



The Vocation of St Matthew.

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THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Mgr. Vaughan.

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“What is meant by saying that God is infinite? We seem to wish to be told, as if we had nothing given us to throw light on the question. The outward exhibition of infinitude is mystery, and the mysteries of nature and grace are nothing else than the mode in which His infinitude encounters us and is brought home to our minds. Men confess that He is infinite, yet they start and object as soon as His infinitude comes in contact with their imagination.”

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

There is scarcely any doctrine so beautiful or so consoling as the Catholic Doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. It is the central dogma of our religion and the very focus of Divine love. When indeed we think of the excellence and the grandeur of this dogma, we are appalled at the large number of christians who refuse to accept its truth, and instinctively ask ourselves why it is that so many, in most respects good and honest men, reject and denounce it with so much vehemence.

Is it because such a doctrine finds no support in the holy writ? No; that cannot be for it is clearly and unmistakably laid down there in many noticeable passages; so clearly, indeed, that men are compelled to use violence, and to twist, contort and torture the obvious meaning of simple phrases in their vain efforts to escape from the catholic interpretation. Is it then, because it was not taught in the early church, nor countenanced by the Fathers and teachers of the first few centuries?

Impossible. For History informs us that it was explicitly and emphatically taught in the church from the very beginning, and not only taught, but, what is much more worthy of observation, taught without a dissentient voice for many long and eventful ages. It was not until the eleventh century that it met with any serious opposition. The famous Berengarius, Archdeacon of Angers, opposed it about the year 1050; but the church, spread throughout the world, arose as one man and condemned him; while council after council solemnly denounced his assertion as heretical. After much controversy he renounced his error, and returned once more to the faith of his baptism.

If, then, both Scripture and Tradition assert so unmistakably the truth of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, why do so many thousands of earnest Protestants deny it? They may assign various reasons, but if we analyse their statements and weigh their motives, I suspect that we shall find that the real secret of their repugnance to the doctrine lies precisely in its mysteriousness. They repudiate it because it is in itself so marvellous, so utterly unintelligible to the mind, and so brimming over with unfathomable difficulties. Men brought up on the principle of "private judgment" and "the open Bible" interpreted by each individual are startled and thrown back when they consider the literal meaning of Christ's words. They shudder and recoil when brought face to face with so tremendous a mystery. And though the utterances of Christ are plain and clear, and though He repeats His most solemn declaration again and again, and ever in a more emphatic form, they still exclaim: "It cannot be! He surely must have meant something else? He must have been speaking figuratively and symbolically." They will allow anything rather than mystery; and prefer any alternative rather than submit their intellects to the obedience of faith. Hence they refuse to accept the infallible words, even of God Himself, so long as they convey incomprehensible truths.

But why do men find it difficult to accept the wonderful? Why are the mysteries of faith so hard to endure?

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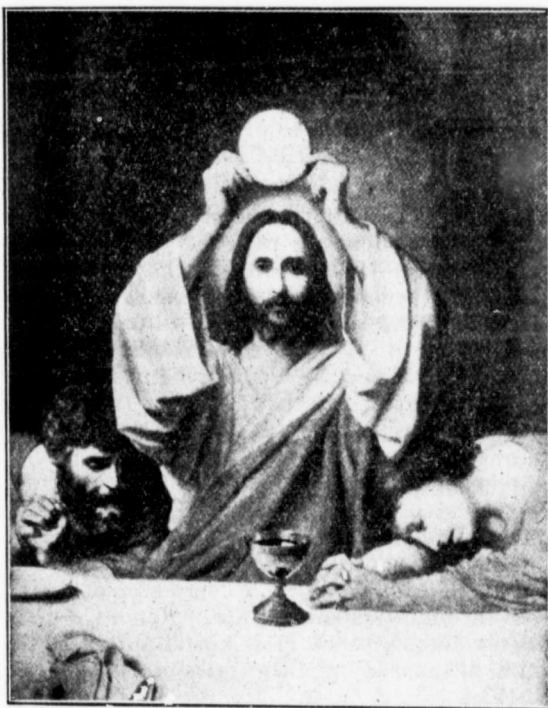
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Why is the incomprehensible religion so repulsive to the natural sense of mankind? Well, for two reasons. Firstly, because they have never truly realised the extremely limited range of their own faculties; and secondly, because they have never thoroughly mastered the fact that innumerable mysteries exist all around them, and are to be found in abundance even in the most ordinary and commonplace objects of daily life. Perhaps a few minutes will not be unprofitably spent in making these two points clear. There is, of course, no creature upon earth that has been enriched with such countless and such signal favors as man. Yet priceless as many of them undoubtedly are, they fall immeasurably short of the infinite. Though man possesses extraordinary faculties, they are extremely restricted in their operation.

Indeed, the truths which these faculties are able to reveal to him are the merest and meanest fraction, compared to those which still remain unrevealed. We are hemmed in upon every side. We live and move within an extremely narrow circle. We see but only a short distance. The deep, fathomless depths of the interstellar spaces lie at unmeasured distances beyond our view. The telescope may help us a little, but millions of leagues beyond the reach of any instrument are, undoubtedly, worlds and constellations, and vast plenary systems that no human eye has ever gazed upon. All that our most perfect glasses can reveal to us is just the outer fringe of the limitless garment of creation. It is precisely the same with the sense of hearing. We hear, but it is only the grosser and coarser sounds. The more delicate voices of nature lie utterly beyond us. We can hear neither the impetuous rushing of the distant planets as they travel with lightning-like speed from one part of the heavens to another; nor the growing of the grass about our feet; nor the circulation of the sap and vital juices in shrub and tree; nor the bursting of the ten thousand times ten thousand microscopic cells giving birth to new life in its myriad forms. A veritable universe of sounds lies beyond the ken of the most delicate and sensitive human ear. What has been remarked regarding the faculties of sight and hearing must be equally asserted of every other

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faculty, whether of smell, of taste, or of touch. And even if we arise from the senses of the body to contemplate the powers of the mind, the self-laws of limitation are equally perceptible. The gift of reason or intelligence is the highest and noblest gift of God to man in the natural order. It is this especially that establishes his



claim to superiority over all the rest of the world around him. Yet how weak and inadequate a thing after all is unaided human reason. How restricted in its operation, and how narrow the circle of its influence. As a tiny child in some immense library draws a book from the shelves and laboriously and painfully spells out a word

or two from its closely-printed pages, so man, with infinite difficulty, spells out a word here and there in the infinite book of nature.

"In nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can read" says Shakespeare. Yes, "a little;" but oh, how little! Man knows something— not much about a few things. But there is nothing whatever of which he knows absolutely all that might be known. Indeed, without entering at all into the more ethereal world of mind or spirit, we may truly affirm that our acquaintance even with material things is of the scantiest and most unsatisfactory kind. What we do know concerning the gross physical world of matter compared to what we do not know, is as a grain of sand to a mountain.

Unhappily, man's innate conceit induces him to dwell with complacency upon the little he does know, rather than to learn humility by contemplating the vast regions of truth lying beyond his mental vision. And this is in part the reason that so many are unwilling to accept the mysteries of faith. They are distressed and disturbed when they come across the incomprehensible in religion, and grow restive and dissatisfied, just as though mystery were a new experience, and as though they had never been brought into direct and personal relations with the incomprehensible and the inexplicable in nature itself. Their very surprise and hesitancy prove how entirely they have failed to grasp the fact that, without entering at all into the regions of the supernatural they must encounter endless mysteries at every step of their journey even through this natural life. When we discourse of the Holy Eucharist, of Transubstantiation, of the Resurrection of the body, we hear cries of: "Impossible." "Such thing cannot be." "My reason revolts against such doctrines," and much else to the same effect. Dogmas which are at once incomprehensible and inexplicable, they imagine should be regarded as incredible. Hence the importance of realising how quite equally incomprehensible and inexplicable are many of the most ordinary operations of nature. All nature teems with insoluble mysteries. In every object, however commonplace, there are great depths of which we can take no soundings; and

dark chasms, into whose lurid bowels we may peer and peer, yet ever peer in vain.

Now if so much of the natural world is a closed book to us, how much more should we expect the supernatural world to be? If this earth is so full of inexplicable difficulties and darknesses in the order of grace and of glory?

"Stand and consider the wondrous works of God," says the Holy Spirit by the lips of Job (XXXVII. 14).

We will select one or two in the order of nature, that we may the better appreciate those which are proposed for our acceptance in the order of grace. We might pick out one of the more unusual and recondite phenomena of nature, but we rather prefer to select the most familiar we can think of; indeed the simpler and the more commonplace the better. Take, then, magnetic attraction.

We must all have noticed how a magnet and a piece of steel will attract one another. The magnet exercises a force over steel, and draws it towards itself. How? We don't know. Nobody knows. It is a mystery in the natural order. The magnet and the steel are separated by a certain appreciable distance. How does the magnet throw its influence across that distance? Take two points A and B, separated by the space of one inch (whether an inch or a thousand miles, the principle is the same).

How can the magnet resting at point A, act upon a piece of steel resting at point B, so as to overcome its native inertia, and to set it travelling over the intervening space? How, in other words, can a thing act where it is not — where it has no existence? What, if we may so express ourselves, is this invisible hand which the magnet stretches forth, and extends across the intervening space, and by which it overcomes the inertia of the steel and draws it to itself? We don't know. No man can tell. Nay, further, place an obstacle between the two. Interpose, say, a sheet of plate glass between the magnet and the steel. In other words, cut off the communication — what then. Why, this obstacle proves to be no obstacle. The magnet acts upon the steel even through the glass. The communication is not cut off. The steel responds to the action, and starts to meet the magnet. It presses with a real and measurable force against the

glass, in its fruitless, yet ceaseless efforts to reach the source of attraction ; and so it will continue as any one may test by experience. What a simple experiment is this? Yet how passing strange. How hopelessly unintelligible. Who can really unravel the mystery, or give an exhaustive reply to our inquiries? No man. It is one among those numerous mysteries of which the world is full. The child of yesterday knows just as much about the secrets of magnetic attraction as the most learned scientist ; that is to say, just nothing at all.

I might, further, point out how this attraction follows certain regular mathematical laws ; how, for instance its strength increases inversely as the square of the distance ; but this might make the illustration needlessly complicated. Let me, then, merely suppose that while the experiment is proceeding, some learned exponent of science arrives on the scene. To my demand for an explanation he simply laughs good naturedly at my simplicity, and exclaims condescendingly : "Oh, that is a very simple thing ! That, sir, is nothing more or less than magnetic attraction." He is quite satisfied. He imagines he has answered me ; but, in sober truth, has he explained anything? Nothing whatever. He has merely given the phenoma a name. Am I any the wiser? Well, I now know what to call it certainly ; but I know no more about it than I did before. The mystery remains. Call it by what name you please it cannot explain the fact. I am still face to face with the inexplicable. The only answer possible is, that things are as they are, and act as they act, because God has so willed and decreed. If, then, He decrees the inexplicable in the things of this world why not in the things of the next world?

Here, then we have a mystery—an inexplicable fact—in the very lowest department of creation, viz, in inorganic and lifeless matter, in a piece of senseless and structureless iron ore. A mystery that, in spite of all the boasted advance of science, man's mind is too imperfect to deal with or to investigate. He stands puzzled, confounded and humiliated before a simple fragment of loadstone.

(to be continued.)

Frequent Communion in Our Schools



At a time when so much is everywhere being accomplished for the physical and mental development of children, and when those without the pale of the Church are searching so eagerly, and yet so vainly, for the solution of that most vexed of all problems, the moral education of the young, it would be a strange oversight on our part to neglect the consideration of the one supreme and divine factor in the development of child-character, the Holy Eucharist.

With every day we realize more perfectly that in this age of materialistic thought and socialistic revolution the true efficiency of our schools and colleges, all else considered, must be gauged by the frequency with which the Holy Eucharist is there received, by the ardor with which Eucharistic practices inflame the youthful minds and hearts, by the eagerness and joy with which the Eucharistic life is throbbing within their walls. To the Catholic minded and intelligent student of the social questions of our day it becomes ever more evident that there is no more powerful remedy intended by Almighty God to cure the evils of our age than the Holy Eucharist. But it is in the school and in the classroom that the frequent and daily reception of the Sacrament must be taught, and it is through the children that the parents themselves—who often are moved but slowly by the most earnest instructions of their pastors—must finally be brought to the acceptance of the decree of the Church. Already we can behold the truth of this in countless parishes where Communion on the workdays of the week was seldom, if ever, seen before, but where now the mothers often follow the little ones to the Holy Table, and where even the fathers come in great numbers to the

reception of the Sacrament. The beautiful prophecy of the Scriptures has found, as it were, a new fulfillment: "A little child shall lead them."

That the decree on frequent and daily Communion, "*Sacra Tridentina Synodus*," applies to educational institutions in no ordinary way, but in a most especial manner, is clearly stated by the Holy Father. Article VII thus reads: "Frequent and daily Communion is to be promoted . . . especially . . . in all Christian establishments, of whatever kind, for the training of the young." Here, then, is the charter for our work. Here is the prospectus divinely inspired, whose wisdom it would be folly to doubt and rashness to neglect.

We all understand, moreover, how universal, the application of this decree is: that it refers to all the classes of every school, and that not even the lowest grades are to be excepted. This is plain from many documents. One familiar instance will suffice. Article VI of the late legislation concerning the First Communion of children thus reads: "Those who have charge of children must take the utmost care that after their First Communion the said children should approach the Holy Table very often, and if possible, even daily, as Jesus Christ and our Holy Mother Church desire it, and that they should go with such devotion as their age allows." This age is defined in the decree as about the seventh year, somewhat earlier or somewhat later. As soon, namely, as the child is capable of committing a mortal sin it has a right and a need of receiving Holy Communion and of repeating this act, if possible, even daily. Such is the teaching of the Holy Father, which no sophistry and no "explanation" can make void.

If at the present time it were possible for us to entertain any regret, it could only be that, unlike the fortunate little ones in our charge, we were not born to participate from earliest childhood in all this wondrous lavishness of God's greatest gift. But for us there has been reserved a joy peculiarly our own, and that is to extend this blessing to thousands of souls, to give to the Heart of our Master not merely the daily embrace of our own love, but to procure for Him the unnumbered Holy



Communions of those beneath our charge and influence ; to be in a word, the first apostles in the great renewal of the world. The promise made by our Divine Saviour to that Good Shepherd nun, by whose instrumentality the world was consecrated to the Sacred Heart under Leo XIII, we may regard as made to us as well : that for every time she procured, even indirectly, His entrance into a heart, He would grant to her an increase of eternal glory.

Frequent and daily Communion alone can secure for us the happy result that from year's end to year's end the state of grace shall remain inviolate in the souls of our little ones ; for this is the first effect of the Holy Eucharist : to preserve the life of grace, and in particular to protect the young from the sin of impurity which ever threatens them. Nothing but the Holy Eucharist can most effectually quench that fire within their veins and give to their hearts the strength to resist temptation—nothing but the wine that burgeons forth virgins. Think what it means to prevent one mortal sin, and then think what it means to prevent thousands, to prevent, it may be, tens of thousands, by our efforts. We are not speaking in figures, we are not dealing in exaggerations, but stating a plain, calm truth, magnificent though it is, of which every priest has experience. From all the world arises one voice of jubilation and wonder at the effects already produced by this most blessed Sacrament, wherever the mandates of the Holy Father have been observed unquestioningly in any school—and, God be thanked ! many are the instances we might mention where frequent and even daily Communion are the order of the day. As early as March, 12, 1909, Cardinal Mercier could write : “ Already in Belgium an experience of two years, in the case of many parishes and most educational establishments, has proved that frequent Communion produces fruits of piety and morality which far exceed the expectations of the most sanguine directors of souls.”

We are not stating the fact too strongly when we say that frequent and, if possible, daily Communion will supply in its fullest perfection the very primary condition for the attainment of the highest physical, mental

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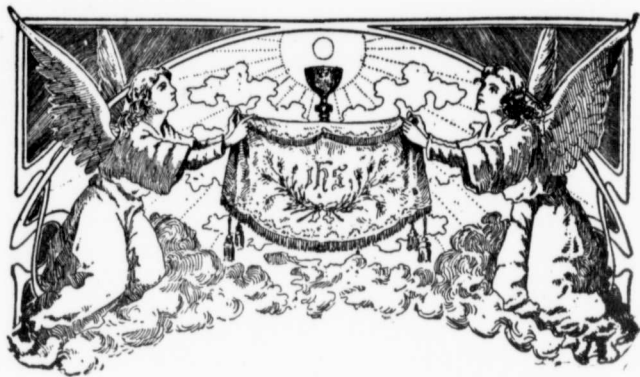
and moral culture obtainable through education. By keeping pure and inviolate the lives of our students, Holy Communion preserves in them throughout their most trying years that joy of spirit and soundness of body which are God's dowry to a chaste generation. By giving right direction to their thoughts and supernatural motives to their will it prepares them with the best equipment for true intellectual development, such as we often find wanting in men of the most brilliant parts. And finally, by continuing unbroken in their souls the reign of sanctifying grace, it fills them with the divine life of Christ, into whose likeness they are daily more perfectly transformed, Who is the Brightness of Eternal Light, the unspotted Mirror of God's Majesty, and the Image of His Goodness.

What Catholic educator is not quickened to activity and sacrifice at the thought of these vast possibilities? Little, indeed, would he seem to have caught of the pentecostal fire who could not be moved by such considerations, who would not give to this greatest and most providential work of our time all the encouragement and personal support that God enables him to devote.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S. J.

Time's Rosary

The year is but a chaplet's string !
It's decades, months ; it's beads, the days ;
And Time, whose fingers tell them, pays
Incessant cult to Christ, the King.



HOUR of ADORATION

“ Father, Forgive Them ! ”

(First Word)

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Jesus autem dicebat : Pater, dimitte illis ; non enim sciunt quid faciunt.

And Jesus said : Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. — (Luke XXIII, 34.)

I — ADORATION.

“ Father, forgive them ! ” The executioners are striking the Divine Saviour with the blows of their hammers in order to nail Him to the Cross. Jesus opens His lips to speak. Is He going to complain ? Is He going to summon legion of angels to avenge Him on His enemies ? No, no complaint, no murmur, no word of vengeance leaves His lips, only a prayer to Heaven, a prayer of love : “ *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !* ” Such is the first petition of a dying God for them that snatch from Him both honor and life.

This prayer is the resume of all the aspirations of the Heart of the Heavenly Father and of the Heart of Jesus. God wills that all men should be saved, and the chief end of the coming of the Son of God into this world was the salvation of sinners. Divine justice had to be satisfied, but God ardently desires to be able to exercise His mercy in all its extent. "*And I sought among them for a man that might set up a hedge, and stand in the gap before Me in favor of the land, that I might not destroy it: and I found none.*"

That Man, that wall which will arrest the torrents of divine vengeance, will be the Man-God, dying and praying on the Cross. And with what refinement of love does He address this prayer to His Father!

"*Father!*" It is not the Judge, not the King of heaven and earth, nor even God, whom He invokes, but His *Father*. The name of *Father* is, indeed, the most auspicious for making itself heard and for turning away the divine wrath. How could that Divine Father, who acknowledged Him in His glory on Tabor and called Him His Well-Beloved Son, refuse to-day to hear Him, to listen to Him favorably? Still more, at the same time that He is His Father, has He not become also through Him the true Father of mankind, the truly merciful Father who maketh His sun to shine on the good and on the bad? And so, Jesus does not say "My Father," but simply "*Father,*" in order to remind Him that He is the Father of all men. Thus pardon would come more quickly for the Son of the Eternal Father and for His own brethren.

"*Father, forgive them!*" Not for Himself does He crave pardon. Men, how holy soever they may be, tremble in their last moments before God's infinite holiness and justice. They then feel more than at any hour of their life the necessity of humbling themselves and asking pardon. Jesus,—is He not the Saint of saints? He has, then, nothing to confess, nothing to implore for Himself. He alone among all mankind, may die without demanding pardon.

For whom, then, does He make this prayer? He does not say: "Pardon, Father, them that crucify Me, that have caused Me to be crucified, pardon My executioners." No, the prayer of Jesus is more general. He prays for all sinners, without exception—that is, for all mankind. He prays for Peter and His unfaithful Apostles; He prays for those who

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have struck Him, bruised and maltreated Him ; He prays for them that have forced the thorns into His head, the nails into His hands and feet. Again, this prayer, "*Pardon them.*" includes not only the sinners of the present, but those of the past and the future. It was by virtue of that prayer that the just of the Old Law were enabled to mount to heaven with Him. It is through the efficacy of that prayer that all sinners, even to the end of the world, will find grace before God and obtain eternal salvation. This pardon Jesus demands, first for original sin, and then for all actual sins, not only mortal sins, but even venial faults. It is for every sinner and for every sin. It is for me and for all my crimes that Jesus implores pardon and mercy of His Father: "*Father, forgive them!*"

Jesus adds: "*Because they know not what they do.*" They are more blind than culpable ; they know not who I am, nor how much I love them, nor how frightful is hell. No, Father, strike them not ! Bruise My flesh, shed My blood, break My Heart, crush Me, that I may die abandoned by all, without consolation, without help, upon the cross of the accursed, but let not one of those whom Thou hast given Me feel the rigors of Thy justice and be lost ! What love ! Ah, indeed, is it not the property of love to hide from oneself and from others the faults of the loved ones ?

On His heavenly throne and in His Sacrament of Love the Divine Saviour still continues His beneficent mediation between God and sinners. At every instant He repeats the prayer for mercy: "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !*" Adore on the Cross and in the Eucharist this Divine Mediator, placed between heaven and earth, reconciling the world with God. Adore Him, the Eternal Priest, fulfilling all the functions of His priesthood. The Cross is the altar upon which He offers to His Father the greatest of holocausts, wholly consumed by the fire of pain and love. To sacrifice He adds prayer, in order to incline the angry Heart of God and obtain clemency and pardon for the guilty.

Adore Him on the altar of the unbloody Sacrifice. It is He who ever performs the role of the great High Priest, He who is always the august Victim, He who constantly implores His Divine Father to pardon poor sinners. His sacrifice, though not bloody, is not less real ; and if the Divine Victim is not really slain (*Christ risen dieth now no more*), it does not

lose its participation in the bloody Sacrifice of Calvary, which forms its charm and its perfection.

That prayer of Jesus on the Cross cannot fail to be acceptable to God. Saint Paul shows us God the Father fixing his eyes on this sublime expiation, lending an ear to this tender and loving prayer, and granting it on account of the profound reverence with which it is addressed to Him : "*Exauditus est pro sua reverentia.*" At the sight of His Son's tears of blood, and hearkening to His prayer, the Father cast aside His indignation, let the thunderbolt fall from His hand, and looked down upon the earth, once so odious to Him, in compassion and reconciliation. Then, with a pen dipped in the Blood of that same dear Son, He canceled the fatal decree of condemnation against all sinners, and suspended it on the Cross of Jesus as the receipt of a liquidated debt granted to Him who had discharged every obligation of indebtedness. Prostrate with respect and love before that High Priest hanging on the Cross, and who at this moment redeemed the world with His Blood and His prayers. Adore Him in union with Mary making the sacrifice of her Son and pardoning His executioners, with all the angels of heaven, gazing in amazement at the immense love of their King for guilty mankind. Adore Him, for He is the Word of God made Man, the incarnate Wisdom, the true Light which enlighteneth every man coming into the world.

He is the God of majesty publishing His religion of love ! He is the great Monarch of the universe promulgating His code ! He is the Representative of Heaven explaining to earth the reconciliation of the world with God ! He is the thrice-holy Victim paying with His Blood the ransom due by our crimes to God's infinite justice and holiness !

II — THANKSGIVING

"*Father, forgive them !*" Jesus' first word on the Cross is a word of pardon. Before thinking of His Mother, His friends, or Himself, He offers the price of His Blood for them who have made it flow, He wishes first to procure life for them that imposed upon Him death. Sublime and divine transport of His Heart ! Nailed to the Cross, His hands can no longer bless them, His feet run after them, but His heart still lovingly beats for sinners, and His lips express His sentiments. No word could better teach us with what an immense fire of love the Heart of Jesus is consumed for us. He

forgets all His sufferings at this terrible moment of crucifixion to think only of procuring our salvation.

And how skilfully His love pleads the cause of guilty man before His Father! He chooses the moment in which He is shedding His Blood for their salvation. To be more favorably received, He addresses God by the sweet title of Father. He names no one in particular, in order that none may be excluded. He does not call them persecutors, calumniators, executioners, thereby to rouse the wrath of His Father. He alludes to their sin only on the side that can excuse it, as an effect of blindness rather than of voluntary malice.

And so this Advocate, divinely shrewd, is fully successful with God, His Father. Man's cause is so well defended that it has been forever gained. What gratitude ought we not to have towards our charitable Saviour! Heaven was forever closed to us; hell was our sad inheritance. By reconciling us with God Jesus opens to us the gates of heaven and closes hell under our feet. Who can measure the extent and the greatness of the benefits that this prayer has brought to earth? It is like an amnesty, a general jubilee, a universal pardon for all sinners. Scarcely had it reached heaven when one of the thieves crucified with Jesus was converted. Some hours later several soldiers of Calvary gathered its fruits. At the moment Jesus expired, the Gospel tells us, the centurion standing before the Divine Crucified and hearing Him utter a great cry, exclaimed. "Truly, this was the Son of God!" Affrighted at the earthquake which was shaking the rock of Calvary, and influenced by their captain's exclamation, the guards said to one another: "This was the Son of God!" and fell at the feet of the Cross, conquered and converted.

And why did Peter's first sermons all at once convert to the Christian faith so many thousand Jews? Was it not because Jesus by His prayer had obtained the grace of pardon for them? That sublime prayer was not confined to the executioners of the Saviour, nor to His own contemporaries. It fell like a shower of grace on all the sinners of the earth. Large as His Heart, that pardon embraced all men and all ages. And I at the present moment, in spite of the twenty centuries that time has raised between my existence and that scene on Golgotha, I am benefiting by that same pardon of the Divine Redeemer. All the acts of contrition, all the graces of repentance, all the holy resolutions to do better, all the remission of sins, all the absolutions received, all the graces that have been granted to me and my brethren, are but the natural

fruits of "*Pardon them, O Father, for they know not what they do!*"

Yes, every one of us, even before we were born, was named in the most holy *Memento* made by the Christ at this august Mass upon the altar of the Cross. That Prayer fell back like a magnificent benediction on the whole human race. And Jesus was not satisfied with once formulating His sublime petition. The Altar has replaced the Cross. Daily and hourly, all over the globe, the sovereign High Priest is repeating with the same love; "*Father, forgive them!*" At the Altar, as upon the Cross, He is laden with the heavy burden of our sins. And, presenting anew His glorious Wounds and His Blood poured out, He perpetually implores pardon for our sins. Thousands of Hosts are scattered over the earth, and this prayer incessantly mounts to the Divine Father and falls back upon the guilty souls of earth and upon those of purgatory in showers of grace and benediction.

Not only does Jesus in the Host obtain for us the pardon of our faults, but He applies to us the grace of love of the neighbor which He merited for us on the Cross. Who will recount the wonders of love and generosity which Holy Communion causes to flourish in souls? Henceforth, thanks to it, persecuted souls no longer curse their persecutors. They bless them, sweetly repeating the prayer of the Master: "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*"

I thank Thee, O Heavenly Father, for having permitted justice and mercy thus to kiss upon the agonizing Heart of Jesus!



I thank Thee, O loving Saviour, for having obtained pardon for me by the prayer of Thy lips and the prayer of Thy Blood! I thank Thee for incessantly continuing for me Thy intercession in the Sacrament of Thy love!

I thank Thee, O Mary, worthy Mother of such a Son, for having through love for me consented to the crucifixion of Thy tenderly loved Jesus, and for having repeated in my behalf in union with Him this word of pardon: "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*"

Who would not love a Saviour who has loved us so much? Henceforth, dearest Lord, inspired with the sentiments of Thy own tender Heart, I desire, in imitation of Thee and with Thy help, to aim earnestly at rooting out of my heart every feeling of revenge, and to love truly and sincerely all who have done me evil.


(to be continued)





**Thou Art My Treasure,
 Jesus.**


Lord, Thou Thyself hast said this golden word :
 "Where'er thy treasure, there thy heart shall be"
 Here at Thy feet, my Eucharistic Lord !
 The meaning of the word grows plain to me,
 Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
 My heart must be.

Silver and gold and every precious thing
 That thief can steal or moth and rust consume,
 Not to such perishable goods I cling ;
 For treasures infinite my heart hath room.
 Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
 My heart must be.

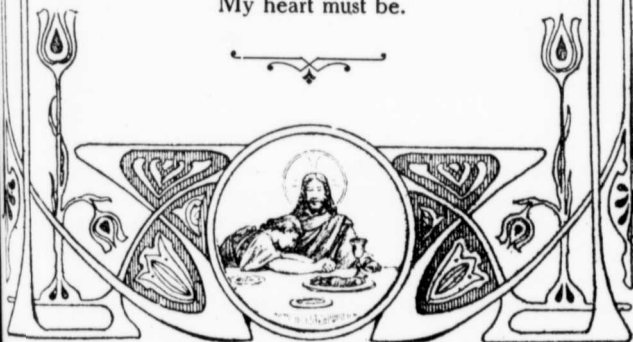


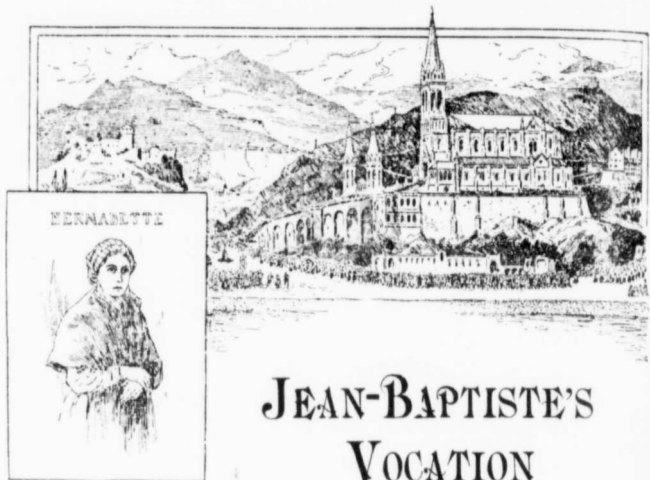


What can I wish for on this earth below ?
What can I wish for in the heavens above ?
In this dear mystery my heaven I know,
Here at the Altar I have all I love.
Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
My heart must be.

This altar is the school where I am taught
To hear Thy word and love Thy holy law.
Here in Thy Heart sweet modesty is sought,
Fervor and charity I hence may draw.
Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
My heart must be.

Thrice happy he who gazes thus on Thee
Before Thy Tabernacle night and day.
Such happiness, alas ! is not for me ;
But, when I leave, my love behind will stay.
For Thou my Treasure art, and, Lord, with Thee
My heart must be.





JEAN-BAPTISTE'S VOCATION



JEAN-BAPTISTE wanted to be a priest. He had always wanted it, he thought. At any rate, he could remember what an exquisitely happy May he had spent when he was seven—six long years ago now—at the feet of the Blessed Mother who had given him a royal May gift. For on one of those glorious days she had taken in her gentle hands all his childish dreams his quaint idealistic fancies and drawn them to a golden focus. And that focus-point was the eternal priesthood of God. Everything merged in that. It would be the perfect fulfilment of life. He saw this vaguely, but he saw it with wholehearted conviction. Though he had never thought of it before, he could see clearly that it would be the embodiment of his aspirations. They had been the grays and pinks of dawn, this would be the splendor of sunrise. It seemed so natural that he had no room for surprise on first formulating his desire. He knew somehow that this was what he had always wanted.

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So the call had come to him, through Mary. And to no one else save to her and her Child, dwelling on His simple altar in the village church, did Jean-Baptiste speak of it for four or five years. Then came the feast of his First Communion, Ascension Day, a May morning too. And clear and sweet in his childish soul that day the Mother's gentle whis-



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per was echoed once again in the loving, authoritative tones of the dear Son Who had first bidden her breathe it to His chosen one. Jean-Baptiste was awed and thrilled, touched to the quick. It meant so much more now.

“It is vocation, my dear son. The call of the good God has come to you.” That had crowned all to Jean-Baptiste, that whisper of the kind old Curé, as moved and as awed as

the child who had confided in him. He had prayed and thought, and prayed again, he had questioned and studied the boy. And at length it had seemed clear to him that he must thank God—how gratefully—for not having forgotten the ungrateful parish that was so forgetting Him, for having vouchsafed to it so signal a mercy as that of having raised up a possible priest from among the careless—and alas ! in too many cases worse than careless—members of its little community. He was even happier than Jean-Baptiste, although the future was by no means promising.

And now a great sorrow entered fourteen year old Jean-Baptiste's life. His mother, whom he loved devotedly, had been ill long years. Such was the energy of her strength, however, and the force of her will, that she had borne up bravely against all odds in so vigorous a manner that neither her husband nor her children knew how much the effort cost her or realized the danger of her state. When, therefore, she collapsed one day, some weeks after Jean-Baptiste, her second eldest, had told her his secret, to be revived only to suffering and helplessness, the consternation and alarm of the household was pitiful. It was so unexpected, and they relied so much upon her !

But there she lay, white and drawn, silently suffering terrible pain, a pathetic figure in her darkened room. And it was not in body only that Madame Duval endured affliction. There was a great sorrow in her wearied heart. Only the night before she had broached the subject of Jean-Baptiste's vocation to her husband, after much prayer and mature consideration. For Jacques Duval, although equal enough as a rule, was a man of dangerous mood. Still, to one as irreligious, irreverent, bitter and violently anti-clerical as he had of late become—though this latter so far in speech rather than in action—such news could not at the best be other than disconcerting. He had always been headstrong and self-indulgent, and no words, no remonstrances could move him. In the beginning he had been lax in his religious duties, then all pious practices had been dropped. Madame Claire was, however, a lady of strong will, and Jacques had found his one or two tentative attempts so sharply received that he had abandoned all serious effort to induce her or their children to follow

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his example. For he was really very fond of her, and he preferred to avoid unnecessary encounter with her in wordy warfare.

It was, therefore, scarcely surprising that her unwelcome news should have aroused Jacques to a terrible pitch of anger. He had been restrained with difficulty from doing the lad immediate physical violence ; in his first fury he had even desired to hasten across the fields and up the other side of the valley to wreak his vengeance upon the dwelling of the priest who was thus endeavoring to rob him of his child. For of course it was all the cure's doing. Finally, cooling down somewhat, he betook himself to rather stormy repose, vowing that the end of the world should come sooner than the day which should see a son of his a priest.

Rising earlier than usual next morning, Madame Duval had wakened Jean-Baptiste and sent him on an imaginary errand into the valley, that he might be out of his father's way as long as possible. Later in the day she had fallen grievously ill, and in the confusion and bustle which ensued Jean-Baptiste had returned unperceived. Jacques was at present wrapped up in the thought of his wife. His affection for her dismissed other matters from his mind for the time.

The next day the doctor, a specialist for whom they had sent to the neighboring town, arrived.

"Monsieur Duval," he said on leaving the sickroom, a keen glance at the husband's strong white face and firmly compressed lips having reassured him as to the manner of man to whom he spoke, "Monsieur Duval, you are a brave man. I can see. Therefore, I shall not deceive you, or cheat you with false hopes. Madame Duval cannot remain with you longer than a month at the best. All the doctors in the world could not do her any good, she is utterly beyond human help. Keep her as quiet and as peaceful as possible and do not move her. Movement would be fatal."

Jacques was stupefied. He could not realize it. All that day and night and through the next day he moved as one sunk in heavy lethargy. One thought only was burning in his brain, growing slowly but surely clearer. And that thought was that he should lose her, his Claire, the light of his eyes,

the joy of his home. What would life be without her? How should he bear such loneliness? Gradually, as the terrible realization became keener and his pain a more definite thing there surged in his wild, undisciplined heart a fierce rebellion, a hot, sore anger against the Being, if such a One there were, Who was taking his treasure from him. And hour by hour his mood became more bitter.

Jean Baptiste contrived to steal into his mother's side ever and anon, during his father's absences. On hearing that no hope could be entertained, he had wept long and bitterly, for he was of a warmly affectionate disposition. Then one day, almost a week after the doctor's visit, the boy slipped in to his mother, his face bright and smiling, flushed and eager.

"O Mother, mother, darling mother?" he whispered as he took the quiet hands in his own warm clasp, "do you know what M. le Curé has been saying to me? He tells me that, if it be God's will, he knows how you can be restored to health—given back to us.

"But, Jean, mon cher," gasped the mother, smiling faintly, "Doctor Leblanc said himself that no human aid could reach me, and I knew it before he spoke."

"No, no, mother dearest," interrupted Jean-Baptiste, "I did not mean doctors or anything like that. What M. le Curé said was that where earth had failed Heaven might well succeed. He is coming to see you this afternoon and is bringing with him a bottle of water from Our Lady's miraculous fountain at Lourdes. He was there at the holy Grotto last year and brought it back with him. You are to drink some daily and to have it applied. Then he and we three are going to make a great novena to Our Lady of Lourdes for your cure, and M. le Curé will pray specially at Holy Mass every day for you, and say it sometimes in honor of Our Lady for this. One of his sisters is a nun at Lourdes, mother, and he has written to ask her prayers. She and her Sisters will also make a novena and visit Our Lady at the Grotto for you. And, mother darling, I shall pray harder than anyone else."

A new light shone in the poor invalid's eyes.

Dear Jean-Baptiste, the good Curé and you have given me hope when I was hopeless." And the look and the kiss she gave him were more eloquent than the simple words.

(to be continued)

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THE WELCOME OF A CHILD.

Is He not thy Father that hath possessed thee, and made thee, and created thee ?

— Dan XXXII

BEFORE COMMUNION



HERE, yonder, within the Tabernacle that I could all but gird with my arms, is contained — all that is ; the God of whom, by whom, in whom are all things ; “ the God of my life ; ” the God who has my breath in His hand.” (Dan V.)

And this God is my Father. To the tie that binds me to Him as His creature and servant He has superadded that of sonship. “ Servant of God ” is a title so grand and ennobling, that He Himself gives it to His special favourites : “ My servant Abraham ; ” “ My servant Jacob.” Again and again He makes His promises affectionately “ for the sake of My servant David.”

In the New Law, the Law of love, we find our Lord’s chosen companions and friends glorying in the name of servants : “ Simon Peter, servant and apostle of Jesus Christ ; ” Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ. ” But this link was not close enough for the love of Him who gave us His only Son to be our Brother. “ Behold what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed on us that we should be called and should be the sons of God,” cries out John, the beloved, the only one among the Apostles who in His Epistles does not call himself by the name of servant. “ Dearly beloved, we are now the sons of God,” he exclaims exultingly. “ Therefore now we are not servants, but sons.”

“ Father ” is the name put upon our lips by our Lord Himself. And it confers all that it signifies : “ If sons, heirs also.” It gives us a right to come before our Heavenly Father as “ most dear children,” to cry in all our needs : “ Abba, Father ! ” The Father is the bread-giver of the family. We cry to our Father in heaven for our daily bread, for the food of our soul no less than for the food of the body. The cry of our heart is for Himself. “ O God, my God, to Thee do I watch from the daybreak. For Thee my soul hath

thirsted." As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee."

"And He gave them their desire; they were not defrauded of that which they craved. . . He gave them the Bread of heaven. Man ate the Bread of Angels" (Ps XXVII.). Thou dost feed Thy people with the food of Angels, and gavest them bread from heaven prepared without labour, having in it all that is delicious, and the sweetness of every taste. For Thy sustenance showed Thy sweetness to Thy children . . . Thy children, O Lord, whom Thou lovest." (Wisd. XVI.)

A child preparing for First Communion said: "I think it's very wonderful that God should be our food; because, you know," she added hesitatingly, "He might'nt have liked it." Now and again there comes to us as to this child a momentary glimpse of the bewildering depth to which our God descends in this mystery. And then, like a flash of light, it is gone; and we look up to Him in the Host, and He comes to us at the altar rails, and the veil is as thick as ever, and all we can do is to cry "Credo" and wait for the day when the reward of that "Credo" shall be the face to face Vision of Himself.

"This is God, Our God." Not by the lightest unguarded step may love trench on reverence. But among the acts of reverence, the Infinite Majesty of God does not hold aloofness. We are at once creatures at the feet of our Creator, and royal children gathered round our Father's knee, treating familiarly with Him, carrying to Him all our needs, sporting in His presence, all the happier because His eye is upon us, because that eye sees the inmost heart. His own infinite perfection is His all sufficing glory. He dispenses with the formalities of earthly courts and contents Himself with the simple homage of the lowliest of His subjects, the very youngest of His children.

My God I am not surprised at many of the marvels faith teaches me concerning Thee—Thy Self-existence, Thy eternity,—Thy Omnipotence, Thy Infinitude in all perfection. But that Thou, Thine own Beatitude, shouldst be so enamoured of me, Thy little creature, this is incomprehensible, almost beyond belief. What joy that it is part of my belief, that this, among other mysteries, is included in my "Credo", that coming trembling to unite myself to Thee, I hear Thee saying: "With desire I have desired."

Come, then, my Father, come to such a welcome as I can give Thee. Stop indulgently to receive my worship, my thanksgiving, my loyalty, and my love.

AFTER COMMUNION

“Blessed be the Lord for this day” (3Kings. V.).

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget all He hath done for Thee” (Ps cii.).

“Give praise to our God, all ye His servants, and you that fear Him, little and great” (Apoc XIX.).

“Praise ye the Lord, for He is good; sing ye to His name, for it is sweet” (Ps. CXXXIV.).

“For He hath satisfied the empty soul, and hath filled the hungry soul with good things.” (Ps. CVI.).

“Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory, and honour and power.” (Apoc IV.).

“Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, thanksgiving, honour and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen.” (Apoc. VII.).

Oh that I could at all realise the tremendous truth that I have in my heart as my own possession my Creator and my Father; Him from whom I came; to whom I am returning; Who holds in His hands my eternal destiny; with whom I have relations closer by far than those which link me with any creature! A trusted servant, a confident, a friend, a beloved child—all this I am to the God who made me. Have I not cause for the gladdest worship, for the willing tender of all I have and am, for offers of service that have no limit except such as my littleness and feebleness impose!

My God, who wouldst have me call Thee Father, teach me to reverence, love, and serve Thee as my Father. Put into my heart all Thou hast a right to expect from Thy child. Give me the high thoughts of the children of God, who set Thy glory and service before them as the goal of Thy desires, who comport themselves at once as faithful servants and “most dear children”. I earnestly desire to fulfil the first and greatest of Thy commandments—to love Thee with my whole heart and soul, with all my mind and with all my strength. Let me love Thee with my whole heart and soul by consecrating to Thee all my affections. Be first in my heart always. If I cannot love Thee with the ardour I shall some day, may I at least honour Thee by that love of preference which puts Thee and Thy rights before all other persons and claims. Let me love Thee with all my mind by tending to Thee in all my thoughts and works, directing them, not to any selfish end, but to the hallowing of Thy Name and the accomplishment of Thy Will in the duties of my state of

life. Let me love Thee with all my strength, by persevering effort to bring my will into conformity with Thine in spite of frailty and falls. Let me love, not in word, and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. Make me relish hard work in Thy service, and be ready for personal inconvenience and sacrifice in Thy interests, the interests of the church and of souls.

O my Father, when I come Home from my long journey, take me into Thy arms, and lay my head down on Thy breast, and make up to me for all the long absence from Thee, the weary groping after Thee, the fear of never reaching Thee, of which life has been full; for the distance between us caused by my sinfulness; for the miserable service of Thee which is partly my fault and partly, O my Creator, the result of the frail nature Thy hands have made. As I lie there, folded fast to Thy breast, let my first nestling to Thee, my first happy tears be to Thee the longdeferred adoration and thanksgiving and reparation and filial love, which in Thy Fatherly compassion Thou wilt account compensation for the past.

Mother MARY LOYOLA

St Matthew's Vocation:

(See frontispiece)

Returning from the Lake-Shore where He had been teaching the multitude, Jesus saw Matthew, also called Levi, a tax-gatherer, seated at his desk and said to him:— follow Me!

Instantly Matthew rose, left all and followed Jesus.

A few days afterwards, fired with zeal, Matthew invited Jesus, and His Disciples to a banquet to meet several Publicans and Pharisees whom he hoped Jesus would convert. Nor was he wrong in his surmises.

After seeing and hearing Jesus, those proud adherents of the old Law were conquered by the irresistible power of His mighty grace and personal charm and became His devoted followers.

St. Matthew was the first of the Evangelists that wrote the Gospel. The nobility and beauty of his character may be judged by his prompt obedience, his universal renunciation, his ardent Apostolic zeal, and his loyal indefatigable devotion to Jesus' interests.

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Educating Children to know the Blessed Sacrament



NOTHING is more important in the work of Catholic education than to educate the children to know the Blessed Sacrament as It should be known. To some this may seem a most difficult and arduous task. To the rightly experienced, however, it is surprisingly easy and exceedingly pleasant.

It is true the Blessed Sacrament is encircled by a halo of mysteries too grand and glorious for human comprehension. But it is likewise true in this Most Holy Sacrament there dwells a Saviour Who can be known and loved by little children as truly and affectionately as by scholars or philosophers.

While teaching the children to know the Blessed Sacrament one thing should be kept well in mind. It is not necessary to bring them at once to a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of all Its doctrines. He who would attempt to do this would fail. His efforts would confuse rather than instruct and enlighten the minds of the children.

It is far better—in fact, it is necessary if one would attain success—to bring them to a clear and appreciative knowledge of the one great central truth, which is that the Blessed Sacrament is Christ Himself, really and personally present, with His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity—in a word, with His glorified, living, conscious Body under the appearance of Bread. The Blessed Sacrament is Jesus Christ veiled from our view by the appearance of bread.

After the children have been brought to clear knowledge of this fact it will be found easy and pleasant to instruct them in the other doctrines of the Holy Eucharist which, as Catholics, they should know and believe and realize. Then almost instinctively they will know and feel as a certainty that the Catholic Church is in very deed the Temple and Home of Christ, Who dwells in its Tabernacle, offers Himself in sacrifice on its Altar, and comes into our souls whenever we receive the Blessed Sacrament in Holy Communion.

To the minds of these little ones, who are so intensely actuated by that faith which they have received from the Holy Ghost through the Sacrament of Baptism, God often reveals truths most sublime and beautiful which are hidden from the eyes of the great and learned and proud. This is particularly so of those truths which relate to the Blessed Sacrament. Christ loves to manifest Himself to the little children. Hence the Priest (also parents and all those who have charge of children) who is instructing the children of his parish to know the Blessed Sacrament need have no fear. Christ will surely be with him to direct his effort, to bless his work, and to grant him a success which is beyond all expectation.

REV. PATRICK J. SLOAN.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS

Deceased Members

Pembroke : Miss Mary A. O'Brien. — *Pullman, Ill.* :
Rev. Sister M. Françoise. — *Flowers Cove, N. F.* : Mrs.
Teresa B. Walsh.