you are kind enough to offer, you may do so ; and I thank you for helping me.”

On the evening of the feast the nuns and pupils assembled in the concert hall, the choral class forming themselves into an artistically arranged group in front of a large statue of our Blessed Lady. Various hymns were recited and sung, each receiving its well-merited meed of applause ; and then the child of an alien faith stood and held her audience in breathless attention by her reverent and enthusiastic rendering of a hymn of thanksgiving after Holy Communion :

The Lord of glory.  
 (O wondrous story ! )  
 Hath made His home within my breast.  
 Bowed down before Him,  
 My soul, adore Him  
 Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes to rest.  
 Good angels, aid me !  
 The God who made me,  
 Who died to save me, is now my guest.  
 Ah, softly sing Him  
 Sweet songs, and bring Him  
 Your burning love, your worship blest !  
 The Lord of Glory  
 (O wondrous story ! )  
 Now gracious dwells within my breast.  
 My Jesus, never  
 Shall creatures sever  
 My happy heart from love of Thee.  
 Ah, do not let me,  
 My King, forget Thee !  
 And, O do Thou remember me !  
 My only Treasure  
 My Rest and Pleasure,  
 My Rock and Fortress, forever be ;  
 In strife defend me,  
 In sickness tend me,  
 And come in death to set me free.  
 Ah, do not let me,  
 My King, forget Thee !  
 And Thou, dear Lord, remember me !

\* \* \*

It was already past midnight. The inhabitants of a great city were hushed in sleep ; even the suffering inmates of the hospital were comparatively at rest, when suddenly the stillness of the wards was broken by a shriek of terror. The patient night-watchers left the bedsides of

their charges and hastened in the direction whence the cry proceeded. They found one of their young companions lying on the floor, her clothes on fire. In reaching for some object she had upset a night lamp and ignited her light covering. Speech and consciousness were fast failing ; a few incoherent words were all the poor young girl could utter. The resident doctor was summoned, but only to find that all hope of saving her life was gone.



Gently and tenderly the nurses lifted the sufferer and carried her to an adjoining room. All that was possible to relieve her was done, and after some time consciousness returned. The Protestant chaplain was called. He came and at once repaired to the room where the dying girl lay. He spoke kindly to her, but got no reply ; he waited, but there was no sign of recognition. After some moments he said to the attendants :

“ I can do nothing ; there is no use in my staying.”  
And he went away.

In strife defend me,  
In sickness tend me.

A little while after the departure of the clergyman, the young girl turned toward the nurse and said : " If you really wish to give me pleasure, get me a Catholic priest. That is what I want."

Surprised, but glad to help her friend, the nurse made known the request, and in a short time the priest from the nearest Catholic church entered the room.

There was no lack of consciousness now. The pain was excessive, but the old strong will came to her help, and she said clearly and audibly :

" Father, I am not a Catholic, but I want to be received into the Church before I die."

" Very well, my child," said the priest. " I will give you the necessary instructions and receive you."

He ask her a few questions and then observed : " My child, you know more than enough already ; you have no need of instruction. How is this ?"

" I am a convent girl, Father, — an Ursuline pupil. I was educated partly in England, partly abroad. All that I know I heard at school."

" Thank God !" murmured the priest.

" And now, not to lose time, I will hear your confession and give you conditional baptism, I did not know to whom I was called so I brought the Blessed Sacrament with me. If you wish, you may make your First Communion."

Here the girl's face lighted up.

" O Father ! — but am I worthy ?"

" Worthy ? No, my child," said the priest ; no one is worthy. But, fortunately, our Blessed Lord looks to our good will and is satisfied with that."

He then opened the pyx, and with deep reverence the young neophyte received Holy Communion.

In joy and gladness.

In pain and sadness,

Oh, let me, Lord, be nigh to Thee !

Good Shepherd, feed me,

And guard and lead me

To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea !

In less than twenty-four hours she had been " set free."

## The Soul and the Sanctuary Lamp.

**H**AIL, little Lamp! Let me pause a moment to reflect upon thy happy lot. How beautiful a destiny, to watch night and day before thy Lord in adoration, prayer and love! Emblem of the Eternal Light of the world, thou wert found pure enough to shine before Him who made the day. Truly thy lot is blessed and I envy thee. Would that I, like thee, might live far from the giddy troubled world, in silence and peace before the Divine Tabernacle!

### The Lamp.

Welcome, faithful friend of Jesus! I am indeed happy to have been thus chosen to keep vigil night and day before my Eucharistic Lord. The Church ordains my presence before the Blessed Sacrament as a mark of her respect and veneration. Before the Tabernacle in the Old Law a lamp was continually kept burning to honor the manna which was enclosed therein. How much more truly should Christian hearts burn it before the Tabernacle of the New Law, wherein abides Jesus, the True Bread, and the Manna of the Desert of Life! I do not give honor. I am honored by being allowed to burn before Him.



*The Soul.*

Would that my heart were ever burning with the love of God, that it might share thy mission!

*The Lamp.*

This happiness that you envy, do you forget then, that you may share it with me? I watch, not only to symbolize Jesus, the Light of the World, but to point out to souls the presence of the Divine Master. In ancient days there stood at the Gate of Paradise an Angel, armed with a flaming sword to prevent men from entering. But now, more merciful than the Angel, I invite them all, with ardent desire, to come and visit Jesus in His Tabernacle, to seat themselves at the Holy Table, the true terrestrial paradise of souls. I am not like to the Angel, but rather to the miraculous star that guided the Magi to the cradle of the Saviour. And my office is still more blest, for I call not a few chosen souls, but all mankind, to Jesus. And, mark it well, I call them not to the tiny, suffering, mortal Babe of the Crib, but to the impassible, immortal and glorious God of the Resurrection.

*The Soul.*

But at least thine is the incomparable privilege of being consumed before Him.

*The Lamp.*

True, dear friend of the Lord. And by consuming myself and watching I may honor Jesus and instruct souls. How few among those who approach the annihilated God of the Eucharist know how to die to themselves in order to live to Him. As for me, I live but to die. To live therefore to grace, they should die to sin and to their evil inclinations. How much I might say on such a subject. For you, dear Adorer of our Lord, if you would live you must know how to die.

*The Soul.*

Thanks for these beautiful lessons. Would that they might be deeply imprinted in my heart and that of many others. Would that my life, like thine, might be spent wholly in the service of God. Would that my example, my every word, my very presence might speak to all whom I meet of the Presence of the Master. I will, at least, learn how to dwell, myself, ever before Him, wherever I may be, and I leave my heart beside thee, little lamp, to burn before Him until I come again.

*The Lamp.*

Farewell, dear soul. May God's blessing attend thy steps. May Jesus live in thee always, here below, by His grace, and in Heaven by His glory.

## The Shower of Wheat Grains.



ONCE when Our Blessed Lord was journeying in Alsace, he was overtaken by night at the entrance to the village. He looked around for a house wherein He might seek shelter ; but already all doors were barred, all lights extinguished and all the inhabitants apparently wrapped in slumber. At the end of a narrow street He discerned a faint light and thought He heard the distant sound of a busily turning flail. Hastening in that direction He saw the light came from a barn at which He knocked. A peasant cautiously opened the door and Jesus asked : " Will you give me lodging for the night ? You will not regret it if you do." Then He added, " Every one else seems to be asleep. Why are you working so late ?"

" Alas," answered the peasant, " I just heard that a merciless creditor was going to have me arrested unless I paid him by to-morrow all I owed him. My sons and I are threshing the little stock of wheat I had stored, in the hope of realizing by its sale sufficient money to avoid the clutches of the law. Afterwards I shall be peniless.

Jesus who was deeply moved by his distress gently replied : " Do not be disheartened my poor man. When I asked you for a night's lodging I told you, you would not regret giving it to me. Now, I will prove the truth of my words." Taking the lantern which hung from one of the beams, Jesus approached a sheaf of wheat. " What are you doing ?" cried the frightened workers. " You will set fire to everything." But at that very instant from the sheaf which they feared to see ignited came a plentiful shower of wheat grains. At sight of this miracle the peasant and his sons were greatly astonished. And Jesus thus addressed them : " Because you were charitable you shall be rewarded.

The shower of wheat grains continued all night in the barn and in the yard so that in the morning it formed a heap as high as the church. Through its sale the peasant realized more than enough to pay his debt.

But now that he was rich he grew proud, wicked and uncharitable. He and his sons indulged in all kinds of excesses which soon reduced them to poverty and ruin. Having been so haughty and arrogant in their prosperity



they found no sympathy or help in their adversity. One night the father, considerably under the influence of liquor, entered his barn with the intention of reproducing the miracle. He took the lantern as Jesus had done and going to a sheaf ignited it, but instead of a shower of wheat grains the fire spread from the barn to his house which was burnt to the ground and the unfortunate man died in great misery.



## SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

An Hour of Adoration before the  
Blessed Sacrament

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*Gratia Plena. Full of Grace.*  
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### I. — Adoration.

It is Thou adorable Saviour Jesus we must first salute "full of grace and truth" Thou the Author and the Giver of Grace. But after Thee there is a privileged creature who has been greeted with a similar tribute and the greeting came from heaven: "Ave Gratia Plena," "Hail full of Grace" was the Archangel's salutation to the humble Virgin soon to have the honor of becoming the Mother of God and in consequence to merit the admirable title of Mother of divine grace. Allow me, dear Mother, to unite with the heavenly ambassador and to say with the most profound respect and filial confidence: Ave Gratia Plena. And since thou art my teacher in the art of adoring and serving thy divine Son show me that the true and only means of fulfilling towards Him my religious duties of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and prayer is to be always in a state of grace, to be always faithful to grace, to increase daily in grace.

How can I adore without the helps of grace? Without it I cannot even pronounce the name of Jesus meritoriously or perform any supernatural act. The act of adoration presupposes an assemblage of virtues without which I cannot



make it, whereas those virtues presuppose the state of grace. To wish to adore and still remain a sinner would be a flagrant contradiction as the basis of adoration is the height of love, whilst sin is the depth of hatred. In order to be able to adore, I must be pleasing to God otherwise my worship is but mockery, and grace,—grace alone,—will render me pleasing to God. Grace is a supernatural, interior gift cleansing my soul from all stain, filling it with holiness and giving it a kind of splendor and beauty capable of delighting the Heart of God Himself. I realize now why Mary is the great adorer, the model of adorers. It is because she is without spot or stain because she is all beautiful in God's sight, because she has received more light and taste to contemplate and adhere to divine things than all other creatures put together; finally, because she is filled to overflowing with divine grace. And what renders her virtue of adoration most perfect is that in the full knowledge she possesses of her greatness, well nigh infinite, she sees, knows and acknowledges that before God she is a mere nothing.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

Ave Gratia Plena! To salute thee full of grace, O Mary, is also to greet thee as the model of grateful souls. For, if thou wast the most grateful of creatures, it was because thou wast full of grace, of divine life and really overwhelmed with the gifts of God. Let us try to form some idea of grace and when we realize be it ever so faintly its priceless value, it will suffice to show us how the Blessed Virgin received more grace than all the angels and men combined and how she made them fructify superabundantly, to throw us into an ecstasy and to make us no longer desire to live but of the life of grace and thanksgiving after the example of our dear Mother.

We should endeavor to understand thoroughly what habitual and actual grace is. Habitual grace is a gratuitous gift, a permanent quality, that God places in our soul which makes us His children and renders us pleasing in His eyes. Actual grace is a passing help destined to stimulate us and enable us to perform actions with more facility; it may be a light, an inclination, a secret impression, a force that impels onward and upward, a fire that warms, a support that encourages, an attraction that decides. As habitual or sanctifying grace, the general and habitual disposition towards good, opposes in us concupiscence, the general and habit-

ual tendency towards evil; so actual grace, transitory and special help, opposes itself to temptation, transitory and special attacks of the evil spirit.

Grace makes us partakers in the nature and goods of the Divinity. This participation is as real as our nature and may increase indefinitely since the good that comes to us through grace is unlimited. It is the gift of gifts to which all the others converge including that of the Incarnation and of the Eucharist. It is a jewel so precious that the Spouse of our souls did not hesitate to purchase it at the price of His Blood. In a word, with grace all conceivable good has come to us: by it we possess the good above all goods, God Himself in the Trinity of His Persons, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

If the least degree of grace in the soul of the last of men is something so wonderful, what shall we think and say of the abundance and superabundance of Mary's grace. From the very moment of her Immaculate Conception, God's pure Mother was adorned with greater graces and more brilliant merits than all the angels put together. My dear Mother, I realize how thou wert crushed under this mountain of gifts continually being added one to the other, and that in consequence thou wast like a living *Magnificat*. I realize why according to St. Bonaventure thou couldst not converse for any length of time without interjecting frequently *Deo Gratias!* words savouring more of heaven than of earth.

### III. — Reparation.

Ave Gratia Plena! Because thou art full of grace, O Mary, thou art also the most perfect offerer of reparation. Undoubtedly, thou hadst no reparation to make for thyself, having never offended God, having always been faithful to grace, to the greatness of grace God poured into thine Immaculate heart at every instant as into a bottomless reservoir. But thou wast to participate effectively in the redemption of the world by thy holy compassion and of thee, as of Thy divine Son, can be said that thy life was but a cross and a martyrdom. Thine Immaculate purity made thee a victim of agreeable odor. The author of the Imitation beautifully says; "love cannot live without sorrow." How thou must have suffered, dear Mother, seeing mankind value grace so little seeing them losing or wasting it so easily— grace the price of the tears and blood of thy divine Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We ourselves, miserable sinners, if we reflected ever so little, we could not keep from weeping to see how carelessly we and so many others prize this greatest of all treasures. Verily in losing one degree of grace we lose more than if we had lost the universe with its vastness and its natural beauties. What should specially excite our sorrow is the sad fact that the greater part of men practically ignore or despise the principal source of all graces, the Blessed Eucharist.

#### IV. — Prayer.

Ave Gratia Plena! O Mary, if thou art full of grace it is not only because from the first moment of thine existence, without any previous merit, thou wast filled with heavenly blessings, but because more justly than St. Paul thou couldst say: the grace of God has not been wanting in me; because thou didst correspond to all the graces God showered upon thee, because thou didst know the price thereof and incessantly implore it by fervent prayer.

O Mary, remember that thou wast a river, an ocean, an abyss of grace and that in regard to us thou art a channel and according to St. Bernard an aqueduct bringing us the living waters of grace. Obtain for us, we implore thee, fidelity to all God's graces particularly to that of coming like thee and animated with thy dispositions to adore often and receive often into our heart the Author of Grace Himself, present and living in the Sacrament of the Altar.

Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, Mother and Model of adorers, pray for us who have recourse to thee.





## The Beatification of Peter Julien Eymard.



At their meeting held on the eight of August, in the Apostolic Palace of the Vatican, the Cardinals of the Holy Congregation of Rites investigated several cases, among others they examined the writings of Peter Julien Eymard, S.S.S. founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament. They decided that nothing in those writings was opposed to the introduction of the case of his beatification.

Our readers will pray in order that this preliminary examination made by the ecclesiastical authorities may be promptly continued by the Sacred Congregation and finish by introducing the case after which the servant of God will bear the title of Venerable.

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We subjoin with great pleasure a translation of the original petition addressed to the Holy Father by the Most Reverend Archbishop of Syracuse. This valuable proof of sympathy for the Rev. Père Eymard's cause will interest our readers since its object is to exalt him, who is for us a Father, until such time as the Church shall propose him as a model.

MOST HOLY FATHER.

In union with the other Bishops of the Holy Catholic church will your Holiness accede to my most ardent wish to see accepted and progressing rapidly the cause of the Beatification of Peter Julien Eymard, Founder, Father and Legislator of the Order of Perpetually Adoring Priests of the Most Holy Sacrament and of The Servants of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The judgment which must be passed on his life,—that life which was a continual ascent towards the heights of Christian perfection,—on the miracles worked through his intercession, and on his writings so well adapted to give birth to piety and to foster its growth ; this judgment we expect and with good reason from the infallible oracle of Your Holiness.

The acts of the case and abundant testimonies given under the seal of an oath disclose to all eyes a man eminent in Christian virtues. While awaiting this judgment the only honor to which we can aspire is to help you by the accents of our voice.

It is already easy to see what sources of grace will flow to Christian people, graces not only proper but also necessary to our present time, as soon as by the grace of God, this decree so eagerly awaited shall have been officially promulgated ; for the grand example of virtue practised by this servant of God as well as the form of religious life he instituted is really what our epoch needs most. No one in reality but sees how gravely in those latter days of storm and calamity through which we are passing humanity is stricken in its sources of life and how it languishes because in supreme folly it has separated itself from God and studies to shake off and entirely destroy the authority instituted by God, not only in the laws and public institutions but even in the relations and duties of domestic life. Lamentable result ! The people precipitated from the sublime height to which the Christian religion had elevated them sink lower and lower every day. They hate the divine order, the entire spiritual order itself, they drift towards a vile materialism, wallowing without remorse in the mire of corporal things and voluptuousness ; finally they become like base slaves, an abyss toward which all are tending all are being fatally drawn !

To triumph over such great and numerous evils, there is no remedy more truly efficacious—more powerful than the most eloquent discourse—than to expose clearly and to place before the eyes of all, in perfect contrast to the evil itself, the admirable example of christian virtues.

And this admirable and opportune example we find in the life of Peter Julian Eymard, a life absorbed and con-

sumed in the contemplation of the mystery of Faith, which surpasses all sentiment and is above all the senses can teach us because it contains and gives us God Himself, the Author, the Basis and the Source of all authority. In the other mysteries God speaks to us by intermediaries, in the Blessed Eucharist, it is Himself we hear. The other mysteries are as so many stepping-stones leading us little by little to God : by the Eucharist we reach Him directly ; no obstacle between Him and us. He who in disclosing His face gives to the elect with His divinity, glory and beatitude, is the same God who in the Eucharist gives to the earthly travellers, His divinity and His grace, foundation and guaranty of eternal beatitude.

If, then, the other means employed by the saints to procure the salvation of souls have been so efficacious, will not the intimate union, the familiar conversations, and the close intercourse with the God of the Eucharist be doubly efficacious ? Père Eymard lived exclusively for the Eucharist and wished his spiritual children to do likewise. By his activity, his example, his writings, his sermons, by worship and prayer he untiringly exhorted and desired that the mission of his followers be unceasingly to exhort souls to this Sacrament.

This was the unshakable belief of Père Eymard. This shall be his work. Now that the light already waning during his last years has given place to the profound and awful darkness of an endless night, Père Eymard has raised a sun without decline by the foundation of an Order vowed to perpetual adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. What this servant of God thought of the evils under which we are oppressed may be gathered from his own words : " We must strive to make salvation come to the world by the Eucharist. France and Europe too must be roused from this spiritual lethargy into which they have fallen because they did not know how to recognize the Gift of God, Jesus, the Eucharistic Emmanuel. We must draw close to this furnace of charity those lukewarm souls who imagine themselves pious, but who are not so, since they will not place in Jesus present in the tabernacle their centre and their principle of life. A Christian who does not establish his tent at the

same time on Calvary and before the Tabernacle can never be truly pious, or accomplish much.

It seems to me we keep ourselves too far away from the Blessed Eucharist and that preachers of the divine word do not speak often enough of this mystery of love. Consequently souls suffer and throw themselves into a false piety made up of effeminacy and sensuality to which they cling and attach themselves to the detriment of their own happiness.

How true are his words? Yes, our epoch needs this mighty lever. In fact, if, according to the sacred writer: The King who is seated on the throne of Judgment scatters iniquity by His look (Prov. xx, 8. ); will not Jesus, Our King, seated on His Eucharistic throne of grace, have even a mightier power. And that Jesus Our King might be perpetually seated on His glorious throne of Exposition Père Eymard employed all the strength of his intellect, spent all his life, preaching by his example and wearing himself out in endless and exhausting works wherever he could establish a house of his Order. The voice of this man of God as soon as the oracle of Your Holiness shall have given him permission by the decree of beatification, will rise up strong and powerful resounding unto the extremities of the earth. And under his influence priests daily growing more and more familiar with Jesus, their King, seated on His throne of grace, shall also grow more and more holy and better adapted to teach the people who in their turn conquered by the sight of their King, will return to the works of salvation and at the same time recognize the sovereignty of Jesus, not only in the relations and the acts of private and family life but also in the laws and institutions of the civil and social order.

Animated by this hope, I depose at the feet of Your Holiness my humble wishes for the introduction of the cause of the Beatification of Père Eymard, if it pleases God, solliciting, at the same time, for myself and for my flock the Apostolic Benediction.

Syracuse, November, 1904.

Signed : *Joseph Marie Feorenza, Archbishop.*



## Eternal Regrets.



DEATH reigns in this death chamber wherein the semi-darkness reluctantly creeping through closed blinds casts sepulchral shadows all around... The very air is thick and heavy, laden with the perfume of death... The monotonous tic-tac of the old pendulum falls like imolacable irony in the awful stillness... But sadder than the saddest of sobs, for even in a sob there is life, hope of life, is the death-rattle faintly and irregularly breaking the deep silence... "Will she last much long;" a man's voice whisperingly asks.

At the question a woman bends over the fatal couch, examines the convulsed face of its occupant and laconically answers :

"Perhaps — I can't say."

"Well" replies the man, "I'm in a hurry... I can't leave the house alone... If the old..."

A spasm of the dying woman arrest the words on his lips. Her eyes dilate unnaturally... with a supreme effort she partly rises, then falls back with a long-drawn sigh as if content the warfare is finished, the victory won... And the soul of a Christian stands before its God !

\* \* \*

Christian... Yes, and an exemplary one too was the poor virtuous soul who now lies there. For more than fifty years she had prayed, suffered and wept. Death did not surprise her ! She saw it coming with the glad relief of the laborer who lays aside his tools at nightfall. What did it matter to her to die ? She only lived for God and dying is going home to the good God... Besides, in those



last moments, she had had a great happiness. When she felt her last hour had come, she sent for her nephews, nieces and all her relatives. They hastened to her bedside saying with apparent sympathy in softly modulated voices :

“ Dear Aunt ! We are so sorry, so sorry.”

When the last, Charlie, the one present entered scarcely half an hour ago, she could barely speak but smiled sweetly as if saying to him : Now I am happy... I can die in peace.”

\* \* \*

“ Is she gone this time ?” Again asked Charlie in such an unfeeling manner as to draw from an indignant niece the sharp retort :

“ She was a great bother to you apparently.”

The man without taking time to answer roughly threw open the blinds and drew back the curtains letting in a blinding flood of sunlight which filled the room and cruelly rested on the disheveled hair and wide-open eyes of the woman who had just expired... but it was not she her relatives gazed upon. No, in their eyes shone the light of greed, they think of only one thing, what they will inherit apart from the personal effects they have made their own already.

“ Gracious ” exclaimed one of them examining the pictures hanging on the wall... “ They are all sacred subjects. It’s worse than in a Church.”

“ She was an old bigot anyway ” responded one of the nieces.

“ That is not all,” chimed in some one else.

“ While we are together let us see if the old creature has left a will... Where are her keys.”

“ I will get them,” replied the youngest of the party going towards the bed whereon lay the lifeless form, the only calm one in that excited crowd.

“ They must be under pillow,” she continued unceremoniously feeling under the still warm head... “ Yes, here they are !”

Then, regardless of the quiet sleeper who had always treated them so kindly, they hunted through all her belongings in search of her will. They came across some family jewels which each one strove to secure ; a small

bag carelessly thrown on the floor burst open disclosing some pieces of gold and silver, then some property deeds the result of fifty years of laborious thrift and economy.

One of the nephews rapidly sums them up exclaiming :



" Why, they are worth eight thousand francs ! Who would ever have suspected such a thing ?"

" That's good news, but still we have not found the most important article yet."

" What ?"

"The will."

"Here it is," said one of the nephews, showing a large sheet of paper he had just been glancing over.

"Let us see it ! Let us see it !"

And all eagerly gathered round the legal document while the spokesman read aloud the following :

"I, Estelle Dusseau, give and bequeath all I possess to my nephews and nieces whom I love equally, charging them to have one hundred masses offered for the repose of my soul."

\* \* \*

"A hundred masses, indignantly cried Charlie. It's not true !... The will does not say that."

"Look and see for yourself."

"How much will the hundred masses cost ?"

"That is pure nonsense !... one hundred and fifty francs for masses... and for a dead person at that."

"The truth is," interjected one of the nieces, "Auntie was so good she does not need any masses."

"That's so ! She never committed any sin... She was as innocent as a child..."

"She was always in church, at least whenever she could spare a moment."

"While that money would do us so much good."

"Are we rich enough to make presents like that to the priests ?"

"Fortunately the old bigot did not give the money herself before she died."

And so each one had some reason to allege why the dead Aunt's wish should not be carried out. Finally, the oldest of the nephews said : "If you will agree with me I will tell you how we will arrange the matter. We will ask the sexton to be present at her funeral and we will buy her a lovely wreath." "Yes that will do nicely" — No protest, no dissenting voice from any one in that covetous band.

Those dutiful nieces and nephews silenced their consciences by hanging from the hearse which bore the too trustful Aunt to her last resting place an immense wreath of flowers on which was written in large purple letters.

Dear Aunt... Eternal Regrets.



## Blessing of the Corner Stone of the Chapel of the Servants of the Most Holy Sacrament.



MONDAY the fifth of June at three o'clock, Mgr. Belley, V. G., in the absence of Mgr. Labrecque, Bishop of Chicoutimi, blessed the corner-stone of the Chapel of the Convent of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament. Several of the clergy and a great number of laity assisted at this pious ceremony which might be called the taking possession of Canadian soil by a congregation of Religious essentially devoted to contemplation and perpetual adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament.

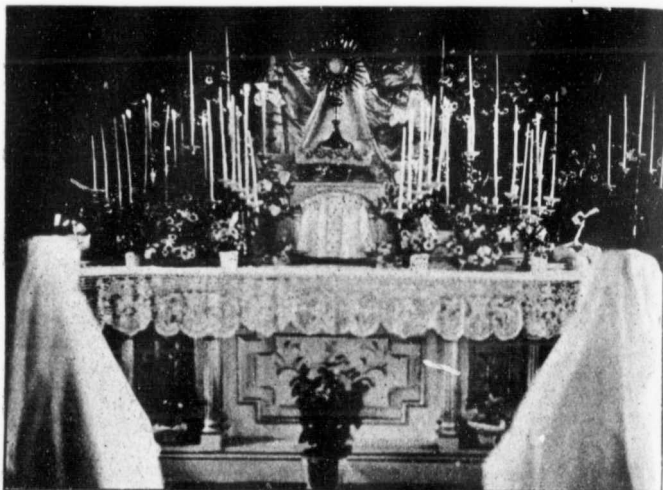
Like other victims of masonic hate these Nuns are exiles in Canada. When rejected and banished by persecuting France, nearly two years ago, divine Providence guided them to Chicoutimi and to this town belongs the honor and at the same time the privilege of possessing the first convent of their order built in America.

In those evil days when the scourge of materialism and corruption makes itself felt a little everywhere, how necessary it is that reparation should continually ascend towards God to appease His anger, to avert His justice and to plead for pardon and mercy for a sinful world.

Chicoutimi must be very proud and very happy to see arising on its heights this Convent wherein the Blessed Sacrament continually exposed will shower upon it abundant graces and blessings. It has already expressed this joy by a public act of faith in naming the avenue leading to the Convent Avenue of the Blessed Sacrament.

Since their coming, the Sisters have won the kindly interest and esteem of our sympathetic population : Through their efforts has been founded the Association of the Blessed Sacrament numbering among its members, nearly all our Mothers of families. We have also heard of their exquisite skill in making church vestments and art work of every description.

Their Convent which overlooks the town will be ninety feet long by forty wide. The building under the supervi-



Chapel of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament at Chicoutimi.

sion of Mr Beaulieu is advancing rapidly and will be finished by the beginning of April.

The commemorative stone which has been blessed, bears the following inscription.

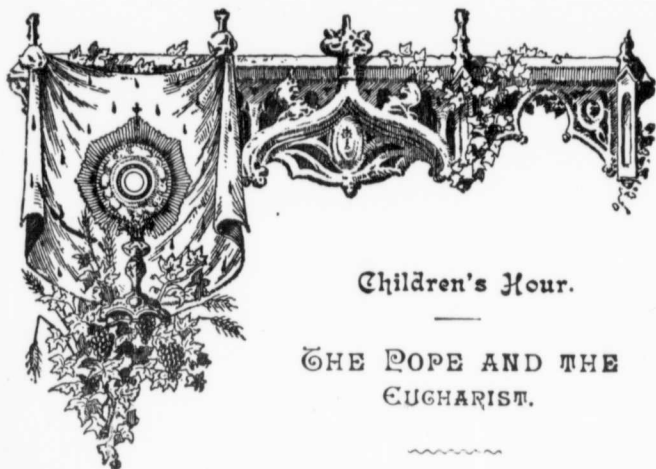
C. C. E. J.

†

4 JUNE 1905.

Those are the initials of the french words Cenacle Cœur Eucharistique Jésus and mean : Cenacle of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus.

“ La Défence Chicoutimi.”



### Children's Hour.

## THE POPE AND THE EUGHARIST.

**C**HILDREN all know that Papa or Pope means Father and that the Sovereign Pontiff is in reality the common father of all the faithful whom our Lord Jesus Christ entrusted to him when He said : " Feed my lambs, feed my sheep. " To help him in this vast and delicate mission, Jesus gives him a share of His goodness, His wisdom and His holiness, that is why we call him, the Holy Father, Mary, the divine Shepherdess and our dear mother, assists him by her protection and intercession. Jesus Christ, whose representative he is remains with him until the end of time by his Holy Spirit, as well as by His real presence in the Blessed Eucharist. Consequently, the Pope is infallible and the pontifical throne as steadfast as the altar. Jesus Christ is the invisible head of the Church which He confides to the Pope, His ambassadors The Saviour is hidden in a certain way behind the trait. of His Vicar, as He is under the Sacramental appearances. So he who despises the Pope despises Jesus Christ ; he who disobeys the Pope disobeys Jesus Christ and that rebellious child is rejected by Jesus, who says : let him be regarded as the heathen and the publican. Jesus-Christ in the Eucharist makes Himself all to all nevertheless children and the poor are His favorites. The Holy

Father also preferably leans toward the humble the unhappy, the persecuted, Pius X recently graciously stooped to bless a little girl who recommended her first Communion to him. The lambs are weaker than the sheep, so their Pastor, whose name indicates his goodness, Pius means full of compassion, covers them more affectionately with his fatherly care and protection.

He is also called the Sovereign Pontiff and is in reality after Jesus Christ the source of the priesthood, the bridge connecting heaven with earth, the guardian of the treasures of the Church especially, the Eucharist. New Joseph, prime minister to the King of Kings, he holds in reserve for us this celestial "Bread" alone capable of satisfying our souls and which the priests his delegates distribute to us at the holy table. Oh ! pity and pray for those who stray away from this allegiance. The Protestants of England for instance, hardly had they ceased to do as the Church did, or with a different intention, than the waters of grace were dried up among them : the supernatural life, the sacraments, the Eucharist, even the divine word which they perverted. Oh ! how hard salvation will be for them !.. The journey from earth to heaven is so long and difficult. Will they not die on the way of hunger and thirst ? Pray fervently that they may become submissive to the Pope and be admitted to partake with us of the Eucharistic Bread of the Father of the family : like us they need absolution for their faults and the Bread of Eternal life ; they need the Pope and the Eucharist : " I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven "... " If you do not eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.

Here is another striking resemblance between the Pope and the Eucharist. Jesus is a prisoner in the Tabernacle, the Pope is a prisoner in the Vatican. Would that our prayers might win the freedom for Pius X that he urgently needs in order better to know and guard his flock ; in order to give more liberty to Jesus Sacred Host, Himself, by causing greater manifestations in His honor : expositions, processions, more frequent communions... because each of these " comings out of his Tabernacle " procures for Jesus apart from the homage the joy of appearing in the midst of his children. Notwithstanding his captivity

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His Holiness Pius X.



the Pope is not deprived of those honors he dreams of rendering to Jesus; but he never forgets that he is only Christ's Vicar and sends up to Him the homages he receives, as is clearly proved by causing through his great love and deep respect for the real presence of Jesus Christ, the suppression of the acclamations which habitually welcomed his passage through the Basilica; that he commanded a more devotional and religious character in Church music. This loving, respectful zeal for the Eucharist characterizes all his words and actions. May we follow his example and with eyes fixed on the Tabernacle where we gain strength, repeat after him: I will strive with all my might, to promote the Kingdom of Christ.

Let us unite our homage of filial affection, of gratitude, of obedience and respect to the homages presented to Pius X by fortunate pilgrims. We cannot like them greet Jesus in the person of His Vicar... But let us console ourselves... We have the Eucharist, and Jesus in the Sacred Host is still greater than the Pope. He who has seen the Pope looking so kind and majestic in his robes of white, at least once in his life, considers himself happy, but happier still is he who daily sees Jesus in His white Host. He considers himself happy, who receives the Pope's blessing and kisses his foot... but happier still is he who every day or as often as possible receives the blessing of the Eucharist and who in Communion touches with his lips, Jesus, Sacred Host, the Pontiff-King whose reign is everlasting.

"O Jesus, divine Prisoner of the Eucharist, deliver the venerable prisoner of the Vatican, so that he may work more freely for the triumph of Thy church, of Thy Eucharist, and of Thy Sacred Heart.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, November 22nd, at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

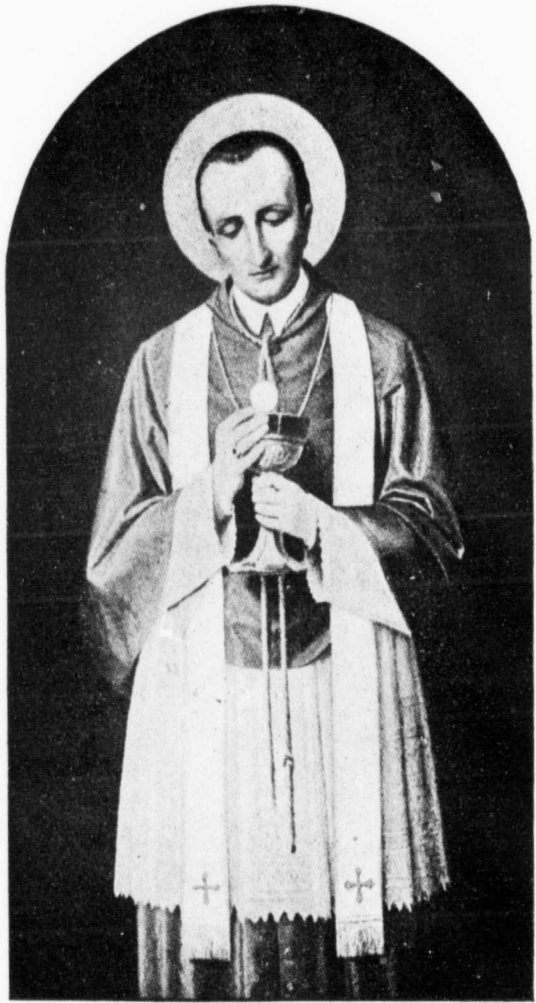
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**Saint Charles - Borromeus.**